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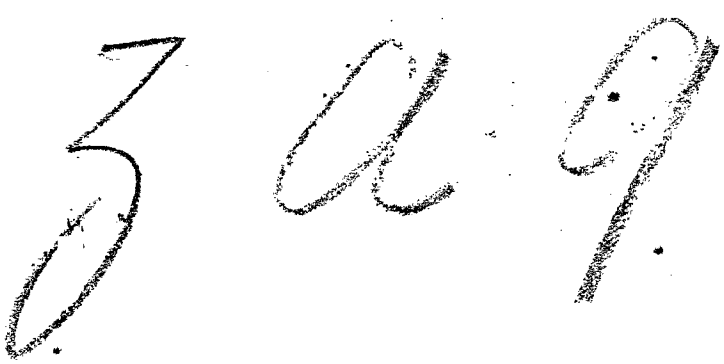

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INTRODUCTION OF RANDOLPH TO BEN JONSON AT THE "DEVIL" TAVERN (*see page* 40).

OLD AND NEW LONDON

A NARRATIVE OF

ITS HISTORY, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS PLACES.

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BY

WALTER THORNBURY.

Illustrated with numerous Engravings from the most Authentic Sources.

VOL. I.

3.a-9

CASSELL PETTER & GALPIN:
LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

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ERRATA.

Page 53, col. 1, line 12 from bottom, *for* "Watt's," *read* "Watts."
,, 206, col. 2, line 10, *for* "*eight* arches," *read* "nine arches."
,, 261. The date of the anniversary of the Charity Schools has since been altered.
,, 377, col. 1, line 29, *for* "1321," *read* "1329."
,, ,, ,, line 30, *for* "Elsgup," *read* "Elsing."
,, 400, col. 1, line 19, *for* "Richard," *read* "Edmund."
Page 400, col. 1, line 23, *for* "Walter," *read* "William."
,, ,, ,, line 42, *for* "1500," *read* "1505."
,, ,, col. 2, line 24, *for* "Paxton," *read* "Paston."
,, 404, col. 1, line 10 from bottom, *for* "Peninsula," *read* "Peninsular."
,, 476, col. 2. The inscription on the Monument was really erased in 1831.

LONDON AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

WRITING the history of a vast city like London is like writing a history of the ocean—the area is so vast, its inhabitants are so multifarious, the treasures that lie in its depths so countless. What aspect of the great chameleon city should one select? for, as Boswell, with more than his usual sense, once remarked, "London is to the politician merely a seat of government, to the grazier a cattle market, to the merchant a huge exchange, to the dramatic enthusiast a congeries of theatres, to the man of pleasure an assemblage of taverns." If we follow one path alone, we must neglect other roads equally important; let us, then, consider the metropolis as a whole, for, as Johnson's friend well says, "the intellectual man is struck with London as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible." In histories, in biographies, in scientific records, and in chronicles of the past, however humble, let us gather materials for a record of the great and the wise, the base and the noble, the odd and the witty, who have inhabited London and left their names upon its walls. Wherever the glimmer of the cross of St. Paul's can be seen we shall wander from street to alley, from alley to street, noting almost every event of interest that has taken place there since London was a city.

Had it been our lot to write of London before the Great Fire, we should have only had to visit 65,000 houses. If in Dr. Johnson's time, we might have done like energetic Dr. Birch, and have perambulated the twenty-mile circuit of London in six hours' hard walking; but who now could put a girdle round the metropolis in less than double that time? The houses now grow by streets at a time, and the nearly four million inhabitants would take a lifetime to study. Addison probably knew something of London when he called it "an aggregate of various nations, distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests—the St. James's courtiers from the Cheapside citizens, the Temple lawyers from the Smithfield drovers;" but what would the *Spectator* say now to the 168,701 domestic servants, the 23,517 tailors, the 18,321 carpenters, the 29,780 dressmakers, the 7,002 seamen, the 4,861 publicans, the 6,716 blacksmiths, &c., to which the population returns of thirty years ago depose, whom he would have to observe and visit before he could say he knew all the ways, oddities, humours—the joys and sorrows, in fact—of this great centre of civilisation?

The houses of old London are incrusted as thick with anecdotes, legends, and traditions as an old ship is with barnacles. Strange stories about strange men grow like moss in every crevice of the bricks. Let us, then, roll together like a great snowball the mass of information that time and our predecessors have accumulated, and reduce it to some shape and form. Old London is passing away even as we dip our pen in the ink, and we would fain erect quickly our itinerant photographic machine, and secure some views of it before it passes. Roman London, Saxon London, Norman London, Elizabethan London, Stuart London, Queen Anne's London, we shall in turn rifle to fill our museum, on whose shelves the Roman lamp and the vessel full of tears will stand side by side with Vanessas' fan; the sword-knot of Rochester by the note-book of Goldsmith. The history of London is an epitome of the history of England. Few great men indeed that England has produced but have some associations that connect them with London. To be able to recall these associations in a London walk is a pleasure perpetually renewing, and to all intents inexhaustible.

Let us, then, at once, without longer halting at the gate, seize the pilgrim staff and start upon our voyage of discovery, through a dreamland that will be now Goldsmith's, now Gower's, now Shakespeare's, now Pope's, London. In Cannon Street, by the old central milestone of London, grave Romans will meet us and talk of Cæsar and his legions. In Fleet Street we shall come upon Chaucer beating the malapert Franciscan friar; at Temple Bar, stare upwards at the ghastly Jacobite heads. In Smithfield we shall meet Froissart's knights riding to the tournament; in the Strand see the misguided Earl of Essex defending his house against Queen Elizabeth's troops, who are turning towards him the cannon on the roof of St. Clement's church.

But let us first, rather than glance at scattered pictures in a gallery which is so full of them, measure out, as it were, our future walks, briefly glancing at the special doors where we shall billet our readers. The brief summary will serve to broadly epitomise the subject, and will prove the ceaseless variety of interest which it involves.

We have selected Temple Bar, that old gateway, as a point of departure, because it is the centre, as near as can be, of historical London, and is in itself full of interest. We begin with it as a rude wooden building, which, after the Great Fire, Wren turned into the present arch of stone, with a room above, where Messrs. Childs, the bankers, store their books and archives. The trunk of one of the Rye House conspirators, in Charles II.'s time, first adorned the Bar; and after that, one after the other, many rash Jacobite heads, in 1715 and 1745, arrived at the same bad eminence. In many a royal procession and many a City riot, this gate has figured as a halting-place and a point of defence. The last rebel's head blew down in 1772; and the last spike was not removed till the beginning of the present century. In the Popish Plot days of Charles II. vast processions used to come to Temple Bar to illuminate the supposed statue of Queen Elizabeth, in the south-east niche (though it probably really represents Anne of Denmark); and at great bonfires at the Temple gate the frenzied people burned effigies of the Pope, while thousands of squibs were discharged, with shouts that frightened the Popish Portuguese Queen, at that time living at Somerset House, forsaken by her dissolute scapegrace of a husband.

Turning our faces now towards the old black dome that rises like a half-eclipsed planet over Ludgate Hill, we first pass along Fleet Street, a locality full to overflowing with ancient memorials, and in its modern aspect not less interesting. This street has been from time immemorial the high road for royal processions. Richard II. has passed along here to St. Paul's, his parti-coloured robes jingling with golden bells; and Queen Elizabeth, be-ruffled and be-fardingaled, has glanced at those gable-ends east

of St. Dunstan's, as she rode in her cumbrous plumed coach to thank God at St. Paul's for the scattering and shattering of the Armada. Here Cromwell, a king in all but name and twice a king by nature, received the keys of the City, as he rode to Guildhall to preside at the banquet of the obsequious Mayor. William of Orange and Queen Anne both clattered over these stones to return thanks for victories over the French; and old George III. honoured the street when, with his handsome but worthless son, he came to thank God for his partial restoration from that darker region than the valley of the shadow of death, insanity. We recall many odd and pleasant figures in this street; first the old printers who succeeded Caxton, who published for Shakespeare or who timidly speculated in Milton's epic, that great product of a sorry age; next, the old bankers, who, at Child's and Hoare's, laid the foundations of permanent wealth, and from simple City goldsmiths were gradually transformed to great capitalists. Izaak Walton, honest shopkeeper and patient angler, eyes us from his latticed window near Chancery Lane; and close by we see the child Cowley reading the "Fairy Queen" in a window-seat, and already feeling in himself the inspiration of his later years. The lesser celebrities of later times call to us as we pass. Garrick's friend Hardham, of the snuff-shop; and that busy, vain demagogue, Alderman Waithman, whom Cobbett abused because he was not zealous enough for poor hunted Queen Caroline. Then there is the shop where barometers were first sold, the great watchmakers, Tompion and Pinchbeck, to chronicle, and the two churches to notice. St. Dunstan's is interesting for its early preachers, the good Romaine and the pious Baxter; and St. Bride's has anecdotes and legends of its own, and a peal of bells which have in their time excited as much admiration as those giant hammermen at the old St. Dunstan's clock, which are now in Regent's Park. The newspaper offices, too, furnish many curious illustrations of the progress of that great organ of modern civilisation, the press. At the "Devil" we meet Ben Jonson and his club; and at John Murray's old shop we stop to see Byron lunging with his stick at favourite volumes on the shelves, to the bookseller's great but concealed annoyance. Nor do we forget to sketch Dr. Johnson at Temple Bar, bantered by his fellow Jacobite, Goldsmith, about the warning heads upon the gate; at Child's bank pausing to observe the dinnerless authors returning downcast at the rejection of brilliant but fruitless proposals; or stopping with Boswell, one hand upon a street post, to shake the night air with his Cyclopean laughter. Varied as the colours in a kaleidoscope are the figures that will meet us in these perambulations; mutable as an opal are the feelings they arouse. To the man of facts they furnish facts; to the man of imagination, quick-changing fancies; to the man of science, curious memoranda; to the historian, bright-worded details, that vivify old pictures now often dim in tone; to the man of the world, traits of manners; to the general thinker, aspects of feelings and of passions which expand the knowledge of human nature; for all these many-coloured stones are joined by the one golden string of London's history.

But if Fleet Street itself is rich in associations, its side streets, north and south, are yet richer. Here anecdote and story are clustered in even closer compass. In these side binns lies hid the choicest wine, for when Fleet Street had, long since, become two vast rows of shops, authors, wits, poets, and memorable persons of all kinds, still inhabited the "closes" and alleys that branch from the main thoroughfare. Nobles and lawyers long dwelt round St. Dunstan's and St. Bride's. Scholars, poets, and literati of all kind, long sought refuge from the grind and busy roar of commerce in the quiet inns and "closes," north and south. In what was Shire Lane we come upon the great Kit-Kat Club, where Addison, Garth, Steele, and Congreve disported; and we look in on that very evening when the Duke of Kingston, with fatherly pride, brought his little daughter, afterwards Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and, setting her on the table, proposed her as a toast. Following the lane down till it becomes a nest of coiners, thieves, and bullies, we pass on to Bell Yard, to call on Pope's lawyer friend, Fortescue; and in Chancery Lane we are deep among the lawyers again. Ghosts of Jarndyces *v.* Jarndyces, from the Middle Ages downwards, haunt this thoroughfare, where Wolsey once lived in his pride and state. Izaak Walton dwelt in this lane once upon a time; and that mischievous adviser of Charles I., Earl Strafford, was born here. Hazlitt resided in Southampton Buildings when he fell in love with the tailor's daughter and wrote that most stultifying confession of his vanity and weakness, "The New Pygmalion." Fetter Lane brings us fresh stores of subjects, all essentially connected with the place, deriving an interest from and imparting a new interest to it. Praise-God-Barebones, Dryden, Otway, Baxter, and Mrs. Brownrigg form truly a strange bouquet. By mutual contrast the incongruous group serves, however, to illustrate various epochs of London life, and the background serves to explain the actions and the social position of each and all these motley beings.

In Crane Court, the early home of the Royal Society, Newton is the central personage, and we tarry to sketch the progress of science and to smile at the crudity of its early experiments and theories. In Bolt Court we pause to see a great man die. Here especially Dr. Johnson's figure ever stands like a statue, and we shall find his black servant at the door and his dependents wrangling in the front parlour. Burke and Boswell are on their way to call, and Reynolds is taking coach in the adjoining street. Nor is even Shoe Lane without its associations, for at the north-east end the corpse of poor, dishonoured Chatterton lies still under some neglected rubbish heap; and close by the brilliant Cavalier poet, Lovelace, pined and perished, almost in beggary.

The southern side of Fleet Street is somewhat less noticeable. Still, in Salisbury Square the worthy old printer Richardson, amid the din of a noisy office, wrote his great and pathetic novels; while in Mitre Buildings Charles Lamb held those delightful conversations, so full of quaint and kindly thoughts, which were shared in by Hazlitt and all the odd people Lamb has immortalised in his "Elia"—bibulous Burney, George Dyer, Holcroft, Coleridge, Hone, Godwin, and Leigh Hunt.

Whitefriars and Blackfriars are our next places of pilgrimage, and they open up quite new lines of reading and of thought. Though the Great Fire swept them bare, no district of London has preserved its old lines so closely; and, walking in Whitefriars, we can still stare through the gate that once barred off the brawling Copper Captains of Charles II.'s Alsatia from the contemptuous Templars of King's Bench Walk. Whitefriars was at first a Carmelite convent, founded, before Blackfriars, on land given by Edward I.; the chapter-house was given by Henry VII. to his physician, Dr. Butts (a man mentioned by Shakespeare), and in the reign of Edward VI. the church was demolished. Whitefriars then, though still partially inhabited by great people, soon sank into a sanctuary for runaway bankrupts, cheats, and gamblers. The hall of the monastery was turned into a theatre, where many of Dryden's plays first appeared. The players favoured this quarter, where, in the reign of James I., two henchmen of Lord Sanquire, a revengeful young Scottish nobleman, shot at his own door a poor fencing-master, who had accidenally put out their master's eye several years before in a contest of skill. The two men were hung opposite the Whitefriars gate in Fleet Street. This disreputable and lawless nest of river-side alleys was called Alsatia, from its resemblance to the seat of the war then raging on the frontiers of France, in the dominions of King James's son-in-law, the Prince Palatine. Its roystering bullies and shifty money-lenders are admirably sketched by Shadwell in his *Squire of Alsatia*, an excellent comedy freely used by Sir Walter Scott in his "Fortunes of Nigel," who has laid several of his strongest scenes in this once scampish region. That great scholar Selden lived in Whitefriars with the Countess Dowager of Kent, whom he was supposed to have married; and, singularly enough, the best edition of his works was printed in Dogwell Court, Whitefriars, by those eminent printers, Bowyer & Son. At the back of Whitefriars we come upon Bridewell, the site of a palace of the Norman kings. Cardinal Wolsey afterwards owned the house, which Henry VIII. reclaimed in his rough and not very scrupulous manner. It was the old palace to which Henry summoned all the priors and abbots of England, and where he first announced his intention of divorcing Katherine of Arragon. After this it fell into decay. The good Ridley, the martyr, begged it of Edward VI. for a workhouse and a school. Hogarth painted the female prisoners here beating hemp under the lash of a cruel turnkey; and Pennant has left a curious sketch of the herd of girls whom he saw run like hounds to be fed when a gaoler entered.

If Whitefriars was inhabited by actors, Blackfriars was equally favoured by players and by painters. The old convent, removed from Holborn, was often used for Parliaments. Charles V. lodged here when he came over to win Henry against Francis; and Burbage, the great player of "Richard the Third," built a theatre in Blackfriars, because the Precinct was out of the jurisdiction of the City, then ill-disposed to the players. Shakespeare had a house here, which he left to his favourite daughter, the deed of conveyance of which sold, in 1841, for £165 15s. He must have thought of his well-known neighbourhood when he wrote the scenes of Henry VIII., where Katherine was divorced and Wolsey fell, for both events were decided in Blackfriars Parliaments. Oliver, the great miniature painter, and Jansen, a favourite portrait painter of James I., lived in Blackfriars, where we shall call upon them; and Vandyke spent nine happy years here by the river side. The most remarkable event connected with Blackfriars is the falling in of the floor of a Roman Catholic private chapel in 1623, by which fifty-nine persons perished, including the priest, to the exultation of the Puritans, who pronounced the event a visitation of Heaven on Popish superstition. Pamphlets of the time, well rummaged by us, describe the scene with curious exactness, and mention the singular

escapes of several persons on the "Fatal Vespers," as they were afterwards called.

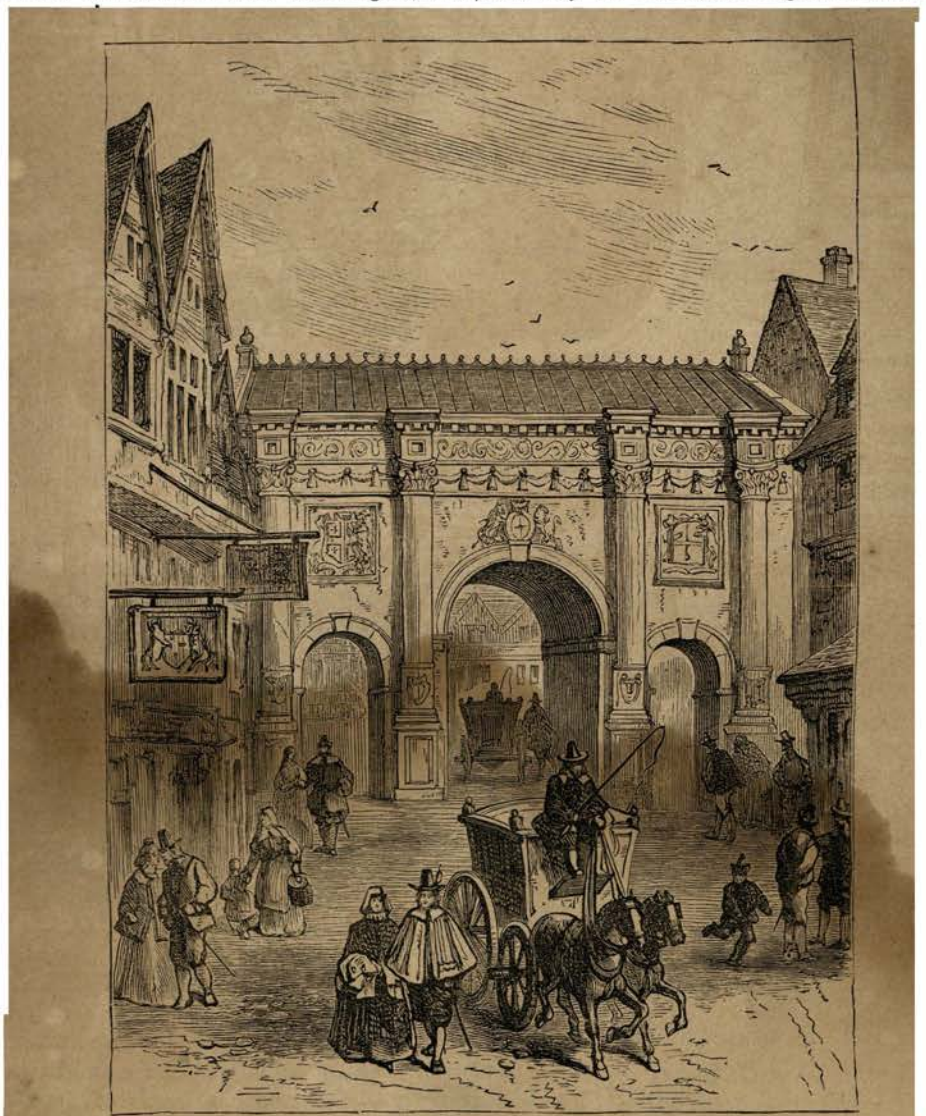
Leaving the racket of Alsatia and its wild doings behind us, we come next to that great monastery of lawyers, the Temple—like Whitefriars and Blackfriars, also the site of a bygone convent. The warlike Templars came here in their white cloaks and red crosses from their first establishment in Southampton Buildings, and they held it during all the Crusades, in which they fought so valorously against the Paynim, till they grew proud and corrupt, and were suspected of worshipping idols and ridiculing Christianity. Their work done, they perished, and the Knights of St. John took possession of their halls, church, and cloisters. The incoming lawyers became tenants of the Crown, and the parade-ground of the Templars and the river-side terrace and gardens were tenanted by more peaceful occupants. The manners and customs of the lawyers of various ages, their quaint revels, fox-huntings in hall, and dances round the coal fire, deserve special notice; and swarms of anecdotes and odd sayings and doings buzz round us as we write of the various denizens of the Temple—Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Lamb, Coke, Plowden, Jefferies, Cowper, Butler, Parsons, Sheridan, and Tom Moore; and we linger at the pretty little fountain and think of those who have celebrated its praise. Every binn of this cellar of lawyers has its story, and a volume might well be written in recording the toils and struggles, successes and failures, of the illustrious owners of Temple chambers.

Thence we pass to Ludgate, where that old London inn, the "Belle Sauvage," calls up associations of the early days of theatres, especially of Banks and his wonderful performing horse, that walked up one of the towers of Old St. Paul's. Hone's old shop reminds us of the delightful books he published, aided by Lamb and Leigh Hunt. The old entrance of the City, Ludgate, has quite a history of its own. It was a debtors' prison, rebuilt in the time of King John from the remains of demolished Jewish houses, and was enlarged by the widow of Stephen Forster, Lord Mayor in the reign of Henry VI., who, tradition says, had been himself a prisoner in Ludgate, till released by a rich widow, who saw his handsome face through the grate and married him. St. Martin's church, Ludgate, is one of Wren's churches, and is chiefly remarkable for its stolid conceit in always getting in the way of the west front of St. Paul's.

The great Cathedral has been the scene of events that illustrate almost every age of English history. This is the third St. Paul's. The first, falsely supposed to have been built on the site of a Roman temple of Diana, was burnt down in the last year of William the Conqueror. Innumerable events connected with the history of the City happened here, from the killing a bishop at the north door, in the reign of Edward II., to the public exposure of Richard II.'s body after his murder; while at the Cross in the churchyard the authorities of the City, and even our kings, often attended the public sermons, and in the same place the citizens once held their Folkmotes, riotous enough on many an occasion. Great men's tombs abounded in Old St. Paul's—John of Gaunt, Lord Bacon's father, Sir Philip Sydney, Donne, the poet, and Vandyke being very prominent among them. Fired by lightning in Elizabeth's reign, when the Cathedral had become a resort of newsmongers and a thoroughfare for porters and carriers, it was partly rebuilt in Charles I.'s reign by Inigo Jones. The repairs were stopped by the civil wars, when the Puritans seized the funds, pulled down the scaffolding, and turned the church into a cavalry barracks. The Great Fire swept all clear for Wren, who now found a fine field for his genius; but vexatious difficulties embarrassed him at the very outset. His first great plan was rejected, and the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) is said to have insisted on side recesses, that might serve as chantry chapels when the church became Roman Catholic. Wren was accused of delays and chidden for the faults of petty workmen, and, as the Duchess of Marlborough laughingly remarked, was dragged up and down in a basket two or three times a week for a paltry £200 a year. The narrow escape of Sir James Thornhill from falling from a scaffold while painting the dome is a tradition of St. Paul's, matched by the terrible adventure of Mr. Gwyn, who when measuring the dome slid down the convex surface till his foot was stayed by a small projecting lump of lead. This leads us naturally on to the curious monomaniac who believed himself the slave of a demon who lived in the bell of the Cathedral, and whose case is singularly deserving of analysis. We shall give a short sketch of the heroes whose tombs have been admitted into St. Paul's, and having come to those of the great demi-gods of the old wars, Nelson and Wellington, pass to anecdotes about the clock and bells, and arrive at the singular story of the soldier whose life was saved by his proving that he had heard St. Paul's clock strike thirteen. Queen Anne's statue in the churchyard, too, has given rise to epigrams worthy of preservation, and the progress of the restoration will be carefully detailed.

Cheapside, famous from the Saxon days, next invites our wandering feet. The north side remained an open field as late as Edward III.'s reign,

and tournaments were held there. The knights, whose deeds Froissart has immortalised, broke spears there, in the presence of the Queen and her ladies, who smiled on their champions from a wooden tower erected across the street. Afterwards a stone shed was raised for the same sights, and rising, who was besieged there, and eventually burned out and put to death. The great Cross of Cheapside recalls many interesting associations, for it was one of the nine Eleanor crosses. Regilt for many coronations, it was eventually pulled down by the Puritans during the civil wars. Then



THE OLD WOODEN TEMPLE BAR (*see page* 2).

there Henry VIII., disguised as a yeoman, with a halbert on his shoulder, came on one occasion to see the great City procession of the night watch by torchlight on St. John's Eve. Wren afterwards, when he rebuilt Bow Church, provided a balcony in the tower for the Royal Family to witness similar pageants. Old Bow Church, we must not forget to record, was seized in the reign of Richard I. by Longbeard, the desperate ringleader of a Saxon there was the Standard, near Bow Church, where Wat Tyler and Jack Cade beheaded several objectionable nobles and citizens; and the great Conduit at the east end—each with its memorable history. But the great feature of Cheapside is, after all, Guildhall. This is the hall that Whittington paved and where Walworth once ruled. In Guildhall Lady Jane Grey and her husband were tried; here the Jesuit Garnet was arraigned

BURNING THE POPE IN EFFIGY AT TEMPLE BAR (*see page 2*).

for his share in the Gunpowder Plot; here it was Charles I. appealed to the Common Council to arrest Hampden and the other patriots who had fled from his eager claws into the friendly City; and here, in the spot still sacred to liberty, the Lords and Parliament declared for the Prince of Orange. To pass this spot without some salient anecdotes of the various Lord Mayors would be a disgrace; and the banquets themselves, from that of Whittington, when he threw Henry V.'s bonds for £60,000 into a spice bonfire, to those in the present reign, deserve some notice and comment. The curiosities of Guildhall in themselves are not to be lightly passed over, for they record many vicissitudes of the great City; and Gog and Magog are personages of importance only secondary to that of Lord Mayor, and not in any way to be disregarded. The Mansion House, built in 1789, leads us to much chat about "gold chains, warm furs, broad banners and broad faces;" for a folio might be well filled with curious anecdotes of the Lord Mayors of various ages—from Sir John Norman, who first went in procession to Westminster by water, to Sir John Shorter (James II.), who was killed by a fall from his horse as he stopped at Newgate, according to custom, to take a tankard of wine, nutmeg, and sugar. There is a word to say of many a celebrity in the long roll of Mayors—more especially of Beckford, who is said to have startled George III. by a violent patriotic remonstrance, and of the notorious John Wilkes, that ugly demagogue, who led the City in many an attack on the King and his unwise Ministers.

The tributaries of Cheapside also abound in interest, and mark various stages in the history of the great City. Bread Street was the bread market of the time of Edward I., and is especially honoured for being the birthplace of Milton; and in Milk Street (the old milk market) Sir Thomas More was born. Gutter Lane reminds us of its first Danish owner; and many other turnings have their memorable legends and traditions.

The Halls of the City Companies, the great hospitals, and Gothic schools, will each by turn detain us; and we shall not forget to call at the Bank, the South-Sea House, and other great proofs of past commercial folly and present wealth. The Bank, projected by a Scotch theorist in 1691 (William III.), after many migrations, settled down in Threadneedle Street in 1734. It has a history of its own, and we shall see during the Gordon Riots the old pewter inkstands melted down for bullets, and, prodigy of prodigies! Wilkes himself rushing out to seize the cowardly ringleaders!

By many old houses of good pedigree and by several City churches worthy a visit, we come at last to the Monument, which Wren erected and which Cibber decorated. This pillar, which Pope compared to "a tall bully," once bore an inscription that greatly offended the Court. It attributed the Great Fire of London, which began close by there, to the Popish faction; but the words were erased in 1831. Littleton, who compiled the Dictionary, once wrote a Latin inscription for the Monument, which contained the names of seven Lord Mayors in one word:—

"Fordo-Watermanno-Harrisono-Hookero-Vinero-Sheldono-Davisonam."

But the learned production was, singularly enough, never used. The word, which Littleton called "an heptastic vocable," comprehended the names of the seven Lord Mayors in whose mayoralties the Monument was begun, continued, and completed.

On London Bridge we might linger for many chapters. The first bridge thrown over the Thames was a wooden one, erected by the nuns of St. Mary's Monastery, a convent of sisters endowed by the daughter of a rich Thames ferryman. The bridge figures as a fortified place in the early Danish invasions, and the Norwegian Prince Olaf nearly dragged it to pieces in trying to dispossess the Danes, who held it in 1008. It was swept away in a flood, and its successor was burnt. In the reign of Henry II., Pious Peter, a chaplain of St. Mary Colechurch, in the Poultry, built a stone bridge a little further west, and the king helped him with the proceeds of a tax on wool, which gave rise to the old saying that "London Bridge was built upon woolpacks." Peter's bridge was a curious structure, with nineteen pointed arches and a drawbridge. There was a fortified gate-house at each end, and a gothic chapel towards the centre, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, the spurious martyr of Canterbury. In Queen Elizabeth's reign there were shops on either side with flat roofs, arbours, and gardens, and at the south end rose a great four-storey wooden house, brought from Holland, which was covered with carving and gilding. In the Middle Ages, London Bridge was the scene of affrays of all kinds. Soon after it was built, the houses upon it caught fire at both ends, and 3,000 persons perished, wedged in among the flames. Henry III. was driven back here by the rebellious De Montfort, Earl of Leicester. Wat Tyler entered the City by London Bridge; and, later, Richard II. was received here with gorgeous ceremonies. It was the scene of one of Henry V.'s greatest triumphs, and also

of his stately funeral procession. Jack Cade seized London Bridge, and as he passed slashed in two the ropes of the drawbridge, though soon after his head was stuck on the gate-house. From this bridge the rebel Wyatt was driven by the guns of the Tower; and in Elizabeth's reign water-works were erected on the bridge. There was a great conflagration on the bridge in 1632, and eventually the Great Fire almost destroyed it. In the Middle Ages countless rebels' heads were stuck on the gate-houses of London Bridge. Brave Wallace's was placed there; and so were the heads of Henry VIII.'s victims—Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Sir Thomas More, the latter trophy being carried off by the stratagem of his brave daughter. Garnet, the Gunpowder-Plot Jesuit, also contributed to the ghastly triumphs of justice. Several celebrated painters, including Hogarth, lived at one time or another on the bridge; and Swift and Pope used to frequent the shop of a witty bookseller, who lived under the northern gate. One or two celebrated suicides have taken place at London Bridge, and among these we may mention that of Sir William Temple's son, who was Secretary of War, and Eustace Budgell, a broken-down author, who left behind him as an apology the following sophism :—

> "What Cato did and Addison approved of cannot be wrong."

Pleasanter is it to remember the anecdote of the brave apprentice, who leaped into the Thames from the window of a house on the bridge to save his master's infant daughter, whom a careless nurse had dropped into the river. When the girl grew up, many noble suitors came, but the generous father was obdurate. "No," said the honest citizen; "Osborne saved her, and Osborne shall have her." And so he had; and Osborne's great grandson throve and became the first Duke of Leeds. The frequent loss of lives in shooting the arches of the old bridge, where the fall was at times five feet, led at last to a cry for a new bridge, and one was commenced in 1824. Rennie designed it, and in 1831 William IV. and Queen Adelaide opened it. One hundred and twenty thousand tons of stone went to its formation. The old bridge was not entirely removed till 1832, when the bones of the builder, Pious Peter of Colechurch, were found in the crypt of the central chapel, where tradition had declared they lay. The iron of the piles of the old bridge was bought by a cutler in the Strand, and produced steel of the highest quality. Part of the old stone was purchased by Alderman Harmer, to build his house, Ingress Abbey, near Greenhithe.

Southwark, a Roman station and cemetery, is by no means without a history. It was burned by William the Conqueror, and had been the scene of battle against the Danes. It possessed palaces, monasteries, a mint, and fortifications. The Bishops of Winchester and Rochester once lived here in splendour; and the locality boasted its four Elizabethan theatres. The Globe was Shakespeare's summer theatre, and here it was that his greatest triumphs were attained. What was acted there is best told by making Shakespeare's share in the management distinctly understood; nor can we leave Southwark without visiting the "Tabard Inn," from whence Chaucer's nine-and-twenty jovial pilgrims set out for Canterbury.

The Tower rises next before our eyes; and as we pass under its battlements the grimmest and most tragic scenes of English history seem again rising before us. Whether Cæsar first built a tower here or William the Conqueror, may never be decided; but one thing is certain, that more tears have been shed within these walls than anywhere else in London. Every stone has its story. Here Wallace, in chains, thought of Scotland; here Queen Anne Boleyn placed her white hands round her slender neck, and said the headsman would have little trouble. Here Catharine Howard, Sir Thomas More, Cranmer, Northumberland, Lady Jane Grey, Wyatt, and the Earl of Essex all perished. Here, Clarence was drowned in a butt of wine and the two boy princes were murdered. Many victims of kings, many kingly victims, have here perished. Many patriots have here sighed for liberty. The poisoning of Overbury is a mystery of the Tower, the perusal of which never wearies though the dark secret be unsolvable; and we can never cease to sympathise with that brave woman, the Countess of Nithsdale, who risked her life to save her husband's. From Laud and Strafford we turn to Eliot and Hutchinson—for Cavaliers and Puritans were both by turns prisoners in the Tower. From Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney we come down in the chronicle of suffering to the Jacobites of 1715 and 1745; from them to Wilkes, Lord George Gordon, Burdett, and, last of all the Tower prisoners, to the infamous Thistlewood.

Leaving the crimson scaffold on Tower Hill, we return as sightseers to glance over the armoury and to catch the sparkle of the Royal jewels. Here is the identical crown that that daring villain Blood stole and the heart-shaped ruby that the Black Prince once wore; here we see the swords, sceptres, and diadems of many of our monarchs. In the

armoury are suits on which many lances have splintered and swords struck; the imperishable steel clothes of many a dead king are here, unchanged since the owners doffed them. This suit was the Earl of Leicester's—the "Kenilworth" earl, for see his cognizance of the bear and ragged staff on the horse's chanfron. This richly-gilt suit was worn by James I.'s ill-starred son, Prince Henry, whom many thought was poisoned by Buckingham; and this quaint mask, with ram's horns and spectacles, belonged to Will Somers, Henry VIII.'s jester.

From the Tower we break away into the far east, among the old clothes shops, the bird markets, the costermongers, and the weavers of Whitechapel and Spitalfields. We are far from jewels here and Court splendour, and we come to plain working people and their homely ways. Spitalfields was the site of a priory of Augustine canons, however, and has ancient traditions of its own. The weavers, of French origin, are an interesting race—we shall have to sketch their sayings and doings; and we shall search Whitechapel diligently for old houses and odd people. The district may not furnish so many interesting scenes and anecdotes as the West End, but it is well worthy of study from many modern points of view.

Smithfield and Holborn are regions fertile in associations. Smithfield, that broad plain, the scene of so many martyrdoms, tournaments, and executions, forms an interesting subject for a diversified chapter. In this market-place the ruffians of Henry VIII.'s time met to fight out their quarrels with sword and buckler. Here the brave Wallace was executed like a common robber; and here "the gentle Mortimer" was led to a shameful death. The spot was the scene of great jousts in Edward III.'s chivalrous reign, when, after the battle of Poictiers, the Kings of France and Scotland came seven days running to see spears shivered and "the Lady of the Sun" bestow the prizes of valour. In this same field Walworth slew the rebel Wat Tyler, who had treated Richard II. with insolence, and by this prompt blow dispersed the insurgents, who had grown so dangerously strong. In Henry VIII.'s reign poisoners were boiled to death in Smithfield; and in cruel Mary's reign the Protestant martyrs were burned in the same place. "Of the two hundred and seventy-seven persons burnt for heresy in Mary's reign," says a modern antiquary, "the greater number perished in Smithfield; and ashes and charred bodies have been dug up opposite to the gateway of Bartholomew's Church and at the west end of Long Lane. After the Great Fire the houseless citizens were sheltered here in tents. Over against the corner where the Great Fire abated is Cock Lane, the scene of the rapping ghost, in which Dr. Johnson believed and concerning which Goldsmith wrote a catchpenny pamphlet.

Holborn and its tributaries come next, and are by no means deficient in legends and matter of general interest. "The original name of the street was the Hollow Bourne," says a modern etymologist, "not the Old Bourne;" it was not paved till the reign of Henry V. The ride up "the Heavy Hill" from Newgate to Tyburn has been sketched by Hogarth and sung by Swift. In Ely Place once lived the Bishop of Ely; and in Hatton Garden resided Queen Elizabeth's favourite, the dancing chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton. In Furnival's Inn Dickens wrote "Pickwick." In Barnard's Inn died the last of the alchemists. In Staple's Inn Dr. Johnson wrote "Rasselas," to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. In Brooke Street, where Chatterton poisoned himself, lived Lord Brooke, a poet and statesman, who was a patron of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, and who was assassinated by a servant whose name he had omitted in his will. Milton lived for some time in a house in Holborn that opened at the back on Lincoln's Inn Fields. Fox Court leads us to the curious inquiry whether Savage, the poet, was a conscious or an unconscious impostor; and at the Blue Boar Inn Cromwell and Ireton discovered by stratagem the treacherous letter of King Charles to his queen, that rendered Cromwell for ever the King's enemy. These are only a few of the countless associations of Holborn.

Newgate is a gloomy but an interesting subject for us. Many wild faces have stared through its bars since, in King John's time, it became a City prison. We shall look in on Sarah Malcolm, Mrs. Brownrigg, Jack Sheppard, Governor Wall, and other interesting criminals; we shall stand at Wren's elbow when he designs the new prison, and follow the Gordon Rioters when they storm in over the burning walls.

The Strand stands next to Fleet Street as a central point of old memories. It is not merely full, it positively teems. For centuries it was a fashionable street, and noblemen inhabited the south side especially, for the sake of the river. In Essex Street, on a part of the Temple, Queen Elizabeth's rash favourite (the Earl of Essex) was besieged, after his hopeless foray into the City. In Arundel Street lived the Earls of Arundel; in Buckingham Street Charles I.'s greedy favourite began a palace. There were royal palaces, too, in the Strand, for at the Savoy lived John of Gaunt; and Somerset House was built by the Protector Somerset with

the stones of the churches he had pulled down. Henrietta Maria (Charles I.'s Queen) and poor neglected Catherine of Braganza dwelt at Somerset House; and it was here that Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, the zealous Protestant magistrate, was supposed to have been murdered. There is, too, the history of Lord Burleigh's house (in Cecil Street) to record; and Northumberland House still stands to recall to us its many noble inmates. On the other side of the Strand we have to note Butcher Row (now pulled down), where the Gunpowder Plot conspirators met; Exeter House, where Lord Burleigh's wily son lived; and, finally, Exeter 'Change, where the poet Gay lay in state. Nor shall we forget Cross's menagerie and the elephant Chunee; nor omit mention of many of the eccentric old shopkeepers who once inhabited the 'Change. At Charing Cross we shall stop to see the old Cromwellians die bravely, and to stare at the pillory, where in their time many incomparable scoundrels ignominiously stood. The Nelson Column and the surrounding statues have stories of their own; and St. Martin's Lane is specially interesting as the haunt of half the painters of the early Georgian era. There are anecdotes of Hogarth and his friends to be picked up here in abundance, and the locality generally deserves exploration, from the quaintness and cleverness of its former inhabitants.

In Covent Garden we break fresh ground. We found St. Martin's Lane full of artists, Guildhall full of aldermen, the Strand full of noblemen—the old monastic garden will prove to be crowded with actors. We shall trace the market from the first few sheds under the wall of Bedford House to the present grand temple of Flora and Pomona. We shall see Evans's a new mansion, inhabited by Ben Jonson's friend and patron, Sir Kenelm Digby, alternately tenanted by Sir Harry Vane, Denzil Holles (one of the five refractory members whom Charles I. went to the House of Commons so imprudently to seize), and Admiral Russell, who defeated the French at La Hogue. The ghost of Parson Ford, in which Johnson believed, awaits us at the doorway of the Hummums. There are several duels to witness in the Piazza; Dryden to call upon as he sits, the arbiter of wits, by the fireside at Will's Coffee House; Addison is to be found at Button's; at the "Bedford" we shall meet Garrick and Quin, and stop a moment at Tom King's, close to St. Paul's portico, to watch Hogarth's revellers fight with swords and shovels, that frosty morning that the painter sketched the prim old maid going to early service. We shall look in at the Tavistock to see Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller at work at portraits of beauties of the Carolean and Jacobean Courts; remembering that in the same rooms Sir James Thornhill afterwards painted, and poor Richard Wilson produced those fine landscapes which so few had the taste to buy. The old hustings deserve a word, and we shall have to record the lamentable murder of Miss Ray by her lover, at the north-east angle of the square. The neighbourhood of Covent Garden, too, is rife with stories of great actors and painters, and nearly every house furnishes its quota of anecdote.

The history of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres supplies us with endless anecdotes of actors, and with humorous and pathetic narratives that embrace the whole region both of tragedy and comedy. Quin's jokes, Garrick's weaknesses, the celebrated O. P. riots, contrast with the miserable end of some popular favourites and the caprices of genius. The oddities of Munden, the humour of Liston, only serve to render the gloom of Kean's downfall more terrible, and to show the wreck and ruin of many unhappy men, equally wilful though less gifted. There is a perennial charm about theatrical stories, and the history of these theatres must be illustrated by many a sketch of the loves and rivalries of actors, their fantastic tricks, their practical jokes, their gay progress to success or ruin. Changes of popular taste are marked by the change of character in the pieces that have been performed in various ages; and the history of the two theatres will include various illustrative sketches of dramatic writers, as well as actors. There was a vast interval in literature between the tragedies of Addison and Murphey and the comedies of Holcroft, O'Keefe, and Morton; the descent to modern melodrama and burlesque must be traced through various gradations, and the reasons shown for the many modifications both classes of entertainments have undergone.

Westminster, from the night St. Peter came over from Lambeth in the fisherman's boat, and chose a site for the Abbey in the midst of Thorney Island, to the present day, has been a spot where the pilgrim to historic shrines loves to linger. Need we remind our readers that Edward the Confessor built the Abbey, or that William the Conqueror was crowned here, the ceremony ending in tumult and blood? How vast the store of facts from which we have to cull! We see the Jews being beaten nearly to death for daring to attend the coronation of Richard I.; we observe Edward I. watching the sacred stone of Scotland being placed beneath his coronation chair; we behold for the first time, at Richard II.'s coronation, the champion riding into the Hall, to challenge all who refuse

allegiance; we see, at the funeral of Anne of Bohemia, Richard beating the Earl of Arundel for wishing to leave before the service is over. We hear the *Te Deum* that is sung for the victory of Agincourt, and watch Henry VI. selecting a site for a resting-place; we hear for the last time, at the coronation of Henry VIII., the sanction of the Pope bestowed upon an English monarch; we pity poor Queen Caroline attempting to enter the Abbey to see her worthless husband crowned; and we view through them: in St. James's seeing Charles II. feeding his ducks or playing "pall-mall;" in Hyde Park observing the fashions and extravagancies of many generations. Romeo Coates will whisk past us in his fantastic chariot, and the beaus and oddities of many generations will pace past us in review. There will be celebrated duels to describe, and various strange follies to deride. We shall see Cromwell thrown from his coach, and shall witness the foot-races that Pepys describes. Dryden's

BRIDEWELL IN 1666 (*see page* 4).

the last coronation, and draw auguries of a purer if not a happier age. The old Hall, too; could we neglect that ancient chamber, where Charles I. was sentenced to death, and where Cromwell was throned in almost regal splendour? We must see it in all its special moments; when the seven bishops were acquitted, and the shout of joy shook London as with an earthquake; and when the rebel lords were tried. We must hear Lord Byron tried for his duel with Mr. Chaworth, and mad Lord Ferrers condemned for shooting his steward. We shall get a side-view of the shameless Duchess of Kingston, and hear Burke and Sheridan grow eloquent over the misdeeds of Warren Hastings.

The parks now draw us westward, and we wander gallants and masked ladies will receive some mention; and we shall tell of bygone encampments and of many events now almost forgotten.

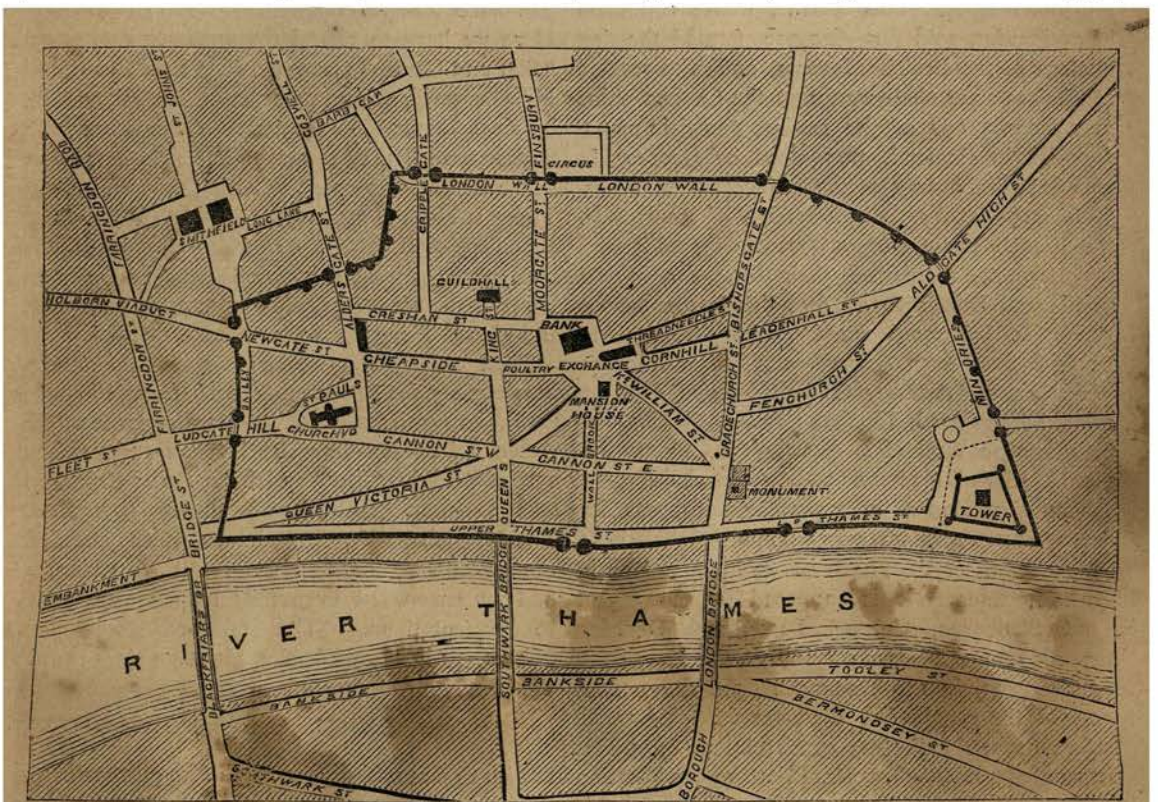
Kensington will recall many anecdotes of William of Orange, his beloved Queen, stupid Prince George of Denmark, and George II., who all died at the palace, the old seat of the Finches. We are sure to find good company in the gardens. Still as when Tickell sang, every walk

> "Seems from afar a moving tulip bed,
> Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
> And chintz, the rival of the showery bow."

There is Newton's house at South Kensington to visit, and Wilkie's and Mrs. Inchbald's; and,

above all, there is Holland House, the scene of the delightful Whig coteries of Tom Moore's time. Here Addison lived to regret his marriage with a lady of rank, and here he died. At Kensington Charles James Fox spent his youth.

And now Chelsea brings us pleasant recollections of Sir Thomas More, Swift, Sir Robert Walpole, and Atterbury. "Chelsith," Sir Thomas More used to call it when Holbein was lodging in his house and King Henry, who afterwards



PART OF MODERN LONDON, SHOWING THE ANCIENT WALL (*see page* 20)

beheaded his old friend, used to come to dinner, and after dinner walk round the fair garden with his arm round his host's neck. More was fond of walking on the flat roof of his gate-house, which commanded a pleasant prospect of the Thames and the fields beyond. Let us hope the tradition is not true that he used to bind heretics to a tree in his garden. In 1717 Chelsea only contained 350 houses, and these in 1725 had grown to 1,350. There is Cheyne Walk, so called from the Lords Cheyne, owners of the manor; and we must not forget Don Saltero and his famous coffee-house, the oddities of which Steele pleasantly sketched in the *Tatler*. The Don was famous for his skill in brewing punch and for his excellent playing on the fiddle. Saltero was a barber, who drew teeth, drew customers, wrote verses, and collected curiosities.

> "Some relics of the Sheban queen
> And fragments of the famed Bob Crusoe."

Swift lodged at Chelsea, over against the Jacobite Bishop Atterbury, who so nearly lost his head. In one of his delightful letters to Stella Swift describes "the Old Original Chelsea Bun House," and the r-r-r-r-rare Chelsea buns. He used to leave his best gown and perriwig at Mrs. Vanhomrig's, in Suffolk Street, then walk up Pall Mall, through the park, out at Buckingham House, and on to Chelsea, a little beyond the church (5,748 steps), he says, in less than an hour, which was leisurely walking even for the contemplative and observant dean. Smollet laid a scene of his "Humphrey Clinker" in Chelsea, where he lived for some time.

The Princess Elizabeth, when a girl, lived at Chelsea, with that dangerous man, with whom she is said to have fallen in love, the Lord Admiral Seymour, afterwards beheaded. He was the second husband of Katherine Parr, one of the many wives of Elizabeth's father. Cremorne was, in Walpole's days, the villa of Lord Cremorne, an Irish nobleman; and near here, at a river-side

cottage died, in miserly and cynical obscurity, the greatest of our modern landscape painters, Turner. Then there is Chelsea Hospital to visit. This hospital was built by Wren; Charles II., it is said at Nell Gwynn's suggestion, originated the good work, which was finished by William and Mary. Dr. Arbuthnot, that good man so beloved by the Pope set, was physician here, and the Rev. Philip Francis, who translated Horace, was chaplain. Nor can we leave Chelsea without remembering Sir Hans Sloane, whose collection of antiquities, sold for £20,000, formed the first nucleus of the British Museum, and who resided at Chelsea; nor shall we forget the Chelsea china manufactory, one of the earliest porcelain manufactories in England, patronized by George II., who brought over German artificers from Brunswick and Saxony. In the reign of Louis XV. the French manufacturers began to regard it with jealousy and petitioned their king for special privileges. Ranelagh, too, that old pleasure-garden which Dr. Johnson declared was "the finest thing he had ever seen," deserves a word; Horace Walpole was constantly there, though at first, he owns, he preferred Vauxhall; and Lord Chesterfield was so fond of it that he used to say he should order all his letters to be directed there.

The West End squares are pleasant spots for our purpose, and at many doors we shall have to make a call. In Landsdowne House (in Berkeley Square) it is supposed by many that Lord Shelburne, Colonel Barre, and Dunning wrote "Junius"; certain it is that the Marquis of Landsdowne, in 1809, acknowledged the possession of the secret, but died the following week, before he could disclose it. Here, in 1774, that persecuted philosopher, Dr. Priestley, the librarian to Lord Shelburne, discovered oxygen. In this square Horace Walpole (that delightful letter-writer) died and Lord Clive destroyed himself. Then there is Grosvenor Square, where that fat, easy-going Minister, Lord North, lived, where Wilkes the notorious resided, and where the Cato-Street conspirators planned to kill all the Cabinet Ministers, who had been invited to dinner by the Earl of Harrowby. In Hanover Square we visit Lord Rodney, &c. In St. James's Square we recall William III. coming to the Earl of Romney's to see fireworks let off and, later, the Prince Regent, from a balcony, displaying to the people the Eagles captured at Waterloo. Queen Caroline resided here during her trial, and many of Charles II.'s frail beauties also resided in the same spot. In Cavendish Square we stop to describe the splendid projects of that great Duke of Chandos whom Pope ridiculed. Nor are the lesser squares by any means devoid of interest.

In Pall Mall the laziest gleaner of London traditions might find a harvest. On the site of Carlton House—the Prince Regent's palace—were, in the reign of Henry VI., monastic buildings, in which (reign of Henry VIII.) Erasmus afterwards resided. They were pulled down at the Reformation. Nell Gwynn lived here, and so did Sir William Temple, Swift's early patron, the pious Boyle, and that poor puff-ball of vanity and pretence—Bubb Doddington. Here we have to record the unhappy duel at the "Star and Garter" tavern between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, and the murder of Mr. Thynne by his rival, Count Königsmark. There is Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery to notice, and Dodsley's shop, which Burke, Johnson, and Garrick so often visited. There is also the origin of the Royal Academy, at a house opposite Market Lane, to chronicle, many club-houses to visit, and curious memorabilia of all kinds to be sifted, selected, contrasted, mounted, and placed in sequence for view.

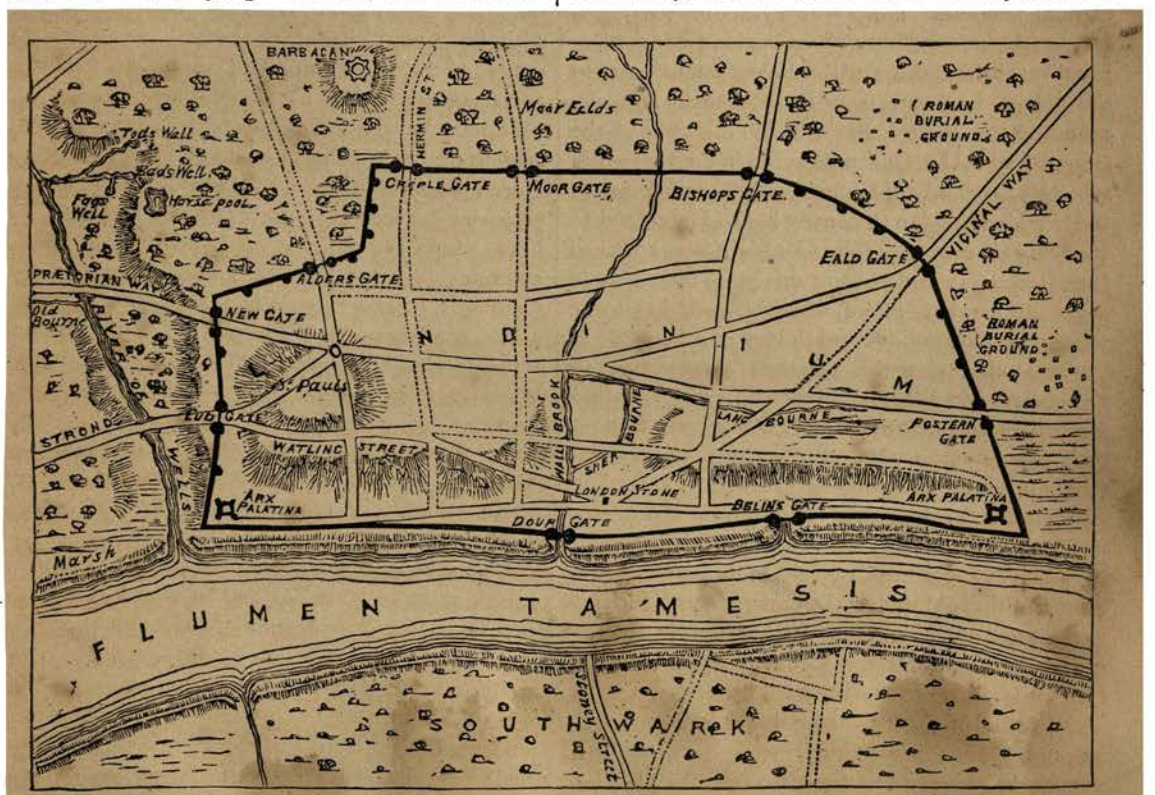
Then comes Marylebone, formerly a suburb, famous only for its hunting park (now Regent's Park), its gardens, and its bowling-greens. In Queen Elizabeth's time the Russian ambassadors were sent to hunt in Marylebone Park; Cromwell sold it—deer, timber, and all—for £13,000. The Marylebone Bowling Greens, which preceded the gardens, were at first the resort of noblemen and gentlemen, but eventually highwaymen began to frequent them. The Duke of Buckingham (whom Lady Mary Wortley Montagu glances at in the line,

"Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away")

used, at an annual dinner to the frequenters of the gardens, to give the agreeable toast,—"May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring meet here again." Eventually burlettas were produced—one written by Chatterton; and Dr. Arne conducted Handel's music. Marylebone, in the time of Hogarth, was a favourite place for prize fights and back-sword combats, the great champion being Figg, that bullet-headed man with the bald, plaistered head, whom Hogarth has represented mounting grim sentry in his "Southwark Fair." The great building at Marylebone began between 1718 and 1729. In 1739 there were only 577 houses in the parish; in 1851 there were 16,669. In many of the nooks and corners of Marylebone we shall find curious facts and stories worth the unravelling.

The eastern squares, in Bloomsbury and St. Pancras, are regions not by any means to be lightly

passed by. Bloomsbury Square was built by the Earl of Southampton, about the time of the Restoration, and was thought one of the wonders of England. Baxter lived here when he was tormented by Judge Jefferies; Sir Hans Sloane was one of its inhabitants; so was that great physician, Dr. Radcliffe. The burning of Mansfield House by Lord George Gordon's rioters has to be minutely described. In Russell Square we visit the houses of Sir Thomas Lawrence and of Judge Talfourd, and search for



PLAN OF ROMAN LONDON (*see page* 20).

Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Sir Joseph Banks, and Burnet, the historian, were all inhabitants of this locality.

Islington brings us back to days when Henry VIII. came there to hawk the partridge and the heron, and when the London citizens wandered out across the northern fields to drink milk and eat cheesecakes. The old houses abound in legends of Sir Walter Raleigh, Topham, the strong man, George Morland, the artist, and Henderson, the actor. At Canonbury, the old tower of the country house of

that celebrated spot in London legend, "The Field of the Forty Footsteps," where two brothers, it is said, killed each other in a duel for a lady, who sat by watching the fight. Then there is Red Lion Square, where tradition says some faithful adherents, at the Restoration, buried the body of Cromwell, to prevent its desecration at Tyburn; and we have to cull some stories of a good old inhabitant, Jonas Hanway, the great promoter of many of the London charities, the first man who habitually used an umbrella and Dr. Johnson's spirited opponent on the important question of tea. Soho Square, too, has many a tradition, for the Duke of Monmouth lived there in great splendour; and in Hogarth's time Mrs. Cornelys made the square celebrated by her masquerades, which in time became disreputable. the Prior of St. Bartholomew recalls to us Goldsmith, who used to come there to hide from his creditors, go to bed early, and write steadily.

At Highgate and Hampstead we shall scour the northern uplands of London by no means in vain, as we shall find Belsize House, in Charles II.'s time, openly besieged by robbers and, long afterwards, highwaymen swarming in the same locality. The chalybeate wells of Hampstead lead us on to the Heath, where wolves were to be found in the twelfth century and highwaymen as late as 1803. Good company awaits us at pleasant Hampstead —Lord Erskine, Lord Chatham, Keats, Akenside, Leigh Hunt, and Sir Fowell Buxton; Booth, Wilkes, and Colley Cibber; Mrs. Barbauld, honest Dick Steele, and Joanna Baillie. As for Highgate,

for ages a mere hamlet, a forest, it once boasted a bishop's palace, and there we gather, with free hand, memories of Sacheverell, Rowe, Dr. Watts, Hogarth, Coleridge, and Lord Mansfield; Ireton, Marvell, and Dick Whittington, the worthy demi-god of London apprentices to the end of time.

Lambeth, where Harold was crowned, can hold its own in interest with any part of London—for it once possessed two ecclesiastical palaces and many places of amusement. Lambeth Palace itself is a spot of extreme interest. Here Wat Tyler's men dragged off Archbishop Sudbury to execution; here, when Laud was seized, the Parliamentary soldiers turned the palace into a prison for Royalists and demolished the great hall. Outside the walls of the church James II.'s Queen cowered in the December rain with her child, till a coach could be brought from the neighbouring inn to convey her to Gravesend to take ship for France. The Gordon rioters attacked the palace in 1780, but were driven off by a detachment of Guards. The Lollards' Tower has to be visited, and the sayings and doings of a long line of prelates to be reviewed. Vauxhall brings us back to the days when Walpole went with Lady Caroline Petersham and helped to stew chickens in a china dish over a lamp; or we go further back and accompany Addison and the worthy Sir Roger de Coverley, and join them over a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef.

Astley's Amphitheatre recalls to us many amusing stories of that old soldier, Ducrow, and of his friends and rivals, which join on very naturally to those other theatrical traditions to which Drury Lane and Covent Garden have already led us.

So we mean to roam from flower to flower, over as varied a garden as the imagination can well conceive. There have been brave workers before us in the field, and we shall build upon good foundations. We hope to be catholic in our selections; we shall prune away only the superfluous; we shall condense anecdotes only where we think we can make them pithier and racier. We will neglect no fact that is interesting, and blend together all that old Time can give us bearing upon London. Street by street we shall delve and rake for illustrative story, despising no book, however humble, no pamphlet, however obscure, if it only throws some light on the celebrities of London, its topographical history, its manners and customs. Such is a brief summary of our plan.

St. Paul's rises before us with its great black dome and stately row of sable columns; the Tower, with its central citadel, flanked by the spear-like masts of the river shipping; the great world of roofs spreads below us as we launch upon our venturous voyage of discovery. From Boadicea leading on her scythed chariots at Battle Bridge to Queen Victoria in the Thanksgiving procession of yesterday is a long period over which to range. We have whole generations of Londoners to defile before us—painted Britons, hooded Saxons, mailed Crusaders, Chaucer's men in hoods, friars, citizens, warriors, Shakespeare's friends, Johnson's companions, Goldsmith's jovial "Bohemians," Hogarth's fellow-painters, soldiers, lawyers, statesmen, merchants. Nevertheless, at our spells they will gather from the four winds, and at our command march off to their old billets in their old houses, where we may best cross-examine them and collect their impressions of the life of their times.

The subject is as entertaining as any dream Imagination ever evoked and as varied as human nature. Its classification is a certain bond of union, and will act as an excellent cement for the multiform stones with which we shall rear our building. Lists of names, dry pedigrees, rows of dates, we leave to the herald and the topographer; but we shall pass by little that can throw light on the history of London in any *generation*, and we shall dwell more especially on the events of the later centuries, because they are more akin to us and are bound to us by closer sympathies

CHAPTER I.

ROMAN LONDON.

Buried London—Our Early Relations—The Founder of London—A distinguished Visitor at Romney Marsh—Cæsar re-visits the "Town on the Lake"—The Borders of Old London—Cæsar fails to make much out of the Britons—King *Brown*—The Derivation of the name of London—The Queen of the Iceni—London Stone and London Roads—London's Earlier and Newer Walls—The Site of St. Paul's—Fabulous Claims to Idolatrous Renown—Existing Relics of Roman London—Treasures from the Bed of the Thames—What we Tread underfoot in London—A vast Field of Story.

EIGHTEEN feet below the level of Cheapside lies hidden Roman London, and deeper even than that is buried the earlier London of those savage charioteers who, long ages ago, bravely confronted the legions of Rome. In nearly all parts of the City there have been discovered tesselated pavements, Roman tombs, lamps, vases, sandals, keys, ornaments, weapons, coins, and statues of the ancient Roman gods. So the present has grown up upon the ashes of the past.

Trees that are to live long grow slowly. Slow and stately as an oak London grew and grew, till now nearly four million souls represent its leaves. Our London is very old. Centuries before Christ there probably came the first few half-naked fishermen and hunters, who reared, with flint axes and such rude tools, some miserable huts on the rising ground that, forming the north bank of the Thames, slopes to the river some sixty miles from where it joins the sea. According to some, the river spread out like a vast lake between the Surrey and the Essex hills in those times when the half-savage first settlers found the low slopes of the future London places of health and defence amid a vast and dismal region of fen, swamp, and forest. The heroism and the cruelties, the hopes and fears of those poor barbarians, darkness never to be removed has hidden from us for ever. In later days monkish historians, whom Milton afterwards followed, ignored these poor early relations of ours and invented, as a more fitting ancestor of Englishmen, Brute, a fugitive nephew of Æneas of Troy. But, stroll on where we will, the pertinacious savage, with his limbs stained blue and his flint axe red with blood, is a ghost not easily to be exorcised from the banks of the Thames, and in some Welsh veins his blood no doubt flows at this very day. The founder of London had no historian to record his hopes—a place where big salmon were to be found, and plenty of wild boars were to be met with, was probably his highest ambition. How he bartered with Phœnicians or Gauls for amber or iron no Druid has recorded. How he slew the foraging Belgæ, or was slain by them and dispossessed, no bard has sung. Whether he was generous and heroic as the New Zealander, or apelike and thievish as the Bushman, no ethnologist has yet proved. The very ashes of the founder of London have long since turned to earth, air, and water.

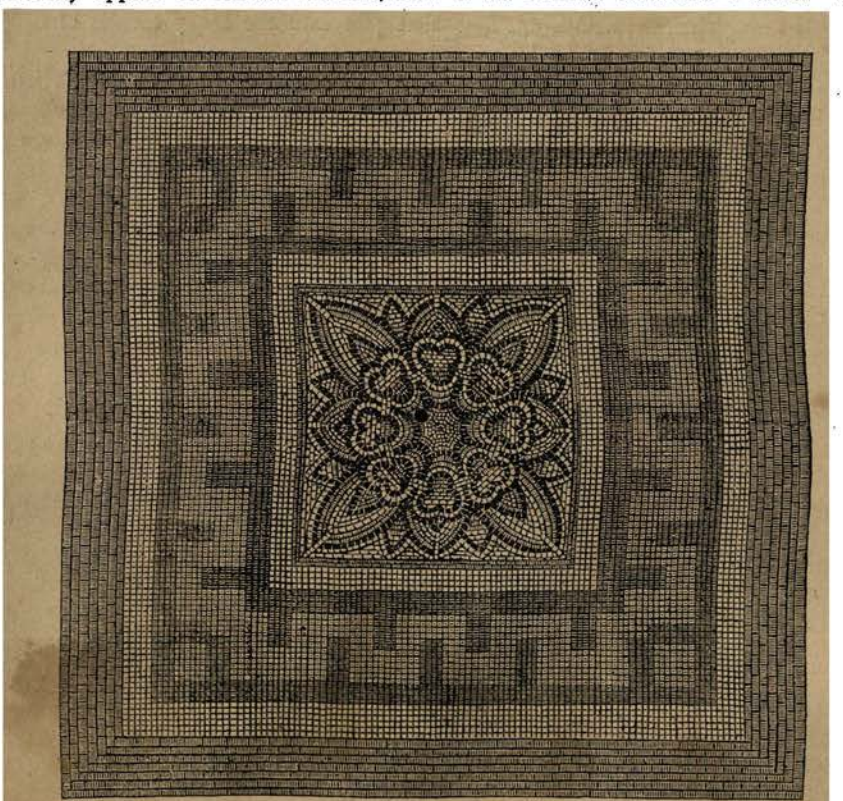
No doubt the few huts that formed early London were fought for over and over again, as wolves wrangle round a carcass. On Cornhill there probably dwelt petty kings who warred with the kings of Ludgate; and in Southwark there lurked or burrowed other chiefs who, perhaps by intrigue or force, struggled for centuries to get a foothold in Thames Street. But of such infusoria History (glorying only in offenders, criminals, and robbers on the largest scale) justly pays no heed. This alone we know, that the early rulers of London before the Christian era passed away like the wild beasts they fought and slew, and their very names have perished. One line of an old blind Greek poet might have immortalised them among the motley nations that crowded into Troy or swarmed under its walls; but, alas for them, that line was never written! No, Founder of London! thy name was written on fluid ooze of the marsh, and the first tide that washed over it from the Nore obliterated it for ever. Yet, perhaps even now thou sleepest as quietly fathoms deep in soft mud, in some still nook of Barking Creek, as if all the world was ringing with thy glory.

But descending quick to the lower but safer and firmer ground of fact, let us cautiously drive our first pile into the shaky morass of early London history.

A learned modern antiquary, Thomas Lewin, Esq., has proved, as nearly as such things can be proved, that Julius Cæsar and 8,000 men, who had sailed from Boulogne, landed near Romney Marsh about half-past five o'clock on Sunday the 27th of August, 55 years before the birth of our Saviour. Centuries before that very remarkable August day on which the brave standard-bearer of Cæsar's Tenth Legion sprang from his gilt galley into the sea and, eagle in hand, advanced against the javelins of the painted Britons who lined the shore, there is now no doubt London was already existing as a British town of some importance, and known to the fishermen and merchants of the Gauls and Belgians. Strabo, a Greek geographer who flourished in the reign of Augustus, speaks of British merchants as bringing to the Seine and the Rhine shiploads of corn, cattle, iron, hides, slaves, and dogs, and taking back brass, ivory, amber ornaments, and vessels of glass. By these merchants the desirability of such a depôt as London, with its great and always navigable river, could not have been long overlooked.

In Cæsar's second and longer invasion in the next year (54 B.C.), when his 28 many-oared triremes and 560 transports, &c., in all 800, poured on the same Kentish coast 21,000 legionaries and 2,000 cavalry, there is little doubt that his strong foot left its imprint near that cluster of stockaded huts (more resembling a New Zealand pah than a modern English town) perhaps already called London—Llyn-don, the "town on the lake." After a battle at Challock Wood, Cæsar and his men crossed the Thames, as is supposed, at Coway Stakes, an ancient ford a little above Walton and below Weybridge. Cassivellaunus, King of Hertfordshire and Middlesex, had just slain in war Immanuent, King of Essex, and had driven out his son Mandubert. The Trinobantes, Mandubert's subjects, joined the Roman spearmen against the 4,000 scythed chariots of Cassivellaunus and the Catyeuchlani. Straight as the flight of an

arrow was Cæsar's march upon the capital of Cassivellaunus, a city the barbaric name of which he either forgot or disregarded, but which he merely says was "protected by woods and marshes." This place north of the Thames has usually been thought to be Verulamium (St. Alban's); but it was far more likely London, as the Cassi, whose capital Verulamium was, were among the traitorous tribes who joined Cæsar against their oppressor Cassivellaunus. Moreover, Cæsar's brief description of the spot perfectly applies to Roman London, for least is certain, that the legionaries carried their eagles swiftly over his stockades of earth and fallen trees, drove off the blue-stained warriors, and swept off the half-wild cattle stored up by the Britons. Shortly after, Cæsar returned to Gaul, having heard while in Britain of the death of his favourite daughter Julia, the wife of Pompey, his great rival. His camp at Richborough or Sandwich was far distant, the dreaded equinoctial gales were at hand, and Gaul, he knew, might at any moment of his absence start into a flame. His inglorious

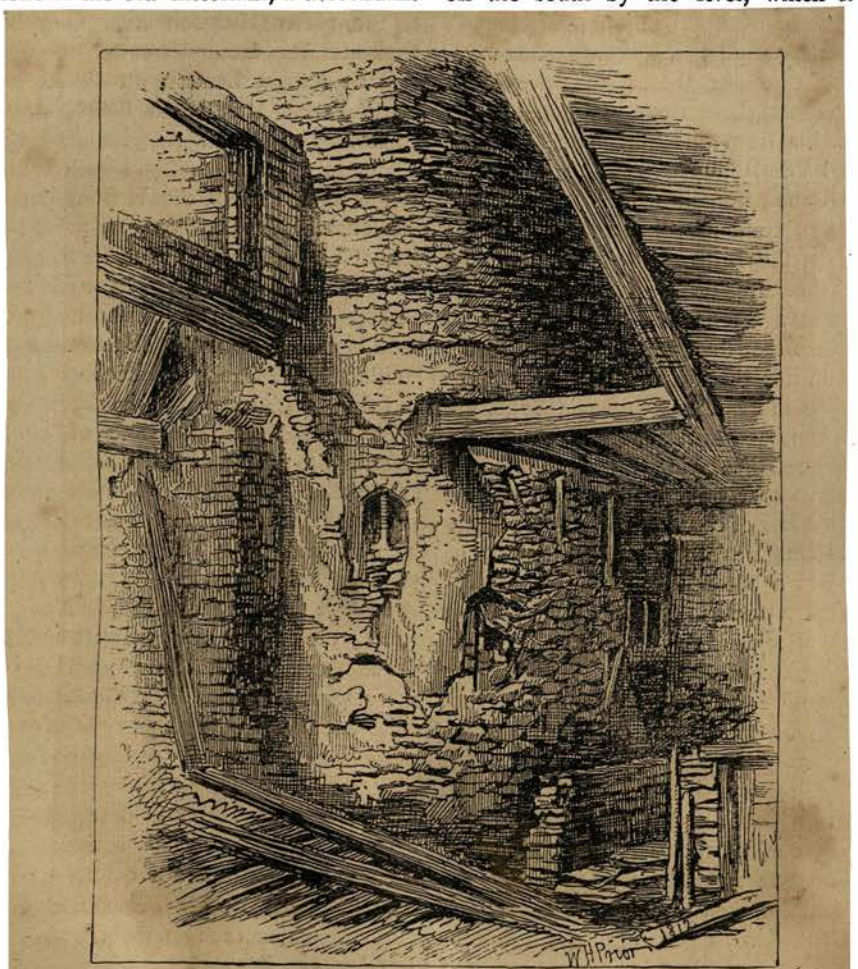


ANCIENT ROMAN PAVEMENT FOUND IN THREADNEEDLE STREET, 1841 (*see page* 21).

ages protected on the north by a vast forest, full of deer and wild boars, and which, even as late as the reign of Henry II., covered a great region, and has now shrunk into the not very wild districts of St. John's Wood and Caen Wood. On the north the town found a natural moat in the broad fens of Moorfields, Finsbury, and Houndsditch, while on the south ran the Fleet and the Old Bourne. Indeed, according to that credulous old enthusiast Stukeley, Cæsar, marching from Staines to London, encamped on the site of Old St. Pancras Church, round which edifice Stukeley found evident traces of a great Prætorian camp. However, whether Cassivellaunus, the King of Middlesex and Hertfordshire, had his capital at London or St. Alban's, this much at campaign had lasted just four months and a half—his first had been far shorter. As Cæsar himself wrote to Cicero, our rude island was defended by stupendous rocks, there was not a scrap of the gold that had been reported, and the only prospect of booty was in slaves, from whom there could be expected neither "skill in letters nor in music." In sober truth, all Cæsar had won from the people of Kent and Hertfordshire had been blows and buffets, for there were *men* in Britain even then. The prowess of the British charioteers became a standing joke in Rome against the soldiers of Cæsar. Horace and Tibullus both speak of the Briton as unconquered. The steel bow the strong Roman hand had for a moment bent, quickly

relapsed to its old shape the moment Cæsar, mounting his tall galley, turned his eyes towards Gaul.

The Mandubert who sought Cæsar's help is by some thought to be the son of the semi-fabulous King Lud (King *Brown*), the mythical founder of London, and, according to Milton, who, as we have said, follows the old historians, a descendant of Brute of Troy. The successor of the warlike Cassivellaunus had his capital at St. Alban's; his son Cunobelin (Shakespeare's Cymbeline)—a name which seems to glow with perpetual sunshine as we write it—had a palace at Colchester; and the son of Cunobelin was the famed Caradoc, or Caractacus, that hero of the Silures, who struggled bravely for nine long years against the generals of Rome.



PART OF OLD LONDON WALL, NEAR FALCON SQUARE (*see page* 21).

Celtic etymologists differ, as etymologists usually do, about the derivation of the name of London. Lon, or Long, meant, they say, either a lake, a wood, a populous place, a plain, or a ship-town. This last conjecture is, however, now the most generally received, as it at once gives the modern pronunciation, to which Llyn-don would never have assimilated. The first British town was indeed a simple Celtic hill fortress, formed first on Tower Hill, and afterwards continued to Cornhill and Ludgate. It was moated on the south by the river, which it controlled; by fens on the north; and on the east by the marshy low ground of Wapping. It was a high, dry, and fortified point of communication between the river and the inland country of Essex and Hertfordshire, a safe sixty miles from the sea, and central as a depôt and meeting-place for the tribes of Kent and Middlesex.

Hitherto the London about which we have been conjecturing has been a mere cloud city. The first mention of real London is by Tacitus, who, writing in the reign of Nero (A.D. 62, more than a century after the landing of Cæsar), in that style of his so full of vigour and so sharp in outline,

that it seems fit rather to be engraved on steel than written on perishable paper, says that Londinium, though not, indeed, dignified with the name of colony, was a place highly celebrated for the number of its merchants and the confluence of traffic. In the year 62 London was probably still without walls, and its inhabitants were not Roman citizens, like those of Verulamium (St. Alban's). When the Britons, roused by the wrongs of the fierce Boadicea (Queen of the Iceni, the people of Norfolk and Suffolk), bore down on London, her back still "bleeding from the Roman rods," she slew in London and Verulamium alone 70,000 citizens and allies of Rome; impaling many beautiful and well-born women, amid revelling sacrifices, in the grove of Andate, the British Goddess of Victory. It is supposed that after this reckless slaughter the tigress and her savage followers burned the cluster of wooden houses that then formed London to the ground. Certain it is, that when deep sections were made for a sewer in Lombard Street in 1786, the lowest stratum consisted of tesselated Roman pavements, their coloured dice laying scattered like flower leaves, and above that of a thick layer of wood ashes, as of the *débris* of charred wooden buildings. This ruin the Romans avenged by the slaughter of 80,000 Britons in a butchering fight, generally believed to have taken place at King's Cross (otherwise Battle Bridge), after which the fugitive Boadicea, in rage and despair, took poison and perished.

London probably soon sprang, phœnix-like, from the fire, though history leaves it in darkness to enjoy a lull of 200 years. In the early part of the second century Ptolemy, the geographer, speaks of it as a city of the Kentish people; but Mr. Craik very ingeniously conjectures that the Greek writer took his information from Phœnician works descriptive of Britain, written before even the invasion of Cæsar. Theodosius, a general of the Emperor Valentinian, who saved London from gathered hordes of Scots, Picts, Franks, and Saxons, is supposed to have repaired the walls of London, which had been first built by the Emperor Constantine early in the fourth century. In the reign of Theodosius, London, now called Augusta, became one of the chief, if not the chief, of the seventy Roman cities in Britain. In the famous "Itinerary" of Antoninus (about the end of the third century) London stands as the goal or starting-point of seven out of the fifteen great central Roman roads in England. Camden considers the London Stone, now enshrined in the south wall of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street, to have been the central milestone of Roman England, from which all the chief roads radiated, and by which the distances were reckoned. Wren supposed that Watling Street, of which Cannon Street is a part, was the High Street of Roman London. Another street ran west along Holborn from Cheapside, and from Cheapside probably north. A northern road ran by Aldgate, and probably Bishopsgate. The road from Dover came either over a bridge near the site of the present London Bridge, or higher up at Dowgate, from Stoney Street on the Surrey side.

Early Roman London was scarcely larger than Hyde Park. Mr. Roach Smith, the best of all authorities on the subject, gives its length from the Tower to Ludgate, east and west, at about a mile; and north and south, that is from London Wall to the Thames, at about half a mile. The earliest Roman city was even smaller, for Roman sepulchres have been found in Bow Lane, Moorgate Street, Bishopsgate Within, which must at that time have been beyond the walls. The Roman cemeteries of Smithfield, St. Paul's, Whitechapel, the Minories, and Spitalfields, are of later dates, and are in all cases beyond the old line of circumvallation, according to the sound Roman custom fixed by law. The earlier London Mr. Roach Smith describes as an irregular space, the five main gates corresponding with Bridgegate, Ludgate, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and Aldgate. The north wall followed for some part the course of Cornhill and Leadenhall Street; the eastern Billiter Street and Mark Lane; the southern Thames Street; and the western the east side of Walbrook. Of the larger Roman wall, there were within the memory of man huge, shapeless masses, with trees growing upon them, opposite what is now Finsbury Circus. In 1852 a piece of Roman wall on Tower Hill was rescued from the improvers, and built into some stables and outhouses; but not before a careful sketch had been effected by the late Mr. Fairholt, one of the best of our antiquarian draughtsmen. The later Roman London was in general outline the same in shape and size as the London of the Saxons and Normans. The newer walls Pennant calculates at 3 miles 165 feet in circumference, they were 22 feet high, and guarded with forty lofty towers. At the end of the last century large portions of the old Roman wall were traceable in many places, but time has devoured almost the last morsels of that great *pièce de résistance*. In 1763 Mr. Gough made a drawing of a square Roman tower (one of three) then standing in Houndsditch. It was built in alternate layers of massive square stones and red tiles. The old loophole for the sentinel had been enlarged into a square latticed window. In 1857, while digging foundations for houses on the north-east side of Aldermanbury Postern, the workmen

came on a portion of the Roman wall strengthened by blind arches. All that now substantially remains of the old fortification is a bastion in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate; a fragment in St. Martin's Court, off Ludgate Hill; another portion exists in the Old Bailey, concealed behind houses; and a fourth, near George Street, Tower Hill. Portions of the wall have, however, been also broached in Falcon Square (one of which we have engraved), Bush Lane, Scott's Yard, and Cornhill, and others built in cellars and warehouses from opposite the Tower and Cripplegate.

The line of the Roman walls ran from the Tower straight to Aldgate; there making an angle, it continued to Bishopsgate. From there it turned eastward to St. Giles's Churchyard, where it veered south to Falcon Square. At this point it continued west to Aldersgate, running under Christ's Hospital, and onward to Giltspur Street. There forming an angle, it proceeded directly to Ludgate towards the Thames, passing to the south of St. Andrew's Church. The wall then crossed Addle Street, and took a course along Upper and Lower Thames Street towards the Tower. In Thames Street the wall has been found built on oaken piles; on these was laid a stratum of chalk and stones, and over this a course of large, hewn sandstones, cemented with quicklime, sand, and pounded tile. The body of the wall was constructed of ragstone, flint, and lime, bonded at intervals with courses of plain and curve-edged tiles.

That Roman London grew slowly there is abundant proof. In building the new Exchange, the workmen came on a gravel-pit full of oyster-shells, cattle bones, old sandals, and shattered pottery. No coin found there being later than Severus indicates that this ground was bare waste outside the original city until at least the latter part of the third century. How far Roman London eventually spread its advancing waves of houses may be seen from the fact that Roman wall-paintings, indicating villas of men of wealth and position, have been found on both sides of High Street, Southwark, almost up to St. George's Church; while one of the outlying Roman cemeteries bordered the Kent Road.

From the horns of cattle having been dug up in St. Paul's Churchyard, the monks, ever eager to discover traces of that Paganism with which they amalgamated Christianity, conjectured that a temple of Diana once stood on the site of St. Paul's. A stone altar, with a rude figure of the amazon goddess sculptured upon it, was indeed discovered in making the foundations for Goldsmiths' Hall, Cheapside; but this was a mere votive or private altar, and proves nothing; and the ox bones, if any, found at St. Paul's, were merely refuse thrown into a rubbish-heap outside the old walls. As to the Temple of Apollo, supposed to have been replaced by Westminster Abbey, that is merely an invention of rival monks to glorify Thorney Island, and to render its antiquity equal to the fabulous claims of St. Paul's. Nor is there any positive proof that shrines to British gods ever stood on either place, though that they may have done so is not at all improbable.

The existing relics of Roman London are far more valuable and more numerous than is generally supposed. Innumerable tesselated pavements, masterpieces of artistic industry and taste, have been found in the City. A few of these should be noted. In 1854 part of the pavement of a room, twenty-eight feet square, was discovered, when the Excise Office was pulled down, between Bishopsgate Street and Broad Street. The central subject was supposed to be the Rape of Europa. A few years before another pavement was met with near the same spot. In 1841 two pavements were dug up under the French Protestant Church in Threadneedle Street. The best of these we have engraved. In 1792 a circular pavement was found in the same locality; and there has also been dug up in the same street a curious female head, the size of life, formed of coloured stones and glass. In 1805 a beautiful Roman pavement was disinterred on the south-west angle of the Bank of England, near the gate opening into Lothbury, and is now in the British Museum. In 1803 a fine specimen of pavement was found in front of the East-India House, Leadenhall Street, the central design being Bacchus reclining on a panther. In this pavement twenty distinct tints had been successfully used. Other pavements have been cut through in Crosby Square, Bartholemew Lane, Fenchurch Street, and College Street. The soil, according to Mr. Roach Smith, seems to have risen over them at the rate of nearly a foot a century.

The statuary found in London should also not be forgotten. One of the most remarkable pieces was a colossal bronze head of the Emperor Hadrian, dredged up from the Thames a little below London Bridge. It is now in the British Museum. A colossal bronze hand, thirteen inches long, was also found in Thames Street, near the Tower. In 1857, near London Bridge, the dredgers found a beautiful bronze Apollino, a Mercury of exquisite design, a priest of Cybele, and a figure supposed to be Jupiter. The Apollino and Mercury are masterpieces of ideal beauty and

grace. In 1842 a *chef d'œuvre* was dug out near the old Roman wall in Queen Street, Cheapside. It was the bronze stooping figure of an archer. It has silver eyes; and the perfect expression and anatomy display the highest art.

In 1825 a graceful little silver figure of the child Harpocrates, the God of Silence, looped with a gold chain, was found in the Thames, and is now in the British Museum. In 1839 a pair of gold armlets were dug up in Queen Street, Cheapside. In a kiln in St. Paul's Churchyard, in 1677, there were found lamps, bottles, urns, and dishes. Among other relics of Roman London drifted down by time we may instance articles of red glazed pottery, tiles, glass cups, window glass, bath scrapers, gold hair-pins, enamelled clasps, sandals, writing tablets, bronze spoons, forks, distaffs, bells, dice, and mill-stones. As for coins, which the Romans seem to have hid in every conceivable nook, Mr. Roach Smith says that within twenty years upwards of 2,000 were, to his own knowledge, found in London, chiefly in the bed of the Thames. Only one Greek coin, as far as we know, has ever been met with in London excavations.

The Romans left deep footprints wherever they trod. Many of our London streets still follow the lines they first laid down. The river bank still heaves beneath the ruins of their palaces. London Stone, as we have already shown, still stands to mark the starting-point of the great roads that they designed. In a lane out of the Strand there still exists a bath where their sinewy youth laved their limbs, dusty from the chariot races at the Campus Martius at Finsbury. The pavements trodden by the feet of Hadrian and Constantine still lie buried under the restless wheels that roll over our City streets. The ramparts the legionaries guarded have not yet quite crumbled to dust, though the rude people they conquered have themselves long since grown into conquerors. Roman London now exists only in fragments, invisible save to the prying antiquary. As the seed is to be found hanging to the root of the ripe wheat, so some filaments of the first germ of London, of the British hut and the Roman villa, still exist hidden under the foundations of the busy city that now teems with thousands of inhabitants. We tread under foot daily the pride of our old oppressors.

CHAPTER II

TEMPLE BAR.

Temple Bar—The Golgotha of English Traitors—When Temple Bar was made of Wood—Historical Pageants at Temple Bar—The Associations of Temple Bar—Mischievous Processions through Temple Bar—The First grim Trophy—Rye-House Plot Conspirators.

TEMPLE BAR was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1670-72, soon after the Great Fire had swept away eighty-nine London churches, four out of the seven City gates, 460 streets, and 13,200 houses, and had destroyed fifteen of the twenty-six wards, and laid waste 436 acres of buildings, from the Tower eastward to the Inner Temple westward.

The old black gateway, once the dreaded Golgotha of English traitors, separates, it should be remembered, the Strand from Fleet Street, the city from the shire, and the Freedom of the City of London from the Liberty of the City of Westminster. As Hatton (1708—Queen Anne) says,—"This gate opens not immediately into the City itself, but into the Liberty or Freedom thereof." We need hardly say that nothing can be more erroneous than the ordinary London supposition that Temple Bar ever formed part of the City fortifications. Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, laughing at this tradition, once said in *Punch:* "Temple Bar has always seemed to me a weak point in the fortifications of London. Bless you, the besieging army would never stay to bombard it—they would dash through the barber's."

The Great Fire never reached nearer Temple Bar than the Inner Temple, on the south side of Fleet Steet, and St. Dunstan's Church, on the north.

The Bar is of Portland stone, which London smoke alternately blackens and calcines; and each façade has four Corinthian pilasters, an entablature, and an arched pediment. On the west (Strand) side, in two niches, stand, as eternal sentries, Charles I. and Charles II., in Roman costume. Charles I. has long ago lost his bâton, as he once deliberately lost his head. Over the keystone of the central arch there used to be the royal arms. On the east side are James I. and Elizabeth (by many able writers supposed to be Anne of Denmark, James I.'s queen). She is pointing her white finger at Child's; while he, looking down on the passing cabs, seems to say, "I am nearly tired of standing; suppose we go to Whitehall, and sit down a bit?"

The slab over the eastern side of the arch bears the following inscription, now all but smoothed down by time:—

"Erected in the year 1670, Sir Samuel Starling, Mayor; continued in the year 1671, Sir Richard Ford, Lord Mayor; and finished in the year, 1672, Sir George Waterman, Lord Mayor."

All these persons were friends of Pepys.

The upper part of the Bar is flanked by scrolls, but the fruit and flowers once sculptured on the pediment, and the supporters of the royal arms over the posterns, have crumbled away. In the centre of each façade is a semicircular-headed, ecclesiastical-looking window, that casts a dim horny light into a room above the gate, held of the City, at an annual rent of some £50, by Messrs. Childs, the bankers, as a sort of muniment-room for their old account-books. There is here preserved, among other costlier treasures of Mammon, the private account-book of Charles II. The original Child was a friend of Pepys, and is mentioned by him as quarrelling with the Duke of York on Admiralty matters. The Child who succeeded him was a friend of Pope, and all but led him into the South-Sea Bubble speculation.

Those affected, mean statues, with the crinkly drapery, were the work of a vain, half-crazed sculptor named John Bushnell, who died mad in 1701. Bushnell, who had visited Rome and Venice, executed Cowley's monument in Westminster Abbey, and the statues of Charles I., Charles II., and Gresham, in the Old Exchange.

There is no extant historical account of Temple Bar in which the following passage from Strype (George I.) is not to be found embedded like a fossil; it is, in fact, nearly all we London topographers know of the early history of the Bar:—"Anciently," says Strype, "there were only posts, rails, and a chain, such as are now in Holborn, Smithfield, and Whitechapel bars. Afterwards there was a house of timber erected across the street, with a narrow gateway and an entry on the south side of it under the house." This structure is to be seen in the bird's-eye view of London, 1601 (Elizabeth), and in Hollar's seven-sheet map of London (Charles II.)

The date of the erection of the "wooden house" is not to be ascertained; but there is the house plain enough in a view of London to which Maitland affixes the date about 1560 (the second year of Elizabeth), so we may perhaps safely put it down as early as Edward VI. or Henry VIII. Indeed, if a certain scrap of history is correct—*i.e.*, that bluff King Hal once threatened, if a certain Bill did not pass the Commons a little quicker, to fix the heads of several refractory M.P.s on the top of Temple Bar—we must suppose the old City toll-gate to be as old as the early Tudors.

After Simon de-Montfort's death, at the battle of Evesham, 1265, Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I., punished the rebellious Londoners, who had befriended Montfort, by taking away all their street chains and bars, and locking them up in the Tower.

The earliest known documentary and historical notice of Temple Bar is in 1327, the first year of Edward III.; and in the thirty-fourth year of the same reign we find, at an inquisition before the mayor, twelve witnesses deposing that the commonalty of the City had, time out of mind, had free ingress and egress from the City to Thames and from Thames to the City, through the great gate of the Templars situate within Temple Bar. This referred to some dispute about the right of way through the Temple, built in the reign of Henry I. In 1384 Richard II. granted a licence for paving Strand Street from Temple Bar to the Savoy, and collecting tolls to cover such charges.

The historical pageants that have taken place at Temple Bar deserve a notice, however short. On the 5th of November, 1422, the corpse of that brave and chivalrous king, the hero of Agincourt, Henry V., was borne to its rest at Westminster Abbey by the chief citizens and nobles, and every doorway from Southwark to Temple Bar had its mournful torch-bearer. In 1502-3 the hearse of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII., halted at Temple Bar, on its way from the Tower to Westminster, and at the Bar the Abbots of Westminster and Bermondsey blessed the corpse, and the Earl of Derby and a large company of nobles joined the sable funeral throng. After sorrow came joy, and after joy sorrow—*Ita vita.* In the next reign poor Anne Boleyn, radiant with happiness and triumph, came through the Bar (May 31, 1534), on her way to the Tower, to be welcomed by the clamorous citizens, the day before her ill-starred coronation. Temple Bar on that occasion was new painted and repaired, and near it stood singing men and children—the Fleet Street conduit all the time running claret. The old gate figures more conspicuously the day before the coronation of that wondrous child, Edward VI. Two hogsheads of wine were then ladled out to the thirsty mob, and the gate at Temple Bar was painted with battlements and buttresses, richly hung with cloth of Arras, and all in a flutter with "fourteen standard flags." There were eight French trumpeters blowing their best, besides "a pair of regals," with children singing to the same. In September, 1553, when Edward's cold-hearted half-sister, Mary Tudor, came through the City, according to ancient English custom, the day

PROCLAMATION OF CHARLES II. AT TEMPLE BAR (*see page 26*).

before her coronation, she did not ride on horseback, as Edward had done, but sat in a chariot covered with cloth of tissue and drawn by six horses draped with the same. Minstrels piped and trumpeted at Ludgate, and Temple Bar was newly painted and hung.

Old Temple Bar, the background to many historical scenes, figures in the rash rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt. When he had fought his way down Piccadilly to the Strand, Temple Bar was thrown open to him, or forced open by him; but when he had been repulsed at Ludgate he was hemmed in by cavalry at Temple Bar, where he surrendered. This foolish revolt led to the death of innocent Lady Jane Grey, and brought sixty brave gentlemen to the scaffold and the gallows.

PENANCE OF THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER (*see page* 32).

On Elizabeth's procession from the Tower before her coronation, January, 1559, Gogmagog the Albion, and Corineus the Briton, the two Guildhall giants, stood on the Bar; and on the south side there were chorister lads, one of whom, richly attired as a page, bade the queen farewell in the name of the whole City. In 1588, the glorious year that the Armada was defeated, Elizabeth passed through the Bar on her way to return thanks to God solemnly at St. Paul's. The City waits stood in triumph on the roof of the gate. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, in scarlet gowns, welcomed the queen and delivered up the City sword, then on her return they took horse and rode before her. The City Companies lined the north side of the street, the lawyers and gentlemen of the Inns of Court the south. Among the latter stood a person afterwards not altogether unknown, one Francis Bacon, who displayed his wit by saying to a friend, "Mark the courtiers! Those who bow first to the citizens are in debt; those who bow first to us are at law!"

In 1601, when the Earl of Essex made his insane attempt to rouse the City to rebellion, Temple Bar, we are told, was thrown open to him; but Ludgate being closed against him on his retreat from Cheapside, he came back by boat to Essex House, where he surrendered after a short and useless resistance.

King James made his first public entry into his royal City of London, with his consort and son Henry, upon the 15th of March, 1603–4. The king was mounted upon a white genet, ambling through the crowded streets under a canopy held by eight gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, as representatives of the Barons of the Cinque Ports,

and passed under six arches of triumph, to take his leave at the Temple of Janus, erected for the occasion at Temple Bar. This edifice was fifty-seven feet high, proportioned in every respect like a temple.

In June, 1649 (the year of the execution of Charles), Cromwell and the Parliament dined at Guildhall in state, and the mayor, says Whitelocke, delivered up the sword to the Speaker, at Temple Bar, as he had before done to King Charles.

Philips, Milton's nephew, who wrote the continuation of Baker's Chronicle, describes the ceremony at Temple Bar on the proclamation of Charles II. The old oak gates being shut, the king-at-arms, with tabard on and trumpet before him, knocked and gravely demanded entrance. The Lord Mayor appointed some one to ask who knocked. The king-at-arms replied, that if they would open the wicket, and let the Lord Mayor come thither, he would to him deliver his message. The Lord Mayor then appeared, tremendous in crimson velvet gown, and on horseback, of all things in the world, the trumpets sounding as the gallant knight pricked forth to demand of the herald, who he was and what was his message. The bold herald, with his hat on, answered, regardless of Lindley Murray, who was yet unknown, "We are the herald-at-arms appointed and commanded by the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, and demand an entrance into the famous City of London, to proclaim Charles II. King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, and we expect your speedy answer to our demand." An alderman then replied, "The message is accepted," and the gates were thrown open.

When William III. came to see the City and the Lord Mayor's Show in 1689, the City militia, holding lighted flambeaux, lined Fleet Street as far as Temple Bar.

The shadow of every monarch and popular hero since Charles II.'s time has rested for at least a passing moment at the old gateway. Queen Anne passed here to return thanks at St. Paul's for the victory of Blenheim. Here Marlborough's coach ominously broke down in 1714, when he returned in triumph from his voluntary exile.

George III. passed through Temple Bar, young and happy, the year after his coronation, and again when, old and almost broken-hearted, he returned thanks for his partial recovery from insanity; and in our time that graceless son of his, the Prince Regent, came through the Bar in 1814, to thank God at St. Paul's for the downfall of Bonaparte.

On the 9th November, 1837, the accession of Queen Victoria, Alderman Kelly, picturesque in scarlet gown, Spanish hat, and black feathers, presented the City sword to the Queen at Temple Bar; Alderman Cowan was ready with the same weapon in 1844, when the Queen opened the new Royal Exchange; but in 1851, when her Majesty once more visited the City, the old ceremony was (wrongly, we think) dispensed with.

At the funeral of Lord Nelson, the honoured corpse, followed by downcast old sailors, was met at the Bar by the Lord Mayor and the Corporation; and the Great Duke's funeral car, and the long train of representative soldiers, rested at the Bar, which was hung with black velvet.

A few earlier associations connected with the present Bar deserve a moment or two's recollection. On February 12th, when General Monk—"Honest George," as his old Cromwellian soldiers used to call him—entered London, dislodged the "Rump" Parliament, and prepared for the Restoration of Charles II., bonfires were lit, the City bells rung, and London broke into a sudden flame of joy. Pepys, walking homeward about ten o'clock, says:—"The common joy was everywhere to be seen. The number of bonfires—there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge, east of Catherine Street, I could at one time tell thirty-one fires."

On November 17, 1679, the year after the sham Popish Plot concocted by those matchless scoundrels, Titus Oates, an expelled naval chaplain, and Bedloe, a swindler and thief, Temple Bar was made the spot for a great mob pilgrimage, on the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth, The ceremonial is supposed to have been organised by that restless plotter against a Popish succession, Lord Shaftesbury, and the gentlemen of the Green Ribbon Club, whose tavern, the "King's Head," was at the corner of Chancery Lane, opposite the Inner Temple gate. To scare and vex the Papists, the church bells began to clash out as early as three o'clock on the morning of that dangerous day. At dusk the procession of several thousand half-crazed torch-bearers started from Moorgate, along Bishopsgate Street, and down Houndsditch and Aldgate (passing Shaftesbury's house imagine the roar of the monster mob, the wave of torches, and the fiery fountains of squibs at that point!), then through Leadenhall Street and Cornhill, by the Royal Exchange, along Cheapside and on to Temple Bar, where the bonfire awaited the puppets. In a torrent of fire the noisy Protestants passed through the exulting City, making the Papists cower and shudder in their garrets and cellars, and before the flaming deluge opened a storm of shouting people.

This procession consisted of fifteen groups of priests, Jesuits, and friars, two following a man on a horse, holding up before him a dummy, dressed to represent Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, a Protestant justice and wood merchant, supposed to have been murdered by Roman Catholics at Somerset House. It was attended by a body-guard of 150 sword-bearers and a man roaring a political cry of the time through a brazen speaking-trumpet. The great bonfire was built up mountain high opposite the Inner Temple gate. Some zealous Protestants, by pre-arrangement, had crowned the prim and meagre statue of Elizabeth (still on the east side of the Bar) with a wreath of gilt laurel, and placed under her hand (that now points to Child's Bank) a golden glistening shield, with the motto, "The Protestant Religion and Magna Charta," inscribed upon it. Several lighted torches were stuck before her niche. Lastly, amidst a fiery shower of squibs from every door and window, the Pope and his companions were toppled into the huge bonfire, with shouts that reached almost to Charing Cross.

These mischievous processions were continued till the reign of George I. There was to have been a magnificent one on November 17, 1711, when the Whigs were dreading the contemplated peace with the French and the return of Marlborough. But the Tories, declaring that the Kit-Cat Club was urging the mob to destroy the house of Harley, the Minister, and to tear him to pieces, seized on the wax figures in Drury Lane, and forbade the ceremony.

As early as two years after the Restoration, Sir Balthazar Gerbier, a restless architectural quack and adventurer of those days, wrote a pamphlet proposing a sumptuous gate at Temple Bar, and the levelling of the Fleet Valley. After the Great Fire Charles II. himself hurried the erection of the Bar, and promised money to carry out the work. During the Great Fire, Temple Bar was one of the stations for constables, 100 firemen, and 30 soldiers.

The Rye-House Plot brought the first trophy to the Golgotha of the Bar, in 1684, twelve years after its erection. Sir Thomas Armstrong was deep in the scheme. If the discreditable witnesses examined against Lord William Russell are to be believed, a plot had been concocted by a few desperate men to assassinate "the Blackbird and the Goldfinch"—as the conspirators called the King and the Duke of York—as they were in their coach on their way from Newmarket to London. This plan seems to have been the suggestion of Rumbold, a maltster, who lived in a lonely moated farm-house, called Rye House, about eighteen miles from London, near the river Ware, close to a by-road that leads from Bishop Stortford to Hoddesdon. Charles II. had a violent hatred to Armstrong, who had been his Gentleman of the Horse, and was supposed to have incited his illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth, to rebellion. Sir Thomas was hanged at Tyburn. After the body had hung half an hour, the hangman cut it down, stripped it, lopped off the head, threw the heart into a fire, and divided the body into four parts. The fore-quarter (after being boiled in pitch at Newgate) was set on Temple Bar, the head was placed on Westminster Hall, and the rest of the body was sent to Stafford, which town Sir Thomas represented in Parliament.

Eleven years after, the heads of two more traitors —this time conspirators against William III.— joined the relic of Armstrong. Sir John Friend was a rich brewer at Aldgate. Parkyns was an old Warwickshire county gentleman. The plotters had several plans. One was to attack Kensington Palace at night, scale the outer wall, and storm or fire the building; another was to kill William on a Sunday, as he drove from Kensington to the chapel at St. James's Palace. The murderers agreed to assemble near where Apsley House now stands. Just as the royal coach passed from Hyde Park across to the Green Park, thirty conspirators agreed to fall on the twenty-five guards, and butcher the king before he could leap out of his carriage. These two Jacobite gentlemen died bravely, proclaiming their entire loyalty to King James and the "Prince of Wales."

The unfortunate gentlemen who took a moody pleasure in drinking "the squeezing of the rotten Orange" had long passed on their doleful journey from Newgate to Tyburn before the ghastly procession of the brave and unlucky men of the rising in 1715 began its mournful march.*

Sir Bernard Burke mentions a tradition that the head of the young Earl of Derwentwater was exposed on Temple Bar in 1716, and that his wife drove in a cart under the arch while a man hired for the purpose threw down to her the beloved head from the parapet above. But the story is entirely untrue, and is only a version of the way in which the head of Sir Thomas More was removed by his son-in-law and daughter from London Bridge, where that cruel tyrant Henry VIII. had placed it. Some years ago, when the Earl of

* Amongst these we must not forget Joseph Sullivan, who was executed at Tyburn for high treason, for enlisting men in the service of the Pretender. In the collection of broadsides belonging to the Society of Antiquaries there is one of great interest, entitled "Perkins against Perkin, a dialogue between Sir William Perkins and Major Sulliviane, the two loggerheads upon Temple Bar, concerning the present juncture of affaires." Date uncertain.

Derwentwater's coffin was found in the family vault, the head was lying safe with the body. In 1716 there was, however, a traitor's head spiked on the Bar—that of Colonel John Oxburgh, the victim of mistaken fidelity to a bad cause. He was a brave Lancashire gentleman, who had surrendered with his forces at Preston. He displayed signal courage and resignation in prison, forgetting himself to comfort others.

The next victim was Mr. Christopher Layer, a young Norfolk man and a Jacobite barrister, living in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. He plunged deeply into the Atterbury Plot of 1722, and, with Lords North and Grey, enlisted men, hired officers, and, taking advantage of the universal misery caused by the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, planned a general rising against George I. The scheme was, with four distinct bodies of Jacobites, to seize the Tower and the Bank, to arrest the king and the prince, and capture or kill Lord Cadogan, one of the Ministers. At the trial it was proved that Layer had been over to Rome, and had seen the Pretender, who, by proxy, had stood godfather to his child. Troops were to be sent from France; barricades were to be thrown up all over London. The Jacobites had calculated that the Government had only 14,000 men to meet them—3,000 of these would be wanted to guard London, 3,000 for Scotland, and 2,000 for the garrisons. The original design had been to take advantage of the king's departure for Hanover, and, in the words of one of the conspirators, the Jacobites were fully convinced that "they should walk King George out before Lady-day." Layer was hanged at Tyburn, and his head fixed upon Temple Bar.

Years after, one stormy night in 1753, the rebel's skull blew down, and was picked up by a non-juring attorney, named Pierce, who preserved it as a relic of the Jacobite martyr. It is said that Dr. Richard Rawlinson, an eminent antiquary, obtained what he thought was Layer's head, and desired in his will that it should be placed in his right hand when he was buried. Another version of the story is, that a spurious skull was foisted upon Rawlinson, who died happy in the possession of the doubtful treasure. Rawlinson was bantered by Addison for his pedantry, in one of the *Tatlers*, and was praised by Dr. Johnson for his learning.

The 1745 rebellion brought the heads of fresh victims to the Bar, and this was the last triumph of barbarous justice. Colonel Francis Townley's was the sixth head; Fletcher's (his fellow-officer), the seventh and last. The Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty, Lord Balmerino, and thirty-seven other rebels (thirty-six of them having been captured in Carlisle) were tried the same session. Townley was a man of about fifty-four years of age, nephew of Mr. Townley of Townley Hall, in Lancashire (the "Townley Marbles" family), who had been tried and acquitted in 1715, though many of his men were found guilty and executed. The nephew had gone over to France in 1727, and obtained a commission from the French king, whom he served for fifteen years, being at the siege of Philipsburg, and close to the Duke of Berwick when that general's head was shot off. About 1740, Townley stole over to England to see his friends and to plot against the Hanover family; and as soon as the rebels came into England, he met them between Lancaster and Preston, and came with them to Manchester. At the trial Roger M'Donald, an officer's servant, deposed to seeing Townley on the retreat from Derby, and between Lancaster and Preston riding at the head of the Manchester regiment on a bay horse. He had a white cockade in his hat and wore a plaid sash.

George Fletcher, who was tried at the same time as Townley, was a rash young chapman, who managed his widowed mother's provision shop "at Salford, just over the bridge in Manchester." His mother had begged him on her knees to keep out of the rebellion, even offering him a thousand pounds for his own pocket, if he would stay at home. He bought a captain's commission of Murray, the Pretender's secretary, for fifty pounds; wore the smart white cockade and a Highland plaid sash lined with white silk; and headed the very first captain's guard mounted for the Pretender at Carlisle. A Manchester man deposed to seeing at the Exchange a sergeant, with a drum, beating up for volunteers for the Manchester regiment.

Fletcher, Townley, and seven other unfortunate Jacobites were hanged on Kennington Common. Before the carts drove away, the men flung their prayer-books, written speeches, and gold-laced hats gaily to the crowd. Mr. James (Jemmy) Dawson, the hero of Shenstone's touching ballad, was one of the nine. As soon as they were dead the hangman cut down the bodies, disembowelled, beheaded, and quartered them, throwing the hearts into the fire. A monster—a fighting-man of the day, named Buckhorse—is said to have actually eaten a piece of Townley's flesh, to show his loyalty. Before the ghastly scene was over, the heart of one unhappy spectator had already broken. The lady to whom James Dawson was engaged to be married followed the rebels to the common, and even came near enough to see, with pallid face, the fire kindling, the axe, the coffins, and all the other dreadful

preparations. She bore up bravely, until she heard her lover was no more. Then she drew her head back into the coach, and crying out, "My dear, I follow thee—I follow thee! Lord God, receive our souls, I pray Thee!" fell on the neck of a companion and expired. Mr. Dawson had behaved gallantly in prison, saying, "He did not care if they put a ton weight of iron upon him, it would not daunt him."

A curious old print of 1746, full of vulgar triumph, reproduces a "Temple Bar, the City Golgotha," representing the Bar with three heads on the top of it, spiked on long iron rods. The devil looks down in ribald triumph from above, and waves a rebel banner, on which, besides three coffins and a crown, is the motto, "A crown or a grave." Underneath are written these patriotic but doggrel lines:—

"Observe the banner which would all enslave,
Which misled traytors did so proudly wave:
The devil seems the project to surprise;
A fiend confused from off the trophy flies.

While trembling rebels at the fabric gaze,
And dread their fate with horror and amaze,
Let Britain's sons the emblematic view,
And plainly see what is rebellion's due."

The heads of Fletcher and Townley were put on the Bar August 12, 1746. On August 15th Horace Walpole, writing to a friend, says he had just been roaming in the City, and "passed under the new heads on Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spy-glasses at a halfpenny a look." According to Mr. J. T. Smith, an old man living in 1825 remembered the last heads on Temple Bar being visible through a telescope across the space between the Bar and Leicester Fields.

Between two and three A.M., on the morning of January 20, 1766, a mysterious man was arrested by the watch as he was discharging, by the dim light, musket bullets at the two heads then remaining upon Temple Bar. On being questioned by the puzzled magistrate, he affected a disorder in his senses, and craftily declared that the patriotic reason for his eccentric conduct was his strong attachment to the present Government, and that he thought it not sufficient that a traitor should merely suffer death; that this provoked his indignation, and it had been his constant practice for three nights past to amuse himself in the same manner. "And it is much to be feared," says the past record of the event, "that the man is a near relation to one of the unhappy sufferers." Upon searching this very suspicious marksman, about fifty musket bullets were found on him, wrapped up in a paper on which was written the motto, "Eripuit ille vitam."

After this, history leaves the heads of the unhappy Jacobites—those lips that love had kissed, those cheeks children had patted—to moulder on in the sun and in the rain, till the last day of March, 1772, when one of them (Townley or Fletcher) fell. The last stormy gust of March threw it down, and a short time after a strong wind blew down the other; and against the sky no more relics remained of a barbarous and unchristian revenge. In April, 1773, Boswell, whom we all despise and all like, dined at courtly Mr. Beauclerk's with Dr. Johnson, Lord Charlemont (Hogarth's friend), Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other members of the literary club, in Gerrard Street, Soho, it being the awful evening when Boswell was to be balloted for. The conversation turned on the new and commendable practice of erecting monuments to great men in St. Paul's. The Doctor observed: "I remember once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. Whilst we stood at Poet's Corner, I said to him,—

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."—OVID.

When we got to Temple Bar he stopped me, and pointing to the heads upon it, slily whispered,-

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur *istis*."

This anecdote, so full of clever, arch wit, is sufficient to endear the old gateway to all lovers of Johnson and of Goldsmith.

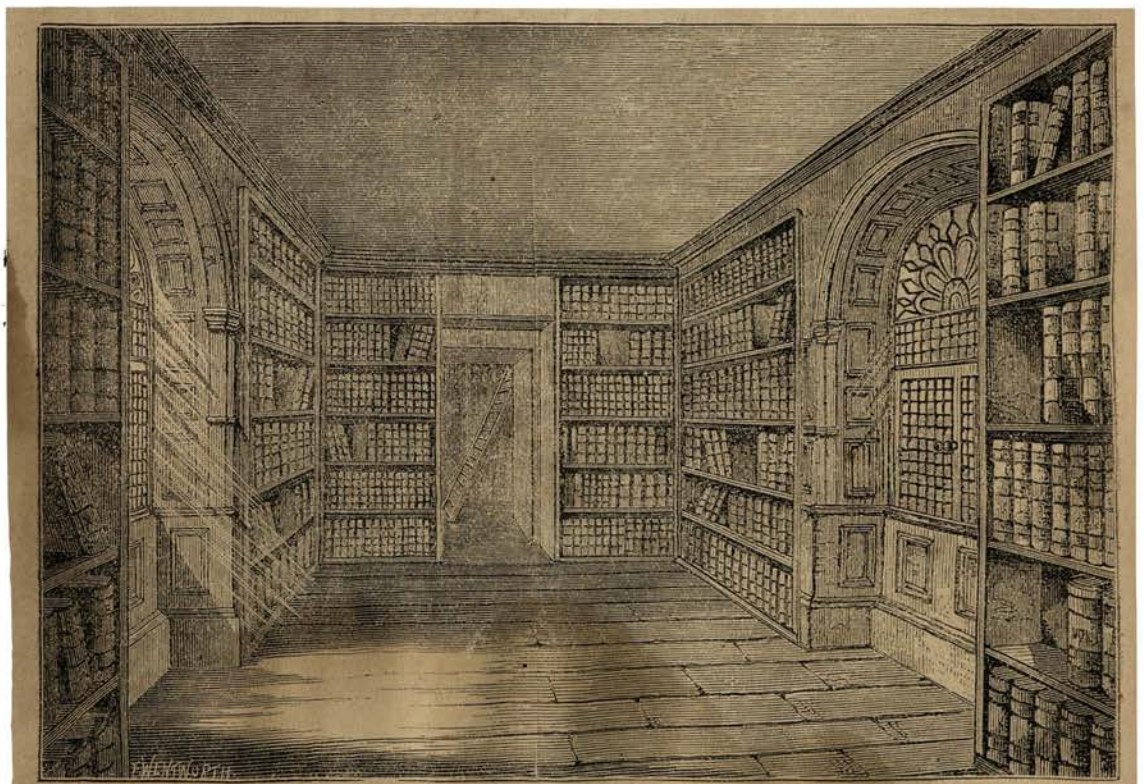
According to Mr. Timbs, in his "London and Westminster," Mrs. Black, the wife of the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, when asked if she remembered any heads on Temple Bar, used to reply, in her brusque, hearty way, "*Boys, I recollect the scene well!* I have seen on that Temple Bar, about which you ask, two human heads—real heads—traitors' heads—spiked on iron poles. There were two; I saw one fall (March 31, 1772). Women shrieked as it fell; men, as I have heard, shrieked. One woman near me fainted. Yes, boys, I recollect seeing human heads upon Temple Bar."

The cruel-looking spikes were removed early in the present century. The panelled oak gates have often been renewed, though certainly shutting them too often never wore them out.

As early as 1790 Alderman Pickett (who built the St. Clement's arch), with other subversive reformers, tried to pull down Temple Bar. It was pronounced unworthy of form, of no antiquity, an ambuscade for pickpockets, and a record of only the dark and crimson pages of history.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1813 chronicling the clearance away of some hovels encroaching upon the building, says: "It will not

be surprising if certain amateurs, busy in improving the architectural concerns of the City, should at length request of their brethren to allow the Bar or grand gate of entrance into the City of London to stand, after they have so repeatedly sought to obtain its destruction." In 1852 a proposal for its repair and restoration was defeated in the Common Council; and twelve months later, a number of bankers, merchants, and traders set their hands to a petition for its removal altogether, as serving no practical purpose, as it impeded ventilation and



THE ROOM OVER TEMPLE BAR (*see page 37*).

retarded improvements. Since then Mr. Heywood has proposed to make a circus at Temple Bar, leaving the archway in the centre; and Mr. W. Burges, the architect, suggested a new arch in keeping with the new Law Courts opposite.

It is a singular fact that the "Parentalia," a chronicle of Wren's works written by Wren's clever son, contains hardly anything about Temple Bar. According to Mr Noble, the Wren manuscripts in the British Museum, Wren's ledger in the Bodleian, and the Record Office documents, are equally silent; but from a folio at the Guildhall, entitled "Expenses of Public Buildings after the Great Fire," it would appear that the Bar cost altogether £1,397 10s.; Bushnell, the sculptor, receiving out of this sum £480 for his four stone monarchs. The mason was John Marshall, who carved the pedestal of the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross and worked on the Monument in Fish Street Hill. In 1636 Inigo Jones had designed a new arch, the plan of which still exists. Wren, it is said, took his design of the Bar from an old temple at Rome.

The old Bar is now a mere piece of useless and disused armour. Once a protection, then an ornament, it has now become an obstruction—the too narrow neck of a large decanter—a bone in the throat of Fleet Street. Yet still we have a lingering fondness for the old barrier that we have seen draped in black for a dead hero and glittering with gold in honour of a young bride. We have shared the sunshine that brightened it and the gloom that has darkened it, and we feel for it a species of friendship, in which it mutely shares. To us there seems to be a dignity in its dirt and pathos in the mud that bespatters its patient old face, as, like a sturdy fortress, it holds out against all its enemies, and Charles I. and II., and Elizabeth and James I. keep a bright look-out day and night for all attacks. Nevertheless, it must go in time, we fear. Poor old Temple Bar, we shall miss you when you are gone!

CHAPTER III.

FLEET STREET—GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

Frays in Fleet Street—Chaucer and the Friar—The Duchess of Gloucester doing Penance for Witchcraft—Riots between Law Students and Citizens—'Prentice Riots—Oates in the Pillory—Entertainments in Fleet Street—Shop Signs—Burning the Boot—Trial of Hardy—Queen Caroline's Funeral.

ALAS, for the changes of time! The Fleet, that little, quick-flowing stream, once so bright and clear, is now a sewer! but its name remains immortalised by the street called after it.

Although, according to a modern antiquary, a Roman amphitheatre once stood on the site of the Fleet Prison, and Roman citizens were certainly interred outside Ludgate, we know but little whether Roman buildings ever stood on the west side of the City gates. Stow, however, describes a stone pavement supported on piles being found, in 1595, near the Fleet Street end of Chancery Lane; so that we may presume the soil of the neighbourhood was originally marshy. The first British settlers there must probably have been restless spirits, impatient of the high rents and insufficient room inside the City walls and willing, for economy, to risk the forays of any Saxon pirates who chose to steal up the river on a dusky night and sack the outlying cabins of London.

There were certainly rough doings in Fleet Street in the Middle Ages, for the City chronicles tell us of much blood spilt there and of many deeds of violence. In 1228 (Henry III.) we find, for instance, one Henry de Buke slaying a man named Le Ireis, le Tylor, of Fleet Bridge, then fleeing to the church of St. Mary, Southwark, and there claiming sanctuary. In 1311 (Edward II.) five of the king's not very respectable or law-fearing household were arrested in Fleet Street for a burglary; and though the weak king demanded them (they were perhaps servants of his Gascon favourite, Piers Gaveston, whom the barons afterwards killed), the City refused to give them up, and they probably had short shrive. In the same reign, when the Strand was full of bushes and thickets, Fleet Street could hardly have been much better. Still, the shops in Fleet Street were, no doubt, even in Edward II.'s reign, of importance, for we find, in 1321, a Fleet Street bootmaker supplying the luxurious king with "six pairs of boots, with tassels of silk and drops of silver-gilt, the price of each pair being 5s." In Richard II.'s reign it is especially mentioned that Wat Tyler's fierce Kentish men sacked the Savoy church, part of the Temple, and destroyed two forges which had been originally erected on each side of St. Dunstan's church by the Knight Templars. The Priory of St. John of Jerusalem had paid a rent of 15s. for these forges, which same rent was given for more than a century after their destruction.

The poet Chaucer is said to have beaten a saucy Franciscan friar in Fleet Street, and to have been fined 2s. for the offence by the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple; so Speight had heard from one who had seen the entry in the records of the Inner Temple.

In King Henry IV.'s reign another crime disturbed Fleet Street. A Fleet Street goldsmith was murdered by ruffians in the Strand, and his body thrown under the Temple Stairs.

In 1440 (Henry VI.) a strange procession startled London citizens. Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, did penance through Fleet Street for witchcraft practised against the king. She and certain priests and necromancers had, it was said, melted a wax figure of young King Henry before a slow fire, praying that as that figure melted his life might melt also. Of the duchess's confederates, the Witch of Ely, was burned at Smithfield, a canon of Westminster died in the Tower, and a third culprit was hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn. The duchess was brought from Westminster, and landed at the Temple Stairs, from whence, with a tall wax taper in her hand, she walked bareheaded to St. Paul's, where she offered at the high altar. Another day she did penance at Christ Church, Aldgate; a third day at St. Michael's, Cornhill, the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, and most of the Corporation following. She was then banished to the Isle of Man, and her ghost they say still haunts Peel Castle.

And now, in the long panorama of years, there rises in Fleet Street a clash of swords and a clatter of bucklers. In 1441 (Henry VI.) the general effervescence of the times spread beyond Ludgate, and there was a great affray in Fleet Street between the hot-blooded youths of the Inns of Court and the citizens, which lasted two days; the chief man in the riot was one of Clifford's Inn, named Harbottle; and this irrepressible Harbottle and his fellows only the appearance of the mayor and sheriffs could quiet. In 1458 (in the same reign) there was a more serious riot of the same kind; the students were then driven back by archers from the Conduit near Shoe Lane to their several inns, and some slain, including "the Queen's attornie," who certainly ought to have known better and kept closer to his parchments. Even the king's meek

nature was roused at this, he committed the principal governors of Furnival's, Clifford's, and Barnard's inns, to the castle of Hertford, and sent for several aldermen to Windsor Castle, where he either rated or imprisoned them, or both.

Fleet Street often figures in the chronicles of Elizabeth's reign. On one visit it is particularly said that she often graciously stopped her coach to speak to the poor; and a green branch of rosemary given to her by a poor woman near Fleet Bridge was seen, not without marvellous wonder of such as knew the presenter, when her Majesty reached Westminster. In the same reign we are told that the young Earl of Oxford, after attending his father's funeral in Essex, rode through Fleet Street to Westminster, attended by seven score horsemen, all in black. Such was the splendid and proud profusion of Elizabeth's nobles.

James's reign was a stormy one for Fleet Street. Many a time the ready 'prentices snatched their clubs (as we read in "The Fortunes of Nigel"), and, vaulting over their counters, joined in the fray that surged past their shops. In 1621 particularly, three 'prentices having abused Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, as he passed their master's door in Fenchurch Street, the king ordered the riotous youths to be whipped from Aldgate to Temple Bar. In Fleet Street, however, the apprentices rose in force, and shouting "Rescue!" quickly released the lads and beat the marshalmen. If there had been any resistance, another thousand sturdy 'prentices would soon have carried on the war.

Nor did Charles's reign bring any quiet to Fleet Street, for then the Templars began to lug out their swords. On the 12th of January, 1627, the Templars, having chosen a Mr. Palmer as their Lord of Misrule, went out late at night into Fleet Street to collect his rents. At every door the jovial collectors winded the Temple horn, and if at the second blast the door was not courteously opened, my lord cried majestically, "Give fire, gunner," and a sturdy smith burst the panels open with a huge sledge-hammer. The horrified Lord Mayor being appealed to soon arrived, attended by the watch of the ward and men armed with halberts. At eleven o'clock on the Sunday night the two monarchs came into collision in Hare Alley (now Hare Court). The Lord of Misrule bade my Lord Mayor come to him, but Palmer, omitting to take off his hat, the halberts flew sharply round him, his subjects were soundly beaten, and he was dragged off to the Compter. There, with soiled finery, the new year's king was kept two days in durance, the attorney-general at last fetching the fallen monarch away in his own coach. At a court masque soon afterwards the king made the two rival potentates join hands; but the King of Misrule had, nevertheless, to refund all the five shillings' he had exacted, and repair all the Fleet Street doors his too handy gunner had destroyed. The very next year the quarrelsome street broke again into a rage, and four persons lost their lives. Of the rioters, two were executed within the week. One of these was John Stanford, of the duke's chamber, and the other Captain Nicholas Ashurst. The quarrel was about politics, and the courtiers seem to have been the offenders.

In Charles II.'s time the pillory was sometimes set up at the Temple gate; and here the wretch Titus Oates stood, amidst showers of unsavoury eggs and the curses of those who had learnt to see the horror of his crimes. Well said Judge Withers to this man, "I never pronounce criminal sentence but with some compassion; but you are such a villain and hardened sinner, that I can find no sentiment of compassion for you." The pillory had no fixed place, for in 1670 we find a Scotchman suffering at the Chancery Lane end for telling a victualler that his house would be fired by the Papists; and the next year a man stood upon the pillory at the end of Shoe Lane for insulting Lord Ambassador Coventry as he was starting for Sweden.

In the reign of Queen Anne those pests of the London streets, the "Mohocks," seem to have infested Fleet Street. These drunken desperadoes—the predecessors of the roysterers who, in the times of the Regency, "boxed the Charlies," broke windows, and stole knockers—used to find a cruel pleasure in surrounding a quiet homeward-bound citizen and pricking him with their swords. Addison makes worthy Sir Roger de Coverley as much afraid of these night-birds as Swift himself; and the old baronet congratulates himself on escaping from the clutches of "the emperor and his black men," who had followed him half-way down Fleet Street. He, however, boasts that he threw them out at the end of Norfolk Street, where he doubled the corner, and scuttled safely into his quiet lodgings.

From Elizabethan times downwards, Fleet Street was a favourite haunt of showmen. Concerning these popular exhibitions Mr. Noble has, with great industry, collected the following curious enumeration:—

"Ben Jonson," says our trusty authority, "in *Every Man in his Humour*, speaks of 'a new motion of the city of Nineveh, with Jonas and the whale, at Fleet Bridge.' In 1611 'the Fleet Street

mandrakes' were to be seen for a penny; and years later the giants of St. Dunstan's clock caused the street to be blocked up, and people to lose their time, their temper, and their money. During Queen Anne's reign, however, the wonders of Fleet Street were at their height. In 1702 a model of Amsterdam, thirty feet long by twenty feet wide, which had taken twelve years in making, was exhibited in Bell Yard; a child, fourteen years old, without thighs or legs, and eighteen inches high, was to be seen 'at the "Eagle and Child," a grocer's shop, near Shoe Lane;' a great Lincolnshire ox, nineteen hands high, four yards long, as lately shown at Cambridge, was on view 'at the "White Horse," where the great elephant was seen;' and 'between the "Queen's Head" and "Crooked Billet," near Fleet Bridge,' were exhibited daily 'two strange, wonderful, and remarkable monstrous creatures—an old she-dromedary, seven feet high and ten feet long, lately arrived from Tartary, and her young one; being the greatest rarity and novelty that ever was seen in the three kingdomes before.' In 1710, at the 'Duke of Marlborough's Head,' in Fleet Street (by Shoe Lane), was exhibited the 'moving picture' mentioned in the *Tatler;* and here, in 1711, 'the great posture-master of Europe,' eclipsing the deceased Clarke and Higgins, greatly startled sight-seeing London. 'He extends his body into all deformed shapes; makes his hip and shoulder-bones meet together; lays his head upon the ground, and turns his body round twice or thrice, without stirring his face from the spot; stands upon one leg, and extends the other in a perpendicular line half a yard above his head; and extends his body from a table with his head a foot below his heels, having nothing to balance his body but his feet; with several other postures too tedious to mention.'

"And here, in 1718, De Hightrehight, the fire-eater, ate burning coals, swallowed flaming brimstone, and sucked a red-hot poker, five times a day!

"What will my billiard-loving friends say to the St. Dunstan's Inquest of the year 1720? 'Item, we present Thomas Bruce, for suffering a gaming-table (called a billiard-table, where people commonly frequent and game) to be kept in his house.' A score of years later, at the end of Wine Office Court, was exhibited an automaton clock, with three figures or statues, which at the word of command poured out red or white wine, represented a grocer shutting up his shop and a blackamoor who struck upon a bell the number of times asked. Giants and dwarfs were special features in Fleet Street. At the 'Rummer,' in Three Kings' Court, was to be seen an Essex woman, named Gordon, not nineteen years old, though seven feet high, who died in 1737. At the 'Blew Boar and Green Tree' was on view an Italian giantess, above seven feet, weighing 425 lbs., who had been seen by ten reigning sovereigns. In 1768 died, in Shire Lane, Edward Bamford, another giant, seven feet four inches in height, who was buried in St. Dunstan's, though £200 was offered for his body for dissection. At the 'Globe,' in 1717, was shown Matthew Buckinger, a German dwarf, born in 1674, without hands, legs, feet, or thighs, twenty-nine inches high; yet can write, thread a needle, shuffle a pack of cards, play skittles, &c. A facsimile of his writing is among the Harleian MSS. And in 1712 appeared the Black Prince and his wife, each three feet high; and a Turkey horse, two feet odd high and twelve years old, in a box. Modern times have seen giants and dwarfs, but have they really equalled these? In 1822 the exhibition of a mermaid here was put a stop to by the Lord Chamberlain."

In old times Fleet Street was rendered picturesque, not only by its many gable-ended houses adorned with quaint carvings and plaster stamped in patterns, but also by the countless signs, gay with gilding and painted with strange devices, which hung above the shop-fronts. Heraldry exhausted all its stores to furnish emblems for different trades. Lions blue and red, falcons, and dragons of all colours, alternated with heads of John the Baptist, flying pigs, and hogs in armour. On a windy day these huge masses of painted timber creaked and waved overhead, to the terror of nervous pedestrians, nor were accidents by any means rare. On the 2nd of December, 1718 (George I.), a signboard opposite Bride Lane, Fleet Street, having loosened the brickwork by its weight and movement, suddenly gave way, fell, and brought the house down with it, killing four persons, one of whom was the queen's jeweller. It was not, however, till 1761 (George III.) that these dangerous signboards were ordered to be placed flat against the walls of the houses.

When Dr. Johnson said, "Come and let us take a walk down Fleet Street," he proposed a no very easy task. The streets in his early days, in London, had no side-pavements, and were roughly paved, with detestable gutters running down the centre. From these gutters the jumbling coaches of those days liberally scattered the mud on the unoffending pedestrians who happened to be crossing at the time. The sedan-chairs, too, were awkward impediments, and choleric people were disposed to fight for the wall. In 1766, when Lord Eldon came to London as a schoolboy, and

put up at that humble hostelry the "White Horse," in Fetter Lane, he describes coming home from Drury Lane with his brother in a sedan. Turning out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane, some rough fellows pushed against the chair at the corner and upset it, in their eagerness to pass first. Dr. Johnson's curious nervous habit of touching every street-post he passed was cured in 1766, by the laying down of side-pavements. On that occasion it is said two English paviours in Fleet Street bet that they would pave more in a day than four Scotchmen could. By three o'clock the Englishmen had got so much ahead that they went into a public-house for refreshment, and, afterwards returning to their work, won the wager.

In the Wilkes' riot of 1763, the mob burnt a large jack-boot in the centre of Fleet Street, in ridicule of Lord Bute; but a more serious affray took place in this street in 1769, when the noisy Wilkites closed the Bar, to stop a procession of 600 loyal citizens *en route* to St. James's to present an address denouncing all attempts to spread sedition and uproot the constitution. The carriages were pelted with stones, and the City marshal, who tried to open the gates, was bedaubed with mud. Mr. Boehm and other loyalists took shelter in "Nando's Coffee House." About 150 of the frightened citizens, passing up Chancery Lane, got to the palace by a devious way, a hearse with two white horses and two black following them to St. James's Palace. Even there the Riot Act had to be read and the Guards sent for. When Mr. Boehm fled into "Nando's," in his alarm, he sent home his carriage containing the address. The mob searched the vehicle, but could not find the paper, upon which Mr. Boehm hastened to the Court, and arrived just in time with the important document.

The treason trials of 1794 brought more noise and trouble to Fleet Street. Hardy, the secretary to the London Corresponding Society, was a shoemaker at No. 161; and during the trial of this approver of the French Revolution, Mr. John Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon) was in great danger from a Fleet Street crowd. "The mob," he says, "kept thickening round me till I came to Fleet Street, one of the worst parts that I had to pass through, and the cries began to be rather threatening. 'Down with him!' 'Now is the time, lads; do for him!' and various others, horrible enough; but I stood up, and spoke as loud as I could: 'You may do for me, if you like; but, remember, there will be another Attorney-General before eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and the king will not allow the trials to be stopped.' Upon this one man shouted out, 'Say you so? you are right to tell us. Let us give him three cheers, my lads!' So they actually cheered me, and I got safe to my own door."

There was great consternation in Fleet Street in November, 1820, when Queen Caroline, attended by 700 persons on horseback, passed publicly through it to return thanks at St. Paul's. Many alarmed people barricaded their doors and windows. Still greater was the alarm in August, 1821, when the queen's funeral procession went by, after the deplorable fight with the Horse Guards at Cumberland Gate, when two of the rioters were killed.

With this rapid sketch of a few of the events in the history of Fleet Street, we begin our patient peregrination from house to house.

CHAPTER IV.

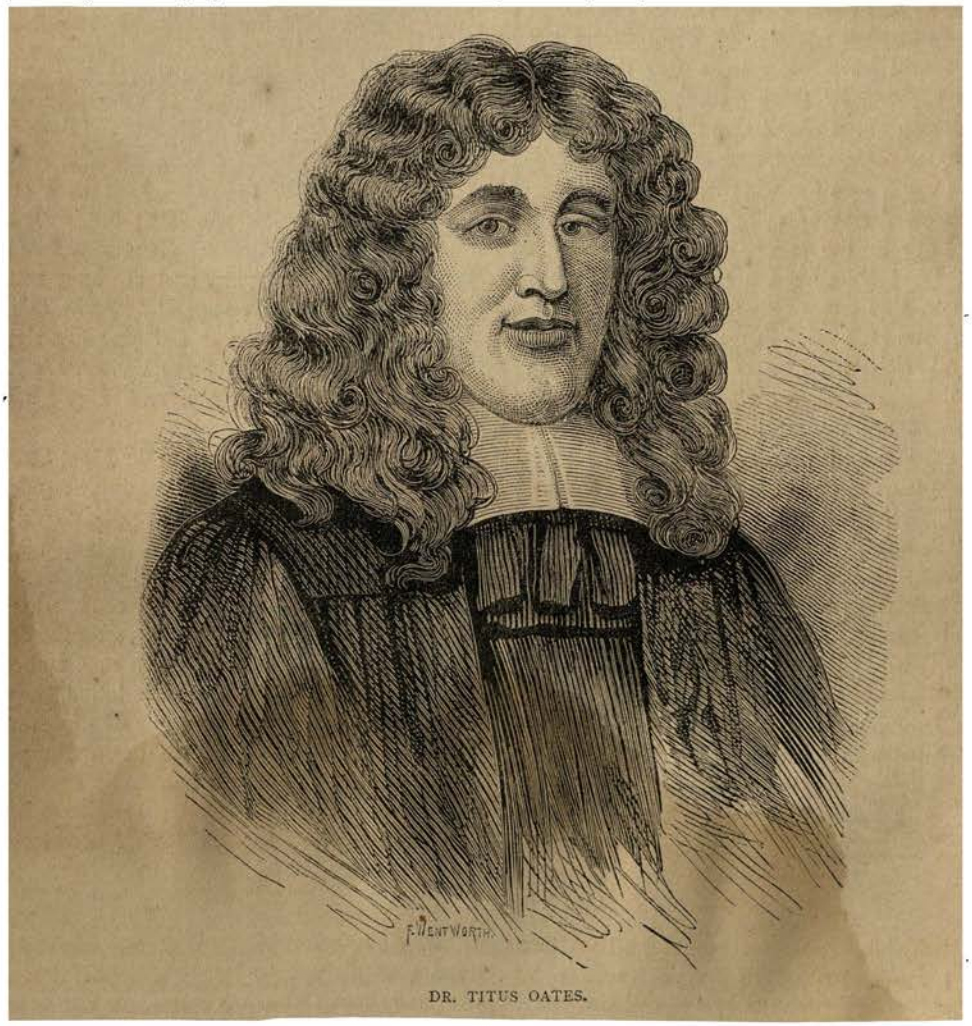
FLEET STREET (*continued*).

Dr. Johnson in Ambuscade at Temple Bar—The First Child—Dryden and Black Will—Rupert's Jewels—Telson's Bank—The Apollo Club at the "Devil"—"Old Sir Simon the King"—"Mull Sack"—Dr. Johnson's Supper to Mrs. Lennox—Will Waterproof at the "Cock"—The Duel at "Dick's Coffee House"—Lintot's Shop—Pope and Warburton—Lamb and the *Albion*—The Palace of Cardinal Wolsey—Mrs. Salmon's Waxwork—Isaak Walton—Praed's Bank—Murray and Byron—St. Dunstan's—Fleet Street Printers—Hoare's Bank and the "Golden Bottle"—The Real and Spurious "Mitre"—Hone's Trial—Cobbett's Shop—"Peele's Coffee House."

THERE is a delightful passage in an almost unknown essay by Dr. Johnson that connects him indissolubly with the neighbourhood of Temple Bar. The essay, written in 1756 for the *Universal Visitor*, is entitled "A Project for the Employment of Authors," and is full of humour, which, indeed, those who knew him best considered the chief feature of Johnson's genius. We rather pride ourselves on the discovery of this pleasant bit of autobiography:—"It is my practice," says Johnson, "when I am in want of amusement, to place myself for an hour at Temple Bar, or any other narrow pass much frequented, and examine one by one the looks of the passengers, and I have commonly found that between the hours of eleven and four every sixth man is an author. They are seldom to be seen very early in the morning or late in the evening, but about dinner-time they are all in motion, and have one uniform eagerness in their faces, which gives little opportunity of discerning

their hopes or fears, their pleasures or their pains. But in the afternoon, when they have all dined, or composed themselves to pass the day without a dinner, their passions have full play, and I can perceive one man wondering at the stupidity of the public, by which his new book has been totally neglected; another cursing the French, who fright away literary curiosity by their threat of an invasion; another swearing at his bookseller, who will advance no money without copy; another perusing as he walks his publisher's bill; another murmuring at an unanswerable criticism; another determining to write no more to a generation of barbarians; and another wishing to try once again whether he cannot awaken the drowsy world to a sense of his merit." This extract seems to us to form an admirable companion picture to that in which we have already shown Goldsmith bantering his brother Jacobite, Johnson, as they looked up together at the grim heads on Temple Bar.

That quiet grave house (No. 1), that seems to demurely huddle close to Temple Bar, as if for protection, is the oldest banking-house in London except one. For two centuries gold has been shovelled about in those dark rooms, and reams of bank-notes have been shuffled over by practised thumbs. Private banks originated in the stormy days before the Civil War, when wealthy citizens, afraid of what might happen, entrusted their money to their goldsmiths to take care of till the troubles had blown over. In the reign of Charles I., Francis Child, an industrious apprentice of the old school, married the daughter of his master, William Wheeler, a goldsmith, who lived one door west of Temple Bar, and in due time succeeded to his estate and business. In the first London Directory (1677), among the fifty-eight goldsmiths, thirty-eight of whom lived in Lombard Street, "Blanchard & Child," at the "Marygold," Fleet Street, figure conspicuously as "keeping



DR. TITUS OATES.

running cashes." The original Marygold (sometimes mistaken for a rising sun), with the motto, "Ainsi mon ame," gilt upon a green ground, elegantly designed in the French manner, is still to be seen in the front office, and a marigold in full bloom still blossoms on the bank cheques. In the year 1678 it was at Mr. Blanchard's, the goldsmith's, next door to Temple Bar, that Dryden the poet, bruised and angry, deposited £50 as a reward for any one who would discover the bullies of Lord Rochester who had beaten him in Rose Alley for some scurrilous verses really written by the Earl of Dorset. The advertisement promises, if the discoverer be himself one of the actors, he shall still have the £50, without letting his name be known or receiving the least trouble by any prosecution. Black Will's cudgel was, after all, a clumsy way of making a repartee. Late in Charles II.'s reign Alderman Backwell entered the wealthy firm; but he was ruined by the iniquitous and arbitrary closing of the Exchequer in 1672, when the needy and unprincipled king pocketed at one swoop more than a million and a half of money, which he soon squandered on his shameless mistresses and unworthy favourites. In that quaint room over Temple Bar the firm still preserve the dusty books of the unfortunate alderman, who fled to Holland. There, on the sallow leaves over which the poor alderman once groaned, you can read the items of our sale of Dunkirk to the French, the dishonourable surrender of which drove the nation almost to madness, and hastened the downfall of Lord Clarendon, who was supposed to have built a magnificent house (on the site of Albemarle Street, Piccadilly) with some of the very money. Charles II. himself banked here, and drew his thousands with all the careless nonchalance of his nature. Nell Gwynne, Pepys, of the "Diary," and Prince Rupert also had accounts at Child's, and some of these ledgers are still hoarded over Temple Bar in that Venetian-looking room, approached by strange prison-like passages, for which chamber Messrs. Child pay something less than £50 a-year.

TEMPLE BAR AND THE "DEVIL TAVERN" (*see page* 38).

When Prince Rupert died at his house in the Barbican, the valuable jewels of the old cavalry soldier, valued at £20,000, were disposed of in a lottery, managed by Mr. Francis Child, the goldsmith; the king himself, who took a half-business-like, half-boyish interest in the matter, counting the tickets among all the lords and ladies at Whitehall.

In North's "Life of Lord Keeper Guildford," the courtier and lawyer of the reign of Charles II., there is an anecdote that pleasantly connects Child's bank with the fees of the great lawyers who in that evil reign ruled in Chancery Lane :—

"The Lord Keeper Guildford's business increased," says his biographer, "even while he was solicitor, to be so much as to have overwhelmed one less dexterous; but when he was made Attorney-General, though his gains by his office were great, they were much greater by his practice, for that flowed in upon him like an orage, enough to overset one that had not an extraordinary readiness in business. His skull-caps, which he wore when he had leisure to observe his constitution, as I touched before, were now destined to lie in a drawer, to receive the money that came in by fees. One had the gold, another the crowns and half-crowns, and another the smaller money. When these vessels were full, they were committed to his friend (the Hon. Roger North), who was constantly near him, to tell out the cash and put it into the bags according to the contents; and so they went to his treasurers, Blanchard & Child, goldsmiths, Temple Bar."

Year by year the second Sir Francis Child grew in honour. He was alderman, sheriff, Lord Mayor, President of Christ's Hospital, and M.P. for the City, and finally, dying in 1713, full of years, was buried under a grand black marble tomb in Fulham churchyard, and his account closed for ever. The family went on living in the sunshine. Sir Robert, the son of the Sir Francis, was also alderman of his ward; and, on his death, his brother, Sir Francis, succeeded to all his father's dignities, became an East Indian director, and in 1725 received the special thanks of the citizens for promoting a special act for regulating City elections. Another member of this family (Sir Josiah Child) deserves special mention as one of the earliest writers on political economy and a man much in advance of his time. He saw through the old fallacy about the balance of trade, and explained clearly the true causes of the commercial prosperity of the Dutch. He also condemned the practice of each parish paying for its own poor, an evil which all Poor-law reformers have endeavoured to alter. Sir Josiah was at the head of the East India Company, already feeling its way towards the gold and diamonds of India. His brother was Governor of Bombay, and by the marriage of his numerous daughters the rich merchant became allied to half the peers and peeresses of England. The grandson of Alderman Backwell married a daughter of the second Sir Francis Child, and his daughter married William Praed, the Truro banker, who early in the present century opened a bank at 189, Fleet Street. So, like three strands of a gold chain, the three banking families were welded together. In 1689 Child's bank seems to have for a moment tottered, but was saved by the timely loan of £1,400 proffered by that overbearing woman the Duchess of Marlborough. Hogarth is said to have made an oil sketch of the scene, which was sold at Hodgson's sale-room in 1834, and has since disappeared.

In Pennant's time (1793) the original goldsmith's shop seems to have still existed in Fleet Street, in connection with this bank. The principal of the firm was the celebrated Countess of Jersey, a former earl having assumed the name of Child on the countess inheriting the estates of her maternal grandfather, Robert Child, Esq., of Osterly Park, Middlesex. A small full-length portrait of this great beauty of George IV.'s court, painted by Lawrence in his elegant but meretricious manner, hangs in the first-floor room of the old bank. The last Child died early in this century. A descendant of Addison is a member of the present firm. In Chapter I., Book I., of his "Tale of Two Cities," Dickens has sketched Child's bank with quite an Hogarthian force and colour. He has playfully exaggerated the smallness, darkness, and ugliness of the building, of which he describes the partners as so proud; but there is all his usual delightful humour, occasionally passing into caricature :—

"Thus it had come to pass that Telson's was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak rattle in its throat, you fell into Telson's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop with two little counters, where the oldest of men made your cheque shake as if the wind rustled it, while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows, which were always under a shower-bath of mud from Fleet Street, and which were made the dingier by their own iron bars and the heavy shadow of Temple Bar. If your business necessitated your seeing 'the House,' you were put into a species of Condemned Hold at the back, where you meditated on a mis-spent life, until the House came with its hands in its pockets, and you could hardly blink at it in the dismal twilight."

In 1788 (George III.) the firm purchased the renowned "Devil Tavern," next door eastward, and upon the site erected the retiring row of houses up a dim court, now called Child's Place, finally absorbing the old place of revelry and hushing the unseemly clatter of pewter pots and the clamorous shouts of "Score a pint of sherry in the Apollo" for ever.

The noisy "Devil Tavern" (No. 2, Fleet Street) had stood next the quiet goldsmith's shop ever

since the time of James I. Shakespeare himself must, day after day, have looked up at the old sign of St. Dunstan tweaking the Devil by the nose, that flaunted in the wind near the Bar. Perhaps the sign was originally a compliment to the goldsmith's men who frequented it, for St. Dunstan was, like St. Eloy, a patron saint of goldsmiths, and himself worked at the forge as an amateur artificer of church plate. It may, however, have only been a mark of respect to the saint, whose church stood hard by, to the east of Chancery Lane. At the "Devil" the Apollo Club, almost the first institution of the kind in London, held its merry meetings, presided over by that grim yet jovial despot, Ben Jonson. The bust of Apollo, skilfully modelled from the head of the Apollo Belvidere, that once kept watch over the door, and heard in its time millions of witty things and scores of fond recollections of Shakespeare by those who personally knew and loved him, is still preserved at Child's bank. They also show there among their heirlooms "The Welcome," probably written by immortal Ben himself, which is full of a jovial inspiration that speaks well for the canary at the "Devil." It used to stand over the chimney-piece, written in gilt letters on a black board, and some of the wittiest and wisest men of the reigns of James and Charles must have read it over their cups. The verses run,—

> "Welcome all who lead or follow
> To the oracle of Apollo," &c.

Beneath these verses some enthusiastic disciple of the author has added the brief epitaph inscribed by an admirer on the crabbed old poet's tombstone in Westminster Abbey,—

> "O, rare Ben Jonson."

The rules of the club (said to have been originally cut on a slab of black marble) were placed above the fireplace. They were devised by Ben Jonson, in imitation of the rules of the Roman entertainments, collected by the learned Lipsius; and, as Leigh Hunt says, they display the author's usual style of elaborate and compiled learning, not without a taste of that dictatorial self-sufficiency that made him so many enemies. They were translated by Alexander Brome, a poetical attorney of the day, who was one of Ben Jonson's twelve adopted poetical sons. We have room only for the first few, to show the poetical character of the club:—

> "Let none but guests or clubbers hither come;
> Let dunces, fools, and sordid men keep home;
> Let learned, civil, merry men b' invited,
> And modest, too; nor be choice liquor slighted.
> Let nothing in the treat offend the guest:
> More for delight than cost prepare the feast."

The later rules forbid the discussion of serious and sacred subjects. No itinerant fiddlers (who then, as now, frequented taverns) were to be allowed to obtrude themselves. The feasts were to be celebrated with laughing, leaping, dancing, jests, and songs, and the jests were to be "without reflection." No man (and this smacks of Ben's arrogance) was to recite "insipid" poems, and no person was to be pressed to write verse. There were to be in this little Elysium of an evening no vain disputes, and no lovers were to mope about unsocially in corners. No fighting or brawling was to be tolerated, and no glasses or windows broken, or was tapestry to be torn down in wantonness. The rooms were to be kept warm; and, above all, any one who betrayed what the club chose to do or say was to be, *nolens volens*, banished. Over the clock in the kitchen some wit had inscribed in neat Latin the merry motto, "If the wine of last night hurts you, drink more to-day, and it will cure you"—a happy version of the dangerous axiom of "Take a hair of the dog that bit you."

At these club feasts the old poet with "the mountain belly and the rocky face," as he has painted himself, presided, ready to enter the ring against all comers. By degrees the stern man with the worn features, darkened by prison cell and hardened by battle-fields, had mellowed into a Falstaff. Long struggles with poverty had made Ben arrogant, for he had worked as a bricklayer in early life and had served in Flanders as a common soldier; he had killed a rival actor in a duel, and had been in danger of having his nose slit in the pillory for a libel against King James's Scotch courtiers. Intellectually, too, Ben had reason to claim a sort of sovereignty over the minor poets. His *Every Man in his Humour* had been a great success; Shakespeare had helped him forward, and been his bosom friend. Parts of his *Sejanus*, such as the speech of Envy, beginning,—

> "Light, I salute thee, but with wounded nerves,
> Wishing thy golden splendour pitchy darkness,"

are as sublime as his songs, such as

> "Drink to me only with thine eyes,"

are graceful, serious, and lyrical. The great compass of his power and the command he had of the lyre no one could deny; his learning Donne and Camden could vouch for. He had written the most beautiful of court masques; his Bobadil some men preferred to Falstaff. Alas! no Pepys or Boswell has noted the talk of those evenings.

A few glimpses of the meetings we have, and but a few. One night at the "Devil" a country

gentleman was boastful of his property. It was all he had to boast about among the poets; Ben, chafed out of all decency and patience, at last roared, "What signify to us your dirt and your clods? Where you have an acre of land I have ten acres of wit!" "Have you so, good Mr. Wise-acre," retorted Master Shallow. "Why, now, Ben," cried out a laughing friend, "you seem to be quite stung." "I' faith, I never was so pricked by a hobnail before," growled Ben, with a surly smile.

Another story records the first visit to the "Devil" of Randolph, a clever poet and dramatist, who became a clergyman, and died young. The young poet, who had squandered all his money away in London pleasures, on a certain night, before he returned to Cambridge, resolved to go and see Ben and his associates at the "Devil," cost what it might. But there were two great obstacles—he was poor, and he was not invited. Nevertheless, drawn magnetically by the voices of the illustrious men in the Apollo, Randolph at last peeped in at the door among the waiters. Ben's quick eye soon detected the eager, pale face and the scholar's threadbare habit. "John Bo-peep," he shouted, "come in!" a summons Randolph gladly obeyed. The club-men instantly began rhyming on the meanness of the intruder's dress, and told him if he could not at once make a verse he must call for a quart of sack. There being four of his tormentors, Randolph, ready enough at such work, replied as quick as lightning:—

"I, John Bo-peep, and you four sheep,
With each one his good fleece;
If that you are willing to give me your shilling,
'Tis fifteen pence apiece."

"By the Lord!" roared the giant president, "I believe this is my son Randolph!" and on his owning himself, the young poet was kindly entertained, spent a glorious evening, was soaked in sack, "sealed of the tribe of Ben," and became one of the old poet's twelve adopted sons.

Shakerley Marmion, a contemporary dramatist of the day, has left a glowing Rubenesque picture of the Apollo evenings, evidently coloured from life. Careless, one of his characters, tells his friends he is full of oracles, for he has just come from Apollo. "From Apollo?" says his wondering friend. Then Careless replies, with an inspired fervour worthy of a Cavalier poet who fought bravely for King Charles:—

"From the heaven
Of my delight, where the boon Delphic god
Drinks sack and keep his bacchanalia,
And has his incense and his altars smoking,
And speaks in sparkling prophecies; thence I come,
My brains perfumed with the rich Indian vapour,
And heightened with conceits. . . . .
And from a mighty continent of pleasure
Sails thy brave Careless."

Simon Wadloe, the host of the "Devil," who died in 1627, seems to have been a witty butt of a man, much such another as honest Jack Falstaff; a merry boon companion, not only witty himself, but the occasion of wit in others, quick at repartee, fond of proverbial sayings, curious in his wines. A good old song, set to a fine old tune, was written about him, and called "Old Sir Simon the King." This was the favourite old-fashioned ditty in which Fielding's rough and jovial Squire Western afterwards delighted.

Old Simon's successor, John Wadloe (probably his son), made a great figure at the Restoration procession by heading a band of young men all dressed in white. After the Great Fire John rebuilt the "Sun Tavern," behind the Royal Exchange, and was loyal, wealthy, and foolish enough to lend King Charles certain considerable sums, duly recorded in Exchequer documents, but not so duly paid.

In the troublous times of the Commonwealth the "Devil" was the favourite haunt of John Cottington, generally known as "Mull Sack," from his favourite beverage of spiced sherry negus. This impudent rascal, a sweep who had turned highwayman, with the most perfect impartiality rifled the pockets alternately of Cavaliers and Roundheads. Gold is of no religion; and your true cut-purse is of the broadest and most sceptical Church. He emptied the pockets of Lord Protector Cromwell one day, and another he stripped Charles II., then a Bohemian exile at Cologne, of plate valued at £1,500. One of his most impudent exploits was stealing a watch from Lady Fairfax, that brave woman who had the courage to denounce, from the gallery at Westminster Hall, the persons whom she considered were about to become the murderers of Charles I. "This lady" (and a portly handsome woman she was, to judge by the old portraits), says a pamphlet-writer of the day, "used to go to a lecture on a week-day to Ludgate Church, where one Mr. Jacomb preached, being much followed by the Puritans. Mull Sack, observing this, and that she constantly wore her watch hanging by a chain from her waist, against the next time she came there dressed himself like an officer in the army; and having his comrades attending him like troopers, one of them takes off the pin of a coach-wheel that was going upwards through the gate, by which means it falling off, the

passage was obstructed, so that the lady could not alight at the church door, but was forced to leave her coach without. Mull Sack, taking advantage of this, readily presented himself to her ladyship, and having the impudence to take her from her gentleman usher who attended her alighting, led her by the arm into the church; and by the way, with a pair of keen sharp scissors for the purpose, cut the chain in two, and got the watch clear away, she not missing it till the sermon was done, when she was going to see the time of the day."

The portrait of Mull Sack has the following verses beneath:—

"I walk the Strand and Westminster, and scorn
To march i' the City, though I bear the horn.
My feather and my yellow band accord,
To prove me courtier; my boot, spur, and sword,
My smoking-pipe, scarf, garter, rose on shoe,
Show my brave mind t' affect what gallants do.
I sing, dance, drink, and merrily pass the day,
And, like a chimney, sweep all care away."

In Charles II.'s time the "Devil" became frequented by lawyers and physicians. The talk now was about drugs and latitats, jalap and the law of escheats. Yet, still good company frequented it, for Steele describes Bickerstaff's sister Jenny's wedding entertainment there in October, 1709; and in 1710 (Queen Anne) Swift writes one of those charming letters to Stella to tell her that he had dined on October 12th at the "Devil," with Addison and Dr. Garth, when the good-natured doctor, whom every one loved, stood treat, and there must have been talk worth hearing. In the Apollo chamber the intolerable court odes of Colley Cibber, the poet laureate, used to be solemnly rehearsed with fitting music; and Pope, in "The Dunciad," says, scornfully:—

"Back to the 'Devil' the loud echoes roll,
And 'Coll' each butcher roars in Hockly Hole."

But Colley had talent and he had brass, and it took many such lines to put him down. A good epigram on these public recitations runs thus:—

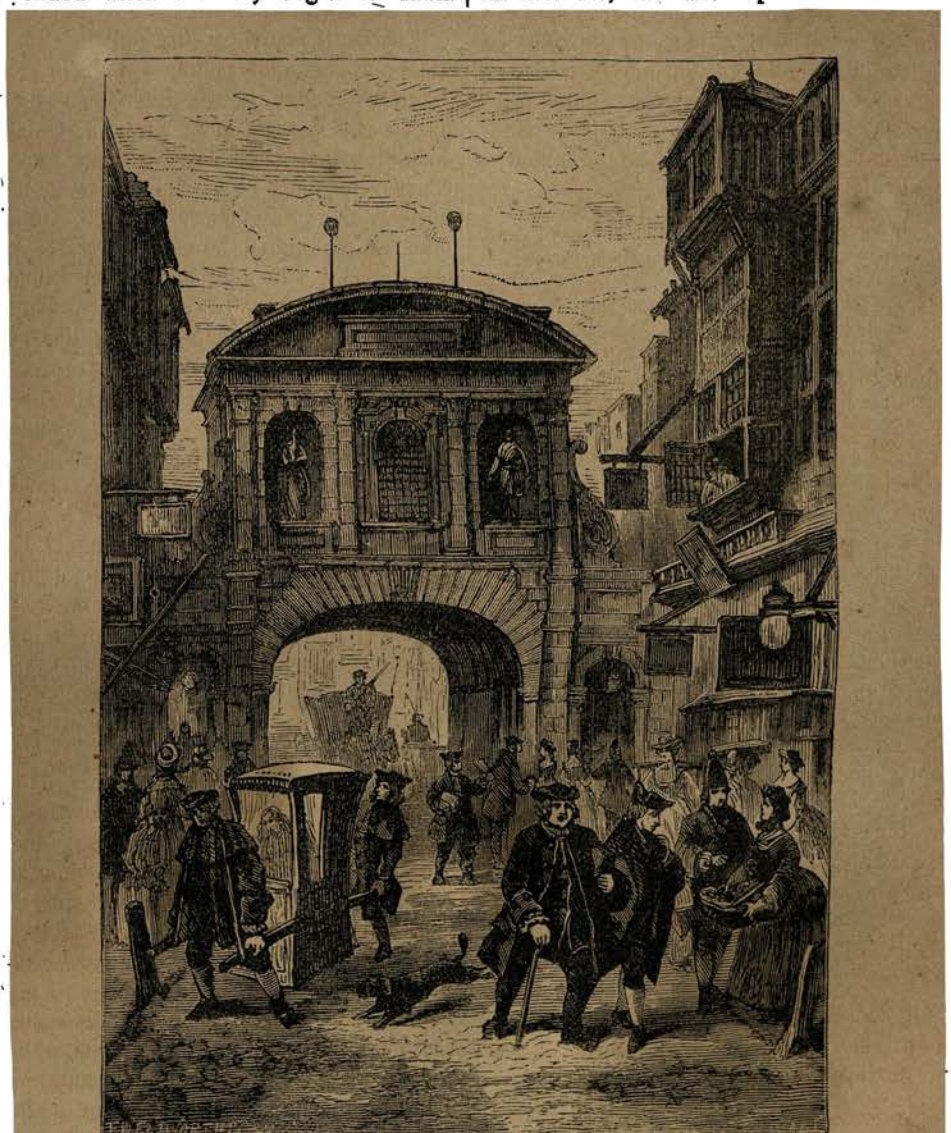
"When laureates make odes, do you ask of what sort?
Do you ask if they're good or are evil?
You may judge: from the 'Devil' they come to the Court,
And go from the Court to the 'Devil.'"

Dr. Kenrick afterwards gave lectures on Shakespeare at the Apollo. This Kenrick, originally a rule-maker, and the malicious assailant of Johnson and Garrick, was the Croker of his day. He originated the *London Review*, and when he assailed Johnson's "Shakespeare," Johnson laughingly replied, "That he was not going to be bound by Kenrick's rules."

In 1746 the Royal Society held its annual dinner in the old consecrated room, and in the year 1752 concerts of vocal and instrumental music were given in the same place. It was an upstairs chamber, probably detached from the tavern, and lay up a "close," or court, like some of the old Edinburgh taverns.

The last ray of light that fell on the "Devil" was on a memorable spring evening in 1751. Dr. Johnson (aged forty-two), then busy all day with his six amanuenses in a garret in Gough Square compiling his Dictionary, at night enjoyed his elephantine mirth at a club in Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row. One night at the club, Johnson proposed to celebrate the appearance of Mrs. Lennox's first novel, "The Life of Harriet Stuart," by a supper at the "Devil Tavern." Mrs. Lennox was a lady for whom Johnson—ranking her afterwards above Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Hannah More, or even his favourite, Miss Burney—had the greatest esteem. Sir John Hawkins, that somewhat malign rival of Boswell, describes the night in a manner, for him, unusually genial. "Johnson," says Hawkins (and his words are too pleasant to condense), "proposed to us the celebrating the birth of Mrs. Lennox's first literary child, as he called her book, by a whole night spent in festivity. Upon his mentioning it to me, I told him I had never sat up a night in my life; but he continuing to press me, and saying that I should find great delight in it, I, as did all the rest of the company, consented." (The club consisted of Hawkins, an attorney; Dr. Salter, father of a master of the Charter House; Dr. Hawkesworth, a popular author of the day; Mr. Ryland, a merchant; Mr. John Payne, a bookseller; Mr. Samuel Dyer, a young man training for a Dissenting minister; Dr. William M'Ghie, a Scotch physician; Dr. Barker and Dr. Bathurst, young physicians.) "The place appointed was the 'Devil Tavern;' and there, about the hour of eight, Mrs. Lennox and her husband (a tide-waiter in the Customs), a lady of her acquaintance, with the club and friends, to the number of twenty, assembled. The supper was elegant; Johnson had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pie should make a part of it, and this he would have stuck with bay leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lennox was an authoress and had written verses; and, further, he had prepared for her a crown of laurel, with which, but not till he had invoked the Muses by some ceremonies of his own invention, he encircled her brows. The night passed, as must be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled at different periods with the refreshment of coffee and tea. About five a.m., Johnson's face

shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade; but the far greater part of the company had deserted the colours of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn.



TEMPLE BAR IN DR. JOHNSON'S TIME (*see page* 29).

This phenomenon began to put us in mind of our reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep that it was two hours before a bill could be had, and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street-door gave the signal of our departure." How one longs to dredge up some notes of such a night's conversation from the cruel river of oblivion! The Apollo Court, on the opposite side of Fleet Street, still preserves the memory of the great club-room at the "Devil."

In 1764, on an Act passing for the removal of the dangerous projecting signs, the weather-beaten picture of the saint, with the Devil gibbering over his shoulder, was nailed up flat to the front of the old gable-ended house. In 1775, Collins, a public lecturer and mimic, gave a satirical lecture at the "Devil" on modern oratory. In 1776 some young lawyers founded there a Pandemonium Club; and after that there is no further record of the "Devil" till it was pulled down and annexed by the neighbouring bankers. In Steele's time there was a "Devil Tavern" at Charing Cross, and a

MULL SACK AND LADY FAIRFAX (*see page 40*).

rival "Devil Tavern" near St. Dunstan's; but these competitors made no mark.

The "Cock Tavern" (201), opposite the Temple, has been immortalised by Tennyson as thoroughly as the "Devil" was by Ben Jonson. The playful verses inspired by a pint of generous port have made

"The violet of a legend blow
Among the chops and steaks"

for ever, though old Will Waterproof has long since descended for the last time the well-known cellar-stairs. The poem which has embalmed his name was, we believe, written when Mr. Tennyson had chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. At that time the room was lined with wainscoting, and the silver tankards of special customers hung in glittering rows in the bar. This tavern was shut up at the time of the Plague, and the advertisement announcing such closing is still extant. Pepys, in his "Diary," mentions bringing pretty Mrs. Knipp, an actress, of whom his wife was very jealous, here; and the gay couple "drank, eat a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry till almost midnight." On his way home to Seething Lane, the amorous Navy Office clerk with difficulty avoided two thieves with clubs, who met him at the entrance into the ruins of the Great Fire near St. Dunstan's. These dangerous meetings with Mrs. Knipp went on till one night Mrs. Pepys came to his bedside and threatened to pinch him with the red-hot tongs. The waiters at the "Cock" are fond of showing visitors one of the old tokens of the house in the time of Charles II. The old carved chimney-piece is of the age of James I.; and there is a doubtful tradition that the gilt bird that struts with such self-serene importance over the portal was the work of that great carver, Grinling Gibbons.

"Dick's Coffee House" (No. 8, south) was kept in George II.'s time by a Mrs. Yarrow and her daughter, who were much admired by the young Templars who patronised the place. The Rev. James Miller, reviving an old French comedietta by Rousseau, called "The Coffee House," and introducing malicious allusions to the landlady and her fair daughter, so exasperated the young barristers that frequented "Dick's," that they went in a body and hissed the piece from the boards. The author then wrote an apology, and published the play; but unluckily the artist who illustrated it took the bar at "Dick's" as the background of his sketch. The Templars went madder than ever at this, and the Rev. Miller, who translated Voltaire's "Mahomet" for Garrick, never came up to the surface again. It was at "Dick's" that Cowper the poet showed the first symptoms of derangement. When his mind was off its balance he read a letter in a newspaper at "Dick's," which he believed had been written to drive him to suicide. He went away and tried to hang himself; the garter breaking, he then resolved to drown himself; but, being hindered by some occurrence, repented for the moment. He was soon after sent to a madhouse in Huntingdon.

In 1681 a quarrel arose between two hot-headed gallants in "Dick's" about the size of two dishes they had both seen at the "St. John's Head" in Chancery Lane. The matter eventually was roughly ended at the "Three Cranes" in the Vintry—a tavern mentioned by Ben Jonson—by one of them, Rowland St. John, running his companion, John Stiles, of Lincoln's Inn, through the body. The St. Dunstan's Club, founded in 1796, holds its dinner at "Dick's."

The "Rainbow Tavern" (No. 15, south) was the second coffee-house started in London. Four years before the Restoration, Mr. Farr, a barber, began the trade here, trusting probably to the young Temple barristers for support. The vintners grew jealous, and the neighbours, disliking the smell of the roasting coffee, indicted Farr as a nuisance. But he persevered, and the Arabian drink became popular. A satirist had soon to write regretfully,—

"And now, alas! the drink has credit got,
And he's no gentleman that drinks it not."

About 1780, according to Mr. Timbs, the "Rainbow" was kept by Alexander Moncrieff, grandfather of the dramatist who wrote *Tom and Jerry*.

Bernard Lintot, the bookseller, who published Pope's "Homer," lived in a shop between the two Temple gates (No. 16). In an inimitable letter to the Earl of Burlington, Pope has described how Lintot (Tonson's rival) overtook him once in Windsor Forest, as he was riding down to Oxford. When they were resting under a tree in the forest, Lintot, with a keen eye to business, pulled out "a mighty pretty 'Horace,'" and said to Pope, "What if you amused yourself in turning an ode till we mount again?" The poet smiled but said nothing. Presently they remounted, and as they rode on Lintot stopped short, and broke out, after a long silence: "Well, sir, how far have we got?" "Seven miles," replied Pope, naïvely. He told Pope that by giving the hungry critics a dinner of a piece of beef and a pudding, he could make them see beauties in any author he chose. After all, Pope did well with Lintot, for he gained £5,320 by his "Homer." Dr. Young, the poet, once unfortunately sent to Lintot a letter mean

for Tonson, and the first words that Lintot read were: "That Bernard Lintot is so great a scoundrel." In the same shop, which was then occupied by Jacob Robinson, the publisher, Pope first met Warburton. An interesting account of this meeting is given by Sir John Hawkins, which it may not be out of place to quote here. "The friendship of Pope and Warburton," he says, "had its commencement in that bookseller's shop which is situate on the west side of the gateway leading down the Inner Temple Lane. Warburton had some dealings with Jacob Robinson, the publisher, to whom the shop belonged, and may be supposed to have been drawn there on business; Pope might have made a call of the like kind. However that may be, there they met, and entering into conversation, which was not soon ended, conceived a mutual liking, and, as we may suppose, plighted their faith to each other. The fruit of this interview, and the subsequent communications of the parties, was the publication, in November, 1739, of a pamphlet with this title, 'A Vindication of Mr. Pope's "Essay on Man," by the Author of "The Divine Legation of Moses." Printed for J. Robinson.'" At the Middle Temple Gate, Benjamin Motte, successor to Ben Tooke, published Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," for which he had grudgingly given only £200.

The third door from Chancery Lane (No. 197, north side), *Mr. Timbs points out*, was in Charles II.'s time a tombstone-cutter's; and here, in 1684, Howel, whose "Letters" give us many curious pictures of his time, saw a huge monument to four of the Oxenham family, at the death of each of whom a white bird appeared fluttering about their bed. These miraculous occurrences had taken place at a town near Exeter, and the witnesses names duly appeared below the epitaph. No. 197 was afterwards Rackstrow's museum of natural curiosities and anatomical figures; and the proprietor put Sir Isaac N[illegible]'s head over the door for a sign. Among [illegible] prodigies was the skeleton of a whale more [illegible] seventy feet long. Donovan, a naturalist, succeeded Rackstrow (who died in 1772) with his London museum. Then, by a harlequin change, No. 197 became the office of the *Albion* newspaper. Charles Lamb was turned over to this journal from the *Morning Post*. The editor, John Fenwick, the "Bigot" of Lamb's "Essay," was a needy, sanguine man, who had purchased the paper of a person named Lovell, who had stood in the pillory for a libel against the Prince of Wales. For a long time Fenwick contrived to pay the Stamp Office dues by money borrowed from compliant friends. "We," says Lamb, in his delightful way, "attached our small talents to the forlorn fortunes of our friend. Our occupation was now to write treason." Lamb hinted at possible abdications. Blocks, axes, and Whitehall tribunals were covered with flowers of so cunning a periphrasis—as, Mr. Bayes says, never naming the *thing* directly—that the keen eye of an Attorney-General was insufficient to detect the lurking snake among them.

At the south-west corner of Chancery Lane (No. 193) once stood an old house said to have been the residence of that unfortunate reformer, Sir John Oldcastle, Baron Cobham, who was burnt in St. Giles's Fields in 1417 (Henry V.) In Charles II.'s reign the celebrated Whig Green Ribbon Club used to meet here, and from the balcony flourish their periwigs, discharge squibs, and wave torches, when a great Protestant procession passed by, to burn the effigy of the Pope at the Temple Gate. The house, five stories high and covered with carvings, was pulled down for City improvements in 1799.

Upon the site of No. 192 (east corner of Chancery Lane) the father of Cowley, that fantastic poet of Charles II.'s time, it is said carried on the trade of a grocer. In 1740 a later grocer there sold the finest caper tea for 24s. per lb., his fine green for 18s. per lb., hyson at 16s. per lb., and bohea at 7s. per lb.

No house in Fleet Street has a more curious pedigree than that gilt and painted shop opposite Chancery Lane (No. 17, south side), falsely called "the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey." It was originally the office of the Duchy of Cornwall, in the reign of James I. It is just possible that it was the house originally built by Sir Amyas Paulet, at Wolsey's command, in resentment for Sir Amyas having set Wolsey, when a mere parish priest, in the stocks for a brawl. Wolsey, at the time of the ignominious punishment, was schoolmaster to the children of the Marquis of Dorset. Paulet was confined to this house for five or six years, to appease the proud cardinal, who lived in Chancery Lane. Sir Amyas rebuilt his prison, covering the front with badges of the cardinal. It was afterwards "Nando's," a famous coffee-house, where Thurlow picked up his first great brief. One night Thurlow, arguing here keenly about the celebrated Douglas case, was heard by some lawyers with delight, and the next day, to his astonishment, was appointed junior counsel. This cause won him a silk gown, and so his fortune was made by that one lucky night at "Nando's." No. 17 was afterwards the place where Mrs. Salmon (the Madame Tussaud of early times) exhibited her

waxwork kings and queens. There was a figure on crutches at the door; and Old Mother Shipton, the witch, kicked the astonished visitor as he left. Mrs. Salmon died in 1812. The exhibition was then sold for £500, and removed to Water Lane. When Mrs. Salmon first removed from St. Martin's-le-Grand to near St. Dunstan's Church, she announced, with true professional dignity, that the new locality "was more convenient for the quality's coaches to stand unmolested." Her "Royal Court of England" included 150 figures. When the exhibition removed to Water Lane, some thieves one night got in, stripped the effigies of their finery, and broke half of them, throwing them into a heap that almost touched the ceiling.

Tonson, Dryden's publisher, commenced business at the "Judge's Head," near the Inner Temple gate, so that when at the Kit-Kat Club he was not far from his own shop. One day Dryden, in a rage, drew the greedy bookseller with terrible force:—

> "With leering looks, bull-faced, and speckled fair,
> With two left legs and Judas-coloured hair,
> And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air."

The poet promised a fuller portrait if the "dog" tormented him further.

Opposite Mrs. Salmon's, two doors west of old Chancery Lane, till 1799, when the lawyer's lane was widened, stood an old, picturesque, gabled house, which was once the milliner's shop kept, in 1624, by that good old soul, Isaak Walton. He was on the Vestry Board of St. Dunstan's, and was constable and overseer for the precinct next Temple Bar; and on pleasant summer evenings he used to stroll out to the Tottenham fields, rod in hand, to enjoy the gentle sport which he so much loved. He afterwards (1632) lived seven doors up Chancery Lane, west side, and there married the sister of that good Christian, Bishop Ken, who wrote the "Evening Hymn," one of the most simply beautiful religious poems ever written. It is pleasant in busy Fleet Street to think of the good old citizen on his guileless way to the river Lea, conning his verses on the delights of angling.

Praed's Bank (No. 189, north side) was founded early in the century by Mr. William Praed, a banker of Truro. The house had been originally the shop of Mrs. Salmon, till she moved to opposite Chancery Lane, and her wax kings and frail queens were replaced by piles of strong boxes and chests of gold. The house was rebuilt in 1802, from the designs of Sir John Soane, whose curious museum still exists in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Praed, that delightful poet of society, was of the banker's family, and in him the poetry of refined wealth found a fitting exponent. Fleet Street, indeed, is rich in associations connected with bankers and booksellers; for at No. 19 (south side) we come to Messrs. Gosling's. This bank was founded in 1650 by Henry Pinckney, a goldsmith, at the sign of the "Three Squirrels"—a sign still to be seen in the ironwork over the centre window. The original sign of solid silver, about two feet in height, made to lock and unlock, was discovered in the house in 1858. It had probably been taken down on the general removal of out-door signs and forgotten. In a secret service-money account of the time of Charles II., there is an entry of a sum of £646 8s. 6d. for several parcels of gold and silver lace bought of William Gosling and partners by the fair Duchess of Cleveland, for the wedding clothes of the Lady Sussex and Lichfield.

No. 32 (south side), still a bookseller's, was originally kept for forty years by William Sandby, one of the partners of Snow's bank in the Strand. He sold the business and goodwill in 1762 for £400, to a lieutenant of the Royal Navy, named John M'Murray, who, dropping the Mac, became the well-known Tory publisher. Murray tried in vain to induce Falconer, the author of "The Shipwreck," to join him as a partner. The first Murray died in 1793. In 1812 John Murray, the son of the founder, removed to 50, Albemarle Street. In the *Athenæum* of 1843 a writer describes how Byron used to stroll in here fresh from his fencing-lessons at Angelo's or his sparring-bouts with Jackson. He was wont to make cruel lunges with his stick at what he called "the spruce books" on Murray's shelves, generally striking the doomed volume, and by no means improving the bindings. "I was sometimes, as you will guess," Murray used to say with a laugh, "glad to get rid of him." Here, in 1807, was published "Mrs. Rundell's Domestic Cookery;" in 1809, the *Quarterly Review;* and, in 1811, Byron's "Childe Harold."

The original Columbarian Society, long extinct, was born at offices in Fleet Street, St. Dunstan's. This society was replaced by th Pholoperisteron, dear to all pigeon-fanciers, whicl held its meetings at "Freemasons' Tavern," anc eventually amalgamated with its rival, the National Columbarian, the fruitful union producing the National Peristeronic Society, now a flourishing in stitution, meeting periodically at "Evans's," anc holding a great fluttering and most pleasant annua show at the Crystal Palace. It is on these occa sions that clouds of carrier-pigeons are let off, t decide the speed with which the swiftest and best

trained bird can reach a certain spot (a flight, of course, previously known to the bird), generally in Belgium.

The first St. Dunstan's Church—"in the West," as it is now called, to distinguish it from one near Tower Street—was built prior to 1237. The present building was erected in 1831. The older church stood thirty feet forward, blocking the carriage-way, and shops with projecting signs were built against the east and west walls. The churchyard was a favourite locality for booksellers. One of the most interesting stories connected with the old building relates to Felton, the fanatical assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of Charles I. The murderer's mother and sisters lodged at a haberdasher's in Fleet Street, and were attending service in St. Dunstan's Church when the news arrived from Portsmouth; they swooned away when they heard the name of the assassin. Many of the clergy of St. Dunstan's have been eminent men. Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament, did duty here. The poet Donne was another of the St. Dunstan's worthies; and Sherlock and Romaine both lectured at this church. The rectory house, sold in 1693, was No. 183. The clock of old St. Dunstan's was one of the great London sights in the last century. The giants that struck the hours had been set up in 1671, and were made by Thomas Harrys, of Water Lane, for £35 and the old clock. Lord Hertford purchased them, in 1830, for £210, and set them up at his villa in Regent's Park. When a child he was often taken to see them; and he then used to say that some day he would buy "those giants." Hatton, writing in 1708, says that these figures were more admired on Sundays by the populace than the most eloquent preacher in the pulpit within; and Cowper, in his "Table Talk," cleverly compares dull poets to the St. Dunstan's giants:—

> "When labour and when dulness, club in hand,
> Like two figures at St. Dunstan stand,
> Both hammering alternately, in measured time,
> And emulous of each other's noise as rhyme."

The most interesting relic of modern St. Dunstan's is that unobtrusive figure of Queen Elizabeth at the east end. This figure from the old church came from Ludgate when the City gates were destroyed in 1786. It was bought for £16 10s. when the old church came to the ground, and was re-erected over the vestry entrance. The companion statues of King Lud and his two sons were deposited in the parish bone-house. On one occasion when Baxter was preaching in the old church of St. Dunstan's, there arose a panic among the audience from two alarms of the building falling. Every face turned pale; but the preacher, full of faith, sat calmly down in the pulpit till the panic subsided, then, resuming his sermon, said reprovingly, "We are in the service of God, to prepare ourselves that we may be fearless at the great noise of the dissolving world when the heavens shall pass away and the elements melt with fervent heat."

Mr. Noble, in his record of this parish, has remarked on the extraordinary longevity attained by the incumbents of St. Dunstan's. Dr. White held the living for forty-nine years; Dr. Grant, for fifty-nine; the Rev. Joseph Williamson (Wilkes's chaplain) for forty-one years; while the Rev. William Romaine continued lecturer for forty-six years. The solution of the problem probably is that a good and secure income is the best promoter of longevity. Several members of the great banking family of Hoare are buried in St. Dunstan's; but by far the most remarkable monument in the church bears the following inscription:—

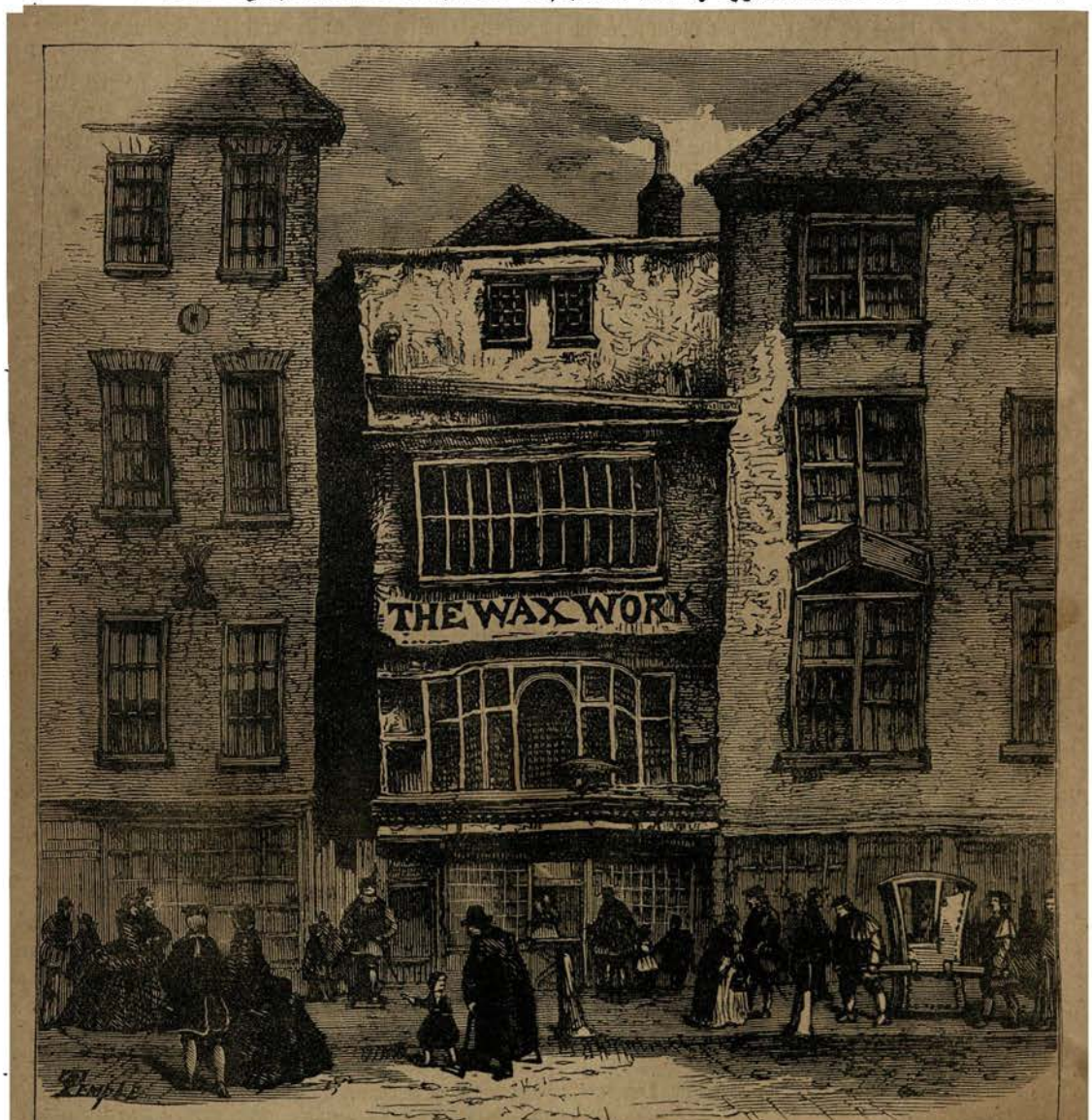
> "HOBSON JUDKINS, ESQ., late of Clifford's Inn, the Honest Solicitor, who departed this life June 30, 1812. This tablet was erected by his clients, as a token of gratitude and respect for his honest, faithful, and friendly conduct to them throughout life. Go, reader, and imitate Hobson Judkins."

Among the burials at St. Dunstan's noted in the registers, the following are the most remarkable:—1559–60, Doctor Oglethorpe, the Bishop of Carlisle, who crowned Queen Elizabeth; 1664, Dame Bridgett Browne, wife of Sir Richard Browne, major-general of the City forces, who offered £1,000 reward for the capture of Oliver Cromwell; 1732, Christopher Pinchbeck, the inventor of the metal named after him and a maker of musical clocks. The Plague seems to have made great havoc in St. Dunstan's, for in 1665, out of 856 burials, 568 in only three months are marked "P.," for Plague. The present church, built in 1830–3, was designed by John Shaw, who died on the twelfth day after the completion of the outer shell, leaving his son to finish his work. The church is of a flimsy Gothic, the true revival having hardly then commenced. The eight bells are from the old church. The two heads over the chief entrance are portraits of Tyndale and Dr. Donne; and the painted window is the gift of the Hoare family.

According to Aubrey, Drayton, the great topographical poet, lived at "the bay-window house next the east end of St. Dunstan's Church." Now it is a clearly proved fact that the Great Fire stopped just three doors east of St. Dunstan's, as did also, Mr. Timbs says, another remarkable

fire in 1730; so it is not impossible that the author of "The Polyolbion," that good epic poem, once lived at the present No. 180, though the next house eastward is certainly older than its neighbour. We have given a drawing of the house.

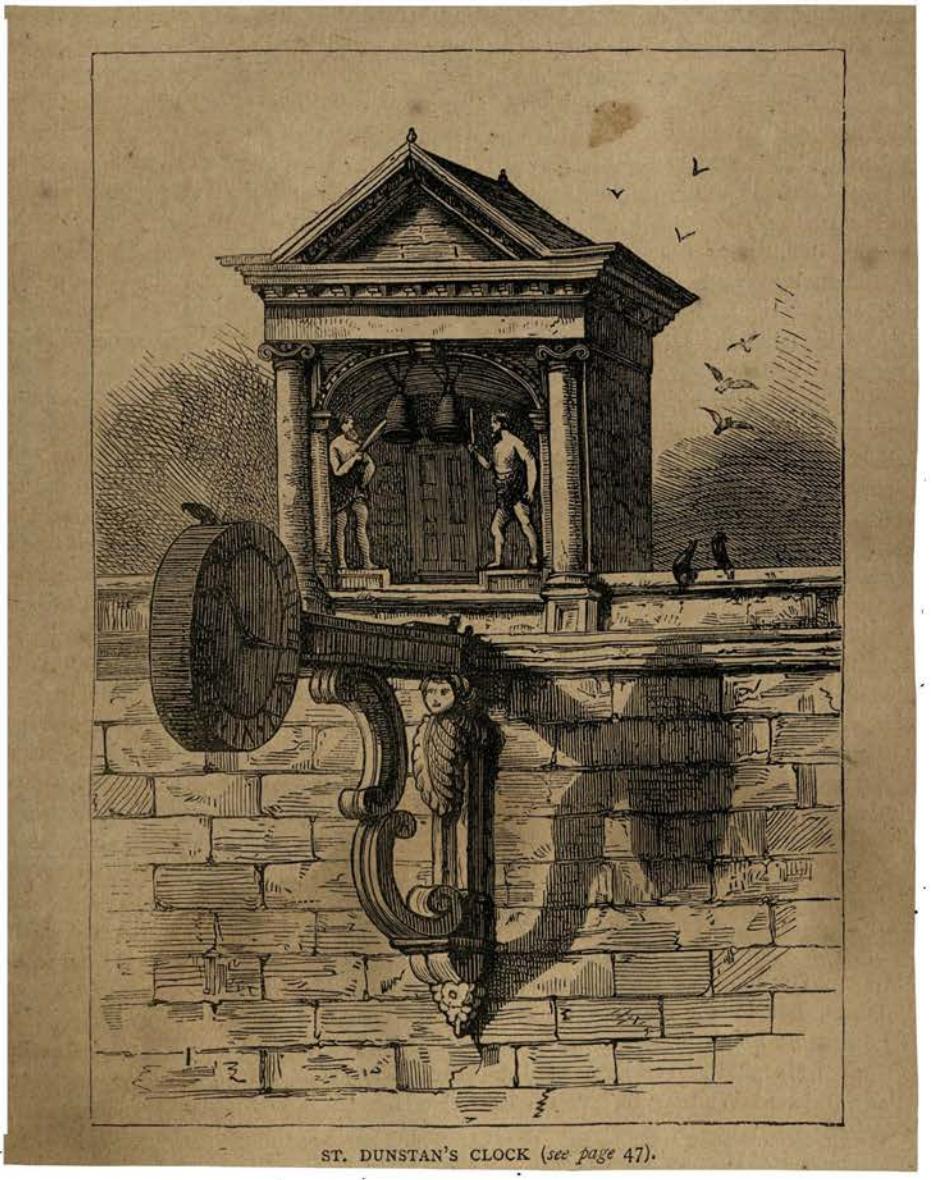
That shameless rogue, Edmund Curll, lived at the "Dial and Bible," against St. Dunstan's Church. When this clever rascal was put in the pillory at Charing Cross, he persuaded the mob he was in for a political offence, and so secured the pity of the crowd. The author of "John Buncle" describes Curll as a tall, thin, awkward man, with goggle eyes, splay feet, and knock-knees. His translators lay three in a bed at the "Pewter Platter Inn" at Holborn. He published the most disgraceful books and forged letters. Curll, in his revengeful spite, accused Pope of pouring an emetic into his half-pint of canary when he and Curll and Lintot met by appointment at the "Swan Tavern," Fleet Street. By St. Dunstan's, at the "Homer's Head," also lived the publisher of the first correct edition of "The Dunciad."



MRS. SALMON'S WAXWORK, FLEET STREET—"PALACE OF HENRY VIII. AND CARDINAL WOLSEY" (see page 45).

Among the booksellers who crowded round old St. Dunstan's were Thomas Marsh, of the "Prince's Arms," who printed Stow's "Chronicles;" and William Griffith, of the "Falcon," in St. Dunstan's

Churchyard, who, in the year 1565, issued, without the authors' consent, *Gorboduc*, written by Thomas Norton and Lord Buckhurst, the first real English tragedy and the first play written in English blank verse. John Smethwicke, a still more honoured name, "under the diall" of St. Dunstan's Church, published "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet." Richard Marriot, another St. Dunstan's bookseller, published Quarle's "Emblems," Dr. Donne's "Sermons," that delightful, simple-hearted book, Isaak Walton's "Complete Angler," and Butler's "Hudibras," that wonderful mass of puns and quibbles, pressed close as potted meat. Matthias Walker, a St. Dunstan's bookseller, was one of the three timid publishers who ventured on a certain poem, called "The Paradise Lost," giving John Milton, the blind poet, the enormous sum of £5 down, £5 on the sale of 1,300 copies of the first, second, and third impressions, in all the munificent recompense of £20; the agreement was given to the British Museum in 1852, by Samuel Rogers, the banker poet.



ST. DUNSTAN'S CLOCK (*see page* 47).

Nor in this list of Fleet Street printers must we forget to insert Richard Pynson, from Normandy, who had worked at Caxton's press, and was a contemporary of De Worde. According to Mr. Noble (to whose work we are so deeply indebted), Pynson printed in Fleet Street, at his office, the

"George" (first in the Strand, and afterwards beside St. Dunstan's Church), no less than 215 works The first of these, completed in the year 1483, was probably the first book printed in Fleet Street, afterwards a gathering-place for the ink-stained craft. A copy of this book, "Dives and Pauper," was sold a few years since for no less than £49. In 1497 the same busy Frenchman published an edition of "Terence," the first Latin classic printed in England. In 1508 he became printer to King Henry VII., and after this produced editions of Fabyan's and Froissart's "Chronicles." He seems to have had a bitter feud with a rival printer, named Robert Rudman, who pirated his trade-mark. In one of his books he thus quaintly falls foul of the enemy: "But truly Rudeman, because he is the rudest out of a thousand men. . . . . Truly I wonder now at last that he hath confessed it in his own typography, unless it chanced that even as the devil made a cobbler a mariner, he made him a printer. Formerly this scoundrel did prefer himself a bookseller, as well skilled as if he had started forth from Utopia. He knows well that he is free who pretendeth to books, although it be nothing more."

To this brief chronicle of early Fleet Street printers let us add Richard Bancks, who, in 1600, at his office, "the sign of the White Hart," printed that exquisite fairy poem, Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." How one envies the "reader" of that office, the compositors—nay, even the sable imp who pulled the proof, and snatched a passage or two about Mustard and Pease Blossom in a surreptitious glance! Another great Fleet Street printer was Richard Grafton, the printer, as Mr. Noble says, of the first correct folio English translation of the Bible, by permission of Henry VIII. When in Paris, Grafton had to fly with his books from the Inquisition. After his patron Cromwell's execution, in 1540, Grafton was sent to the Fleet for printing Bibles, but in the happier times of Edward VI. he became king's printer at the Grey Friars (now Christ's Hospital). His former fellow-worker in Paris, Edward Whitchurch, set up his press at De Worde's old house, the "Sun," near the Fleet Street conduit. He published the "Paraphrase of Erasmus," a copy of which, Mr. Noble says, existed, with its desk-chains, in the vestry of St. Benet's, Gracechurch Street. Whitchurch married the widow of Archbishop Cranmer.

The "Hercules Pillars" (now No. 27, Fleet Street, south) was a celebrated tavern as early as the reign of James I., and in the now nameless alley by its side several houses of entertainment nestled themselves. The tavern is interesting to us chiefly because it was a favourite resort of Pepys, who frequently mentions it in his quaint and graphic way.

No. 37 (Hoare's Bank), south, is well known by the golden bottle that still hangs, exciting curiosity, over the fanlight of the entrance. Popular legend has it that this gilt case contains the original leather bottle carried by the founder when he came up to London, with the usual half-crown in his pocket, to seek his fortune. Sir Richard Colt Hoare, however, in his family history, destroys this romance. The bottle is merely a sign adopted by James Hoare, the founder of the bank, from his father having been a citizen and cooper of the city of London. James Hoare was a goldsmith who kept "running cash" at the "Golden Bottle" in Cheapside in 1677. The bank was removed to Fleet Street between 1687 and 1692. The original bank, described by Mr. Timbs as "a low-browed building with a narrow entrance," was pulled down about forty years since. In the records of the debts of Lord Clarendon is the item, "To Mr. Hoare, for plate, £27 10s. 3d."; and, by the secret service expenses of James II., "Charles Duncombe and James Hoare, Esqrs.," appear to have executed for a time the office of master-workers at the Mint. A Sir Richard Hoare was Lord Mayor in 1713; and another of the same family, sheriff in 1740-41 and Lord Mayor in 1745, distinguished himself by his preparations to defend London against the Pretender. In an autobiographical record still extant of the shrievalty of the first of these gentlemen, the writer says:—"After being regaled with sack and walnuts, I returned to my own house in Fleet Street, in my private capacity, to my great consolation and comfort." This Richard Hoare, with Beau Nash, Lady Hastings, &c., founded, in 1716, the Bath General Hospital, to which charity the firm still continue treasurers; and to this same philanthropic gentleman, Robert Nelson, who wrote the well-known book on "Fasts and Festivals," gave £100 in trust as the first legacy to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Mr. Noble quotes a curious broadside still extant in which the second Sir Richard Hoare, who died in 1754, denies a false and malicious report that he had attempted to cause a run on the Bank of England, and to occasion a disturbance in the City, by sending persons to the Bank with ten notes of £10 each. What a state of commercial wealth, to be shaken by the sudden demand of a mere £100!

Next to Hoare's once stood the "Mitre Tavern," where some of the most interesting of the meetings between Dr. Johnson and Boswell took place.

The old tavern was pulled down, in 1829, by the Messrs. Hoare, to extend their banking-house. The original "Mitre" was of Shakespeare's time. In some MS. poems by Richard Jackson, a contemporary of the great poet, are some verses beginning, "From the rich Lavinian shore," inscribed as "Shakespeare's rime, which he made at ye 'Mitre,' in Fleet Street." The balcony was set on flames during the Great Fire, and had to be pulled down. Here, in June, 1763, Boswell came by solemn appointment to meet Johnson, so long the god of his idolatry. They had first met at the shop of Davis, the actor and bookseller, and afterwards near an eating-house in Butcher Row. Boswell describes his feelings with delightful sincerity and self-complacency. "We had," he says, "a good supper and port wine, of which Johnson then sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox High Church sound of the Mitre, the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson, the extraordinary power of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced." That memorable evening Johnson ridiculed Colley Cibber's birthday odes and Paul Whitehead's "grand nonsense," and ran down Gray, who had declined his acquaintance. He talked of other poets, and praised poor Goldsmith as a worthy man and excellent author. Boswell fairly won the great man by his frank avowals and his adroit flattery. "Give me your hand," at last cried the great man to the small man: "I have taken a liking to you." They then finished a bottle of port each, and parted between one and two in the morning. As they shook hands, on their way to No. 1, Inner Temple Lane, where Johnson then lived, Johnson said, "Sir, I am glad we have met. I hope we shall pass many evenings, and mornings too, together." A few weeks after the Doctor and his young disciple met again at the "Mitre," and Goldsmith was present. The poet was full of love for Dr. Johnson, and speaking of some scapegrace, said tenderly, "He is now become miserable, and that insures the protection of Johnson." At another "Mitre" meeting, on a Scotch gentleman present praising Scotch scenery, Johnson uttered his bitter gibe, "Sir, let me tell you that the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England." In the same month Johnson and Boswell met again at the "Mitre." The latter confessed his nerves were much shaken by the old port and the late tavern hours; and Johnson laughed at people who had accepted a pension from the house of Hanover abusing him as a Jacobite. It was at the "Mitre" that Johnson urged Boswell to publish his "Travels in Corsica;" and at the "Mitre" he said finely of London, "Sir, the happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we sit than in all the rest of the kingdom." It was here the famous "Tour to the Hebrides" was planned and laid out. Another time we find Goldsmith and Boswell going arm-in-arm to Bolt Court, to prevail on Johnson to go and sup at the "Mitre;" but he was indisposed. Goldsmith, since "the big man" could not go, would not venture at the "Mitre" with Boswell alone. At Boswell's last "Mitre" evening with Johnson, May, 1778, Johnson would not leave Mrs. Williams, the blind old lady who lived with him, till he had promised to send her over some little dainty from the tavern. This was very kindly and worthy of the man who had the coat but not the heart of a bear. From 1728 to 1753 the Society of Antiquaries met at the "Mitre," and discussed subjects then wrongly considered frivolous. The Royal Society had also conclaves at the same celebrated tavern; and here, in 1733, Thomas Topham, the strongest man of his day, in the presence of eight persons, rolled up with his iron fingers a large pewter dish. In 1788 the "Mitre" ceased to be a tavern, and became, first Macklin's Poet's Gallery, and then an auction-room. The present spurious "Mitre Tavern," in Mitre Court, was originally known as "Joe's Coffee-House."

It was at No. 56 (south side) that Lamb's friend, William Hone, the publisher of the delightful "Table Book" and "Every-day Book," commenced business about 1812. In 1815 he was brought before the Wardmote Inquest of St. Dunstan's for placarding his shop on Sundays, and for carrying on a retail trade as bookseller and stationer, not being a freeman. The Government had no doubt suggested the persecution of so troublesome an opponent, whose defence of himself is said to have all but killed Lord Ellenborough, the judge who tried him for publishing blasphemous parodies. In 1815 Hone took great interest in the case of Eliza Fenning, a poor innocent servant girl, who was hung for a supposed attempt to poison her master, a law stationer in Chancery Lane. It was afterwards believed that a nephew of Mr. Turner really put the poison in the dough of some dumplings, in revenge at being kept short of money.

Mr. Cyrus Jay, a shrewd observer, was present at Hone's trial, and has described it with vividness:—

"Hone defended himself firmly and well, but he had no spark of eloquence about him. For years afterwards I was often with him, and he was made a great deal of in society. He became very religious, and died a member of Mr. Clayton's Independent chapel, worshipping at the Weigh House. The last important incident of Lord Ellenborough's political life was the part he took as presiding judge in Hone's trials for the publication of certain blasphemous parodies. At this time he was suffering from the most intense exhaustion, and his constitution was sinking under the fatigues of a long and sedulous discharge of his important duties. This did not deter him from taking his seat upon the bench on this occasion. When he entered the court, previous to the trial, Hone shouted out, 'I am glad to see you, Lord Ellenborough. I know what you are come here for; I know what you want.' 'I am come to do justice,' replied his lordship. 'My wish is to see justice done.' 'Is it not rather, my lord,' retorted Hone, 'to send a poor devil of a bookseller to rot in a dungeon?' In the course of the proceedings Lord Ellenborough more than once interfered. Hone, it must be acknowledged, with less vehemence than might have been expected, requested him to forbear. The next time his lordship made an observation, in answer to something the defendant urged in the course of his speech, Hone exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, 'I do not speak to you, my lord; you are not my judge; these,' pointing to the jury, 'these are my judges, and it is to them that I address myself.' Hone avenged himself on what he called the Chief Justice's partiality; he wounded him where he could not defend himself. Arguing that Athanasius was not the author of the creed that bears his name, he cited, by way of authority, passages from the writings of Gibbon and Warburton to establish his position. Fixing his eyes on Lord Ellenborough, he then said, 'And, further, your lordship's father, the late worthy Bishop of Carlisle, has taken a similar view of the same creed.' Lord Ellenborough could not endure this allusion to his father's heterodoxy. In a broken voice he exclaimed, 'For the sake of decency, forbear!' The *request* was immediately complied with. The jury acquitted Hone, a result which is said to have killed the Chief Justice; but this is probably not true. That he suffered in consequence of the trial is certain. After he entered his private room, when the trial was over, his strength had so far deserted him that his son was obliged to put his hat on for him. But he quickly recovered his spirits; and on his way home, in passing through Charing Cross, he pulled the check-string, and said, 'It just occurs to me that they sell here the best herrings in London; buy six.' Indeed Dr. Turner, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, who accompanied him in his carriage, said that so far from his nerves being shaken by the hootings of the mob, Lord Ellenborough only observed that their saliva was worse than their bite. . . . .

"When Hone was tried before him for blasphemy, Lord Tenterden treated him with great forbearance; but Hone, not content with the indulgence, took to vilifying the judge. 'Even in a Turkish court I should not have met with the treatment I have experienced here,' he exclaimed. 'Certainly,' replied Lord Tenterden; 'the bowstring would have been round your neck an hour ago.'"

That sturdy political writer, William Cobbett, lived at No. 183 (north), and there published his *Political Register*. In 1819 he wrote from America, declaring that if Sir Robert Peel's Bank Bill passed, he would give Castlereagh leave to lay him on a gridiron and broil him alive, while Sidmouth stirred the coals, and Canning stood by and laughed at his groans. In 1827 he announced in his *Register* that he would place a gridiron on the front of his shop whenever Peel's Bill was repealed. The "Small Note Bill" was repealed, when there was a reduction of the interest of the National Debt. The gridiron so often threatened never actually went up, but it was to be seen a few years ago nailed on the gable end of a candle manufacturer's at Kensington. The two houses next to Cobbett's (184 and 185) are the oldest houses standing in Fleet Street.

"Peele's Coffee-House" (Nos. 177 and 178, north side) once boasted a portrait of Dr. Johnson, said to be by Sir Joshua Reynolds, on the keystone of the mantelpiece. This coffee-house is of antiquity, but is chiefly memorable for its useful files of newspapers and for its having been the central committee-room of the Society for Repealing the Paper Duty. The struggle began in 1858, and eventually triumphed, thanks to the president, the Right Hon. Milner Gibson, and the chairman, the late Mr. John Cassell. The house within the last few years has been entirely rebuilt. In former times "Peele's Coffee-House" was quite a house of call and post-office for money-lenders and bill-discounters; though crowds of barristers and solicitors also frequented it, in order to consult the useful files of London and country newspapers hoarded there for now more than a century. Mr. Jay has left us an amusing sketch of one of the former frequenters of "Peele's"—the late Sir William Owen Barlow,

a bencher of the Middle Temple. This methodical old gentleman had never travelled in a stage-coach or railway-carriage in his life, and had not for years read a book. He came in for dinner at the same hour every day, except in Term-time, and was very angry if any loud talkers disturbed him at his evening paper. He once requested the instant discharge of a waiter at "Peele's," because the civil but ungrammatical man had said, "There are a leg of mutton, and there is chops."

CHAPTER V.

FLEET STREET *(continued)*.

The "Green Dragon"—Tompion and Pinchbeck—The *Record*—St. Bride's and its Memories—*Punch* and his Contributors—The *Dispatch*—The *Daily Telegraph*—The "Globe Tavern" and Goldsmith—The *Morning Advertiser*—The *Standard*—The *London Magazine*—A Strange Story—Alderman Waithman—Brutus Billy—Hardham and his "37."

THE original "Green Dragon" (No. 56, south) was destroyed by the Great Fire, and the new building set six feet backward. During the Popish Plot several anti-papal clubs met here; and from the windows Roger North stood to see the shouting, torch-waving procession pass along, to burn the Pope's effigy at Temple Bar. In the "Discussion Forum" many Lord Chancellors of the future have tried their eloquence. It was celebrated some years ago from an allusion to it made by Napoleon III.

At No. 67 (corner of Whitefriars Street) once lived that famous watchmaker of Queen Anne's reign, Thomas Tompion, who is said, in 1700, to have begun a clock for St. Paul's Cathedral which was to go one hundred years without winding up. He died in 1713. His apprentice, George Graham, invented, as Mr. Noble tells us, the horizontal escapement, in 1724. He was succeeded by Mudge and Dutton, who, in 1768, made Dr. Johnson his first watch. The old shop was (1850) one of the last in Fleet Street to be modernised.

Between Bolt and Johnson's courts (152–166, north)—say near "Anderton's Hotel"—there lived, in the reign of George II., at the sign of the "Astronomer's Musical Clock," Christopher Pinchbeck, an ingenious musical-clockmaker, who invented the "cheap and useful imitation of gold," which still bears his name. (Watt's, in his "Dictionary of Chemistry," says "pinchbeck" is an alloy of copper and zinc, usually containing about nine parts copper to one part zinc. Brandt says it is an alloy containing more copper than exists in brass, and consequently made by fusing various proportions of copper with brass.) Pinchbeck often exhibited his musical automata in a booth at Bartholomew Fair, and, in conjunction with Fawkes the Conjuror, at Southwark Fair. He made, according to Mr. Wood, an exquisite musical clock, worth about £500, for Louis XIV., and a fine organ for the Great Mogul, valued at £300. He died in 1732. He removed to Fleet Street (between Bolt and Johnson's courts, north side) from Clerkenwell in 1721. His clocks played tunes and imitated the notes of birds. In 1765 he set up, at the Queen's House, a clock with four faces, showing the age of the moon, the day of the week and month, the time of sun rising, &c.

No. 161 (north) was the shop of Thomas Hardy, that agitating bootmaker, secretary to the London Corresponding Society, who was implicated in the John Horne Tooke trials of 1794; and next door, years after (No. 162), Richard Carlisle, a "free-thinker," opened a lecturing, conversation, and discussion establishment, preached the "only true gospel," hung effigies of bishops outside his shop, and was eventually quieted by nine years' imprisonment, a punishment by no means undeserved. No. 76 (south) was once the entrance to the printing-office of Samuel Richardson, the author of "Clarissa," who afterwards lived in Salisbury Square, and there held levees of his admirers, to whom he read his works with an innocent vanity which occasionally met with disagreeable rebuffs.

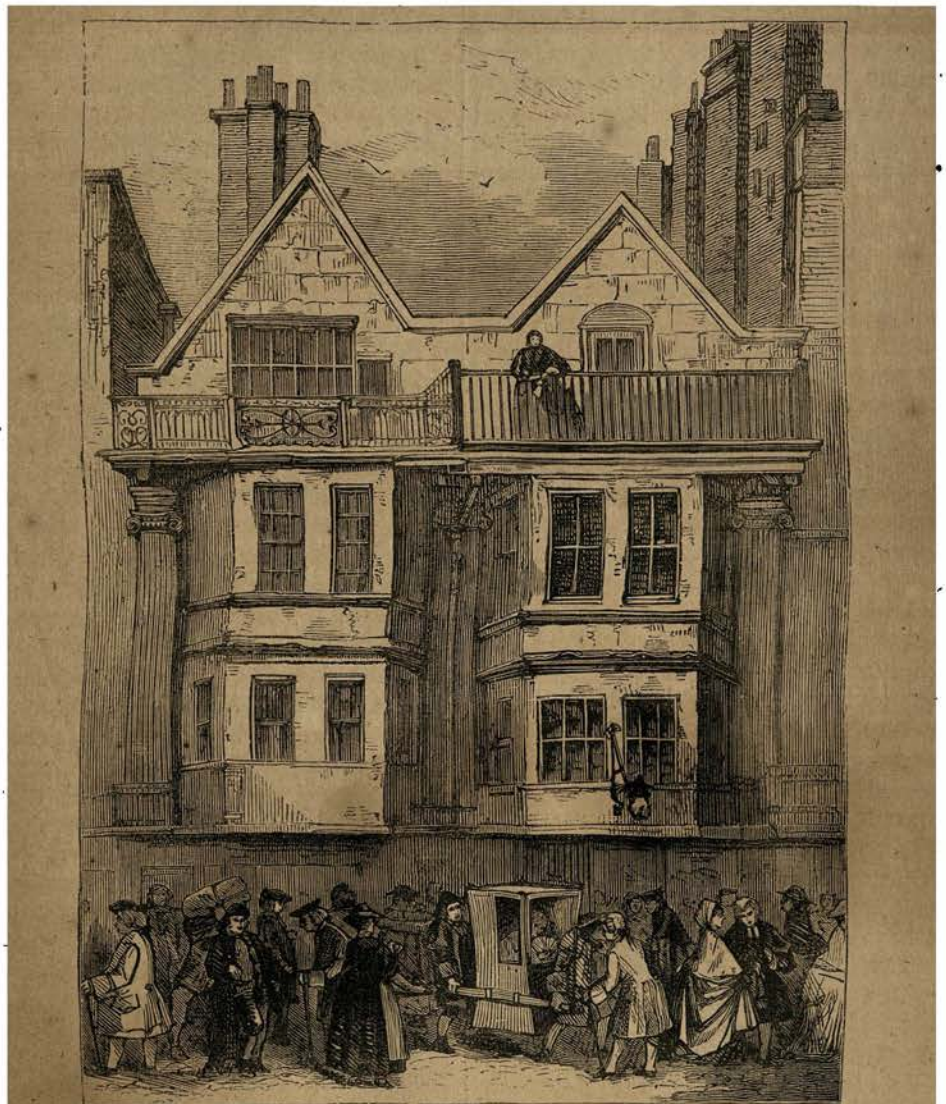
"Anderton's Hotel" (No. 164, north side) occupies the site of a house given, as Mr. Noble says, in 1405, to the Goldsmiths' Company, under the singular title of "The Horn in the Hoop," probably at that time a tavern. In the register of St. Dunstan's is an entry (1597), "Ralph slaine at the Horne, buryed," but no further record exists of this hot-headed roysterer. In the reign of King James I. the "Horn" is described as "between the 'Red Lion,' over against Serjeants' Inn, and Three-legged Alley."

The *Record* (No. 169, north side) started in 1828 as an organ of the extreme Evangelical party. The first promoters were the late Mr. James Evans, a brother of Sir Andrew Agnew, and Mr. Andrew

AN EVENING WITH DR. JOHNSON AT THE "MITRE." (see page 51).

Hamilton, of West Ham Common (the first secretary of the Alliance Insurance Company). Among their supporters were Henry Law, Dean of Gloucester, and Francis Close, afterwards Dean of Carlisle. Amongst its earliest writers was the celebrated Dr. John Henry Newman, of Oxford. The paper was all but dying when a new "whip" was made for money, and the Rev. Henry Blunt, of Chelsea, became for a short time its editor. The *Record* at last began to flourish and to assume a bolder and a more independent tone. Dean Milman's neology, the peculiarities of the Irvingites, and the dangerous Oxford tracts, were alternately denounced. In due course the *Record* began to appear three times a week, and became celebrated for its uncompromising religious tone and, as Mr. James Grant truly says, for the earliness and accuracy of its politico-ecclesiastical information.

The old church of St. Bride (Bridget) was of great antiquity. As early as 1235 we find a turbulent foreigner, named Henry de Battle, after slaying one Thomas de Hall on the king's highway, flying for sanctuary to St. Bride's, where he was guarded by the aldermen and sheriffs, and examined in the church by the Constable of the Tower. The murderer, after confessing his crime, abjured the realm. In 1413 a priest of St. Bride's was hung for an intrigue in which he had been detected. William Venor, a warden of the Fleet Prison, added



OLD HOUSES (STILL STANDING) IN FLEET STREET, NEAR ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH (*see page* 52).

a body and side-aisles in 1480 (Edward IV.) At the Reformation there were orchards between the parsonage gardens and the Thames. In 1637, a document in the Record Office, quoted by Mr. Noble, mentions that Mr. Palmer, vicar of St. Bride's, at the service at seven a.m., sometimes omitted the prayer for the bishop, and, being generally lax as to forms, often read service without surplice, gown, or even his cloak. This worthy man, whose living was sequestered in 1642, is recorded, in order to save money for the poor, to have lived in a bed-chamber in St. Bride's steeple. He founded an almshouse in Westminster, upon which Fuller remarks, in his quaint way, "It giveth the best light when one carrieth his lantern before him." The brother of Pepys was buried here in 1664 under his mother's pew. The old church was swallowed up by the Great Fire, and the present building erected in 1680, at a cost of £11,430 5s. 11d. The tower and spire were considered master-pieces of Wren. The spire, originally 234 feet high, was struck by lightning in 1754, and it is now only 226 feet high. It was again struck in 1803. The illuminated dial (the second erected in London) was set up permanently in 1827. The Spital sermons, now preached in Christ Church, Newgate Street, were preached in St. Bride's from the Restoration till 1797. They were originally all preached in the yard of the hospital of St. Mary Spital, Bishopsgate. Mr. Noble, has ransacked the records relating to St. Bride's with the patience of old Stow. St. Bride's, he says, was renowned for its tithe-rate contests; but after many lawsuits and great expense, a final settlement of the question was come to in the years 1705–6. An Act was passed in 1706, by which Thomas Townley, who had rented the tithes for twenty-one years, was to be paid £1,200 within two years, by quarterly payments and £400 a year afterwards. In 1869 the inappropriate rectory of St. Bridget and the tithes thereof, except the advowson, the parsonage house, and Easter-dues offerings, were sold by auction for £2,700. It may be here worthy to note, says Mr. Noble, that in 1705 the number of rateable houses in the parish of St. Bride was 1,016, and the rental £18,374; in 1868 the rental was £205,407 gross, or £168,996 rateable.

Mr. Noble also records pleasantly the musical feats accomplished on the bells of St. Bride's. In 1710 ten bells were cast for this church by Abraham Rudhall, of Gloucester, and on the 11th of January, 1717, it is recorded that the first complete peal of 5,040 grandsire caters ever rung was effected by the "London scholars." In 1718 two treble bells were added; and on the 9th of January, 1724, the first peal ever completed in this kingdom upon twelve bells was rung by the college youths; and in 1726 the first peal of Bob Maximus, one of the ringers being Mr. Francis (afterwards Admiral) Geary. It was reported by the ancient ringers, says our trustworthy authority, that every one who rang in the last-mentioned peal left the church in his own carriage. Such was the dignity of the "campanularian" art in those days. When St. Bride's bells were first put up, Fleet Street used to be thronged with carriages full of gentry, who had come far and near to hear the pleasant music float aloft. During the terrible Gordon Riots, in 1780, Brasbridge, the silversmith, who wrote an autobiography, says he went up to the top of St. Bride's steeple to see the awful spectacle of the conflagration of the Fleet Prison, but the flakes of fire, even at that great height, fell so thickly as to render the situation untenable.

Many great people lie in and around St. Bride's; and Mr. Noble gives several curious extracts from the registers. Among the names we find Wynkyn de Worde, the second printer in London; Baker, the chronicler; Lovelace, the Cavalier poet, who died of want in Gunpowder Alley, Shoe Lane; Ogilby, the translator of Homer; the Countess of Orrery (1710); Elizabeth Thomas, a lady immortalised by Pope; and John Hardham, the Fleet Street tobacconist. The entrance to the vault of Mr. Holden (a friend of Pepys), on the north side of the church, is a relic of the older building. Inside St. Bride's are monuments to Richardson, the novelist; Nichols, the historian of Leicestershire; and Alderman Waithman. Among the clergy of St. Bride's Mr. Noble notes John Cardmaker, who was burnt at Smithfield for heresy, in 1555; Fuller, the Church historian and author of the "Worthies," who was lecturer here; Dr. Isaac Madox, originally an apprentice to a pastrycook, and who died Bishop of Winchester in 1759; and Dr. John Thomas, vicar, who died in 1793. There were two John Thomases among the City clergy of that time. They were both chaplains to the king, both good preachers, both squinted, and both died bishops!

The present approach to St. Bride's, designed by J. P. Papworth, in 1824, cost £10,000, and was urged forward by Mr. Blades, a Tory tradesman of Ludgate Hill, and a great opponent of Alderman Waithman. A fire that had destroyed some ricketty old houses gave the requisite opportunity for letting air and light round poor, smothered-up St. Bride's.

The office of *Punch* (No. 85, south side) is said to occupy the site of the small school, in the house of a tailor, in which Milton once earned a precarious

living. Here, ever since 1841, the pleasant jester of Fleet Street has scared folly by the jangle of his bells and the blows of his staff. The best and most authentic account of the origin of *Punch* is to be found in the following communication to *Notes and Queries*, September 30, 1870. Mr. W. H. Wills, who was one of the earliest contributors to *Punch*, says :—

"The idea of converting *Punch* from a strolling to a literary laughing philosopher belongs to Mr. Henry Mayhew, former editor (with his schoolfellow Mr. Gilbert à Beckett) of *Figaro in London*. The first three numbers, issued in July and August, 1841, were composed almost entirely by that gentleman, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Henry Plunkett ('Fusbos'), Mr. Stirling Coyne, and the writer of these lines. Messrs. Mayhew and Lemon put the numbers together, but did not formally dub themselves editors until the appearance of their 'Shilling's Worth of Nonsense.' The cartoons, then 'Punch's Pencillings,' and the smaller cuts, were drawn by Mr. A. S. Henning, Mr. Newman, and Mr. Alfred Forester ('Crowquill'); later, by Mr. Hablot Browne and Mr. Kenny Meadows. The designs were engraved by Mr. Ebenezer Landells, who occupied also the important position of 'capitalist.' Mr. Gilbert à Beckett's first contribution to *Punch*, 'The Above-bridge Navy,' appeared in No. 4, with Mr. John Leech's earliest cartoon, 'Foreign Affairs.' It was not till Mr. Leech's strong objection to treat political subjects was overcome, that, long after, he began to illustrate *Punch's* pages regularly. This he did, with the brilliant results that made his name famous, down to his untimely death. The letterpress description of 'Foreign Affairs' was written by Mr. Percival Leigh, who—also after an interval—steadily contributed. Mr. Douglas Jerrold began to wield *Punch's* baton in No. 9. His 'Peel Regularly Called in' was the first of those withering political satires, signed with a 'J' in the corner of each page opposite to the cartoon, that conferred on *Punch* a wholesome influence in politics. Mr. Albert Smith made his *début* in this wise :—At the birth of *Punch* had just died a periodical called (I think) the *Cosmorama*. When moribund, Mr. Henry Mayhew was called in to resuscitate it. This periodical bequeathed a comic census-paper filled up, in the character of a showman, so cleverly that the author was eagerly sought at the starting of *Punch*. He proved to be a medical student hailing from Chertsey, and signing the initials A. S.—'only,' remarked Jerrold, 'two-thirds of the truth, perhaps.' This pleasant supposition was, however, reversed at the very first introduction. On that occasion Mr. Albert Smith left the 'copy' of the opening of 'The Physiology of the London Medical Student.' The writers already named, with a few volunteers selected from the editor's box, filled the first volume, and belonged to the ante-'B. & E.' era of *Punch's* history. The proprietary had hitherto consisted of Messrs. Henry Mayhew, Lemon, Coyne, and Landells. The printer and publisher also held shares, and were treasurers. Although the popularity of *Punch* exceeded all expectation, the first volume ended in difficulties. From these storm-tossed seas *Punch* was rescued and brought into smooth water by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, who acquired the copyright and organised the staff. Then it was that Mr. Mark Lemon was appointed sole editor, a new office having been created for Mr. Henry Mayhew—that of Suggestor-in-Chief; Mr. Mayhew's contributions, and his felicity in inventing pictorial and in 'putting' verbal witticisms, having already set a deep mark upon *Punch's* success. The second volume started merrily. Mr. John Oxenford contributed his first *jeu d'esprit* in its final number on 'Herr Döbler and the Candle-Counter.' Mr. Thackeray commenced his connection in the beginning of the third volume with 'Miss Tickletoby's Lectures on English History,' illustrated by himself. A few weeks later a handsome young student returned from Germany. He was heartily welcomed by his brother, Mr. Henry Mayhew, and then by the rest of the fraternity. Mr. Horace Mayhew's diploma joke consisted, I believe, of 'Questions addressées au Grand Concours aux Elèves d'Anglais du Collége St. Badaud, dans le Département de la Haute Cockaigne' (vol. iii., p. 89). Mr. Richard Doyle, Mr. Tenniel, Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Tom Taylor, and the younger celebrities who now keep *Mr. Punch* in vigorous and jovial vitality, joined his establishment after some of the birth-mates had been drafted off to graver literary and other tasks."

Mr. Mark Lemon remained editor of *Punch* from 1841 till 1870, when he died. Mr. Gilbert à Beckett died at Boulogne in 1856. This most accomplished and gifted writer succeeded in the more varied kinds of composition, turning with extraordinary rapidity from a *Times* leader to a *Punch* epigram.

A pamphlet attributed to Mr. Blanchard conveys, after all, the most minute account of the origin of *Punch*. A favourite story of the literary gossipers who have made *Mr. Punch* their subject from time to time, says the writer, is that he was born in a tavern parlour. The idea usually presented to the public is, that a little society of great men used to meet together in a private room in a tavern close to Drury Lane Theatre—the "Crown Tavern," in Vinegar Yard. The truth is this :—

In the year 1841 there was a printing-office in a court running out of Fleet Street—No. 3, Crane Court—wherein was carried on the business of Mr. William Last. It was here that *Punch* first saw the light. The house, by the way, enjoys besides a distinction of a different kind—that of being the birthplace of "Parr's Life Pills;" for Mr. Herbert Ingram, who had not at that time launched the *Illustrated London News*, nor become a member of Parliament, was then introducing that since celebrated medicine to the public, and for that purpose had rented some rooms on the premises of his friend Mr. Last.

The circumstance which led to *Punch's* birth was simple enough. In June, 1841, Mr. Last called upon Mr. Alfred Mayhew, then in the office of his father, Mr. Joshua Mayhew, the well-known solicitor, of Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mr. Mayhew was Mr. Last's legal adviser, and Mr. Last was well acquainted with several of his sons. Upon the occasion in question Mr. Last made some inquiries of Mr. Alfred Mayhew concerning his brother Henry, and his occupation at the time. Mr. Henry Mayhew had, even at his then early age, a reputation for the high abilities which he afterwards developed, had already experience in various departments of literature, and had exercised his projective and inventive faculties in various ways. If his friends had heard nothing of him for a few months, they usually found that he had a new design in hand, which was, however, in many cases, of a more original than practical character. Mr. Henry Mayhew, as it appeared from his brother Alfred's reply, was not at that time engaged in any new effort of his creative genius, and would be open to a proposal for active service.

Having obtained Mr. Henry Mayhew's address, which was in Clement's Inn, Mr. Last called upon that gentleman on the following morning, and opened to him a proposal for a comic and satirical journal. Henry Mayhew readily entertained the idea, and the next question was, "Can you get up a staff?" Henry Mayhew mentioned his friend Mark Lemon as a good commencement; and the pair proceeded to call upon that gentleman, who was living, not far off, in Newcastle Street, Strand. The almost immediate result was the starting of *Punch*.

At a meeting at the "Edinburgh Castle" Mr. Mark Lemon drew up the original prospectus. It was at first intended to call the new publication "The Funny Dog," or "Funny Dog, with Comic Tales," and from the first the subsidiary title of the "London Charivari" was agreed upon. At a subsequent meeting at the printing-office, some one made some allusion to the "Punch," and some joke about the "Lemon" in it. Henry Mayhew, with his usual electric quickness, at once flew at the idea, and cried out, "A good thought; we'll call it *Punch*." It was then remembered that, years before, Douglas Jerrold had edited a *Penny Punch* for Mr. Duncombe, of Middle Row, Holborn, but this was thought no objection, and the new name was carried by acclamation. It was agreed that there should be four proprietors—Messrs. Last, Landells, Lemon, and Mayhew. Last was to supply the printing, Landells the engraving, and Lemon and Mayhew were to be co-editors. George Hodder, with his usual good-nature, at once secured Mr. Percival Leigh as a contributor, and Leigh brought in his friend Mr. John Leech, and Leech brought in Albert Smith. Mr. Henning designed the cover. When Last had sunk £600, he sold it to Bradbury & Evans, on receiving the amount of his then outstanding liabilities. At the transfer, Henning and Newman both retired, Mr. Coyne and Mr. Grattan seldom contributed, and Messrs. Mayhew and Landells also seceded.

Mr. Hine, the artist, remained with *Punch* for many years; and among other artistic contributors who "came and went," to use Mr. Blanchard's own words, we must mention Birket Foster, Alfred Crowquill, Lee, Hamerton, John Gilbert, William Harvey, and Kenny Meadows, the last of whom illustrated one of Jerrold's earliest series, "Punch's Letters to His Son." *Punch's Almanac* for 1841 was concocted for the greater part by Dr. Maginn, who was then in the Fleet Prison, where Thackeray has drawn him, in the character of Captain Shandon, writing the famous prospectus for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The earliest hits of *Punch* were Douglas Jerrold's articles signed "J." and Gilbert à Beckett's "Adventures of Mr. Briefless." In October, 1841, Mr. W. H. Wills, afterwards working editor of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, commenced "Punch's Guide to the Watering-Places." In January, 1842, Albert Smith commenced his lively "Physiology of London Evening Parties," which were illustrated by Newman; and he wrote the "Physiology of the London Idler," which Leech illustrated. In the third volume, Jerrold commenced "Punch's Letters to His Son;" and in the fourth volume, his "Story of a Feather;" Albert Smith's "Side-Scenes of Society" carried on the social dissections of the comic physiologist, and à Beckett began his "Heathen Mythology," and created the character of "Jenkins," the supposed fashionable correspondent of the *Morning Post*. *Punch* had begun his career by ridiculing Lord Melbourne; he now attacked Brougham, for his temporary subservience to Wellington; and Sir

James Graham came also in for a share of the rod; and the *Morning Herald* and *Standard* were christened "Mrs. Gamp" and "Mrs. Harris," as old-fogyish opponents of Peel and the Free-Traders. A Beckett's "Comic Blackstone" proved a great hit, from its daring originality; and incessant jokes were squibbed off on Lord John Russell, Prince Albert (for his military tailoring), Mr. Silk Buckingham and Lord William Lennox, Mr. Samuel Carter Hall and Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. Tennyson once, and once only, wrote for *Punch*, a reply to Lord Lytton (then Mr. Bulwer), who had coarsely attacked him in his "New Timon," where he had spoken flippantly of

> "A quaint farrago of absurd conceits,
> Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats."

The epigram ended with these bitter and contemptuous lines,—

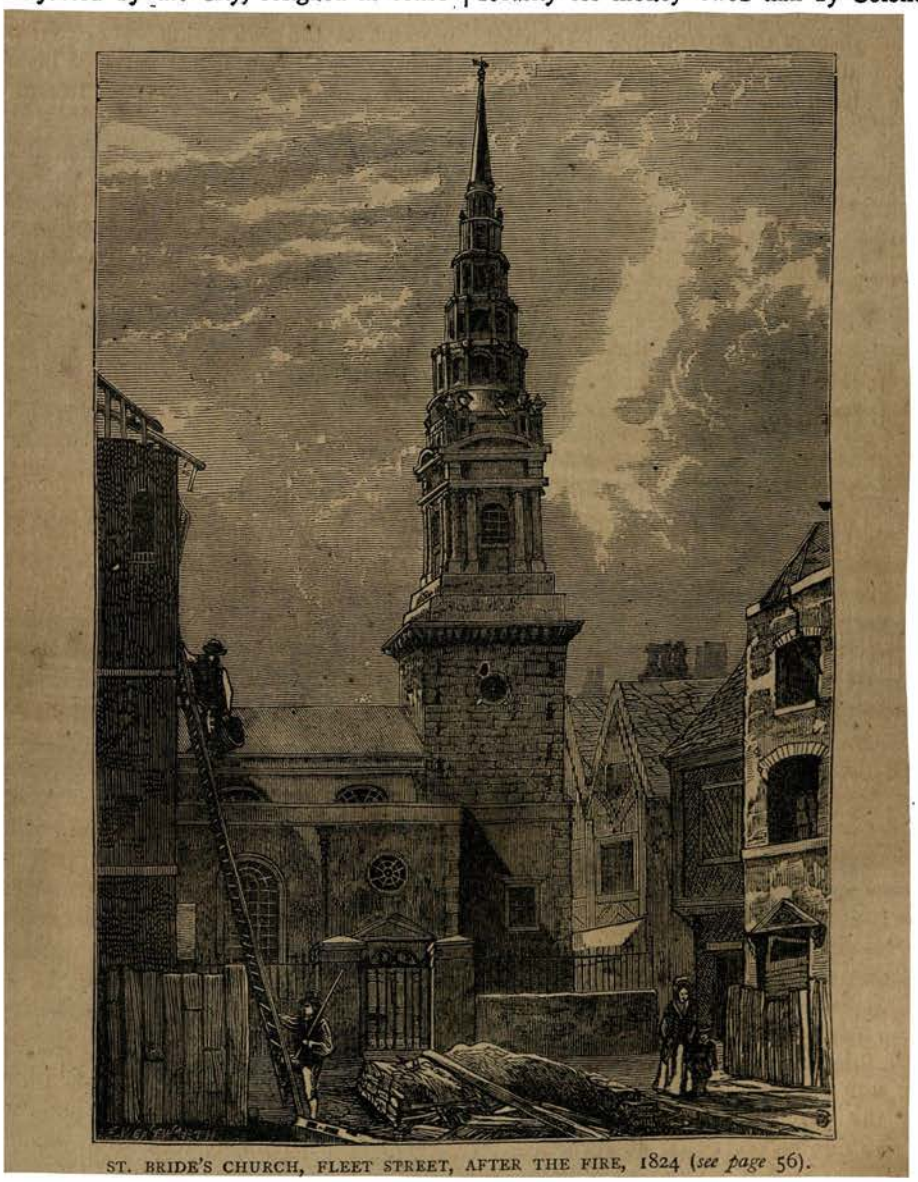
> "A Timon you? Nay, nay, for shame!
> It looks too arrogant a jest—
> That fierce old man—to take his name,
> You bandbox! Off, and let him rest."

Albert Smith left *Punch* many years before his death. In 1845, on his return from the East, Mr. Thackeray began his "Jeames's Diary," and became a regular contributor. Gilbert à Beckett was now beginning his "Comic History of England" and Douglas Jerrold his inimitable "Caudle Lectures." Thomas Hood occasionally contributed, but his immortal "Song of the Shirt" was his *chef-d'œuvre.* Coventry Patmore contributed once to *Punch;* his verses denounced General Pellisier and his cruelty at the caves of Dahra. Laman Blanchard occasionally wrote; his best poem was one on the marriage and temporary retirement of charming Mrs. Nisbett. In 1846 Thackeray's "Snobs of England" was highly successful. Richard Doyle's "Manners and Customs of ye English" brought *Punch* much increase. The present cover of *Punch* is by Doyle, who, being a zealous Roman Catholic, eventually left *Punch* when it began to ridicule the Pope and condemn Papal aggression. *Punch* in his time has had his raps, but not many and not hard ones. Poor Angus B. Reach (whose mind went early in life), with Albert Smith and Shirley Brooks, ridiculed *Punch* in the *Man in the Moon*, and in 1847 the Poet Bunn—"Hot, cross Bunn"—provoked at incessant attacks on his operatic verses, hired a man of letters to write "A Word with *Punch*," and a few smart personalities soon silenced the jester. "Towards 1848," says Mr. Blanchard, "Douglas Jerrold, then writing plays and editing a magazine, began to write less for *Punch*." In 1857 he died. Among the later additions to the staff were Mr. Tom Taylor and Mr. Shirley Brooks.

The *Dispatch* (No. 139, north) was established by Mr. Bell, in 1801. Moving from Bride Lane to Newcastle Street, and thence to Wine Office Court, it settled down in the present locality in 1824. Mr. Bell was an energetic man, and the paper succeeded in obtaining a good position; but he was not a man of large capital, and other persons had shares in the property. In consequence of difficulties between the proprietors there were at one time three *Dispatches* in the field—Bell's, Kent's, and Duckett's; but the two last-mentioned were short-lived, and Mr. Bell maintained his position. Bell's was a sporting paper, with many columns devoted to pugilism, and a woodcut exhibiting two boxers ready for an encounter. But the editor (says a story more or less authentic), Mr. Samuel Smith, who had obtained his post by cleverly reporting a fight near Canterbury, one day received a severe thrashing from a famous member of the ring. This changed the editor's opinions as to the propriety of boxing—at any-rate pugilism was repudiated by the *Dispatch* about 1829; and boxing, from the *Dispatch* point of view, was henceforward treated as a degrading and brutal amusement, unworthy of our civilisation.

Mr. Harmer (afterwards Alderman), a solicitor in extensive practice in Old Bailey cases, became connected with the paper about the time when the Fleet Street office was established, and contributed capital, which soon bore fruit. The success was so great, that for many years the *Dispatch* as a property was inferior only to the *Times*. It became famous for its letters on political subjects. The original "Publicola" was Mr. Williams, a violent and coarse but very vigorous and popular writer. He wrote weekly for about sixteen or seventeen years, and after his death the signature was assumed by Mr. Fox, the famous orator and member for Oldham. Other writers also borrowed the well-known signature. Eliza Cooke wrote in the *Dispatch* in 1836, at first signing her poems "E." and "E. C."; but in the course of the following year her name appeared in full. She contributed a poem weekly for several years, relinquishing her connection with the paper in 1850. Afterwards, in 1869, when the property changed hands, she wrote two or three poems. Under the signature "Caustic," Mr. Serle, the dramatic author and editor, contributed a weekly letter for about twenty-seven years; and from 1856 till 1869 was editor-in-chief. In 1841-42 the *Dispatch* had a hard-fought duel with the *Times*. "Publicola" wrote a series of letters, which had the effect of preventing the

election of Mr. Walter for Southwark. The *Times* retaliated when the time came for Alderman Harmer to succeed to the lord mayoralty. Day after day the *Times* returned to the attack, denouncing the *Dispatch* as an infidel paper; and Alderman Harmer, rejected by the City, resigned in consequence his aldermanic gown. In 1857 the *Dispatch* commenced the publication of its famous "Atlas," giving away a good map weekly for about five years. The price was reduced from fivepence to twopence, at the beginning of 1869, and to a penny in 1870.



ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET, AFTER THE FIRE, 1824 (*see page* 56).

The *Daily Telegraph* office is No. 136 (north). Mr. Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, originated a paper called the *Telegraph*, which lasted only seven or eight weeks. The present *Daily Telegraph* was started on June 29, 1855, by the late Colonel Sleigh. It was a single sheet, and the price twopence. Colonel Sleigh failing to make it a success, Mr. Levy, the present chief proprietor of the paper, took the copyright as part security for money owed him by Colonel Sleigh. In Mr. Levy's hands the paper, reduced to a penny, became a great success. "It was," says Mr. Grant, in his "History of the Newspaper Press," "the first of the penny papers, while a single sheet, and as such was regarded as a newspaper marvel; but when it came out—which it did soon after the *Standard*—as a double sheet the size of the *Times*, published at fourpence, for a penny, it created quite a sensation. Here was a penny paper, containing

not only the same amount of telegraphic and general information as the other high-priced papers—their price being then fourpence—but also evidently written, in its leading article department, with an ability which could only be surpassed by that of the leading articles of the *Times* itself. This was indeed a new era in the morning journalism of the metropolis." When Mr. Levy bought the *Telegraph*, the sum which he received for advertisements in the first number was exactly 7*s.* 6*d.* The daily receipts for advertisements are now said to exceed £500. Mr. Grant says that the remission of the tax on paper brought £12,000 a year extra to the *Telegraph*. Ten pages for a penny is no uncommon thing with the *Telegraph* during the Parliamentary session. The returns of sales given by the *Telegraph* for the half-year ending 1870 show an average daily sale of 190,885; and though this was war time, a competent authority estimates the average daily sale at 175,000 copies. One of the printing-machines recently set up by the proprietors of the *Telegraph* throws off upwards of 200 copies per minute, or 12,000 an hour.

WAITHMAN'S SHOP (*see page* 66).

The "Globe Tavern" (No. 134, north), though now only a memory, abounds with traditions of Goldsmith and his motley friends. The house, in 1649, was leased to one Henry Hottersall for forty-one years, at the yearly rent of £75, ten gallons of Canary sack, and £400 fine. Mr. John Forster gives a delightful sketch of Goldsmith's Wednesday evening club at the "Globe," in 1767. When not at Johnson's great club, Oliver beguiled his cares at a shilling rubber club at the "Devil Tavern," or at a humble gathering in the parlour of the "Bedford," Covent Garden. A hanger-on of the theatres, who frequented the "Globe," has left notes which Mr. Forster has admirably used, and which we now abridge without further apology. Grim old Macklin belonged to the club it is certain; and among the less obscure members was King, the comedian, the celebrated impersonator of Lord Ogleby. Hugh Kelly, another member, was a clever young Irishman, who had chambers near Goldsmith in the Temple. He had been a stay-maker's apprentice, who, turning law writer, and soon landing as a hack for the magazines, set up as a satirist for the stage, and eventually,

through Garrick's patronage, succeeded in sentimental comedy. It was of him Johnson said, "Sir, I never desire to converse with a man who has written more than he has read." Poor Kelly afterwards went to the Bar, and died of disappointment and over-work. A third member was Captain Thompson, a friend of Garrick's, who wrote some good sea songs and edited "Andrew Marvell;" but foremost among all the boon companions was a needy Irish doctor named Glover, who had appeared on the stage, and who was said to have restored to life a man who had been hung; this Glover, who was famous for his songs and imitations, once had the impudence, like Theodore Hook, to introduce Goldsmith, during a summer ramble in Hampstead, to a party where he was an entire stranger, and to pass himself off as a friend of the host. "Our Dr. Glover," says Goldsmith, "had a constant levee of his distressed countrymen, whose wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved." Gordon, the fattest man in the club, was renowned for his jovial song of "Nottingham Ale;" and on special occasions Goldsmith himself would sing his favourite nonsense about the little old woman who was tossed seventeen times higher than the moon. A fat pork-butcher at the "Globe" used to offend Goldsmith by constantly shouting out, "Come, Noll, here's my service to you, old boy." After the success of *The Good-natured Man*, this coarse familiarity was more than Goldsmith's vanity could bear, so one special night he addressed the butcher with grave reproof. The stolid man, taking no notice, replied briskly, "Thankee, Mister Noll." "Well, where is the advantage of your reproof?" asked Glover. "In truth," said Goldsmith, good-naturedly, "I give it up; I ought to have known before that there is no putting a pig in the right way." Sometimes rather cruel tricks were played on the credulous poet. One evening Goldsmith came in clamorous for his supper, and ordered chops. Directly the supper came in, the wags, by pre-agreement, began to sniff and swear. Some pushed the plate away; others declared the rascal who had dared set such chops before a gentleman should be made to swallow them himself. The waiter was savagely rung up, and forced to eat the supper, to which he consented with well-feigned reluctance, the poet calmly ordering a fresh supper and a dram for the poor waiter, "who otherwise might get sick from so nauseating a meal." Poor Goldy! kindly even at his most foolish moments. A sadder story still connects Goldsmith with the "Globe." Ned Purdon, a worn-out booksellers' hack and a *protégé* of Goldsmith's, dropped down dead in Smithfield. Goldsmith wrote his epitaph as he came from his chambers in the Temple to the "Globe." The lines are:—

> "Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
> Who long was a booksellers' hack;
> He led such a miserable life in this world,
> I don't think he'll wish to come back."

Goldsmith sat next Glover that night at the club, and Glover heard the poet repeat, *sotto voce*, with a mournful intonation, the words,—

> "I don't think he'll wish to come back."

Oliver was musing over his own life, and Mr. Forster says touchingly, "It is not without a certain pathos to me, indeed, that he should have so repeated it."

Among other frequenters of the "Globe" were Boswell's friend Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, who always thought it prudent never to return home till daybreak; and William Woodfall, the celebrated Parliamentary reporter. In later times Brasbridge, the sporting silversmith of Fleet Street, was a frequenter of the club. He tells us that among his associates was a surgeon, who, living on the Surrey side of the Thames, had to take a boat every night (Blackfriar's Bridge not being then built). This nightly navigation cost him three or four shillings a time, yet, when the bridge came, he grumbled at having to pay a penny toll. Among other frequenters of the "Globe," Mr. Timbs enumerates "Archibald Hamilton, whose mind was 'fit for a lord chancellor;' Dunstall, the comedian; Carnan, the bookseller, who defeated the Stationers' Company in the almanack trial; and, later still, the eccentric Hugh Evelyn, who set up a claim upon the great Surrey estate of Sir Frederic Evelyn."

The *Standard* (No. 129, north), "the largest daily paper," was originally an evening paper alone. In 1826 a deputation of the leading men opposed to Catholic Emancipation waited on Mr. Charles Baldwin, proprietor of the *St. James's Chronicle*, and begged him to start an anti-Catholic evening paper, but Mr. Baldwin refused unless a preliminary sum of £15,000 was lodged at the banker's. A year later this sum was deposited, and in 1827 the *Evening Standard*, edited by Dr. Giffard, ex-editor of the *St. James's Chronicle*, appeared. Mr. Alaric Watts, the poet, was succeeded as sub-editor of the *Standard* by the celebrated Dr. Maginn. The daily circulation soon rose from 700 or 800 copies to 3,000 and over. The profits Mr. Grant calculates at £7,000 to £8,000 a year. On the bankruptcy of Mr. Charles Baldwin, Mr. James Johnson bought the *Morning Herald* and *Standard*, plant and all, for £16,500. The new

proprietor reduced the *Standard* from fourpence to twopence, and made it a morning as well as an evening paper. In 1858 he reduced it to a penny only. The result was a great success. The annual income of the *Standard* is now, Mr. Grant says, "much exceeding yearly the annual incomes of most of the ducal dignities of the land." The legend of the Duke of Newcastle presenting Dr. Giffard, in 1827, with £1,200 for a violent article against Roman Catholic claims, has been denied by Dr. Giffard's son in the *Times*. The Duke of Wellington once wrote to Dr. Giffard to dictate the line the *Standard* and *Morning Herald* were to adopt on a certain question during the agitation on the Maynooth Bill; and Dr. Giffard withdrew his opposition to please Sir Robert Peel—a concession which injured the *Standard*. Yet in the following year, when Sir Robert Peel brought in his Bill for the abolition of the corn laws, he did not even pay Dr. Giffard the compliment of apprising him of his intention. Such is official gratitude when a tool is done with.

Near Shoe Lane lived one of Caxton's disciples. Wynkyn de Worde, who is supposed to have been one of Caxton's assistants or workmen, was a native of Lorraine. He carried on a prosperous career, says Dibdin, from 1502 to 1534, at the sign of the "Sun," in the parish of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. In upwards of four hundred works published by this industrious man he displayed unprecedented skill, elegance, and care, and his Gothic type was considered a pattern for his successors. The books that came from his press were chiefly grammars, romances, legends of the saints, and fugitive poems; he never ventured on an English New Testament, nor was any drama published bearing his name. His great patroness, Margaret, the mother of Henry VII., seems to have had little taste to guide De Worde in his selection, for he never reprinted the works of Chaucer or of Gower; nor did his humble patron, Robert Thorney, the mercer, lead him in a better direction. De Worde filled his black-letter books with rude engravings, which he used so indiscriminately that the same cut often served for books of a totally opposite character. By some writers De Worde is considered to be the first introducer of Roman letters into this country; but the honour of that mode of printing is now generally claimed by Pynson, a contemporary. Among other works published by De Worde were "The Ship of Fools," that great satire that was so long popular in England; Mandeville's lying "Travels;" "La Morte d'Arthur" (from which Tennyson has derived so much inspiration); "The Golden Legend;" and those curious treatises on "Hunting, Hawking, and Fishing," partly written by Johanna Berners, a prioress of St. Alban's. In De Worde's "Collection of Christmas Carols" we find the words of that fine old song, still sung annually at Queen's College, Oxford,—

> "The boar's head in hand bring I,
> With garlands gay and rosemary.

De Worde also published some writings of Erasmus. The old printer was buried in the parish church of St. Bride's, before the high altar of St. Katherine; and he left land to the parish so that masses should be said for his soul. To his servants, not forgetting his bookbinder, Nowel, in Shoe Lane, he bequeathed books. De Worde lived near the Conduit, a little west of Shoe Lane. This conduit, which was begun in the year 1439 by Sir William Estfielde, a former Lord Mayor, and finished in 1471, was, according to Stow's account, a stone tower, with images of St. Christopher on the top and angels, who, on sweet-sounding bells, hourly chimed a hymn with hammers, thus anticipating the wonders of St. Dunstan's. These London conduits were great resorts for the apprentices, whom their masters sent with big leather and metal jugs to bring home the daily supply of water. Here these noisy, quarrelsome young rascals stayed to gossip, idle, and fight. At the coronation of Anne Boleyn this conduit was newly painted, all the arms and angels refreshed, and "the music melodiously sounding." Upon the conduit was raised a tower with four turrets, and in every turret stood one of the cardinal virtues, promising never to leave the queen, while, to the delight and wonder of thirsty citizens, the taps ran with claret and red wine. Fleet Street, according to Mr. Noble, was supplied with water in the Middle Ages from the conduit at Marylebone and the holy wells of St. Clement's and St. Bridget's. The tradition is that the latter well was drained dry for the supply of the coronation banquet of George IV. As early as 1358 the inhabitants of Fleet Street complained of aqueduct pipes bursting and flooding their cellars, upon which they were allowed the privilege of erecting a pent-house over an aqueduct opposite the tavern of John Walworth, and near the house of the Bishop of Salisbury. In 1478 a Fleet Street wax-chandler, having been detected tapping the conduit pipes for his own use, was sentenced to ride through the City with a vessel shaped like a conduit on his felonious head; and the City crier walking before him to proclaim his offence.

The "Castle Tavern," mentioned as early as 1432, stood at the south-west corner of Shoe Lane. Here the Clockmakers' Company held their

meetings before the Great Fire, and in 1708 the "Castle" possessed the largest sign in London. Early in the last century, says Mr. Noble, its proprietor was Alderman Sir John Task, a wine merchant, who died in 1735 (George II.), worth, it was understood, a quarter of a million of money.

The *Morning Advertiser* (No. 127, north) was established in 1794, by the Society of Licensed Victuallers, on the mutual benefit society principle. Every member is bound to take in the paper and is entitled to a share in its profits. Members unsuccessful in business become pensioners on the funds of the institution. The paper, which took the place of the *Daily Advertiser*, and was the suggestion of Mr. Grant, a master printer, was an immediate success. Down to 1850 the *Morning Advertiser* circulated chiefly in public-houses and coffee-houses at the rate of nearly 5,000 copies a day. But in 1850, the circulation beginning to decline, the committee resolved to enlarge the paper to the size of the *Times*, and Mr. James Grant was appointed editor. The profits now increased, and the paper found its way to the clubs. The late Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster contributed to the *Advertiser;* and the letters signed "An Englishman" excited much interest. This paper has always been Liberal. Mr. Grant remained the editor for twenty years.

No. 91 (south side) was till lately the office of that old-established paper, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*. Mr. Bell, the spirited publisher who founded this paper, is delightfully sketched by Leigh Hunt in his autobiography.

"About the period of my writing the above essays," he says, in his easy manner, "circumstances introduced me to the acquaintance of Mr. Bell, the proprietor of the *Weekly Messenger*. In his house, in the Strand, I used to hear of politics and dramatic criticisms, and of the persons who wrote them. Mr. Bell had been well known as a bookseller and a speculator in elegant typography. It is to him the public are indebted for the small editions of the poets that preceded Cooke's. Bell was, upon the whole, a remarkable person. He was a plain man, with a red face and a nose exaggerated by intemperance; and yet there was something not unpleasing in his countenance, especially when he spoke. He had sparkling black eyes, a good-natured smile, gentlemanly manners, and one of the most agreeable voices I ever heard. He had no acquirements—perhaps not even grammar; but his taste in putting forth a publication and getting the best artists to adorn it was new in those times, and may be admired in any. Unfortunately for Mr. Bell, the Prince of Wales, to whom he was bookseller, once did him the honour to partake of an entertainment or refreshment (I forget which—most probably the latter) at his house. He afterwards became a bankrupt. After his bankruptcy he set up a newspaper, which became profitable to everybody but himself."*

No. 93, Fleet Street (south side) is endeared to us by its connection with Charles Lamb. At that number, in 1823, that great humorist, the king of all London clerks that ever were or will be, published his "Elia," a collection of essays immortal as the language, full of quaint and tender thoughts and gleaming with cross-lights of humour as shot silk does with interchanging colours. In 1821, when the first editor was shot in a duel, the *London Magazine* fell into the hands of Messrs. Taylor & Hessey, of No. 93; but they published the excellent periodical and gave their "magazine dinners" at their publishing house in Waterloo Place.

Mr. John Scott, a man of great promise, the editor of the *London* for the first publishers—Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy—met with a very tragic death in 1821. The duel in which he fell arose from a quarrel between the men on the *London* and the clever but bitter and unscrupulous writers in *Blackwood*, started in 1817. Lockhart, who had cruelly maligned Leigh Hunt and his set (the "Cockney School," as the Scotch Tories chose to call them), was sharply attacked in the *London*. Fiery and vindictive Lockhart flew at once up to town, and angrily demanded from Mr. Scott, the editor, an explanation, an apology, or a meeting. Mr. Scott declined giving an apology unless Mr. Lockhart would first deny that he was editor of *Blackwood*. Lockhart refused to give this denial, and retorted by expressing a mean opinion of Mr. Scott's courage. Lockhart and Scott both printed contradictory versions of the quarrel, which worked up till at last Mr. Christie, a friend of Lockhart's, challenged Scott; and they met at Chalk Farm by moonlight on February 16th, at nine o'clock at night, attended by their seconds and surgeons, in the old business-like, bloodthirsty way. The first time Mr. Christie did not fire at Mr. Scott, a fact of which Mr. Patmore, the author, Scott's second, with most blamable indiscretion, did not inform his principal. At the second fire Christie's ball struck Scott just above the right hip, and he

* An intelligent compositor (Mr. J. P. S. Bicknell), who has been a noter of curious passages in his time, informs me that Bell was the first printer who confined the small letter. "s" to its present shape, and rejected altogether the older form "ſ."

fell. He lingered till the 27th. It was said at the time that Hazlitt, perhaps unintentionally, had driven Scott to fight by indirect taunts. "I don't pretend," Hazlitt is reported to have said, "to hold the principles of honour which you hold. I would neither give nor accept a challenge. You hold the opinions of the world; with you it is different. As for me, it would be nothing. I do not think as you and the world think," and so on. Poor Scott, not yet forty, had married the pretty daughter of Colnaghi, the print-seller in Pall Mall, and left two children.

For the five years it lasted, perhaps no magazine —not even the mighty *Maga* itself—ever drew talent towards it with such magnetic attraction. In Mr. Barry Cornwall's delightful memoir of his old friend Lamb, written when the writer was in his seventy-third year, he has summarised the writers on the *London*, and shown how deep and varied was the intellect brought to bear on its production. First of all he mentions poor Scott, a shrewd, critical, rather hasty man, who wrote essays on Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Godwin, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt, his wonderful contemporaries, in a fruitful age. Hazlitt, glowing and capricious, produced the twelve essays of his "Table Talk," many dramatic articles, and papers on Beckford's Fonthill, the Angerstein pictures, and the Elgin marbles—pages wealthy with thought. Lamb contributed in three years all the matchless essays of "Elia." Mr. Thomas Carlyle, then only a promising young Scotch philosopher, wrote several articles on the "Life and Writings of Schiller." Mr. de Quincey, that subtle thinker and bitter Tory, contributed his wonderful "Confessions of an Opium-Eater." That learned and amiable man, the Rev. H. F. Cary, the translator of Dante, wrote several interesting notices of early French poets. Allan Cunningham, the vigorous Scottish bard, sent the romantic "Tales of Lyddal Cross" and a series of papers styled "Traditional Literature." Mr. John Poole—recently deceased, 1872—(the author of *Paul Pry* and that humorous novel, "Little Pedlington," which is supposed to have furnished Mr. Charles Dickens with some suggestions for "Pickwick") wrote burlesque imitations of contemporaneous dramatic writers—Morton, Dibdin, Reynolds, Moncrieff, &c. Mr. J. H. Reynolds wrote, under the name of Henry Herbert, notices of contemporaneous events, such as a scene at the Cockpit, the trial of Thurtell (a very powerful article), &c. That delightful punster and humorist, with pen or pencil, Tom Hood, sent to the *London* his first poems of any ambition or length—"Lycus the Centaur," and "The Two Peacocks of Bedfont." Keats, "that sleepless soul that perished in its pride," and Montgomery, both contributed poems. Sir John Bowring, the accomplished linguist, wrote on Spanish poetry. Mr. Henry Southern, the editor of that excellent work the *Retrospective Review*, contributed "The Conversations of Lord Byron." Mr. Walter Savage Landor, that very original and eccentric thinker, published in the extraordinary magazine one of his admirable "Imaginary Conversations." Mr. Julius (afterwards Archdeacon) Hare reviewed the robust works of Landor. Mr. Elton contributed graceful translations from Catullus, Propertius, &c. Even among the lesser contributors there were very eminent writers, not forgetting Barry Cornwall, Hartley Coleridge, John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant poet; and Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet. Nor must we omit that strange contrast to these pure-hearted and wise men, "Janus Weathercock" (Wainwright), the polished villain who murdered his young niece and most probably several other friends and relations, for the money insured upon their lives. This gay and evil being, by no means a dull writer upon art and the drama, was much liked by Lamb and the Russell Street set. The news of his cold-blooded crimes (transpiring in 1837) seem to have struck a deep horror among all the scoundrel's fashionable associates. Although when arrested in France it was discovered that Wainwright habitually carried strychnine about with him, he was only tried for forgery, and for that offence transported for life.

A fine old citizen of the last century, Joseph Brasbridge, who published his memoirs, kept a silversmith's shop at No. 98, several doors from Alderman Waithman's. At one time Brasbridge confesses he divided his time between the tavern club, the card party, the hunt, and the fight, and left his shop to be looked after by others, whilst he decided on the respective merits of Humphries and Mendoza, Cribb and Big Ben. Among Brasbridge's early customers were the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Argyle, and other men of rank, and he glories in having once paid an elaborate compliment to Lady Hamilton. The most curious story in Brasbridge's "Fruits of Experience" is the following, various versions of which have been paraphrased by modern writers. A surgeon in Gough Square had purchased for dissection the body of a man who had been hanged at Tyburn. The servant girl, wishing to look at the corpse, stole upstairs in the doctor's absence, and, to her horror, found the body sitting up on the board, wondering where it was. The girl almost

threw herself down the stairs in her fright. The surgeon, on learning of the resuscitation of his subject, humanely concealed the man in the house till he could fit him out for America. The fellow proved as clever and industrious as he was grateful, and having amassed a fortune, he eventually left it all to his benefactor. The sequel is still more curious. The surgeon dying some years after, his heirs were advertised for. A shoemaker at Islington eventually established a claim and inherited the money. Mean in prosperity, the *ci-devant* shoemaker then refused to pay the lawyer's bill, and, moreover, called him a rogue. The enraged lawyer replied, "I have put you into possession of this property by my exertions, now I will spend £100 out of my own pocket to take it away again, for you are not deserving of it." The lawyer accordingly advertised again for the surgeon's nearest of kin; Mr. Willcocks, a bookseller in the Strand, then came forward, and deposed that his wife and her mother, he remembered, used to visit the surgeon in Gough Square. On inquiry Mrs. Willcocks was proved the next of kin, and the base shoemaker returned to his last. The lucky Mr. Willcocks was the good-natured bookseller who lent Johnson and Garrick, when they first came up to London to seek their fortunes, £5 on their joint note.

ALDERMAN WAITHMAN, FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT (*see page* 68).

Nos. 103 (now the *Sunday Times* office) and 104 were the shop of that bustling politician Alderman Waithman; and to his memory was erected the obelisk on the site of his first shop, formerly the north-west end of Fleet Market. Waithman, according to Mr. Timbs, had a genius for the stage, and especially shone as Macbeth. He was uncle to John Reeve, the comic actor. Cobbett, who hated Waithman, has left a portrait of the alderman, written in his usual racy English. "Among these

persons," he says, talking of the Princess Caroline agitation, in 1813, "there was a common councilman named Robert Waithman, a man who for many years had taken a conspicuous part in the politics of the City; a man not destitute of the powers of utterance, and a man of sound principles also. But a man so enveloped, so completely swallowed up by self-conceit, who, though perfectly illiterate, though unable to give to three consecutive sentences a grammatical construction, talking about rotten boroughs and parliamentary reform. But all in vain. Then rose cries of 'No, no! the address—the address!' which appear to have stung him to the quick. His face, which was none of the whitest, assumed a ten times darker die. His look was furious, while he uttered the words, 'I am sorry that my well-weighed opinions are in opposition to the general sentiment so hastily adopted; but I hope the Livery will consider the necessity of preserving its character

GROUP AT HARDHAM'S TOBACCO SHOP (*see page* 69).

seemed to look upon himself as the first orator, the first writer, and the first statesman of the whole world. He had long been the cock of the Democratic party in the City; he was a great speech-maker; could make very free with facts, and when it suited his purpose could resort to as foul play as most men." According to Cobbett, who grows more than usually virulent on the occasion, Waithman, vexed that Alderman Wood had been the first to propose an address of condolence to the Princess at the Common Council, opposed it, and was defeated. As Cobbett says, "He then checked himself, endeavoured to recover his ground, floundered about got some applause by for purity and wisdom.'" On the appointed day the Princess was presented with the address, to the delight of the more zealous Radicals. The procession of more than one hundred carriages came back past Carlton House on their return from Kensington, the people groaning and hissing to torment the Regent.

Brasbridge, the Tory silversmith of Fleet Street, writes very contemptuously in his autobiography of Waithman. Sneering at his boast of reading, he says: "I own my curiosity was a little excited to know when and where he began his studies. It could not be in his shop in Fleet Market, for there he was too busily employed in attending to

the fishwomen and other ladies connected with the business of the market. Nor could it be at the corner of Fleet Street, where he was always no less assiduously engaged in ticketing his super-super calicoes at two and two pence, and cutting them off for two and twenty-pence." According to Brasbridge, Waithman made his first speech in 1792, in Founder's Hall, Lothbury, "called by some at that time the cauldron of sedition." Waithman was Lord Mayor in 1823–24, and was returned to Parliament five times for the City. The portrait of Waithman on page 66, and the view of his shop, page 61, are taken from pictures in Mr. Gardiner's magnificent collection.

A short biography of this civic orator will not be uninteresting:—Robert Waithman was born of humble parentage, at Wrexham, in North Wales. Becoming an orphan when only four months old, he was placed at the school of a Mr. Moore by his uncle, on whose death, about 1778, he obtained a situation at Reading, whence he proceeded to London, and entered into the service of a respectable linen-draper, with whom he continued till he became of age. He then entered into business at the south end of Fleet Market, whence, some years afterwards, he removed to the corner of New Bridge Street. He appears to have commenced his political career about 1792, at the oratorical displays made in admiration and imitation of the proceedings of the French revolutionists, at Founder's Hall, in Lothbury. In 1794 he brought forward a series of resolutions, at a common hall, animadverting upon the war with revolutionised France, and enforcing the necessity of a reform in Parliament. In 1796 he was first elected a member of the Common Council for the Ward of Farringdon Without, and became a very frequent speaker in that public body. It was supposed that Mr. Fox intended to have rewarded his political exertions by the place of Receiver-General of the Land Tax. In 1818, after having been defeated on several previous occasions, he was elected as one of the representatives in Parliament of the City of London, defeating the old member, Sir William Curtis.

Very shortly after, on the 4th of August, he was elected Alderman of his ward, on the death of Sir Charles Price, Bart. On the 25th of January, 1819, he made his maiden speech in Parliament, on the presentation of a petition praying for a revision of the criminal code, the existing [illegible] which he severely censured. At the [illegible] election of 1820 the friends of Sir William Curtis turned the tables upon him, Waithman being defeated. In this year, however, he attained the honour of the shrievalty; and in October, 1823, he was chosen Lord Mayor. In 1826 he stood another contest for the City, with better success. In 1830, 1831, and 1832 he obtained his re-election with difficulty; but in 1831 he suffered a severe disappointment in losing the chamberlainship, in the competition for which Sir James Shaw obtained a large majority of votes.

We subjoin the remarks made on his death by the editor of the *Times* newspaper:—"The magistracy of London has been deprived of one of its most respectable members, and the City of one of its most upright representatives. Everybody knows that Mr. Alderman Waithman has filled a large space in City politics; and most people who were acquainted with him will be ready to admit that, had his early education been better directed, or his early circumstances more favourable to his ambition, he might have become an important man in a wider and higher sphere. His natural parts, his political integrity, his consistency of conduct, and the energy and perseverance with which he performed his duties, placed him far above the common run of persons whose reputation is gained by their oratorical displays at meetings of the Common Council. In looking back at City proceedings for the last thirty-five or forty years, we find him always rising above his rivals as the steady and consistent advocate of the rights of his countrymen and the liberties and privileges of his fellow-citizens."

There is a curious story told of the Fleet Street crossing, opposite Waithman's corner. It was swept for years by an old black man named Charles M'Ghee, whose father had died in Jamaica at the age of 108. According to Mr. Noble, when he laid down his broom he sold his professional right for £1,000 (£100?). Retiring into private life much respected, he was always to be seen on Sundays at Rowland Hill's chapel. When in his seventy-third year his portrait was taken and hung in the parlour of the "Twelve Bells," Bride Lane. To Miss Waithman, who used to send him out soup and bread, he is, untruly, said to have left £7,000.

Mr. Diprose, in his "History of St. Clement," tells us more of this black sweeper. "Brutus Billy," or "Tim-buc-too," as he was generally called, lived in a passage leading from Stanhope Street into Drury Lane. He was a short, thick-set man, with his white-grey hair carefully brushed up into a toupee the fashion of his youth. He was found in his shop, as he called his crossing, in all weathers and was invariably civil. At night, after he had shut up shop (swept mud over his crossing), he carried round a basket of nuts and fruit to places of public entertainment, so that in time he laid by a considerable amount of money. Brutus Billy was

brimful of story and anecdote. He died in Chapel Court in 1854, in his eighty-seventh year. This worthy man was perhaps the model for Billy Waters, the negro beggar in *Tom and Jerry*, who is so indignant at the beggars' supper on seeing "a turkey without sassenges."

In Garrick's time John Hardham, the well-known tobacconist, opened a shop at No. 106. There, at the sign of the "Red Lion," Hardham's Highlander kept steady guard at a doorway through which half the celebrities of the day made their exits and entrances. His celebrated "No. 37" snuff was said, like the French millefleur, to be composed of a great number of ingredients, and Garrick in his kind way helped it into fashion by mentioning it favourably on the stage. Hardham, a native of Chichester, began life as a servant, wrote a comedy, acted, and at last became Garrick's "numberer," having a general's quick *coup d'œil* at gauging an audience, and so checking the money-takers. Garrick once became his security for a hundred pounds, but eventually Hardham grew rich, and died in 1772, bequeathing £22,289 to Chichester, 10 guineas to Garrick, and merely setting apart £10 for his funeral, only vain fools, as he said, spending more. We can fancy the great actors of that day seated on Hardham's tobacco-chests discussing the drollery of Foote or the vivacity of Clive.

"It has long been a source of inquiry," says a writer in the *City Press*, "whence the origin of the cognomen, 'No. 37,' to the celebrated snuff compounded still under the name of John Hardham, in Fleet Street. There is a tradition that Lord Townsend, on being applied to by Hardham, whom he patronised, to name the snuff, suggested the cabalistic number of 37, it being the exact number of a majority obtained in some proceedings in the Irish Parliament during the time he was Lord Lieutenant there, and which was considered a triumph for his Government. The dates, however, do not serve this theory, as Lord Townsend was not viceroy till the years 1767–72, when the snuff must have been well established in public fame and Hardham in the last years of his life. It has already been printed elsewhere that, on the famed snuff coming out in the first instance, David Garrick, hearing of it, called in Fleet Street, as he was wont frequently to do, and offered to bring it under the public notice in the most effectual manner, by introducing an incident in a new comedy then about to be produced by him, where he would, in his part in the play, offer another character a pinch of snuff, who would extol its excellence, whereupon Garrick arranged to continue the conversation by naming the snuff as the renowned '37 of John Hardham.' But the enigma, even now, is not solved; so we will, for what it may be worth, venture our own explanation. It is well known that in most of the celebrated snuffs before the public a great variety of qualities and descriptions of tobacco, and of various ages, are introduced. Hardham, like the rest, never told his secret how the snuff was made, but left it as a heritage to his successors. It is very probable, therefore, that the mystic figures, 37, we have quoted represented the number of qualities, growths, and description of the 'fragrant weed' introduced by him into his snuff, and may be regarded as a sort of appellative rebus, or conceit, founded thereon."*

But Hardham occupied himself in other ways than in the making of snuff and of money—for the Chichester youth had now grown wealthy—and in extending his circle of acquaintances amongst dramatists and players; he was abundantly distinguished for Christian charity, for, in the language of a contemporary writer, we find that "his deeds in that respect were extensive," and his bounty "was conveyed to many of the objects of it in the most delicate manner." From the same authority we find that Hardham once failed in business (we presume, as a lapidary) more creditably than he could have made a fortune by it. This spirit of integrity, which remained a remarkable feature in his character throughout life, induced him to be often resorted to by his wealthy patrons as trustee for the payment of their bounties to deserving objects; in many cases the patrons died before the recipients of their relief. With Hardham, however, this made no difference; the annuities once granted, although stopped by the decease of the donors, were paid ever after by Hardham so long as he lived; and his delicacy of feeling induced him even to persuade the recipients into the belief that they were still derived from the same source.

No. 102 (south) was opened as a shop, in 1719, by one Lockyer, who called it "Mount Pleasant." It then became a "saloop-house," where the poor purchased a beverage made out of sassafras chips. The proprietor, who began life, as Mr. Noble says, with half-a-crown, died in March, 1739, worth £1,000. Thomas Read was a later tenant. Charles Lamb mentions "saloop" in one of his essays, and says, "Palates otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegancies sup it up with avidity." Chimney-sweeps, beloved by Lamb, approved it, and eventually stalls were set up in the streets, as at present to reach even humbler customers.

* The real fact is, the famous snuff was merely called from the number of the drawer that held it.

CHAPTER VI.

FLEET STREET (NORTHERN TRIBUTARIES—SHOE LANE AND BELL YARD).

The Kit-Kat Club—The Toast for the Year—Little Lady Mary—Drunken John Sly—Garth's Patients—Club removed to Barn Elms—Steele at the "Trumpet"—Rogues' Lane—Murder—Beggars' Haunts—Thieves' Dens—Coiners—Theodore Hook in Hemp's Sponging-house—Pope in Bell Yard—Minor Celebrities—Apollo Court.

OPPOSITE Child's Bank, and almost within sound of the jingle of its gold, once stood Shire Lane, afterwards known as Lower Serle's Place. It latterly became a dingy, disreputable defile, where lawyers' clerks and the hangers-on of the law-courts were often allured and sometimes robbed; yet it had been in its day a place of great repute. In this lane the Kit-Kat, the great club of Queen Anne's reign, held its sittings, at the "Cat and Fiddle," the shop of a pastrycook named Christopher Kat. The house, according to local antiquaries, afterwards became the "Trumpet," a tavern mentioned by Steele in the *Tatler*, and latterly known as the "Duke of York." The Kit-Kats were originally Whig patriots, who, at the end of King William's reign, met in this out-of-the-way place to devise measures to secure the Protestant succession and keep out the pestilent Stuarts. Latterly they assembled for simple enjoyment; and there have been grave disputes as to whether the club took its name from the punning sign, the "Cat and Kit," or from the favourite pies which Christopher Kat had christened; and as this question will probably last the antiquaries another two centuries, we leave it alone. According to some verses by Arbuthnot, the chosen friend of Pope and Swift, the question was mooted even in his time, as if the very founders of the club had forgotten. Some think that the club really began with a weekly dinner given by Jacob Tonson, the great bookseller of Gray's Inn Lane, to his chief authors and patrons. This Tonson, one of the patriarchs of English booksellers, who published Dryden's "Virgil," purchased a share of Milton's works, and first made Shakespeare's works cheap enough to be accessible to the many, was secretary to the club from the commencement. An average of thirty-nine poets, wits, noblemen, and gentlemen formed the staple of the association. The noblemen were perhaps rather too numerous for that republican equality that should prevail in the best intellectual society; yet above all the dukes shine out Steele and Addison, the two great luminaries of the club. Among the Kit-Kat dukes was the great Marlborough; among the earls the poetic Dorset, the patron of Dryden and Prior; among the lords the wise Halifax; among the baronets bluff Sir Robert Walpole. Of the poets and wits there were Congreve, the most courtly of dramatists; Garth, the poetical physician—"well-natured Garth," as Pope somewhat awkwardly calls him; and Vanbrugh, the writer of admirable comedies. Dryden could hardly have seriously belonged to a Whig club; Pope was inadmissible as a Catholic, and Prior as a renegade. Latterly objectionable men pushed in, worst of all, Lord Mohun, a disreputable debauchee and duellist, afterwards run through by the Duke of Hamilton in Hyde Park, the duke himself perishing in the encounter. When Mohun, in a drunken pet, broke a gilded emblem off a club chair, respectable old Tonson predicted the downfall of the society, and said with a sigh, "The man who would do that would cut a man's throat." Sir Godfrey Kneller, the great Court painter of the reigns of William and Anne, was a member; and he painted for his friend Tonson the portraits of forty-two gentlemen of the Kit-Kat, including Dryden, who died a year after it started. The forty-two portraits, painted three-quarter size (hence called Kit-Kat), to suit the walls of Tonson's villa at Barn Elms, still exist, and are treasured by Mr. R. W. Baker, a representative of the Tonson family, at Hertingfordbury, in Hertfordshire. Among the lesser men of this distinguished club we must include Pope's friends, the "knowing Walsh" and "Granville the polite."

As at the "Devil," "the tribe of Ben" must have often discussed the downfall of Lord Bacon, the poisoning of Overbury, the war in the Palatinate, and the murder of Buckingham; so in Shire Lane, opposite, the talk must have run on Marlborough's victories, Jacobite plots, and the South-Sea Bubble; Addison must have discussed Swift, and Steele condemned the littleness of Pope. It was the custom of this aristocratic club every year to elect some reigning beauty as a toast. To the queen of the year the gallant members wrote epigrammatic verses, which were etched with a diamond on the club glasses. The most celebrated of these toasts were the four daughters of the Duke of Marlborough—Lady Godolphin, Lady Sunderland (generally known as "the Little Whig"), Lady Bridgewater, and Lady Monthermer. Swift's friend, Mrs. Long, was another; and so was a niece of Sir Isaac Newton. The verses

seem flat and dead now, like flowers found between the leaves of an old book; but in their time no doubt they had their special bloom and fragrance. The most tolerable are those written by Lord Halifax on "the Little Whig":—

> "All nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
> Bright as her eyes and as her reason clear;
> Yet still their force, to man not safely known,
> Seems undiscovered to herself alone."

Yet how poor after all is this laboured compliment in comparison to a sentence of Steele's on some lady of rank whose virtues he honoured,—"that even to have known her was in itself a liberal education."

But few stories connected with the Kit-Kat meetings are to be dug out of books, though no doubt many snatches of the best conversation are embalmed in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*. Yet Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom Pope first admired and then reviled, tells one pleasant incident of her childhood that connects her with the great club.

One evening when toasts were being chosen, her father, Evelyn Pierpoint, Duke of Kingston, took it into his head to nominate Lady Mary, then a child only eight years of age. She was prettier, he vowed, than any beauty on the list. "You shall see her," cried the duke, and instantly sent a chaise for her. Presently she came ushered in, dressed in her best, and was elected by acclamation. The Whig gentlemen drank the little lady's health up-standing and, feasting her with sweetmeats and passing her round with kisses, at once inscribed her name with a diamond on a drinking-glass. "Pleasure," she says, "was too poor a word to express my sensations. They amounted to ecstasy. Never again throughout my whole life did I pass so happy an evening."

It used to be said that it took so much wine to raise Addison to his best mood, that Steele generally got drunk before that golden hour arrived. Steele, that warm-hearted careless fellow in whom Thackeray so delighted, certainly shone at the Kit-Kat; and an anecdote still extant shows him to us with all his amiable weaknesses. On the night of that great Whig festival—the celebration of King William's anniversary—Steele and Addison brought Dr. Hoadley, the Bishop of Bangor, with them, and solemnly drank "the immortal memory." Presently John Sly, an eccentric hatter and enthusiastic politician, crawled into the room on his knees, in the old Cavalier fashion, and drank the Orange toast in a tankard of foaming October. No one laughed at the tipsy hatter; but Steele, kindly even when in liquor, kept whispering to the rather shocked prelate, "Do laugh; it is humanity to laugh." The bishop soon put on his hat and withdrew, and Steele by and by subsided under the table. Picked up and crammed into a sedan-chair, he insisted, late as it was, in going to the Bishop of Bangor's to apologise. Eventually he was coaxed home and got upstairs, but then, in a gush of politeness, he insisted on seeing the chairmen out; after which he retired with self-complacency to bed. The next morning, in spite of headache the most racking, Steele sent the tolerant bishop the following exquisite couplet, which covered a multitude of such sins:—

> "Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
> All faults he pardons, though he none commits.

One night when amiable Garth lingered over the Kit-Kat wine, though patients were pining for him, Steele reproved the epicurean doctor. "Nay, nay, Dick," said Garth, pulling out a list of fifteen, "it's no great matter after all, for nine of them have such bad constitutions that not all the physicians in the world could save them; and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world could not kill them."

Three o'clock in the morning seems to have been no uncommon hour for the Kit-Kat to break up, and a Tory lampooner says that at this club the youth of Anne's reign learned

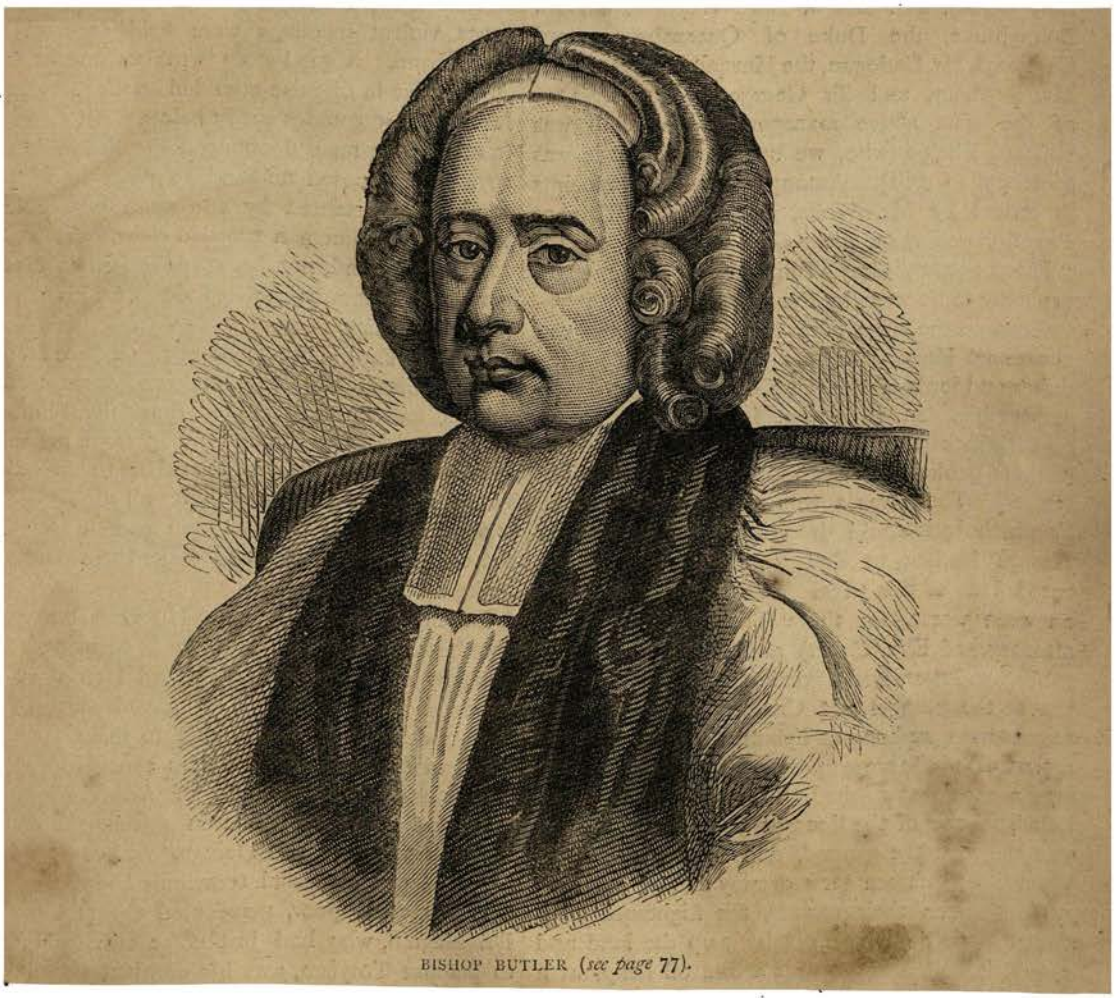
> "To sleep away the days and drink away the nights."

The club latterly held its meetings at Tonson's villa at Barn Elms (previously the residence of Cowley), or at the "Upper Flask" tavern, on Hampstead Heath. The club died out before 1727 (George II.); for Vanbrugh, writing to Tonson, says,—"Both Lord Carlisle and Cobham expressed a great desire of having one meeting next winter, not as a club, but as old friends that have been of a club—and the best club that ever met." In 1709 we find the Kit-Kat subscribing 400 guineas for the encouragement of good comedies. Altogether such a body of men must have had great influence on the literature of the age, for, in spite of the bitterness of party, there was some generous *esprit de corps* then, and the Whig wits and poets were a power, and were backed by rank and wealth.

Whether the "Trumpet" (formerly half-way up on the left-hand side ascending from Temple Bar) was the citadel of the Kit-Kats or not, Steele introduces it as the scene of two of the best of his *Tatler* papers. It was there, in October, 1709, that he received his deputation of Staffordshire county

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU AND THE KIT-KATS (*see page 71*).

gentlemen, delightful old fogies, standing much on form and precedence. There he prepares tea for Sir Harry Quickset, Bart.; Sir Giles Wheelbarrow; Thomas. Rentfree, Esq., J.P.; Andrew Windmill, Esq., the steward, with boots and whip; and Mr. Nicholas Doubt, of the Inner Temple, Sir Harry's mischievous young nephew. After much dispute about precedence, the sturdy old fellows are taken



BISHOP BUTLER (*see page* 77).

by Steele to "Dick's" Coffee-house for a morning draught; and safely, after some danger, effect the passage of Fleet Street, Steele rallying them at the Temple Gate. In Sir Harry we fancy we see a faint sketch of the more dignified Sir Roger de Coverley, which Addison afterwards so exquisitely elaborated.

At the "Trumpet" Steele also introduces us to a delightful club of old citizens that met every evening precisely at six. The humours of the fifteen Trumpeters are painted with the breadth and vigour of Hogarth's best manner. With a delightful humour Steele sketches Sir Geoffrey Notch, the president, who had spent all his money on horses, dogs, and gamecocks, and who looked on all thriving persons as pitiful upstarts. Then comes Major Matchlock, who thought nothing of any battle since Marston Moor, and who usually began his story of Naseby at three-quarters past six. Dick Reptile was a silent man, with a nephew whom he often reproved. The wit of the club, an old Temple bencher, never left the room till he had quoted ten distiches from "Hudibras" and told long stories of a certain extinct man about town named Jack Ogle. Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was said, though he had heard the same stories every night for twenty years, and upon all occasions winked oracularly to his nephew to particularly mind what passed. About ten the innocent twaddle closed by a man coming in with a lantern to light home old Bickerstaff. They were simple and happy times that Steele

describes with such kindly humour; and the London of his days must have been full of such quiet, homely haunts.

Mr. R. Wells, of Colne Park, Halstead, kindly informs us that as late as the year 1765 there was a club that still kept up the name of Kit-Kat. The members in 1765 included, among others, Lord Sandwich (Jemmy Twitcher, as he was generally called), Mr. Beard, Lord Weymouth, Lord Bolingbroke, the Duke of Queensbury, Lord Caresford, Mr. Cadogan, the Marquis of Caracciollo, Mr. Seymour, and Sir George Armytage. One of the most active managers of the club was Richard Phelps (who, we believe, afterwards was secretary to Pitt). Among letters and receipts preserved by Mr. Wells, is one from Thomas Pingo, jeweller, of the "Golden Head," on the "Paved Stones," Gray's Inn Lane, for gold medals, probably to be worn by the members.

Even in the reign of James I. Shire Lane was christened Rogues' Lane, and, in spite of all the dukes and lords of the Kit-Kat, it never grew very respectable. In 1724 that incomparable young rascal, Jack Sheppard, used to frequent the "Bible" public-house—a printers' house of call—at No. 13. There was a trap in one of the rooms by which Jack could drop into a subterraneous passage leading to Bell Yard. Tyburn gibbet cured Jack of this trick. In 1738 the lane went on even worse, for there Thomas Carr (a low attorney, of Elm Court) and Elizabeth Adams robbed and murdered a gentleman named Quarrington at the "Angel and Crown" Tavern, and the miscreants were hung at Tyburn. Hogarth painted a portrait of the woman. One night, many years ago, a man was robbed, thrown downstairs, and killed, in one of the dens in Shire Lane. There was snow on the ground, and about two o'clock, when the watchmen grew drowsy and were a long while between their rounds, the frightened murderers carried the stiffened body up the lane and placed it bolt upright, near a dim oil lamp, at a neighbour's door. There the watchmen found it; but there was no clue to guide them, for nearly every house in the lane was infamous. Years after, two ruffianly fellows who were confined in the King's Bench were heard accusing each other of the murder in Shire Lane, and justice pounced upon her prey.

One thieves' house, known as the "Retreat," led, Mr. Diprose says, by a back way into Crown Court; and other dens had a passage into No. 242, Strand. Nos. 9, 10, and 11 were known as Cadgers' Hall, and were much frequented by beggars, and bushels of bread, thrown aside by the professional mendicants, were found there by the police.

The "Sun" Tavern, afterwards the "Temple Bar Stores," had been a great resort for the Tom and Jerry frolics of the Regency; and the "Anti-Gallican" Tavern was a haunt of low sporting men, being kept by Harry Lee, father of the first and original "tiger," invented and made fashionable by the notorious Lord Barrymore. During the Chartist times violent meetings were held at a club in Shire Lane. A good story is told of one of these. A detective in disguise attended an illegal meeting, leaving his comrades ready below. All at once a frantic hatter rose, denounced the detective as a spy, and proposed off-hand to pitch him out of window. Permitted by the more peaceable to depart, the policeman scuttled downstairs as fast as he could, and, not being recognised in his disguise, was instantly knocked down by his friends' prompt truncheons.

In Ship Yard, close to Shire Lane, once stood a block of disreputable, tumble-down houses, used by coiners, and known as the "Smashing Lumber." Every room had a secret trap, and from the workshop above a shaft reached the cellars to hurry away by means of a basket and pulley all the apparatus at the first alarm. The first man made his fortune, but the new police soon ransacked the den and broke up the business.

In August, 1823, Theodore Hook, the witty and the heartless, was brought to a sponging-house kept by a sheriff's officer named Hemp, at the upper end of Shire Lane, being under arrest for a Crown debt of £12,000, due to the Crown for defalcations during his careless consulship at the Mauritius. He was editor of *John Bull* at the time, and continued while in this horrid den to write his "Sayings and Doings," and to pour forth for royal pay his usual scurrilous lampoons at all who supported poor, persecuted Queen Caroline. Dr. Maginn, who had just come over from Cork to practise Toryism, was his constant visitor, and Hemp's barred door no doubt often shook at their reckless laughter. Hook at length left Shire Lane for the Rules of the Bench (Temple Place) in April, 1824. Previously to his arrest he had been living in retirement at lodgings, in Somer's Town, with a poor girl whom he had seduced. Here he renewed the mad scenes of his thoughtless youth with Terry, Matthews, and wonderful old Tom Hill; and here he resumed (but not at these revels) his former acquaintanceship with that mischievous obstructive, Wilson Croker. After he left Shire Lane and the Rules of the Bench he went to Putney.

In spite of all bad proclivities, Shire Lane had its fits of respectability. In 1603 there was living there Sir Arthur Atie, Knt., in early life secretary to the great Earl of Leicester, and afterwards attendant on his step-son, the luckless Earl of Essex. Elias Ashmole, the great antiquary and student in alchemy and astrology, also honoured this lane, but he gathered in the Temple those great collections of books and coins, some of which perished by fire, and some of which he afterwards gave to the University of Oxford, where they were placed in a building called, in memory of the illustrious collector, the Ashmolean Museum.

To Mr. Noble's research we are indebted for the knowledge that in 1767 Mr. Hoole, the translator of Tasso, was living in Shire Lane, and from thence wrote to Dr. Percy, who was collecting his "Ancient Ballads," to ask him Dr. Wharton's address. Hoole was at that time writing a dramatic piece called *Cyrus*, for Covent Garden Theatre. He seems to have been an amiable man but a feeble poet, was an esteemed friend of Dr. Johnson, and had a situation in the East India House.

Another illustrious tenant of Shire Lane was James Perry, the proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, who died, as it was reported, worth £130,000. That lively memoir-writer, Taylor, of the *Sun*, who wrote "Monsieur Tonson," describes Perry as living in the narrow part of Shire Lane, opposite a passage which led to the stairs from Boswell Court. He lodged with Mr. Lunan, a bookbinder, who had married his sister, who subsequently became the wife of that great Greek scholar, thirsty Dr. Porson. Perry had begun life as the editor of the *Gazeteer*, but being dismissed by a Tory proprietor, and on the *Morning Chronicle* being abandoned by Woodfall, some friends of Perry's bought the derelict for £210, and he and Gray, a friend of Barett, became the joint-proprietors of the concern. Their printer, Mr. Lambert, lived in Shire Lane, and here the partners, too, lived for three or four years, when they removed to the corner-house of Lancaster Court, Strand.

Bell Yard can boast of but few associations; yet Pope often visited the dingy passage, because there for some years resided his old friend Fortescue, then a barrister, but afterwards a judge and Master of the Rolls. To Fortescue Pope dedicated his "Imitation of the First Satire of Horace," published in 1733. It contains what the late Mr. Rogers, the banker and poet, used to consider the best line Pope ever wrote, and it is certainly almost perfect,—

"Bare the mean heart that lurks behind a star."

In that delightful collection of Pope's "Table Talk," called "Spence's Anecdotes," we find that a chance remark of Lord Bolingbroke, on taking up a "Horace" in Pope's sick-room, led to those fine "Imitations of Horace" which we now possess. The "First Satire" consists of an imaginary conversation between Pope and Fortescue, who advises him to write no more dangerous invectives against vice or folly. It was Fortescue who assisted Pope in writing the humorous law-report of "Stradling *versus* Stiles," in "Scriblerus." The intricate case is this, and is worthy of Anstey himself: Sir John Swale, of Swale's Hall, in Swale Dale, by the river Swale, knight, made his last will and testament, in which, among other bequests, was this: "Out of the kind love and respect that I bear my much-honoured and good friend, Mr. Matthew Stradling, gent., I do bequeath unto the said Matthew Stradling, gent., all my black and white horses." Now the testator had six black horses, six white, and six pied horses. The debate, therefore, was whether the said Matthew Stradling should have the said pied horses, by virtue of the said bequest. The case, after much debate, is suddenly terminated by a motion in arrest of judgment that the pied horses were mares, and thereupon an inspection was prayed. This, it must be confessed, is admirable fooling. If the Scriblerus Club had carried out their plan of bantering the follies of the followers of every branch of knowledge, Fortescue would no doubt have selected the law as his special butt. "This friend of Pope," says Mr. Carruthers, "was consulted by the poet about all his affairs, as well as those of Martha Blount, and, as may be gathered, he gave him advice without a fee. The intercourse between the poet and his 'learned counsel' was cordial and sincere; and of the letters that passed between them sixty-eight have been published, ranging from 1714 to the last year of Pope's life. They are short, unaffected letters—more truly *letters* than any others in the series." Fortescue was promoted to the bench of the Exchequer in 1735, from thence to the Common Pleas in 1738, and in 1741 was made Master of the Rolls. Pope's letters are often addressed to "his counsel learned in the law, at his house at the upper end of Bell Yard, near unto Lincoln's Inn." In March, 1736, he writes of "that filthy old place, Bell Yard, which I want them and you to quit."

Apollo Court, next Bell Yard, has little about it worthy of notice beyond the fact that it derived its name from the great club-room at the "Devil" Tavern, that once stood on the opposite side of Fleet Street, and the jovialities of which we have already chronicled.

CHAPTER VII.

FLEET STREET (NORTHERN TRIBUTARIES—CHANCERY LANE).

The Asylum for Jewish Converts—The Rolls Chapel—Ancient Monuments—A Speaker Expelled for Bribery—"Remember Cæsar"—Trampling on a Master of the Rolls—Sir William Grant's Oddities—Sir John Leach—Funeral of Lord Gifford—Mrs. Clark and the Duke of York—Wolsey in his Pomp—Strafford—"Honest Isaak"—The Lord Keeper—Lady Fanshawe—Jack Randal—Serjeants' Inn—An Evening with Hazlitt at the "Southampton"—Charles Lamb—Sheridan—The Sponging Houses—The Law Institute—A Tragical Story.

CHANCERY, or Chancellor's, Lane, as it was first called, must have been a mere quagmire, or cart-track, in the reign of Edward I., for Strype tells us that at that period it had become so impassable to knight, monk, and citizen, that John Breton, Custos of London, had it barred up, to "hinder any harm;" and the Bishop of Chichester, whose house was there (now Chichester Rents), kept up the bar ten years; at the end of that time, on an inquisition of the annoyances of London, the bishop was proscribed at an inquest for setting up two staples and a bar, "whereby men with carts and other carriages could not pass." The bishop pleaded John Breton's order, and the sheriff was then commanded to remove the annoyance, and the hooded men with their carts once more cracked their whips and whistled to their horses up and down the long disused lane.

Half-way up on the east side of Chancery Lane a dull archway, through which can be caught glimpses of the door of an old chapel, leads to the Rolls Court. On the site of that chapel, in the year 1233, history tells us that Henry III. erected a Carthusian house of maintenance for converted Jews, who there lived under a Christian governor. At a time when Norman barons were not unaccustomed to pull out a Jew's teeth, or to fry him on gridirons till he paid handsomely for his release, conversion, which secured safety from such rough practices, may not have been unfrequent. However, the converts decreasing when Edward I., after hanging 280 Jews for clipping coin, banished the rest from the realm, half the property of the Jews who were hung stern Edward gave to the preachers who tried to convert the obstinate and stiff-necked generation, and half to the Domus Conversorum, in Chancellor's Lane. In 1278 we find the converts calling themselves, in a letter sent to the king by John the Convert, "Pauperes Cœlicolæ Christi." In the reign of Richard II. a certain converted Jew received twopence a day for life; and in the reign of Henry IV. we find the daughter of a rabbi paid by the keepers of the house of converts a penny a day for life, by special patent.

Edward III., in 1377, broke up the Jewish almshouse in Chancellor's Lane, and annexed the house and chapel to the newly-created office of Custos Rotulorum, or Keeper of the Rolls. Some of the stones the old gaberdines have rubbed against are no doubt incorporated in the present chapel, which, however, has been so often altered, that, like the Highlandman's gun, it is "new stock and new barrel." The first Master of the Rolls, in 1377, was William Burstal; but till Thomas Cromwell, in 1534, the Masters of the Rolls were generally priests, and often king's chaplains.

The Rolls Chapel was built, says Pennant, by Inigo Jones, in 1617, at a cost of £2,000. Dr. Donne, the poet, preached the consecration sermon. One of the monuments belonging to the earlier chapel is that of Dr. John Yonge, Master of the Rolls in the reign of Henry VIII. Vertue and Walpole attribute the tomb to Torregiano, Michael Angelo's contemporary and the sculptor of the tomb of Henry VII. at Westminster. The master is represented by the artist (who starved himself to death at Seville) in effigy on an altar-tomb, in a red gown and deep square cap; his hands are crossed, his face wears an expression of calm resignation and profound devotion. In a recess at the back is a head of Christ, and an angel's head appears on either side in high relief. Another monument of interest in this quiet, legal chapel is that of Sir Edward Bruce, created by James I. Baron of Kinloss. He was one of the crafty ambassadors sent by wily James to openly congratulate Elizabeth on the failure of the revolt of Essex, but secretly to commence a correspondence with Cecil. The place of Master of the Rolls was Bruce's reward for this useful service. The ex-master lies with his head resting on his hand, in the "toothache" attitude ridiculed by the old dramatists. His hair is short, his beard long, and he wears a long furred robe. Before him kneels a man in armour, possibly his son, Lord Kinloss, who, three years after his father's death, perished in a most savage duel with Sir Edward Sackville, ancestor to the Earls of Elgin and Aylesbury. Another fine monument is that of Sir Richard Allington, of Horseheath, Cambridgeshire,

brother-in law of Sir William Cordall, a former Master of the Rolls, who died in 1561. Clad in armour, Sir Richard kneels,—

"As for past sins he would atone,
By saying endless prayers in stone."

His wife faces him, and beneath on a tablet kneel their three daughters. Sir Richard's charitable widow lived after his death in Holborn, in a house long known as Allington Place. Many of the past masters sleep within these walls, and amongst them Sir John Trevor, who died in 1717 (George I.), and Sir John Strange; but the latter has not had inscribed over his bones, as Pennant remarks, the old punning epitaph,—

"Here lies an honest lawyer—that is *Strange!*"

The above-mentioned Sir John Trevor, while Speaker of the House of Commons, being denounced for bribery, was compelled himself to presid eover the subsequent debate—an unparalleled disgrace. The indictment ran :—

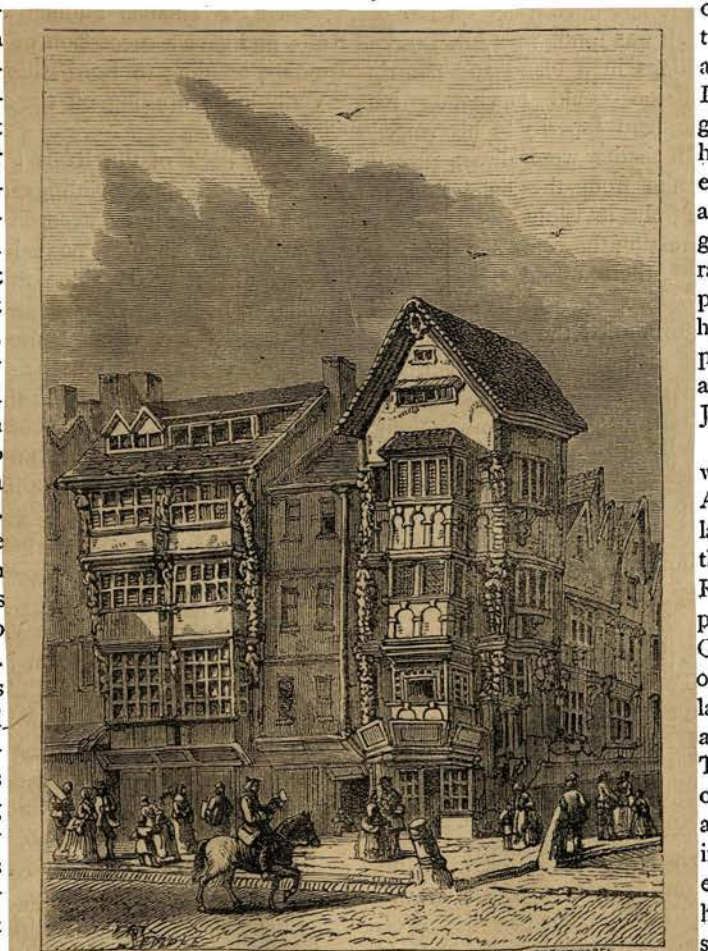
"That Sir John Trevor, Speaker of the House, receiving a gratuity of 1,000 guineas from the City of London, after the passing of the Orphans' Bill, is guilty of high crime and misdemeanour." Trevor was himself, as Speaker, compelled to put this resolution from the chair. The "Ayes" were not met by a single "No," and the culprit was required to officially announce that, in the unanimous opinion of the House over which he presided, he stood convicted of a high crime. "His expulsion from the House," says Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Book about Lawyers," "followed in due course. One is inclined to think that in these days no English gentleman could outlive such humiliation for four-and-twenty hours. Sir John Trevor not only survived the humiliation, but remained a personage of importance in London society. Convicted of bribery, he was not called upon to refund the bribe; and expelled from the House of Commons, he was not driven from his judicial office. He continued to be the Master of the Rolls till his death, which took place on May 20, 1717, in his official mansion in Chancery Lane. His retention of office is easily accounted for. Having acted as a vile negotiator between the two great political parties, they were equally afraid of him. Neither the Whigs nor the Tories dared to demand his expulsion from office, fearing that in revenge he would make revelations alike disgraceful to all parties concerned."

The arms of Sir Robert Cecil and Sir Harbottle Grimstone gleam in the chapel windows. Swift's detestation, Bishop Burnet, the historian and friend of William of Orange, was preacher here for nine years, and here delivered his celebrated sermon, "Save me from the lion's mouth: thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorn." Burnet was appointed by Sir Harbottle, who was Master of the Rolls; and in his "Own Times" he has inserted a warm eulogy of Sir Harbottle as a worthy and pious man. Atterbury, the Jacobite Bishop of Rochester, was also preacher here; nor can we forget that amiable man and great theologian, Bishop Butler, the author of the "Analogy of Religion." Butler, the son of a Dissenting tradesman at Wantage, was for a long time lost in a small country living, a loss to the Church which Archbishop Blackburne lamented to Queen Caroline. "Why, I thought he had been dead!" exclaimed the queen. "No, madam," replied the archbishop; "he is only buried." In 1718 Butler was appointed preacher at the Rolls by Sir Joseph Jekyll. This excellent man afterwards became Bishop of Bristol, and died Bishop of Durham.

A few anecdotes about past dignitaries at the Rolls. Of Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls in the reign of Charles I., Lord Clarendon, in his "History of the Rebellion," tells a story too good to be passed by. This Sir Julius, having by right of office the power of appointing the six clerks, designed one of the profitable posts for his son, Robert Cæsar. One of the clerks dying before Sir Julius could appoint his son, the imperious treasurer, Sir Richard Weston, promised his place to a dependant of his, who gave him for it £6,000 down. The vexation of old Sir Julius at this arbitrary step so moved his friends, that King Charles was induced to promise Robert Cæsar the next post in the clerks' office that should fall vacant, and the Lord Treasurer was bound by this promise. One day the Earl of Tullibardine, passionately pressing the treasurer about his business, was told by Sir Richard that he had quite forgotten the matter, but begged for a memorandum, that he might remind the king that very afternoon. The earl then wrote on a small bit of paper the words, "Remember Cæsar!" and Sir Richard, without reading it, placed it carefully in a little pocket, where he said he kept all the memorials first to be transacted. Many days passed, and the ambitious treasurer forgot all about Cæsar. At length one night, changing his clothes, his servant brought him the notes and papers from his pocket, which he looked over according to his custom. Among these he found the little billet with merely the words "Remember Cæsar!" and on the sight of this the arrogant yet timid courtier was utterly confounded. Turning pale, he sent

WOLSEY IN CHANCERY LANE (*see page* 81).

for his bosom friends, showed them the paper, and held a solemn deliberation over it. It was decided that it must have been dropped into his hand by some secret friend, as he was on his way to the priory lodgings. Every one agreed that some conspiracy was planned against his life by his many and mighty enemies, and that Cæsar's fate might soon be his unless great precautions were taken. The friends therefore persuaded him to be at once indisposed, and not venture forth in that neighbourhood, nor to admit to an audience any but persons of undoubted affection. At night the gates were shut and barred early, and the porter solemnly enjoined not to open them to any one, or to venture on even a moment's sleep. Some servants were sent to watch with him, and the friends sat up all night to await the event. "Such houses," says Clarendon, who did not like the treasurer, "are always in the morning haunted by early suitors;" but it was very late before any one could now get admittance into the house, the porter having tasted some of the arrears of sleep which he owed to himself for his night watching, which he accounted for to his acquaintance by whispering to them "that his lord should have been killed that night, which had kept all the house from going to bed." Shortly afterwards, however, the Earl of Tullibardine asking the treasurer whether he had remembered Cæsar, the treasurer quickly recollected the ground of his perturbation, could not forbear imparting it to his friends, and so the whole jest came to be discovered.



IZAAK WALTON'S HOUSE (*see page* 82).

In 1614, £6 12s. 6d. was claimed by Sir Julius Cæsar for paving the part of Chancery Lane over against the Rolls Gate.

Sir Joseph Jekyll, the Master of the Rolls in the reign of George I., was an ancestor of that witty Jekyll, the friend and adviser of George IV. Sir Joseph was very active in introducing a Bill for increasing the duty on gin, in consequence of which he became so odious to the mob that they one day hustled and trampled on him in a riot in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Hogarth, who painted his "Gin Lane" to express his alarm and disgust at the growing intemperance of the London poor, has in one of his extraordinary pictures represented a low fellow writing J. J. under a gibbet.

Sir William Grant, who succeeded Lord Alvanley, was the last Master but one that resided in the Rolls. He had practised at the Canadian bar, and on returning to England attracted the attention of Lord Thurlow, then chancellor. He was an admirable speaker in the House, and even Fox is said to have girded himself tighter for an encounter with such an adversary. "He used," says Mr. Cyrus Jay, in his amusing book, "The Law," "to sit from five o'clock till one, and seldom spoke during that time. He dined before going into court, his allowance being a bottle of Madeira at dinner and a bottle of port after. He dined alone, and the unfortunate servant was expected to anticipate his master's wishes by intuition. Sir William never spoke if he could help it. On one occasion when the favourite dish of a leg of pork was on the table, the servant saw by Sir William's face that something was wrong, but he could not tell what. Suddenly a thought

flashed upon him—the Madeira was not on the table. He at once placed the decanter before Sir William, who immediately flung it into the grate, exclaiming, "Mustard, you fool!"

Sir John Leach, another Master of the Rolls, was the son of a tradesman at Bedford, afterwards a merchant's clerk and an embryo architect. Mr. Canning appointed him Master of the Rolls, an office previously, it has been said, offered to Mr. Brougham. Leach was fond, says Mr. Jay, of saying sharp, bitter things in a bland and courtly voice. "No submission could ameliorate his temper, no opposition lend asperity to his voice.' In court two large fan shades were always placed in a way to shade him from the light, and to render Sir John entirely invisible. "After the counsel who was addressing the court had finished, and resumed his seat, there would be an awful pause for a minute or two, when at length out of the darkness which surrounded the chair of justice would come a voice, distinct, awful, solemn, but with the solemnity of suppressed anger—'the bill is dismissed with costs.'" No explanations, no long series of arguments were advanced to support the conclusion. The decision was given with the air of a man who knew he was right, and that only folly or villainy could doubt the propriety of his judgments. Sir John was the Prince Regent's great adviser during Queen Caroline's trial, and assisted in getting up the evidence. "How often," says Mr. Jay, "have I seen him, when walking through the Green Park between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, knock at the private door of Carlton Palace. I have seen him go in four or five days following."

Gifford was another eminent Master of the Rolls, though he did not hold the office long. He first attracted attention when a lawyer's clerk by his clever observations on a case in which he was consulted by his employers, in the presence of an important client. The high opinion which Lord Ellenborough formed of his talents induced Lord Liverpool to appoint him Solicitor-General. While in the House he had frequently to encounter Sir Samuel Romilly. Mr. Cyrus Jay has an interesting anecdote about the funeral of Lord Gifford, who was buried in the Rolls Chapel. "I was," he says, "in the little gallery when the procession came into the chapel, and Lord Eldon and Lord Chief Justice Abbott were placed in a pew by themselves. I could observe everything that took place in the pew, it being a small chapel, and noted that Lord Eldon was very shaky, and during the most solemn part of the service saw him touch the Chief Justice. I have no doubt he asked for his snuff-box, for the snuff-box was produced, and he took a large pinch of snuff. The Chief Justice was a very great snuff-taker, but he only took it up one nostril. I kept my eye on the pinch of snuff, and saw that Lord Eldon, the moment he had taken it from the box, threw it away. I was sorry at the time, and was astonished at the deception practised by so great a man, with the grave yawning before him."

When Sir Thomas Plumer was Master of the Rolls, and gave a succession of dinners to the Bar, Romilly, alluding to Lord Eldon's stinginess, said, "Verily he is working off the arrears of the Lord Chancellor."

At the back of the Rolls Chapel, in Bowling-Pin Alley, Bream's Buildings (No. 28, Chancery Lane), there once lived, according to party calumny, a journeyman labourer, named Thompson, whose clever and pretty daughter, the wife of Clark, a bricklayer, became the mischievous mistress of the good-natured but weak Duke of York. After making great scandal about the sale of commissions obtained by her influence, the shrewd woman wrote some memoirs, 10,000 copies of which, Mr. Timbs records, were, the year after, burnt at a printer's in Salisbury Square, upon condition of her debts being paid, and an annuity of £400 granted her.

Wilberforce's unscrupulous party statement, that Mrs. Clark was a low, vulgar, and extravagant woman, was entirely untrue. Mrs. Clark, however imprudent and devoid of virtue, was no more the daughter of a journeyman bricklayer than she was the daughter of Pope Pius. She was really, as Mr. Cyrus Redding, who knew most of the political secrets of his day, has proved, the unfortunate granddaughter of that unfortunate man, Theodore, King of Corsica, and daughter of even a more unhappy man, Colonel Frederick, a brave, well-read gentleman, who, under the pressure of a temporary monetary difficulty, occasioned by the dishonourable conduct of a friend, blew out his brains in the churchyard of St. Margaret's, Westminster. In 1798 a poem, written, we believe, by Mrs., then Miss Clark, called "Ianthe," was published by subscription at Hookham's, in New Bond Street, for the benefit of Colonel Frederick's daughter and children, and dedicated to the Prince of Wales. The girl married an Excise officer, much older than herself, and became the mistress of the Duke of York, to whom probably she had applied for assistance, or subscriptions to her poem. The fact is, the duke's vices were turned, as vices frequently are, into scourges for his own back. He was a jovial, good-natured, affable, selfish man, an incessant and reckless gambler, quite devoid of all conscience about debts, and, indeed, of moral

principle in general. When he got tired of Mrs. Clark, he meanly and heartlessly left her, with a promised annuity which he never paid, and with debts mutually incurred at their house in Gloucester Place, which he shamefully allowed to fall upon her. In despair and revengeful rage the discarded mistress sought the eager enemies whom the duke's careless neglect had sown round him, and the scandal broke forth. The Prince of Wales, who was as fond of his brother as he could be of any one, was greatly vexed at the exposure, and sent Lord Moira to buy up the correspondence from the Radical bookseller, Sir Richard Phillips, who had advanced money upon it, and was glorying in the escapade.

Mr. Timbs informs us that Sir Richard Phillips, used to narrate the strange and mysterious story of the real secret cause of the Duke of York scandal. The exposure originated in the resentment of one M'Callum against Sir Thomas Picton, who, as Governor of Trinidad, had, among other arbitrary acts, imprisoned M'Callum in an underground dungeon. On getting to England he sought justice; but, finding himself baffled, he first published his travels in Trinidad, to expose Picton; then ferreted out charges against the War Office, and at last, through Colonel Wardle, brought forward the notorious great-coat contract. This being negatived by a Ministerial majority, he then traced Mrs. Clark, and arranged the whole of the exposure for Wardle and others. To effect this in the teeth of power, though destitute of resources, he wrought night and day for months. He lodged in a garret in Hungerford Market, and often did not taste food for twenty-four hours. He lived to see the Duke of York dismissed from office, had time to publish a short narrative, then died of exhaustion and want.

An eye-witness of Mrs. Clark's behaviour at the bar of the House of Commons pronounced her replies as full of sharpness against the more insolent of her adversaries, but her bearing is described as being "full of grace." Mr. Redding, who had read twenty or thirty of this lady's letters, tells us that they showed a good education in the writer.

A writer who was present during her examination before the House of Commons, has pleasantly described the singular scene. "I was," he says, "in the House of Commons when Mary Anne Clark first made her appearance at the bar, dressed in her light-blue pelisse, light muff and tippet. She was a pretty woman, rather of a slender make. It was debated whether she should have a chair; this occasioned a hubbub, and she was asked who the person with her deeply veiled was. She replied that she was her friend. The lady was instantly ordered to withdraw, then a chair was ordered for Mrs. Clark, and she seemed to pluck up courage, for when she was asked about the particulars of an annuity promised to be settled on her by the Duke of York, she said, pointing with her hand, 'You may ask Mr. William Adam there, as he knows all about it.' She was asked if she was quite certain that General Clavering ever was at any of her parties; she replied, 'So certain, that I always told him he need not use any ceremony, but come in his boots.' It will be remembered that General C. was sent to Newgate for prevarication on that account, *not having recollected in time* this circumstance.

"Perceval fought the battle manfully. The Duke of York could not be justified for some of his acts—for instance, giving a footboy of Mrs. Clark's a commission in the army, and allowing an improper influence to be exerted over him in his thoughtless moments; but that the trial originated in pique and party spirit, there can be no doubt; and, as he justly merited, Colonel Wardle, the prosecutor in the case, sunk into utter oblivion, whilst the Duke of York, the soldier's friend and the beloved of the army, was, after a short period (having been superseded by Sir David Dundas), replaced as commander-in-chief, and died deeply regretted and fully meriting the colossal statue erected to him, with his hand pointing to the Horse Guards."

Cardinal Wolsey lived, at some period of his extraordinary career, in a house in Chancery Lane, at the Holborn end, and on the east side, opposite the Six Clerks' Office. We do not know what rank the proud favourite held at this time, whether he was almoner to the king, privy councillor, Canon of Windsor, Bishop of Lincoln, Archbishop of York, or Cardinal of the Cecilia. We like to think that down that dingy legal lane he rode on his way to Westminster Hall, with all that magnificence described by his faithful gentleman usher, Cavendish. He would come out of his chamber, we read, about eight o'clock in his cardinal's robes of scarlet taffeta and crimson satin, with a black velvet tippet edged with sable round his neck, holding in his hand an orange filled with a sponge containing aromatic vinegar, in case the crowd of suitors should in commode him. Before him was borne the broad seal of England, and the scarlet cardinal's hat. A sergeant-at-arms preceded him bearing a great mace of silver, and two gentlemen carrying silver plates. At the hall-door he mounted his mule, trapped with crimson and having a saddle covered with

crimson velvet, while the gentlemen ushers, bare-headed, cried,—"On, masters, before, and make room for my lord cardinal." When Wolsey was mounted he was preceded by his two cross-bearers and his two pillow-bearers, all upon horses trapped in scarlet; and four footmen with pole-axes guarded the cardinal till he came to Westminster. And every Sunday, when he repaired to the king's court at Greenwich, he landed at the Three Cranes, in the Vintrey, and took water again at Billingsgate. "He had," says Cavendish, "a long season, ruling all things in the realm appertaining to the king, by his wisdom, and all other matters of foreign regions with whom the king had any occasion to meddle, and then he fell like Lucifer, never to rise again. Here," says Cavendish, "is the end and fall of pride; for I assure you he was in his time the proudest man alive, having more regard to the honour of his person than to his spiritual functions, wherein he should have expressed more meekness and humility."

One of the greatest names connected with Chancery Lane is that of the unfortunate Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, who, after leading his master, Charles I., on the path to the scaffold, was the first to lay his head upon the block. Wentworth, the son of a Yorkshire gentleman, was born in 1593 in Chancery Lane, at the house of Mr. Atkinson, his maternal grandfather, a bencher of Lincoln's Inn. At first an enemy of Buckingham, the king's favourite, and opposed to the Court, he was won over by a peerage and the counsels of his friend Lord Treasurer Weston. He soon became a headlong and unscrupulous advocate of arbitrary power, and, as Lord Deputy of Ireland, did his best to raise an army for the king and to earn his Court name of "Thorough." Impeached for high treason, and accused by Sir Henry Vane of a design to subdue England by force, he was forsaken by the weak king and condemned to the block. "Put not your trust in princes," he said, when he heard of the king's consent to the execution of so faithful a servant, "nor in any child of man, for in them is no salvation." He died on Tower Hill, with calm and undaunted courage, expressing his devotion to the Church of England, his loyalty to the king, and his earnest desire for the peace and welfare of the kingdom.

Of this steadfast and dangerous man Clarendon has left one of those Titianesque portraits in which he excelled. "He was a man," says the historian, "of great parts and extraordinary endowment of nature, and of great observation and a piercing judgment both into things and persons; but his too good skill in persons made him judge the worse of things, and so that upon the matter he wholly relied upon himself; and discerning many defects in most men, he too much neglected what they said or did. Of all his passions his pride was most predominant, which a moderate exercise of ill fortune might have corrected and reformed; and which was by the hand of Heaven strangely punished by bringing his destruction on him by two things that he most despised—the people and Sir Harry Vane. In a word, the epitaph which Plutarch records that Sylla wrote for himself may not be unfitly applied to him—'that no man did ever pass him either in doing good to his friends or in doing harm to his enemies.'"

Izaak Walton, that amiable old angler, lived for some years (1627 to 1644) of his happy and contented life in a house (No. 120) on the west side of Chancery Lane (Fleet Street end). This was many years before he published his "Complete Angler," which did not, indeed, appear till the year before the Restoration. Yet we imagine that at this time the honest citizen often sallied forth to the Lea banks with his friends, the Roes, on those fine cool May mornings upon which he expatiates so pleasantly. A quiet man and a lover of peace was old Izaak; and we may be sure no jingle of money ever hurried him back from the green fields where the lark, singing as she ascended higher and higher into the air, and nearer to the heavens, excelled, as he says, in her simple piety "all those little nimble musicians of the air (her fellows) who warble forth their various ditties with which Nature has furnished them, to the shame of art." Refreshed and exhilarated by the pure country air, we can fancy Walton returning homeward to his Chancery Lane shop, humming to himself that fine old song of Marlowe's which the milkmaid sung to him as he sat under the honeysuckle-hedge out of the shower,—

> "Come live with me and be my love,
> And we will all the pleasures prove
> That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
> Or woods, or steepy mountain, yield."

How Byron had the heart to call a man who loved such simple pleasures, and was so guileless and pure-hearted as Walton, "a cruel old coxcomb," and to wish that in his gullet he had a hook, and "a strong trout to pull it," we never could understand; but Byron was no angler, and we suppose he thought Walton's advice about sewing up frogs' mouths, &c., somewhat hard-hearted.

North, in his life of that faithful courtier of Charles II., Lord Keeper Guildford, mentions that his lordship "settled himself in the great brick house in Serjeants' Inn, near Chancery Lane, which

was formerly the Lord Chief Justice Hyde's, and that he held it till he had the Great Seal, and some time after. When his lordship lived in this house, before his lady began to want her health, he was in the height of all the felicity his nature was capable of. He had a seat in St. Dunstan's Church appropriated to him, and constantly kept the church in the mornings, and so his house was to his mind; and having, with leave, a door into Serjeants' Inn garden, he passed daily with ease to his chambers, dedicated to business and study. His friends he enjoyed at home, and politic ones often found him out at his chambers." He rebuilt Serjeants' Inn Hall, which had become poor and ruinous, and improved all the dwellings in Chancery Lane from Jackanapes Alley down to Fleet Street. He also drained the street for the first time, and had a rate levied on the unwilling inhabitants, after which his at first reluctant neighbours thanked him warmly. This same Lord Keeper, a time-server and friend of arbitrary power, according to Burnet, seems to have been a learned and studious man, for he encouraged the sale of barometers and wrote a philosophical essay on music. It was this timid courtier that unscrupulous Jeffreys vexed by spreading a report that he had been seen riding on a rhinoceros, then one of the great sights of London. Jeffreys was at the time hoping to supersede the Lord Keeper in office, and was anxious to cover him with ridicule.

Besides the Cæsars, Cecils, Throckmortons, Lincolns, Sir John Franklin, and Edward Reeve, who, according to Mr. Noble, all resided in Chancery Lane, when it was a fashionable legal quarter, we must not forget that on the site of No. 115 lived Sir Richard Fanshawe, the ambassador sent by Charles II. to arrange his marriage with the Portuguese princess. This accomplished man, who translated Guarini's "Pastor Fido," and the "Lusiad" of Camoens, died at Madrid in 1666. His brave yet gentle wife, who wrote some interesting memoirs, gives a graphic account of herself and her husband taking leave of his royal master, Charles I., at Hampton Court. At parting, the king saluted her, and she prayed God to preserve his majesty with long life and happy years. The king stroked her on the cheek, and said, "Child, if God pleaseth, it shall be so; but both you and I must submit to God's will, for you know whose hands I am in." Then turning to Sir Richard, Charles said, "Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all that I have said, and deliver these letters to my wife. Pray God bless her; and I hope I shall do well." Then, embracing Sir Richard, the king added, "Thou hast ever been an honest man, and I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son, whom I have charged in my letter to continue his love and trust to you; and I do promise you, if I am ever restored to my dignity, I will bountifully reward you both for your services and sufferings." "Thus," says the noble Royalist lady, enthusiastically, "did we part from that glorious sun that within a few months after was extinguished, to the grief of all Christians who are not forsaken of their God."

No. 45 (east side) is the "Hole in the Wall" Tavern, kept early in the century by Jack Randal, *alias* "Nonpareil," a fighting man, whom Tom Moore visited, says Mr. Noble, to get materials for his "Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress," "Randal's Diary," and other satirical poems. Hazlitt, when living in Southampton Buildings, describes going to this haunt of the fancy the night before the great fight between Neate, the Bristol butcher, and Hickman, the gas-man, to find out where the encounter was to take place, although Randal had once rather too forcibly expelled him for some trifling complaint about a chop. Hazlitt went down to the fight with Thurtell, the betting man, who afterwards murdered Mr. Weare, a gambler and bill-discounter of Lyon's Inn. In Byron's early days taverns like Randal's were frequented by all the men about town, who considered that to wear bird's-eye handkerchiefs and heavy-caped box coats was the height of manliness and fashion.

Chichester Rents, a sorry place now, preserves a memory of the site of the town-house of the Bishops of Chichester. It was originally built in a garden belonging to one John Herberton, granted the bishops by Henry III., who excepted it out of the charter of the Jew converts' house, now the Rolls Chapel.

Serjeants' Inn, originally designed for serjeants alone, is now open to all students, though it still more especially affects the Freres Serjens, or Fratres Servientes, who derived their name originally from being the lower grade or servitors of the Knights Templars. Serjeants still address each other as "brother," and indeed, as far as Cain and Abel go, the brotherhood of lawyers cannot be disputed. The old formula at Westminster, when a new serjeant approached the judges, was, "I think I see a brother."

One of Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims was a "serjeant of law." This inn dates back as early as the reign of Henry IV., when it was held under a lease from the Bishop of Ely. In 1442 a William Antrobus, citizen and taylor of London, held it at the rent of ten marks a year. In the hall windows are emblazoned the arms of Lord Keeper

Guildford (1684). The inn was rebuilt, all but the old dining-hall, by Sir Robert Smirke, in the years 1837–38.

The humours of Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, have been admirably described by Hazlitt, and are well condensed by a contemporaneous writer, of whose labours we gratefully avail ourselves.

OLD SERJEANTS' INN (*see page* 83).

"In 1820 a ray of light strikes the Buildings, for one of the least popular, but by no means the least remarkable, of the Charles Lamb set came to lodge at No. 9, half-way down on the right-hand side as you come from Holborn. There for four years lived, taught, wrote, and suffered that admirable essayist, fine-art and theatrical critic, thoughtful metaphysician, and miserable man, William Hazlitt. He lodged at the house of Mr. Walker, a tailor, who was blessed with two fair daughters, with one of whom (Sarah) Hazlitt, then a married man, fell madly in love. He declared she was like the Madonna (she seems really to have been a cold, calculating flirt, rather afraid of her wild lover). To his 'Liber Amoris,' a most stultifying series of dialogues between himself and the lodging-house keeper's daughter, the author appended a drawing of an antique gem (Lucretia), which he declared to be the very image of the obdurate tailor's daughter. This untoward but remarkably gifted man, whom

Lamb admired, if he did not love, and whom Leigh Hunt regarded as a spirit highly endowed, usually spent his evenings at the 'Southampton;' as we take it, that coffee-house on the left hand, next the Patent Office, as you enter the Buildings from Chancery Lane. It is an unpretending public-house now, with the quiet, bald-looking coffee-room altered, but still one likes to wander past the place and think that Hazlitt, his hand still warm with the grip of Lamb's, has entered it often. In an essay on 'Coffee-House Politicians,' in the second volume of his 'Table Talk,' Hazlitt has sketched the coterie at the 'Southampton,' in a manner not unworthy of Steele. The picture wants Sir Richard's mellow, Jan Steen colour, but it possesses much of Wilkie's dainty touch and keen appreciation of character. Let us call up, he says, the old customers at the 'Southampton' from the dead, and take a glass with them. First of all comes Mr. George Kirkpatrick, who was admired by William, the sleek, neat waiter (who had a music-master to teach him the flageolet two hours every morning before the maids were up), for his temper in managing an argument. Mr. Kirkpatrick was one of those bland, simpering, self-complacent men, who, unshakable from the high tower of their own self-satisfaction, look down upon your arguments from their magnificent elevation. 'I will explain,' was his condescending phrase. If you corrected the intolerable magnifico, he corrected your correction; if you hinted at an obvious blunder, he was always aware what your mistaken objection would be. He and his clique would spend a whole evening on a wager as to whether the first edition of Dr. Johnson's 'Dictionary' was quarto or folio. The confident assertions, the cautious ventures, the length of time demanded to ascertain the fact, the precise terms of the forfeit, the provisoes for getting out of paying it at last, led to a long and inextricable

HAZLITT (*see page* 87).

discussion. Kirkpatrick's vanity, however, one night led him into a terrible pitfall. He recklessly ventured money on the fact that *The Mourning Bride* was written by Shakespeare; headlong he fell, and ruefully he partook of the bowl of punch for which he had to pay. As a rule his nightly outlay seldom exceeded sevenpence. Four hours' good conversation for sevenpence made the 'Southampton' the cheapest of London clubs.

"Kirkpatrick's brother Roger was the Mercutio to his Shallow. Roger was a rare fellow, 'of the driest humour and the nicest tact, of infinite sleights and evasions, of a picked phraseology, and the very soul of mimicry.' He had the mind of a harlequin; his wit was acrobatic, and threw somersaults. He took in a character at a glance, and threw a pun at you as dexterously as a fly-fisher casts his fly over a trout's nose. 'How finely,' says Hazlitt, in his best and heartiest mood; 'how finely, how truly, how gaily he took off the company at the "Southampton!" Poor and faint are my sketches compared to his! It was like looking into a camera-obscura—you saw faces shining and speaking. The smoke curled, the lights dazzled, the oak wainscoting took a higher polish. There was old S., tall and gaunt, with his couplet from Pope and case at Nisi Prius; Mudford, eyeing the ventilator and lying perdu for a moral; and H. and A. taking another friendly finishing glass. These and many more windfalls of character he gave us in thought, word, and action. I remember his once describing three different persons together to myself and Martin Burney [a bibulous nephew of Madame d'Arblay's and a great friend of Charles Lamb's], namely, the manager of a country theatre, a tragic and a comic performer, till we were ready to tumble on the floor with laughing at the oddity of their humours, and at Roger's extraordinary powers of ventriloquism, bodily and mental; and Burney said (such was the vividness of the scene) that when he awoke the next morning he wondered what three amusing characters he had been in company with the evening before.' He was fond also of imitating old Mudford, of the *Courier*, a fat, pert, dull man, who had left the *Morning Chronicle* in 1814, just as Hazlitt joined it, and was renowned for having written a reply to 'Cœlebs.' He would enter a room, fold up his great-coat, take out a little pocket volume, lay it down to think, rubbing all the time the fleshy calf of his leg with dull gravity and intense and stolid self-complacency, and start out of his reveries when addressed with the same inimitable vapid exclamation of 'Eh!' Dr. Whittle, a large, plain-faced Moravian preacher, who had turned physician, was another of his chosen impersonations. Roger represented the honest, vain, empty man purchasing an ounce of tea by stratagem to astonish a favoured guest; he portrayed him on the summit of a narrow, winding, and very steep staircase, contemplating in airy security the imaginary approach of duns. This worthy doctor on one occasion, when watching Sarratt, the great chess-player, turned suddenly to Hazlitt, and said, 'I think I could dance. I'm sure I could; aye, I could dance like Vestris.' Such were the odd people Roger caricatured on the memorable night he pulled off his coat to eat beef-steaks on equal terms with Martin Burney.

"Then there was C., who, from his slender neck, shrillness of voice, and his ever-ready quibble and laugh at himself, was for some time taken for a lawyer, with which folk the Buildings were then, as now, much infested. But on careful inquiry he turned out to be a patent-medicine seller, who at leisure moments had studied Blackstone and the statutes at large from mere sympathy with the neighbourhood. E. came next, a rich tradesman, Tory in grain, and an everlasting babbler on the strong side of politics; querulous, dictatorial, and with a peevish whine in his voice like a beaten schoolboy. He was a stout advocate for the Bourbons and the National Debt, and was duly disliked by Hazlitt, we may feel assured. The Bourbons he affirmed to be the choice of the French people, the Debt necessary to the salvation of these kingdoms. To a little inoffensive man, 'of a saturnine aspect but simple conceptions,' Hazlitt once heard him say grandly, 'I will tell you, sir. I will make my proposition so clear that you will be convinced of the truth of my observation in a moment. Consider, sir, the number of trades that would be thrown out of employ if the Debt were done away with. What would become of the porcelain manufacture without it?' He would then show the company a flower, the production of his own garden, calling it a unique and curious exotic, and hold forth on his carnations, his country-house, and his old English hospitality, though he never invited a friend to come down to a Sunday's dinner. Mean and ostentatious, insolent and servile, he did not know whether to treat those he conversed with as if they were his porters or his customers. The 'prentice boy was not yet ground out of him, and his imagination hovered between his grand new country mansion and the workhouse. Opposed to him and every one else was K., a Radical reformer and tedious logician, who wanted to make short work of the taxes and National Debt, reconstruct the Government from first principles, and shatter the Holy Alliance at a blow. He was for

crushing out the future prospects of society as with a machine, and for starting where the French Revolution had begun five-and-twenty years before. He was a born disturber, and never agreed to more than half a proposition at a time. Being very stingy, he generally brought a bunch of radishes with him for economy, and would give a penny to a band of musicians at the door, observing that he liked their performance better than all the opera-squalling. His objections to the National Debt arose from motives of personal economy; and he objected to Mr. Canning's pension because it took a farthing a year out of his own pocket.

"Another great sachem at the 'Southampton' was Mr. George Mouncey, of the firm of Mouncey & Gray, solicitors, Staple's Inn. 'He was,' says Hazlitt, 'the oldest frequenter of the place and the latest sitter-up; well-informed, unobtrusive, and that sturdy old English character, a lover of truth and justice. Mouncey never approved of anything unfair or illiberal, and, though good-natured and gentleman-like, never let an absurd or unjust proposition pass him without expressing dissent.' He was much liked by Hazlitt, for they had mutual friends, and Mouncey had been intimate with most of the wits and men about town for twenty years before. 'He had in his time known Tobin, Wordsworth, Porson, Wilson, Paley, and Erskine. He would speak of Paley's pleasantry and unassuming manners, and describe Porson's deep potations and long quotations at the "Cider Cellars."' Warming with his theme, Hazlitt goes on in his essay to etch one memorable evening at the 'Southampton.' A few only were left, 'like stars at break of day,' the discourse and the ale were growing sweeter; but Mouncey, Hazlitt, and a man named Wells, alone remained. The conversation turned on the frail beauties of Charles II.'s Court, and from thence passed to Count Grammont, their gallant, gay, and not over-scrupulous historian. Each one cited his favourite passage in turn; from Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, they progressed by pleasant stages of talk to pale Miss Churchill and her fortunate fall from her horse. Wells then spoke of 'Apuleius and his Golden Ass,' 'Cupid and Psyche,' and the romance of 'Heliodorus, Theogenes, and Chariclea,' which, as he affirmed, opened with a pastoral landscape equal to one of Claude's. 'The night waned,' says the delightful essayist, 'but our glasses brightened, enriched with the pearls of Grecian story. Our cup-bearer slept in a corner of the room, like another Endymion, in the pale rays of a half-extinguished lamp, and, starting up at a fresh summons for a further supply, he swore it was too late, and was inexorable to entreaty. Mouncey sat with his hat on and a hectic flush in his face while any hope remained, but as soon as we rose to go, he dashed out of the room as quick as lightning, determined not to be the last. I said some time after to the waiter that "Mr. Mouncey was no flincher." "Oh, sir!" says he, "you should have known him formerly. Now he is quite another man: he seldom stays later than one or two; then he used to help sing catches, and all sorts."'

"It was at the 'Southampton' that George Cruikshank, Hazlitt, and Hone used to often meet, to discuss subjects for Hone's squibs on the Queen's trial (1820). Cruikshank would sometimes dip his finger in ale and sketch a suggestion on the table.

"While living in that state of half-assumed love frenzy at No. 9, Southampton Buildings, Hazlitt produced some of his best work. His noble lectures on the age of Elizabeth had just been delivered, and he was writing for the *Edinburgh Review*, the *New Monthly*, and the *London Magazine*, in conjunction with Charles Lamb, Reynolds, Barry Cornwall, De Quincey, and Wainwright ('Janus Weathercock') the poisoner. In 1821 he published his volume of 'Dramatic Criticisms,' and his subtle 'Table Talk;' in 1823, his foolish 'Liber Amoris;' and in 1824, his fine 'Sketches of the Principal English Picture Galleries.'

"Hazlitt, who was born in 1778 and died in 1830, was the son of a Unitarian minister of Irish descent. Hazlitt was at first intended for an artist, but, coming to London, soon drifted into literature. He became a parliamentary reporter to the *Morning Chronicle* in 1813, and in that wearing occupation injured his naturally weak digestion. In 1814 he succeeded Mudford as theatrical critic on Perry's paper. In 1815 he joined the *Champion*, and in 1818 wrote for the *Yellow Dwarf*. Hazlitt's habits at No. 9 were enough to have killed a rhinoceros. He sat up half the night, and rose about one or two. He then remained drinking the strongest black tea, nibbling a roll, and reading (no appetite, of course) till about five p.m. At supper at the 'Southampton,' his jaded stomach then rousing, he ate a heavy meal of steak or game, frequently drinking during his long and suicidal vigils three or four quarts of water. Wine and spirits he latterly never touched. Morbidly self-conscious, touchy, morose, he believed that his aspect and manner were strange and disagreeable to his friends, and that every one was perpetually insulting him. He had a magnificent forehead, regular features, pale as marble, and a profusion of curly black hair, but his eyes were shy and suspicious. His manner when not at his ease Mr. P. G. Patmore describes

as worthy of Apemantus himself. He would enter a room as if he had been brought in in custody. He shuffled sidelong to the nearest chair, sat down on the extreme corner of it, dropped his hat on the floor, buried his chin in his stock, vented his usual pet phrase on such occasions, 'It's a fine day,' and resigned himself moodily to social misery. If the talk did not suit him, he bore it a certain time, silent, self-absorbed, as a man condemned to death, then suddenly, with a brusque 'Well, good morning,' shuffled to the door and blundered his way out, audibly cursing himself for his folly in voluntarily making himself the laughing-stock of an idiot's critical servants. It must have been hard to bear with such a man, whatever might be his talent; and yet his dying words were, 'I've led a happy life.'"

That delightful humorist, Lamb, lived in Southampton Buildings, in 1800, coming from Pentonville, and moving to Mitre Court Buildings, Fleet Street. Here, then, must have taken place some of those enjoyable evenings which have been so pleasantly sketched by Hazlitt, one of the most favoured of Lamb's guests:—

"At Lamb's we used to have lively skirmishes, at the Thursday evening parties. I doubt whether the small-coal man's musical parties could exceed them. Oh, for the pen of John Buncle to consecrate a *petit souvenir* to their memory! There was Lamb himself, the most delightful, the most provoking, the most witty, and the most sensible of men. He always made the best pun and the best remark in the course of the evening. His serious conversation, like his serious writing, is the best. No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things, in half-a-dozen sentences, as he does. His jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play upon words. What a keen-laughing, hair-brained vein of home-felt truth! What choice venom! How often did we cut into the haunch of letters! how we skimmed the cream of criticism! How we picked out the marrow of authors! Need I go over the names? They were but the old, everlasting set—Milton and Shakespeare, Pope and Dryden, Steele and Addison, Swift and Gay, Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, Richardson, Hogarth's prints, Claude's landscapes, the Cartoons at Hampton Court, and all those things that, having once been, must ever be. The Scotch novels had not then been heard of, so we said nothing about them. In general we were hard upon the moderns. The author of the *Rambler* was only tolerated in Boswell's life of him; and it was as much as anyone could do to edge in a word for Junius. Lamb could not bear 'Gil Blas;' this was a fault. I remember the greatest triumph I ever had was in persuading him, after some years' difficulty, that Fielding was better than Smollett. On one occasion he was for making out a list of persons famous in history that one would wish to see again, at the head of whom were Pontius Pilate, Sir Thomas Browne, and Dr. Faustus; but we black-balled most of his list. But with what a gusto he would describe his favourite authors, Donne or Sir Philip Sidney, and call their most crabbed passages *delicious*. He tried them on his palate, as epicures taste olives, and his observations had a smack in them like a roughness on the tongue. With what discrimination he hinted a defect in what he admired most, as in saying the display of the sumptuous banquet in 'Paradise Regained' was not in true keeping, as the simplest fare was all that was necessary to tempt the extremity of hunger, and stating that Adam and Eve, in 'Paradise Lost,' were too much like married people. He has furnished many a text for Coleridge to preach upon. There was no fuss or cant about him; nor were his sweets or sours ever diluted with one particle of affectation."

Towards the unhappy close of Sheridan's life, when weighed down by illness and debt (he had just lost the election at Stafford, and felt clouds and darkness gathering closer round him), he was thrown for several days (about 1814) into a sponging-house in Tooke's Court, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane. Tom Moore describes meeting him shortly before with Lord Byron, at the table of Rogers, and some days after Sheridan burst into tears on hearing that Byron had said that he (Sheridan) had written the best comedy, the best operetta, the best farce, the best address, and delivered the best oration ever produced in England. Sheridan's books and pictures had been sold; and from his sordid prison he wrote a piteous letter to his kind but severely business-like friend, Whitbread, the brewer. "I have done everything," he says, "to obtain my release, but in vain; and, Whitbread, putting all false professions of friendship and feeling out of the question, you have no right to keep me here, for it is in truth your act; if you had not forcibly withheld from me the £12,000, in consequence of a letter from a miserable swindler, whose claim you in particular know to be a lie, I should at least have been out of the reach of this miserable insult; for that, and that only, lost me my seat in Parliament."

Even in the depths of this den, however, Sheridan still remained sanguine; and when Whitbread came to release him, he found him confidently calculating on the representation of Westminster, then about to become vacant by the unjust disgrace of Lord Cochrane. On his return home to his wife,

fortified perhaps by wine, Sheridan burst into a long and passionate fit of weeping, at the profanation, as he termed it, which his person had suffered.

In Lord Eldon's youth, when he was simply plain John Scott, of the Northern Circuit, he lived with the pretty little wife with whom he had run away, in very frugal and humble lodgings in Cursitor Street, just opposite No. 2, the chained and barred door of Sloman's sponging-house (now the Imperial Club). Here, in after life he used to boast, although his struggles had really been very few, that he used to run out into Clare Market for sixpennyworth of sprats.

Mr. Disraeli, in "Henrietta Temple," an early novel written in the Theodore Hook manner, has sketched Sloman's with a remarkable *verve* and intimate knowledge of the place :—

"In pursuance of this suggestion, Captain Armine was ushered into the best drawing-room with barred windows and treated in the most aristocratic manner. It was evidently the chamber reserved only for unfortunate gentlemen of the utmost distinction; it was simply furnished with a mirror, a loo-table, and a very hard sofa. The walls were hung with old-fashioned caricatures by Bunbury; the fire-irons were of polished brass; over the mantelpiece was the portrait of the master of the house, which was evidently a speaking likeness, and in which Captain Armine fancied he traced no slight resemblance to his friend Mr. Levison; and there were also some sources of literary amusement in the room, in the shape of a Hebrew Bible and the Racing Calendar.

"After walking up and down the room for an hour, meditating over the past—for it seemed hopeless to trouble himself any further with the future—Ferdinand began to feel very faint, for it may be recollected that he had not even breakfasted. So, pulling the bell-rope with such force that it fell to the ground, a funny little waiter immediately appeared, awed by the sovereign ring, and having indeed received private intelligence from the bailiff that the gentleman in the drawing-room was a regular nob.

"And here, perhaps, I should remind the reader that of all the great distinctions in life none, perhaps, is more important than that which divides mankind into the two great sections of *nobs* and *snobs*. It might seem at the first glance that if there were a place in the world which should level all distinctions, it would be a debtors' prison; but this would be quite an error. Almost at the very moment that Captain Armine arrived at his sorrowful hotel, a poor devil of a tradesman, who had been arrested for fifty pounds and torn from his wife and family, had been forced to retire to the same asylum. He was introduced into what is styled the coffee-room, being a long, low, unfurnished, sanded chamber, with a table and benches; and being very anxious to communicate with some friend, in order, if possible, to effect his release, and prevent himself from being a bankrupt, he had continued meekly to ring at intervals for the last half-hour, in order that he might write and forward his letter. The waiter heard the coffee-room bell ring, but never dreamed of noticing it; though the moment the signal of the private room sounded, and sounded with so much emphasis, he rushed upstairs three steps at a time, and instantly appeared before our hero; and all this difference was occasioned by the simple circumstance that Captain Armine was a *nob*, and the poor tradesman a *snob*.

"'I am hungry,' said Ferdinand. 'Can I get anything to eat at this place?'

"'What would you like, sir? Anything you choose, sir—mutton chop, rump steak, weal cutlet? Do you a fowl in a quarter of an hour—roast or boiled, sir?'

"'I have not breakfasted yet; bring me some breakfast.'

"'Yes, sir,' said the waiter. 'Tea, sir? coffee, eggs, toast, buttered toast, sir? Like any meat, sir? ham, sir? tongue, sir? Like a devil, sir?'

"'Anything—everything; only be quick.'

"'Yes, sir,' responded the waiter. 'Beg pardon, sir. No offence, I hope; but custom to pay here, sir. Shall be happy to accommodate you, sir. Know what a gentleman is.'

"'Thank you, I will not trouble you,' said Ferdinand. 'Get me that note changed.'

"'Yes, sir,' replied the little waiter, bowing very low, as he disappeared.

"'Gentleman in best drawing-room wants breakfast. Gentleman in best drawing-room wants change for a ten-pound note. Breakfast immediately for gentleman in best drawing-room. Tea, coffee, toast, ham, tongue, and a devil. A regular nob!'"

Sloman's has been sketched both by Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Thackeray. In "Vanity Fair" we find it described as the temporary abode of the impecunious Colonel Crawley, and Moss describes his uncomfortable past and present guests in a manner worthy of Fielding himself. There is the "Honourable Capting Famish, of the Fiftieth Dragoons, whose 'mar' had just taken him out after a fortnight, jest to punish him, who punished the champagne, and had a party every night of regular tip-top swells down from the clubs at the West End; and Capting Ragg and the Honourable

Deuceace, who lived, when at home, in the Temple. There's a doctor of divinity upstairs, and five gents in the coffee-room who know a good glass of wine when they see it. There is a tably d'hote at half-past five in the front parlour, and cards and music afterwards." Moss's house of durance the great novelist describes as splendid with dirty huge old gilt cornices, dingy yellow satin hangings, while the barred-up windows contrasted with "vast and oddly-gilt picture-frames surrounding pieces sporting and sacred, all of which works were by the greatest masters, and fetched the greatest prices, too, in the bill transactions, in the course of which they were sold and bought over and over again. A quick-eyed Jew boy locks and unlocks the door for visitors, and a dark-eyed maid in curling-papers brings in the tea."

The Law Institute, that Grecian temple that has wedged itself into the south-west end of Chancery Lane, was built in the stormy year of 1830. On the Lord Mayor's day that year there was a riot; the Reform Bill was still pending, and it was feared might not pass, for the Lords were foaming at the mouth. The Iron Duke was detested as an opposer of all change, good or bad; the new police were distasteful to the people; above all, there was no Lord Mayor's show, and no man in brass armour to look at. The rioters assembled outside No. 62, Fleet Street, were there harangued by some dirty-faced demagogue, and

CLIFFORD'S INN (*see page* 92).

EXECUTION OF TOMKINS AND CHALLONER (*see page* 95).

then marched westward. At Temple Bar the zealous new "Peelers" slammed the old muddy gates, to stop the threatening mob; but the City Marshal, red in the face at this breach of City privilege, re-opened them, and the mob roared approval from a thousand distorted mouths. The more pugnacious reformers now broke the scaffolding at the Law Institute into dangerous cudgels, and some 300 of the unwashed patriots dashed through the Bar towards Somerset House, full of vague notions of riot, and perhaps (delicious thought!) plunder. But at St. Mary's, Commissioner Mayne and his men in the blue tail-coats received the roughs in battle array, and at the first charge the coward mob broke and fled.

In 1815, No. 68, Chancery Lane, not far from the north-east corner, was the scene of an event which terminated in the legal murder of a young and innocent girl. It was here, at Olibar Turner's, a law stationer's, that Eliza Fenning lived, whom we have already mentioned when we entered Hone's shop, in Fleet Street. This poor girl, on the eve of a happy marriage, was hanged at Newgate, on the 26th of July, 1815, for attempting to poison her master and mistress. The trial took place at the Old Bailey on April 11th of the same year, and Mr. Gurney conducted the prosecution before that rough, violent, unfeeling man, Sir John Sylvester (*alias* Black Jack), Recorder of London, who, it is said, used to call the calendar "a bill of fare." The arsenic for rats, kept in a drawer by Mr. Turner, had been mixed with the dough of some yeast dumplings, of which all the family, including the poor servant, freely partook. There was no evidence of malice, no suspicion of any ill-will, except that Mrs. Turner had once scolded the girl for being free with one of the clerks. It was, moreover, remembered that the girl had particularly pressed her mistress to let her make some yeast dumplings on the day in question. The defence was shamefully conducted. No one pressed the fact of the girl having left the dough in the kitchen for some time untended; nor was weight laid on the fact of Eliza Fenning's own danger and sufferings. All the poor, half-paralysed, Irish girl could say was, "I am truly innocent of the whole charge—indeed I am. I liked my place. I was very comfortable." And there was pathos in those simple, stammering words, more than in half the self-conscious diffuseness of tragic poetry. In her white bridal dress (the cap she had joyfully worked for herself) she went to her cruel death, still repeating the words, "I am innocent." The funeral, at St. George the Martyr, was attended by 10,000 people. Curran used to declaim eloquently on her unhappy fate, and Mr. Charles Phillips wrote a glowing rhapsody on this victim of legal dulness. But such mistakes not even Justice herself can correct. A city mourned over her early grave; but the life was taken, and there was no redress. Gadsden, the clerk, whom she had warned not to eat any dumpling, as it was heavy (this was thought suspicious), afterwards became a wealthy solicitor in Bedford Row.

CHAPTER VIII.

FLEET STREET (NORTHERN TRIBUTARIES—*continued*).

Clifford's Inn—Dyer's Chambers—The Settlement after the Great Fire—Peter Wilkins and his Flying Wives—Fetter Lane—Waller's Plot and its Victims—Praise-God Barebone and his Doings—Charles Lamb at School—Hobbes the Philosopher—A Strange Marriage—Mrs Brownrigge—Paul Whitehead—The Moravians—The Record Office and its Treasures—Rival Poets.

CLIFFORD'S INN, originally a town house of the Lords Clifford, ancestors of the Earls of Cumberland, given to them by Edward II., was first let to the students of law in the eighteenth year of King Edward III., at a time when might was too often right, and hard knocks decided legal questions oftener than deed or statute. Harrison the regicide was in youth clerk to an attorney in Clifford's Inn, but when the Civil War broke out he rode off and joined the Puritan troopers.

Clifford's Inn is the oldest Inn in Chancery. There was formerly, we learn from Mr. Jay, an office there, out of which were issued writs, called "Bills of Middlesex," the appointment of which office was in the gift of the senior judge of the Queen's Bench. "But what made this Inn once noted was that all the six attorneys of the Marshalsea Court (better known as the Palace Court) had their chambers there, as also had the satellites who paid so much per year for using their names and looking at the nature of their practice. I should say that more misery emanated from this small spot than from any one of the most populous counties in England. The causes in this cour

were obliged to be tried in the city of Westminster, near the Palace, and it was a melancholy sight (except to lawyers) to observe in the court the crowd of every description of persons suing one another. The most remarkable man in the court was the extremely fat prothonotary, Mr. Hewlett, who sat under the judge or the judge's deputy, with a wig on his head like a thrush's nest, and with only one book before him, which was one of the volumes of 'Burns' Justice.' I knew a respectable gentleman (Mr. G. Dyer) who resided here in chambers (where he died) over a firm of Marshalsea attorneys. This gentleman, who wrote a history of Cambridge University and a biography of Robinson of Cambridge, had been a Bluecoat boy, went as a Grecian to Cambridge, and, after the University, visited almost every celebrated library in Europe. It often struck me what a mighty difference there was between what was going on in the one set of chambers and the other underneath. At Mr. Dyer's I have seen Sir Walter Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Talfourd, and many other celebrated literati, 'all benefiting by hearing, which was but of little advantage to the owner.' In the lawyers' chambers below were people wrangling, swearing, and shouting, and some, too, even fighting, the only relief to which was the eternal stamping of cognovits, bound in a book as large as a family Bible." The Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Lord Chelmsford both at one time practised in the County Court, purchased their situations for large sums, and afterwards sold them. "It was not a bad nursery for a young barrister, as he had an opportunity of addressing a jury. There were only four counsel who had a right to practise in this court, and if you took a first-rate advocate in there specially, you were obliged to give briefs to two of the privileged four. On the tombstone of one of the compensated Marshalsea attorneys is cut the bitterly ironical epitaph, "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

Coke, that great luminary of English jurisprudence, resided at Clifford's Inn for a year, and then entered himself at the Inner Temple. Coke, it will be remembered, conducted the prosecution of both Essex and Raleigh; in both cases he was grossly unfeeling to fallen great men.

The George Dyer mentioned by Mr. Jay was not the author of "The Fleece," but that eccentric and amiable old scholar sketched by Charles Lamb in "The Essays of Elia." Dyer was a poet and an antiquary, and edited nearly all the 140 volumes of the Delphin Classics for Valpy. Alternately writer, Baptist minister, and reporter, he eventually settled down in the monastic solitude of Clifford's Inn to compose verses, annotate Greek plays, and write for the magazines. How the worthy, simple-hearted bookworm once walked straight from Lamb's parlour in Colebrooke Row into the New River, and was then fished out and restored with brandy-and-water, Lamb was never tired of telling. At the latter part of his life poor old Dyer became totally blind. He died in 1841.

The hall of Clifford's Inn is memorable as being the place where Sir Matthew Hale and seventeen other wise and patient judges sat, after the Great Fire of 1666, to adjudicate upon the claims of the landlords and tenants of burned houses, and prevent future lawsuits. The difficulty of discovering the old boundaries, under the mountains of ashes, must have been great; and forty thick folio volumes of decisions, now preserved in the British Museum, tell of many a legal headache in Clifford's Inn.

A very singular custom, and probably of great antiquity, prevails after the dinners at Clifford's Inn. The society is divided into two sections—the Principal and Aules, and the Junior or "Kentish Men." When the meal is over, the chairman of the Kentish Men, standing up at the Junior table, bows gravely to the Principal, takes from the hand of a servitor standing by four small rolls of bread, silently dashes them three times on the table, and then pushes them down to the further end of the board, from whence they are removed. Perfect silence is preserved during this mystic ceremony, which some antiquary who sees deeper into millstones than his brethren thinks typifies offerings to Ceres, who first taught mankind the use of laws and originated those peculiar ornaments of civilisation, their expounders, the lawyers.

In the hall is preserved an old oak folding case, containing the forty-seven rules of the institution, now almost defaced, and probably of the reign of Henry VIII. The hall casement contains armorial glass with the bearings of Baptist Hicks, Viscount Camden, &c.

Robert Pultock, the almost unknown author of that graceful story, "Peter Wilkins," from whose flying women Southey drew his poetical notion of the Glendoveer, or flying spirit, in his wild poem of "The Curse of Kehama," lived in this Inn, paced on its terrace, and mused in its garden. "'Peter Wilkins' is to my mind," says Coleridge (in his "Table Talk"), "a work of uncommon beauty, and yet Stothard's illustrations have *added* beauties to it. If it were not for a certain tendency to affectation, scarcely any praise could be too high for Stothard's designs. They give me great pleasure. I believe that 'Robinson Crusoe'

and 'Peter Wilkins' could only have been written by islanders. No continentalist could have conceived either tale. Davis's story is an imitation of 'Peter Wilkins,' but there are many beautiful things in it, especially his finding his wife crouching by the fireside, she having, in his absence, plucked out all her feathers, to be like him! It would require a very peculiar genius to add another tale, *ejusdem generis*, to 'Peter Wilkins' and 'Robinson Crusoe.' I once projected such a thing, but the difficulty of a pre-occupied ground stopped me. Perhaps La Motte Fouqué might effect something; but I should fear that neither he nor any other German could entirely understand what may be called the '*desert island*' feeling. I would try the marvellous line of 'Peter Wilkins,' if I attempted it, rather than the *real* fiction of 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

The name of the author of "Peter Wilkins" was discovered only a few years ago. In the year 1835 Mr. Nicol, the printer, sold by auction a number of books and manuscripts in his possession, which had formerly belonged to the well-known publisher, Dodsley; and in arranging them for sale, the original agreement for the sale of the manuscript of "Peter Wilkins," by the author, "Robert Pultock, of Clifford's Inn," to Dodsley, was discovered. From this document it appears that Mr. Pultock received twenty pounds, twelve copies of the work, and "the cuts of the first impression"—*i.e.*, a set of proof impressions of the fanciful engravings that professed to illustrate the first edition of the work—as the price of the entire copyright. This curious document had been sold afterwards to John Wilkes, Esq., M.P.

Inns of Chancery, like Clifford's Inn, were originally law schools, to prepare students for the larger Inns of Court.

Fetter Lane did not derive its name from the manufacture of Newgate fetters. Stow, who died early in the reign of James I., calls it "Fewtor Lane," from the Norman-French word "fewtor" (idle person, loafer), perhaps analogous to the even less complimentary modern French word "foutre" (blackguard). Mr. Jesse, however, derives the word "fetter" from the Norman "defaytor" (defaulter), as if the lane had once been a sanctuary for skulking debtors. In either case the derivation is somewhat ignoble, but the inhabitants have long since lived it down. Stow says it was once a mere byway leading to gardens (*quantum mutatus!*) If men of the Bobadil and Pistol character ever did look over the garden-gates and puff their Trinidado in the faces of respectable passers-by, the lane at least regained its character later, when poets and philosophers condescended to live in it, and persons of considerable consequence rustled their silks and trailed their velvet along its narrow roadway.

During the Middle Ages Fetter Lane slumbered, but it woke up on the breaking out of the Civil War, and in 1643 became unpleasantly celebrated as the spot where Waller's plot disastrously terminated.

In the second year of the war between King and Parliament, the Royal successes at Bath, Bristol, and Cornwall, as well as the partial victory at Edgehill, had roused the moderate party and chilled many lukewarm adherents of the Puritans. The distrust of Pym and his friends soon broke out into a reactionary plot, or, more probably, two plots, in one or both of which Waller, the poet, was dangerously mixed up. The chief conspirators were Tomkins and Challoner, the former Waller's brother-in-law, a gentleman living in Holborn, near the end of Fetter Lane, and a secretary to the Commissioners of the Royal Revenues; the latter an eminent citizen, well known on 'Change. Many noblemen and Cavalier officers and gentlemen had also a whispering knowledge of the ticklish affair. The projects of these men, or of some of the more desperate, at least, were—(1) to secure the king's children; (2) to seize Mr. Pym, Colonel Hampden, and other members of Parliament specially hostile to the king; (3) to arrest the Puritan Lord Mayor, and all the sour-faced committee of the City Militia; (4) to capture the outworks, forts, magazines, and gates of the Tower and City, and to admit 3,000 Cavaliers sent from Oxford by a pre-arranged plan; (5) to resist all payments imposed by Parliament for support of the armies of the Earl of Essex. Unfortunately, just as the white ribbons were preparing to tie round the arms of the conspirators, to mark them on the night of action, a treacherous servant of Mr. Tomkins, of Holborn, overheard Waller's plans from behind a convenient arras, and disclosed them to the angry Parliament. In a cellar at Tomkins's the soldiers who rummaged it found a commission sent from the king by Lady Aubigny, whose husband had been recently killed at Edgehill.

Tomkins and Challoner were hung at the Holborn end of Fetter Lane. On the ladder, Tomkins said:—"Gentlemen, I humbly acknowledge, in the sight of Almighty God (to whom, and to angels, and to this great assembly of people, I am now a spectacle), that my sins have deserved of Him this untimely and shameful death; and, touching the business for which I suffer, I acknowledge that affection to a brother-in-law, and affection and gratitude to the king, whose bread I have eaten

now about twenty-two years (I have been servant to him when he was prince, and ever since: it will be twenty-three years in August next)—I confess these two motives drew me into this foolish business. I have often since declared to good friends that I was glad it was discovered, because it might have occasioned very ill consequences; and truly I have repented having any hand in it."

Challoner was equally fatal against Waller, and said, when at the same giddy altitude as Tomkins, "Gentlemen, this is the happiest day that ever I had. I shall now, gentlemen, declare a little more of the occasion of this, as I am desired by Mr. Peters [the famous Puritan divine, Hugh Peters] to give him and the world satisfaction in it. It came from Mr. Waller, under this notion, that if we could make a moderate party here in London, and stand betwixt and in the gap to unite the king and the Parliament, it would be a very acceptable work, for now the three kingdoms lay a-bleeding; and unless that were done, there was no hopes to unite them," &c.

Waller had a very narrow escape, but he extricated himself with the most subtle skill, perhaps secretly aided by his kinsman, Cromwell. He talked of his "carnal eye," of his repentance, of the danger of letting the army try a member of the House. As Lord Clarendon says: "With incredible dissimulation he acted such a remorse of conscience, that his trial was put off, out of Christian compassion, till he could recover his understanding." In the meantime, he bribed the Puritan preachers, and listened with humble deference to their prayers for his repentance. He bent abjectly before the House; and eventually, with a year's imprisonment and a fine of £10,000, obtained leave to retire to France. Having spent all his money in Paris, Waller at last obtained permission from Cromwell to return to England. "There cannot," says Clarendon, "be a greater evidence of the inestimable value of his (Waller's) parts, than that he lived after this in the good esteem and affection of many, the pity of most, and the reproach and scorn of few or none." The body of the unlucky Tomkins was buried in the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

According to Peter Cunningham, that shining light of the Puritan party in the early days of Cromwell, "Praise-God Barebone," was a leather-seller in Fetter Lane, having a house, either at the same time or later, called the "Lock and Key," near Crane Court, at which place his son, a great speculator and builder, afterwards resided. Barebone (probably Barbon, of a French Huguenot family) was one of those gloomy religionists who looked on surplices, plum-porridge, theatres, dances, Christmas pudding, and homicide as equally detestable, and did his best to shut out all sunshine from that long, rainy, stormy day that is called life. He was at the head of that fanatical, tender-conscienced Parliament of 1653 that Cromwell convened from among the elect in London, after untoward Sir Harry Vane had been expelled from Westminster at the muzzles of Pride's muskets. Of Barebone, also, and his crochetty, impracticable fellows, Cromwell had soon enough; and, in despair of all aid but from his own brain and hand, he then took the title of Lord Protector, and became the most inflexible and wisest monarch we have ever had, or indeed ever hope to have. Barebone is first heard of in local history as preaching in 1641, together with Mr. Greene, a felt-maker, at a conventicle in Fetter Lane, a place always renowned for its heterodoxy. The thoughtless Cavaliers, who did not like long sermons, and thought all religion but their own hypocrisy, delighted in gaunt Barebone's appropriate name, and made fun of him in those ribald ballads in which they consigned red-nosed Noll, the brewer, to the reddest and hottest portion of the unknown world. At the Restoration, when all Fleet Street was ablaze with bonfires to roast the Rumps, the street boys, always on the strongest side, broke poor Barebone's windows, though he had been constable and common-councilman, and was a wealthy leather-seller to boot. But he was not looked upon as of the regicide or extreme dangerous party, and a year afterwards attended a vestry-meeting unmolested. After the Great Fire he came to the Clifford's Inn Appeal Court about his Fleet Street house, which had been burnt over the heads of his tenants, and eventually he rebuilt it.

In Irving's "History of Dissenters" there is a curious account, from an old pamphlet entitled "New Preachers," "of Barebone, Greene the felt-maker, Spencer the horse-rubber, Quartermaine the brewer's clerk, and some few others, who are mighty sticklers in this new kind of talking trade, which many ignorant coxcombs call preaching; whereunto is added the last tumult in Fleet Street, raised by the disorderly preachment, pratings, and prattlings of Mr. Barebone the leather-seller, and Mr. Greene the felt-maker, on Sunday last, the 19th December."

The tumult alluded to is thus described: "A brief touch in memory of the fiery zeal of Mr. Barebone, a reverend unlearned leather-seller, who with Mr. Greene the felt-maker were both taken preaching or prating in a conventicle

amongst a hundred persons, on Sunday, the 19th of December last, 1641."

One of the pleasantest memories of Fetter Lane is that which connects it with the school-days of that delightful essay-writer, Charles Lamb. He himself, in one of Hone's chatty books, has described the school, and Bird, its master, in his own charming way.

Both Lamb and his sister, says Mr. Fitzgerald, in his Memoir of Lamb, went to a school where Starkey had been usher about a year before they came to it—a room that looked into "a discoloured, dingy garden, in the passage leading from Fetter Lane into Bartlett's Buildings. This was close to Holborn. Queen Street, where Lamb lived when a boy, was in Holborn." Bird is described as an "eminent writer" who taught mathematics, which was no more than "cyphering." "Heaven knows what languages were taught there. I am sure that neither my sister nor myself brought any out of it but a little of our native English. It was, in fact, a humble day-school." Bird and Cook, he says, were the masters. Bird had "that peculiar mild tone—especially when he was inflicting punishment—which is so much more terrible to children than the angriest looks and gestures. Whippings were not frequent; but when they took place, the correction was performed in a private room adjoining, whence we could only hear the plaints, but saw nothing. This heightened the decorum and solemnity." He then describes the ferule—"that almost obsolete weapon now." "To make him look more formidable—if a pedagogue had need of these heightenings—Bird wore one of those flowered Indian gowns formerly in use with schoolmasters, the strange figures upon which we used to interpret into hieroglyphics of pain and suffering." This is in Lamb's most delightful vein. So, too, with other incidents of the school, especially "our little leaden ink-stands, not separately subsisting, but sunk into the desks; and the agonising benches on which we were all cramped together, and yet encouraged to attain a free hand, unattainable in this position." Lamb recollected even his first copy—"Art improves nature," and could look back with "pardonable pride to his carrying off the first premium for spelling. Long after, certainly thirty years, the school was still going on, only there was a Latin inscription over the entrance in the lane, unknown in our humbler days." In the evening was a short attendance of girls, to which Miss Lamb went, and she recollected the theatricals,

ROASTING THE RUMPS IN FLEET STREET (FROM AN OLD PRINT) (*see page* 95).

and even *Cato* being performed by the young gentlemen. "She describes the cast of the characters with relish. 'Martha,' by the handsome Edgar Hickman, who afterwards went to Africa."

The Starkey mentioned by Lamb was a poor, crippled dwarf, generally known at Newcastle in his old age as "Captain Starkey," the butt of the street-boys and the pensioner of benevolent citizens. In 1818, when he had been an inmate of the Freemen's Hospital, Newcastle, for twenty-six years, the poor old ex-usher of the Fetter Lane school wrote "The Memoirs of his Life," a humble little pamphlet of only fourteen pages, upon which Hone good-naturedly wrote an article which educed Lamb's pleasant postscript. Starkey, it appears, had been usher, not in Lamb's own time, but in that of Mary Lamb's, who came after her brother had left. She describes Starkey running away on one occasion, being brought back by his father, and sitting the remainder of the day with his head buried in his hands, even the most mischievous boys respecting his utter desolation.

That clever but mischievous advocate of divine right and absolute power, Hobbes of Malmesbury, was lodging in Fetter Lane when he published his "Leviathan." He was not there, however, in 1660, at the Restoration, since we are told that on that *glorious* occasion he was standing at the door of Salisbury House, the mansion of his kind and generous patron, the Earl of Devonshire; and that the king, formerly Hobbes's pupil in mathematics, nodded to his old tutor. A short duodecimo sketch of Hobbes may not be uninteresting. This sceptical philosopher, hardened into dogmatic selfishness by exile, was the son of a Wiltshire clergyman, and he first saw the light the year of the Armada, his mother being prematurely confined during the first panic of the Spanish invasion. Hobbes, with that same want of self-respect and love of independence that actuated Gay and Thomson, remained his whole life a tolerated pensioner of his former pupil, the Earl of Devonshire; bearing, no doubt, in his time many rebuffs; for pride will be proud, and rich men require wisdom, when in their pay, to remember its place. Hobbes in his time was a friend of, and, it is said, a translator for, Lord Bacon; and Ben Jonson, that ripe scholar, revised his sound translation of "Thucydides." He sat at

INTERIOR OF THE MORAVIAN CHAPEL IN FETTER LANE (*see page* 100).

the feet of Galileo and by the side of Gassendi and Descartes. While in Fetter Lane he associated with Harvey, Selden, and Cowley. He talked and wrangled with the wise men of half Europe. He had sat at Richelieu's table and been loaded with honours by Cosmo de Medici. The laurels Hobbes won in the schools he lost on Parnassus. His translation of Homer is tasteless and contemptible. In mathematics, too, he was dismounted by Wallis and others. Personally he had weaknesses. He was afraid of apparitions, he dreaded assassination, and had a fear that Burnet and the bishops would burn him as a heretic. His philosophy, though useful, as Mr. Mill says, in expanding free thought and exciting inquiry, was based on selfishness. Nothing can be falser and more detestable than the maxims of this sage of the Restoration and of reaction. He holds the natural condition of man to be a state of war—a war of all men against all men; might making right, and the conqueror trampling down all the rest. The civil laws, he declares, are the only standards of good or evil. The sovereign, he asserts, possesses absolute power, and is not bound by any compact with the people (who pay him as their head servant). Nothing he does can be wrong. The sovereign has the right of interpreting Scripture; and he thinks that Christians are bound to obey the laws of an infidel king, even in matters of religion. He sneers at the belief in a future state, and hints at materialism. These monstrous doctrines, which even Charles II. would not fully sanction, were naturally battered and bombarded by Harrington, Dr. Henry More, and others. Hobbes was also vehemently attacked by that disagreeable Dr. Fell, the subject of the well-known epigram,—

> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this I know, and know full well,
> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,"

who rudely called Hobbes "*irritabile illud et vanissimum Malmsburiense animal.*" The philosopher of Fetter Lane, who was short-sighted enough to deride the early efforts of the Royal Society, though they were founded on the strict inductive Baconian theory, seems to have been a vain man, loving paradox rather than truth, and desirous of founding, at all risks, a new school of philosophy. The Civil War had warped him; solitary thinking had turned him into a cynical dogmatiser. He was timid as Erasmus; and once confessed that if he was cast into a deep pit, and the devil should put down his hot cloven foot, he would take hold of it to draw himself out. This was not the metal that such men as Luther and Latimer were made of; but it served for the Aristotle of Rochester and Buckingham. A wit of the day proposed as Hobbes's epitaph the simple words, "The philosopher's stone."

Hobbes's professed rule of health was to dedicate the morning to his exercise and the afternoon to his studies. At his first rising, therefore, he walked out and climbed any hill within his reach; or, if the weather was not dry, he fatigued himself within doors by some exercise or other, in order to perspire, recommending that practice upon this opinion, that an old man had more moisture than heat, and therefore by such motion heat was to be acquired and moisture expelled. After this he took a comfortable breakfast, then went round the lodgings to wait upon the earl, the countess, the children, and any considerable strangers, paying some short addresses to all of them. He kept these rounds till about twelve o'clock, when he had a little dinner provided for him, which he ate always by himself, without ceremony. Soon after dinner he retired to his study, and had his candle, with ten or twelve pipes of tobacco, laid by him; then, shutting his door, he fell to smoking, thinking, and writing for several hours.

At a small coal-shed (just one of those black bins still to be seen at the south-west end) in Fetter Lane, Dr. Johnson's friend, Levett, the poor apothecary, met a woman of bad character, who duped him into marriage. The whole story, Dr. Johnson used to say, was as marvellous as any page of "The Arabian Nights." Lord Macaulay, in his highly-coloured and somewhat exaggerated way, calls Levett "an old quack doctor, who bled and dosed coal-heavers and hackney-coachmen, and received for fees crusts of bread, bits of bacon, glasses of gin, and a little copper." Levett, however, was neither a quack nor a doctor, but an honest man and an apothecary, and the list of his patients is entirely hypothetical. This simple-hearted, benevolent man was persuaded by the proprietress of the coal-shed that she had been defrauded of her birthright by her kinsman, a man of fortune. Levett, then nearly sixty, married her; and four months after, a writ was issued against him for debts contracted by his wife, and he had to lie close to avoid the gaol. Not long afterwards his amiable wife ran away from him, and, being taken up for picking pockets, was tried at the Old Bailey, where she defended herself, and was acquitted. Dr. Johnson then, touched by Levett's misfortunes and goodness, took him to his own home at Bolt Court.

It was in a house on the east side of this lane, looking into Fleur-de-Lys Court, that (in 1767)

Elizabeth Brownrigge, midwife to the St. Dunstan's workhouse and wife of a house-painter, cruelly ill-used her two female apprentices. Mary Jones, one of these unfortunate children, after being often beaten, ran back to the Foundling, from whence she had been taken. On the remaining one, Mary Mitchell, the wrath of the avaricious hag now fell with redoubled severity. The poor creature was perpetually being stripped and beaten, was frequently chained up at night nearly naked, was scratched, and her tongue cut with scissors. It was the constant practice of Mrs. Brownrigge to fasten the girl's hands to a rope slung from a beam in the kitchen, after which this old wretch beat her four or five times in the same day with a broom or a whip. The moanings and groans of the dying child, whose wounds were mortifying from neglect, aroused the pity of a baker opposite, who sent the overseers of the parish to see the child, who was found hid in a buffet cupboard. She was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and soon died. Brownrigge was at once arrested; but Mrs. Brownrigge and her son, disguising themselves in Rag Fair, fled to Wandsworth, and there took lodgings in a chandler's shop, where they were arrested. The woman was tried at the Old Bailey sessions, and found guilty of murder. Mr. Silas Told, an excellent Methodist preacher, who attended her in the condemned cell, has left a curious, simple-hearted account of her behaviour and of what he considered her repentance. She *talked* a great deal of religion, and stood much on the goodness of her past life. The mob raged terribly as she passed through the streets on her way to Tyburn. The women especially screamed, "Tear off her hat; let us see her face! The devil will fetch her!" and threw stones and mud, pitiless in their hatred. After execution her corpse was thrust into a hackney-coach and driven to Surgeons' Hall for dissection; the skeleton is still preserved in a London collection. The cruel hag's husband and son were sentenced to six months' imprisonment. A curious old drawing is still extant, representing Mrs. Brownrigge in the condemned cell. She wears a large, broad-brimmed gipsy hat, tied under her chin, and a cape; and her long, hard face wears a horrible smirk of resigned hypocrisy. Canning, in one of his bitter banters on Southey's republican odes, writes,—

"For this act
Did Brownrigge swing. Harsh laws! But time shall come
When France shall reign, and laws be all repealed."

In Castle Street (an offshoot of Fetter Lane), in 1709–10 (Queen Anne), at the house of his father, a master tailor, was born a very small poet, Paul Whitehead. This poor satirist and worthless man became a Jacobite barrister and protégé of Bubb Doddington and the Prince of Wales and his Leicester Fields Court. For libelling Whig noblemen, in his poem called "Manners," Dodsley, Whitehead's publisher, was summoned by the Ministers, who wished to intimidate Pope, before the House of Lords. He appears to have been an atheist, and was a member of the infamous Hell-Fire Club, that held its obscene and blasphemous orgies at Medmenham Abbey, in Buckinghamshire, the seat of Sir Francis Dashwood, where every member assumed the name of an Apostle. Later in life Whitehead was bought off by the Ministry, and then settled down at a villa on Twickenham Common, where Hogarth used to visit him. If Whitehead is ever remembered, it will be only for that splash of vitriol that Churchill threw in his face, when he wrote of the turncoat,—

"May I—can worse disgrace on manhood fall?—
Be born a Whitehead and baptised a Paul."

It was this Whitehead, with Carey, the surgeon of the Prince of Wales, who got up a mock procession, in ridicule of the Freemasons' annual cavalcade from Brooke Street to Haberdashers' Hall. The ribald procession consisted of shoe-blacks and chimney-sweeps, in carts drawn by asses, followed by a mourning-coach with six horses, each of a different colour. The City authorities very properly refused to let them pass through Temple Bar, but they waited there and saluted the Masons. Hogarth published a print of "The Scald Miserables," which is coarse, and even dull. The Prince of Wales, with more good sense than usual, dismissed Carey for this offensive buffoonery. Whitehead bequeathed his heart to Earl Despenser, who buried it in his mausoleum with absurd ceremonial.

At Pemberton Row, formerly Three-Leg Alley, Fetter Lane, lived that very indifferent poet but admirable miniature-painter of Charles II.'s time, Flatman. He was a briefless barrister of the Inner Temple, and resided with his father till the period of his death. Anthony Wood tells us that having written a scurrilous ballad against marriage, beginning,—

"Like a dog with a bottle tied close to his tail,
Like a Tory in a bog, or a thief in a jail,"

his comrades serenaded him with the song on his wedding-night. Rochester wrote some vigorous lines on Flatman, which are not unworthy even of Dryden himself,—

"Not that slow drudge, in swift Pindaric strains,
Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
And drives a jaded Muse, whipt with loose reins."

We find Dr. Johnson quoting these lines with approval, in a conversation in which he suggested that Pope had partly borrowed his "Dying Christian" from Flatman.

"The chapel of the United Brethren, or Moravians, 32, Fetter Lane," says Smith, in his "Streets of London," "was the meeting-house of the celebrated Thomas Bradbury. During the riots which occurred on the trial of Dr. Sacheveral, this chapel was assaulted by the mob and dismantled, the preacher himself escaping with some difficulty. The other meeting-houses that suffered on this occasion were those of Daniel Burgess, in New Court, Carey Street; Mr. Earl's, in Hanover Street, Long Acre; Mr. Taylor's, Leather Lane; Mr. Wright's, Great Carter Lane; and Mr. Hamilton's, in St. John's Square, Clerkenwell. With the benches and pulpits of several of these, the mob, after conducting Dr. Sacheveral in triumph to his lodgings in the Temple, made a bonfire in the midst of Lincoln's Inn Fields, around which they danced with shouts of 'High Church and Sacheveral,' swearing, if they found Daniel Burgess, that they would roast him in his own pulpit in the midst of the pile."

This Moravian chapel was one of the original eight conventicles where Divine worship was permitted. Baxter preached here in 1672, and Wesley and Whitefield also struck great blows at the devil in this pulpit, where Zinzendorf's followers afterwards prayed and sang their fervent hymns.

Count Zinzendorf, the poet, theologian, pastor, missionary, and statesman, who first gave the Moravian body a vital organisation, and who preached in Fetter Lane to the most tolerant class of all Protestants, was born in Dresden in 1700. His ancestors, originally from Austria, had been Crusaders and Counts of Zinzendorf. One of the Zinzendorfs had been among the earliest converts to Lutheranism, and became a voluntary exile for the faith. The count's father was one of the Pietists, a sect protected by the first king of Prussia, the father of Frederick the Great. The founder of the Pietists laid special stress on the doctrine of conversion by a sudden transformation of the heart and will. It was a young Moravian missionary to Georgia who first induced Wesley to embrace the vital doctrine of justification by faith. For a long time there was a close kinsmanship maintained between Whitefield, the Wesleys, and the Moravians; but eventually Wesley pronounced Zinzendorf as verging on Antinomianism, while Zinzendorf objected to Wesley's doctrine of sinless perfection. In 1722 Zinzendorf gave an asylum to two families of persecuted Moravian brothers, and built houses for them on a spot he called Hernhut ("watched of the Lord"), a marshy tract in Saxony, near the main road to Zittau. These simple and pious men were Taborites, a section of the old Hussites, who had renounced obedience to the Pope and embraced the Vaudois doctrines. This was the first formation of the Moravian sect.

"On January 24th, 1672–73," says Baxter, "I began a Tuesday lecture at Mr. Turner's church, in New Street, near Fetter Lane, with great convenience and God's encouraging blessing; but I never took a penny for it from any one." The chapel in which Baxter officiated in Fetter Lane is that between Nevil's Court and New Street, once occupied by the Moravians. It appears to have existed, though perhaps in a different form, before the Great Fire of London. Turner, who was the first minister, was a very active man during the plague. He was ejected from Sunbury, in Middlesex, and continued to preach in Fetter Lane till towards the end of the reign of Charles II., when he removed to Leather Lane. Baxter carried on the Tuesday morning lecture till the 24th of August, 1682. The Church which then met in it was under the care of Mr. Lobb, whose predecessor had been Thankful Owen, president of St. John's College, Oxford. Ejected by the commissioners in 1660, he became a preacher in Fetter Lane. "He was," says Calamy, "a man of genteel learning and an excellent temper, admir'd for an uncommon fluency and easiness and sweetness in all his composures. After he was ejected he retired to London, where he preached privately and was much respected. He dy'd at his house in Hatton Garden, April 1, 1681. He was preparing for the press, and had almost finished, a book entituled 'Imago Imaginis,' the design of which was to show that Rome Papal was an image of Rome Pagan."

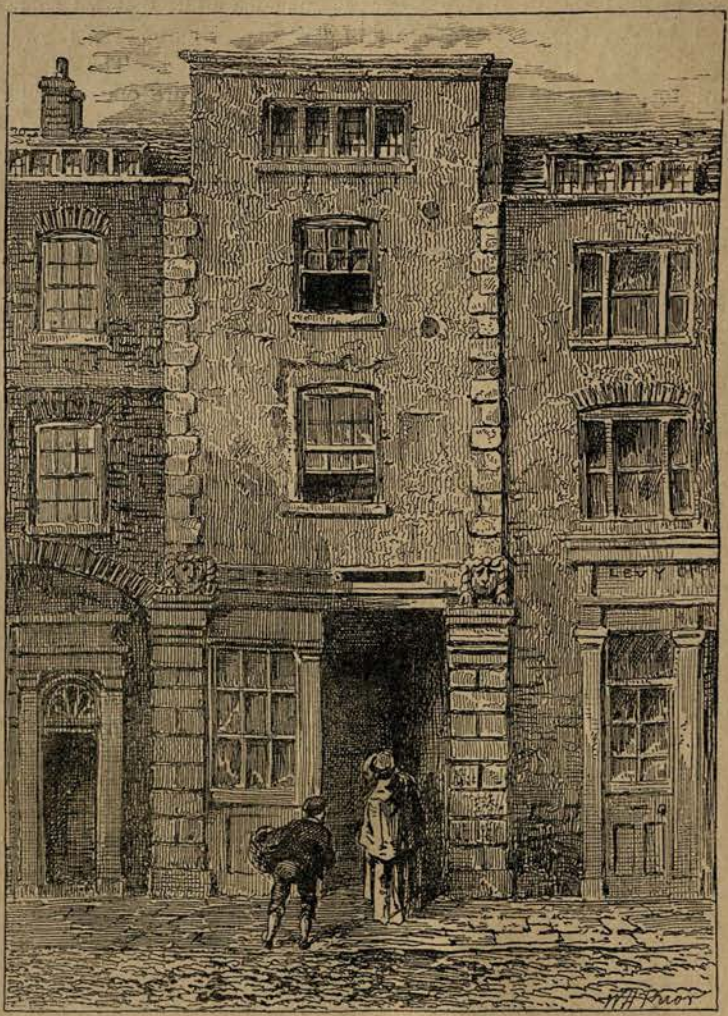
At No. 96, Fetter Lane is an Independent Chapel, whose first minister was Dr. Thomas Goodwin, 1660–1681—troublous times for Dissenters. Goodwin had been a pastor in Holland and a favourite of Cromwell. The Protector made him one of his commissioners for selecting preachers, and he was also President of Magdalen College, Oxford. When Cromwell became sick unto death, Goodwin boldly prophesied his recovery, and when the great man died, in spite of him, he is said to have exclaimed, "Thou hast deceived us, and we are deceived;" which is no doubt a Cavalier calumny. On the Restoration, the Oxford men showed Goodwin the door, and he retired to the seclusion of Fetter Lane. He seems to have been a good scholar and an eminent Calvinist divine, and he left on Puritan shelves five ponderous folio volumes of his works. The present chapel, says Mr. Noble, dates from

1732, and the pastor is the Rev. John Spurgeon, the father of the eloquent Baptist preacher, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The disgraceful disorder of the national records had long been a subject of regret among English antiquaries. There was no certainty of finding any required document among such a mass of ill-stored, dusty, unclassified bundles and rolls—many of them never opened since the day King John sullenly signed Magna Charta. We are a great conservative people, and abuses take a long time ripening before they seem to us fit for removal, so it happened that this evil went on several centuries before it roused the attention of Parliament, and then it was talked over and over, till in 1850 something was at last done. It was resolved to build a special storehouse for national records, where the various collections might be united under one roof, and there be arranged and classified by learned men. The first stone of a magnificent Gothic building was therefore laid by Lord Romilly on 24th May, 1851, and slowly and surely, in the Anglo-Saxon manner, the walls grew till, in the summer of 1866, all the new Search Offices were formally opened, to the great convenience of all students of records. The architect, Sir James Pennethorne, has produced a stately building, useful for its purpose, but not very remarkable for picturesque light and shade, and tame, as all imitations of bygone ages, adapted for bygone uses, must ever be. The number of records stored within this building can only be reckoned by "*hundreds of millions.*" These are Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy's own words. There, in cramped bundles and rolls, dusty as papyri, lie charters and official notices that once made mailed knights tremble and proud priests shake in their sandals. Now—the magic gone, the words powerless—they lie in their several binns in strange companionship. Many years will elapse before all these records of State and Government documents can be classified; but the small staff is industrious, Sir Thomas Hardy is working, and in time the Augean stable of crabbed writings will be cleansed and ranged in order. The useful and accurate calendars of Everett Green, John Bruce, &c., are books of reference invaluable to historical students; and the old chronicles published by order of Lord Romilly, so long Master of the Rolls and Keeper of the Records, are most useful mines for the Froudes and Freemans of the future. In time it is hoped that all the episcopal records of England will be gathered together in this great treasure-house, and that many of our English noblemen will imitate the patriotic generosity of Lord Shaftesbury, in contributing their family papers to the same Gaza in Fetter Lane. Under the concentrated gaze of learned eyes, family papers (valueless and almost unintelligible to their original possessors), often reveal very curious and important facts. Mere lumber in the manor-house, fit only for the butterman, sometimes turns to leaves of gold when submitted to such microscopic analysis. It was such a gift that led to the discovery of the Locke papers among the records of the nobleman above mentioned. The pleasant rooms of the Record Office are open to all applicants; nor is any reference or troublesome preliminary form required from those wishing to consult Court rolls or State papers over twenty years old. Among other priceless treasures the Record Office contains the original, uninjured, Domesday Book, compiled by order of William, the conqueror of England. It is written in a beautiful clerkly hand in close fine character, and is in a perfect state of preservation. It is in two volumes, the covers of which are cut with due economy from the same skin of parchment. Bound in massive board covers, and kept with religious care under glass cases, the precious volumes seem indeed likely to last to the very break of doom. It is curious to remark that London only occupies some three or four pages. There is also preserved the original Papal Bull sent to Henry VIII., with a golden seal attached to it, the work of Benvenuto Cellini. The same collection contains the celebrated Treaty of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the initial portrait of Francis I. being beautifully illuminated and the vellum volume adorned by an exquisite gold seal, in the finest relievo, also by Benvenuto Cellini. The figures in this seal are so perfect in their finish that even the knee-cap of one of the nymphs is shaped with the strictest anatomical accuracy. The visitor should also see the interesting Inventory Books relating to the foundation of Henry VII.'s chapel.

The national records were formerly bundled up any how in the Rolls Chapel, the White Tower, the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, Carlton Ride in St. James's Park, the State Paper Office, and the Prerogative Will Office. No one knew where anything was. They were unnoticed—mere dusty lumber, in fact—useless to men or printers' devils. Hot-headed Hugh Peters, during the Commonwealth, had, in his hatred of royalty, proposed to make one great heap of them and burn them up in Smithfield. In that way he hoped to clear the ground of many mischievous traditions. This desperate act of Communism that tough-headed old lawyer, Prynne, opposed tooth and nail.

In 1656 he wrote a pamphlet, which he called "A Short Demurrer against Cromwell's Project of Recalling the Jews from their Banishment," and in this work he very nobly epitomizes the value of these treasures; indeed, there could not be found a more lucid syllabus of the contents of the present Record Office than Prynne has there set forth.



HOUSE SAID TO HAVE BEEN OCCUPIED BY DRYDEN IN FETTER LANE (*see page* 102).

Dryden and Otway were contemporaries, and lived, it is said, for some time opposite to each other in Fetter Lane. One morning the latter happened to call upon his brother bard about breakfast-time, but was told by the servant that his master was gone to breakfast with the Earl of Pembroke. "Very well," said Otway, "tell your master that I will call to-morrow morning." Accordingly he called about the same hour. "Well, is your master at home now?" "No, sir; he is just gone to breakfast with the Duke of Buckingham." "The d—— he is," said Otway, and, actuated either by envy, pride, or disappointment, in a kind of involuntary manner, he took up a piece of chalk which lay on a table which stood upon the landing-place, near Dryden's chamber, and wrote over the door,—

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a wit."

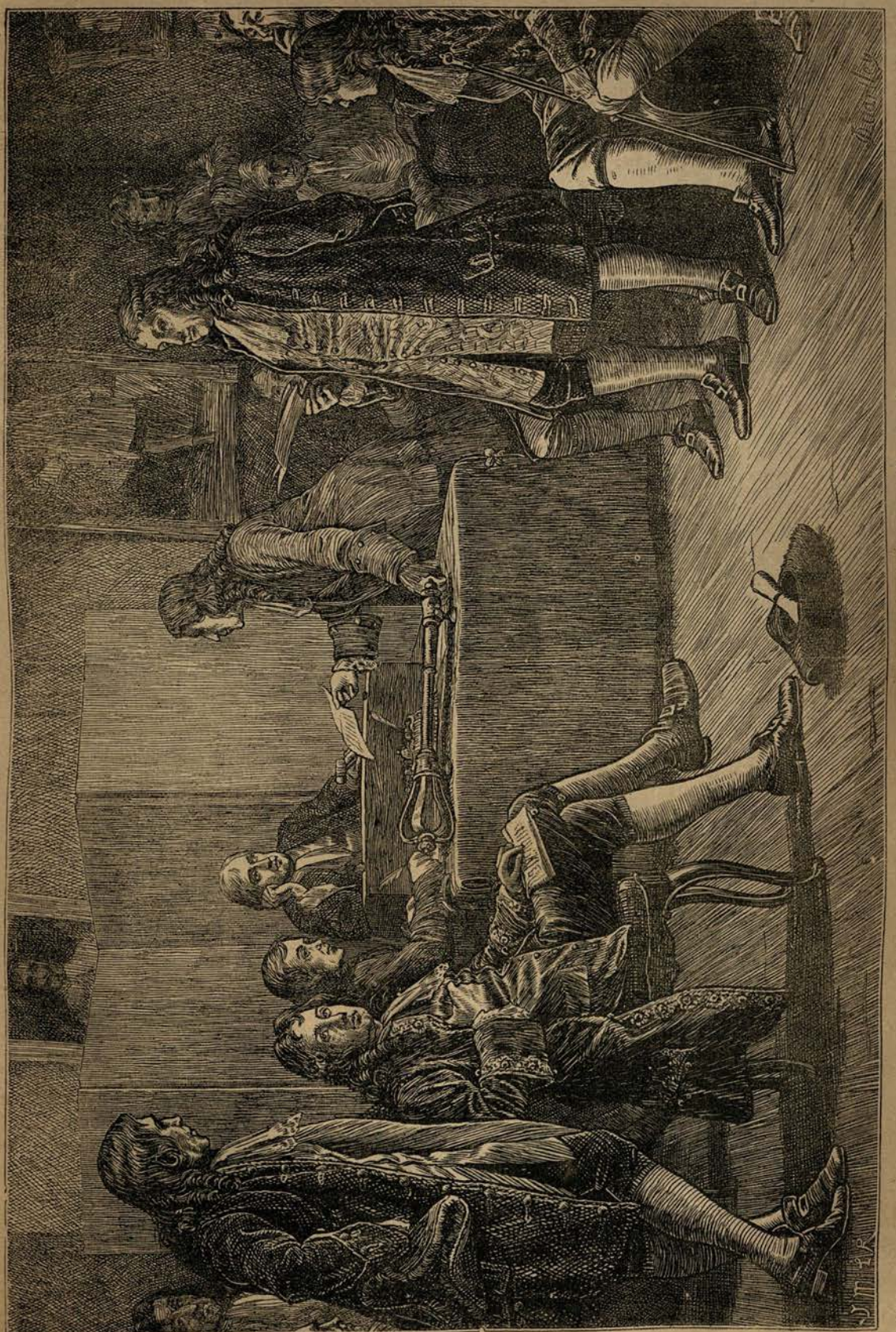
The next morning, at breakfast, Dryden recognised the handwriting, and told the servant to go to Otway and desire his company to breakfast with him. In the meantime, to Otway's line of

"Here lives Dryden, *a poet and a wit*,"

he added,—

"This was written by Otway, *opposite*."

When Otway arrived he saw that his line was linked with a rhyme, and being a man of rather



A MEETING OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY IN CRANE COURT (*see p.* 106).

petulant disposition, he took it in dudgeon, and, turning upon his heel, told Dryden "that he was welcome to keep his wit and his breakfast to himself."

A curious old book, a *vade mecum* for malt worms, *temp.* George I., thus immortalises the patriotism of a tavern-keeper in Fetter Lane:-

"Though there are some who, with invidious look,
Have styl'd this bird more like a Russian duck
Than what he stands depicted for on sign,
He proves he well has croaked for prey within
From massy tankards, formed of silver plate,
That walk throughout this noted house in state
Ever since *Englesfield*, in *Anna's* reign,
To compliment each fortunate campaign,
Made one be hammered out for ev'ry town was ta'en."

CHAPTER IX.

FLEET STREET (TRIBUTARIES—CRANE COURT, JOHNSON'S COURT, BOLT COURT).

Removal of the Royal Society from Gresham College—Opposition to Newton—Objections to Removal—The First Catalogue—Swift's jeer at the Society—Franklin's Lightning Conductor and King George III.—Sir Hans Sloane insulted—The Scottish Society—Wilkes's Printer—The Delphin Classics—Johnson's Court—Johnson's Opinion on Pope and Dryden—His Removal to Bolt Court—The *John Bull*—Hook and Terry—Prosecutions for Libel—Hook's Impudence.

In the old times, when newspapers could not legally be published without a stamp, "various ingenious devices," says a writer in the *Bookseller* (1867), "were employed to deceive and mislead the officers employed by the Government. Many of the unstamped papers were printed in Crane Court, Fleet Street; and there, on their several days of publication, the officers of the Somerset House solicitor would watch, ready to seize them immediately they came from the press. But the printers were quite equal to the emergency. They would make up sham parcels of waste-paper, and send them out with an ostentatious show of secrecy. The officers—simple fellows enough, though they were called 'Government spies,' 'Somerset House myrmidons,' and other opprobrious names, in the unstamped papers—duly took possession of the parcels, after a decent show of resistance by their bearers, while the real newspapers intended for sale to the public were sent flying, by thousands down a shoot in Fleur-de-Lys Court, and thence distributed in the course of the next hour or two all over the town."

The Royal Society came to Crane Court from Gresham College in 1710, and removed in 1782 to Somerset House. This society, according to Dr. Wallis, one of the earliest members, originated in London in 1645, when Dr. Wilkins and certain philosophical friends met weekly to discuss scientific questions. They afterwards met at Oxford, and in Gresham College, till that place was turned into a Puritan barracks. After the Restoration, in 1662, the king, wishing to turn men's minds to philosophy—or, indeed, anywhere away from politics—incorporated the members in what Boyle has called "the Invisible College," and gave it the name of the Royal Society. In 1710, the Mercers' Company growing tired of their visitors, the society moved to a house rebuilt by Wren in 1670, and purchased by the society for £1,450. It had been the residence, before the Great Fire, of Dr. Nicholas Barebone (son of Praise-God Barebone), a great building speculator, who had much property in the Strand, and who was the first promoter of the Phœnix Fire Office. It seems to have been thought at the time that Newton was somewhat despotic in his announcement of the removal, and the members in council grumbled at the new house, and complained of it as small, inconvenient, and dilapidated. Nevertheless, Sir Isaac, unaccustomed to opposition, overruled all these objections, and the society flourished in this Fleet Street "close" seventy-two years. Before the society came to Crane Court, Pepys and Wren had been presidents; while at Crane Court the presidents were—Newton (1703-1727), Sir Thomas Hoare, Matthew Folkes, Esq. (whose portrait Hogarth painted), the Earl of Macclesfield, the Earl of Morton, James Burrow, Esq., James West, Esq., Sir John Pringle, and Sir Joseph Banks. The earliest records of this useful society are filled with accounts of experiments on the Baconian inductive principle, many of which now appear to us puerile, but which were valuable in the childhood of science. Among the labours of the society while in Fleet Street, we may enumerate its efforts to promote inoculation, 1714-1722; electrical experiments on fourteen miles of wires near Shooter's Hill, 1745;

ventilation, *apropos* of gaol fever, 1750; discussions on Cavendish's improved thermometers, 1757; a medal to Dollond for experiments on the laws of light, 1758; observations on the transit of Venus, in 1761; superintendence of the Observatory at Greenwich, 1765; observations of the transit of Venus in the Pacific, 1769 (Lieutenant Cook commenced the expedition); the promotion of an Arctic expedition, 1773; the *Racehorse* meteorological observations, 1773; experiments on lightning conductors by Franklin, Cavendish, &c., 1772. The removal of the society was, as we have said, at first strongly objected to, and in a pamphlet published at the time, the new purchase is thus described: "The approach to it, I confess, is very fair and handsome, through a long court; but, then, they have no other property in this than in the street before it, and in a heavy rain a man may hardly escape being thoroughly wet before he can pass through it. The front of the house towards the garden is nearly half as long again as that towards Crane Court. Upon the ground floor there is a little hall, and a direct passage from the stairs into the garden, and on each side of it a little room. The stairs are easy, which carry you up to the next floor. Here there is a room fronting the court, directly over the hall; and towards the garden is the meeting-room, and at the end another, also fronting the garden. There are three rooms upon the next floor. These are all that are as yet provided for the reception of the society, except you will have the garrets, a platform of lead over them, and the usual cellars, &c., below, of which they have more and better at Gresham College."

When the society got settled, by Newton's order the porter was clothed in a suitable gown and provided with a staff surmounted by the arms of the society in silver, and on the meeting nights a lamp was hung out over the entrance to the court from Fleet Street. The repository was built at the rear of the house, and thither the society's museum was removed. The first catalogue, compiled by Dr. Green, contains the following, among many other marvellous notices:—

"The quills of a porcupine, which on certain occasions the creature can shoot at the pursuing enemy and erect at pleasure.

"The flying squirrel, which for a good nut-tree will pass a river on the bark of a tree, erecting his tail for a sail.

"The leg-bone of an elephant, brought out of Syria for the thigh-bone of a giant. In winter, when it begins to rain, elephants are mad, and so continue from April to September, chained to some tree, and then become tame again.

"Tortoises, when turned on their backs, will sometimes fetch deep sighs and shed abundance of tears.

"A humming-bird and nest, said to weigh but twelve grains; his feathers are set in gold, and sell at a great rate.

"A bone, said to be taken out of a mermaid's head.

"The largest whale—liker an island than an animal.

"The white shark, which sometimes swallows men whole.

"A siphalter, said with its sucker to fasten on a ship and stop it under sail.

"A stag-beetle, whose horns, worn in a ring, are good against the cramp.

"A mountain cabbage—one reported 300 feet high."

The author of "Hudibras," who died in 1680, attacked the Royal Society for experiments that seemed to him futile and frivolous, in a severe and bitter poem, entitled, "The Elephant in the Moon," the elephant proving to be a mouse inside a philosopher's telescope. The poem expresses the current opinion of the society, on which King Charles II. is once said to have played a joke.

In 1726–27 Swift, too, had his bitter jeer at the society. In Laputa, he thus describes the experimental philosophers:—

"The first man I saw," he says, "was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt that, in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me 'to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers.' I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them. I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the 'Malleability of Fire,' which he intended to publish.

"There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method of building houses, by beginning at the roof and working downward to

the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider. I went into another room, where the walls and ceilings were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the architect to go in and out. At my entrance, he called aloud to me 'not to disturb his webs.' He lamented 'the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silk-worms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave as well as spin.' And he proposed, farther, 'that, by employing spiders, the charge of dying silks would be wholly saved;' whereof I was fully convinced when he showed me a vast number of flies, most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us, 'that the webs would take a tincture from them;' and, as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads."

Mr. Grosley, who, in 1770, at Lausanne, published a book on London, has drawn a curious picture of the society at that date. "The Royal Society," he says, "combines within itself the purposes of the Parisian Academy of Sciences and that of Inscriptions; it cultivates, in fact, not only the higher branches of science, but literature also. Every one, whatever his position, and whether English or foreign, who has made observations which appear to the society worthy of its attention, is allowed to submit them to it either by word of mouth or in writing. I once saw a joiner, in his working clothes, announce to the society a means he had discovered of explaining the causes of tides. He spoke a long time, evidently not knowing what he was talking about; but he was listened to with the greatest attention, thanked for his confidence in the value of the society's opinion, requested to put his ideas into writing, and conducted to the door by one of the principal members.

"The place in which the society holds its meetings is neither large nor handsome. It is a long, low, narrow room, only furnished with a table (covered with green cloth), some morocco chairs, and some wooden benches, which rise above each other along the room. The table, placed in front of the fire-place at the bottom of the room, is occupied by the president (who sits with his back to the fire) and the secretaries. On this table is placed a large silver-gilt mace, similar to the one in use in the House of Commons, and which, as is the case with the latter, is laid at the foot of the table when the society is in committee. The president is preceded on his entrance and departure by the beadle of the society, bearing this mace. He has beside him, on his table, a little wooden mallet for the purpose of imposing silence when occasion arises, but this is very seldom the case. With the exception of the secretaries and the president, everyone takes his place hap-hazard, at the same time taking great pains to avoid causing any confusion or noise. The society may be said to consist, as a body corporate, of a committee of about twenty persons, chosen from those of its associates who have the fuller opportunities of devoting themselves to their favourite studies. The president and the secretaries are *ex-officio* members of the committee, which is renewed every year—an arrangement which is so much the more necessary that, in 1765, the society numbered 400 British members, of whom more than forty were peers of the realm, five of the latter being most assiduous members of the committee.

"The foreign honorary members, who number about 150, comprise within their number all the most famous learned men of Europe, and amongst them we find the names of D'Alembert, Bernouilli, Bonnet, Buffon, Euler, Jussieu, Linné, Voltaire, &c.; together with those, in simple alphabetical order, of the Dukes of Braganza, &c., and the chief Ministers of many European sovereigns."

During the dispute about lightning conductors (after St. Bride's Church was struck in 1764), in the year 1772, George III. (says Mr. Weld, in his "History of the Royal Society") is stated to have taken the side of Wilson—not on scientific grounds, but from political motives; he even had blunt conductors fixed on his palace, and actually endeavoured to make the Royal Society rescind their resolution in favour of pointed conductors. The king, it is declared, had an interview with Sir John Pringle, during which his Majesty earnestly entreated him to use his influence in supporting Mr. Wilson. The reply of the president was highly honourable to himself and the society whom he represented. It was to the effect that duty as well as inclination would always induce him to execute his Majesty's wishes to the utmost of his power; "But, sire," said he, "I cannot reverse the laws and operations of Nature." It is stated that when Sir John regretted his inability to alter the laws of Nature, the king replied, "Perhaps, Sir John, you had better resign." It was shortly after this occurrence that a friend of Dr. Franklin's wrote this epigram:—

"While you, great George, for knowledge hunt,
And sharp conductors change for blunt,
The nation's out of joint;
Franklin a wiser course pursues,
And all your thunder useless view
By keeping to the point."

A strange scene in the Royal Society in 1710 (Queen Anne) deserves record. It ended in the expulsion from the council of that irascible Dr. Woodward who once fought a duel with Dr. Mead inside the gate of Gresham College. "The sense," says Mr. Ward, in his "Memoirs," "entertained by the society of Sir Hans Sloane's services and virtues was evinced by the manner in which they resented an insult offered him by Dr. Woodward, who, as the reader is aware, was expelled the council. Sir Hans was reading a paper of his own composition, when Woodward made some grossly insulting remarks. Dr. Sloane complained, and moreover stated that Dr. Woodward had often affronted him by making grimaces at him; upon which Dr. Arbuthnot rose and begged to be 'informed what distortion of a man's face constituted a grimace.' Sir Isaac Newton was in the chair when the question of expulsion was agitated, and when it was pleaded in Woodward's favour that 'he was a good natural philosopher,' Sir Isaac remarked that in order to belong to that society a man ought to be a good moral philosopher as well as a natural one."

The Scottish Society held its meetings in Crane Court. "Elizabeth," says Mr. Timbs, "kept down the number of Scotsmen in London to the astonishingly small one of fifty-eight; but with James I. came such a host of traders and craftsmen, many of whom failing to obtain employment, gave rise, as early as 1613, to the institution of the 'Scottish Box,' a sort of friendly society's treasury, when there were no banks to take charge of money. In 1638 the company, then only twenty, met in Lamb's Conduit Street. In this year upwards of 300 poor Scotsmen, swept off by the great plague of 1665-66, were buried at the expense of the 'box,' while numbers more were nourished during their sickness, without subjecting the parishes in which they resided to the smallest expense.

"In the year 1665 the 'box' was exalted into the character of a corporation by a royal charter, the expenses attendant on which were disbursed by gentlemen who, when they met at the 'Cross Keys,' in Covent Garden, found their receipts to be £116 8s. 5d. The character of the times is seen in one of their regulations, which imposed a fine of 2s. 6d. for every oath used in the course of their quarterly business.

"Presents now flocked in. One of the corporation gave a silver cup; another, an ivory mallet or hammer for the chairman; and among the contributors we find Gilbert Burnet, afterwards bishop, giving £1 half-yearly. In no very Scotsman-like spirit the governors distributed each quarter-day all that had been collected during the preceding interval. But in 1775 a permanent fund was established. The hospital now distributes about £2,200 a year, chiefly in £10 pensions to old people; and the princely bequest of £76,495 by Mr. W. Kinloch, who had realised a fortune in India, allows of £1,800 being given in pensions of £4 to disabled soldiers and sailors.

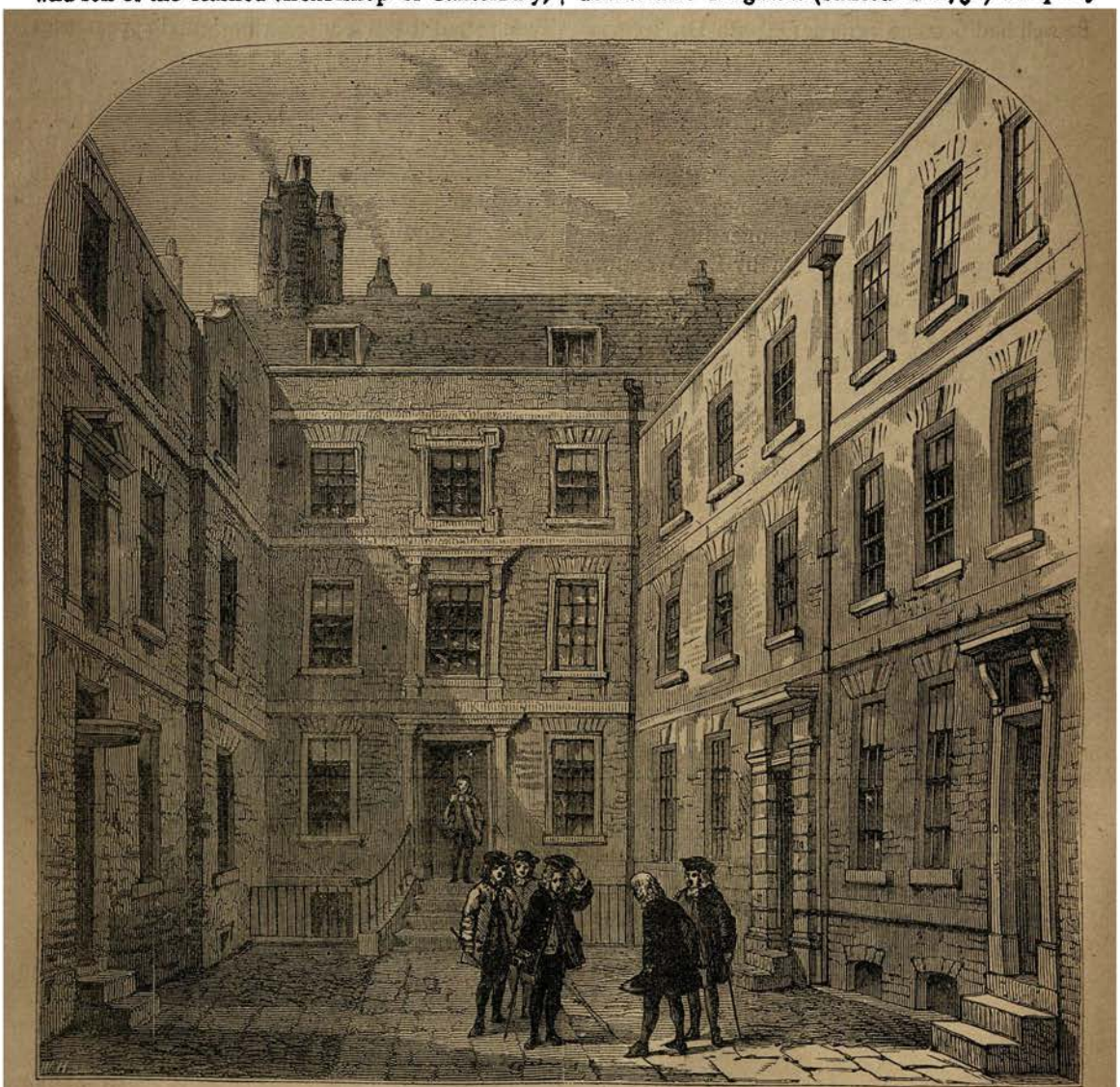
"All this is highly honourable to those connected, by birth or otherwise, with Scotland. The monthly meetings of the society are preceded by divine service in the chapel, which is in the rear of the house in Crane Court. Twice a year is held a festival, at which large sums are collected. On St. Andrew's Day, 1863, Viscount Palmerston presided, with the brilliant result of the addition of £1,200 to the hospital fund."

Appended to the account of the society already quoted we find the following remarkable "note by an Englishman":—

"It is not one of the least curious particulars in the history of the Scottish Hospital that it substantiates by documentary evidence the fact that Scotsmen who have gone to England occasionally find their way back to their own country. It appears from the books of the corporation that in the year ending 30th November, 1850, the sum of £30 16s. 6d. was spent in passages from London to Leith; and there is actually a corresponding society in Edinburgh to receive the *revenants* and pass them on to their respective districts."

In Crane Court, says Mr. Timbs, lived Dryden Leach, the printer, who, in 1763, was arrested on a general warrant upon suspicion of having printed Wilkes's *North Briton*, No 45. Leach was taken out of his bed in the night, his papers were seized, and even his journeymen and servants were apprehended, the only foundation for the arrest being a hearsay that Wilkes had been seen going into Leach's house. Wilkes had been sent to the Tower for the No. 45. After much litigation, he obtained a verdict of £4,000, and Leach £300, damages from three of the king's messengers, who had executed the illegal warrant. Kearsley, the bookseller, of Fleet Street (whom we recollect by his tax-tables), had been taken up for publishing No. 45, when also at Kearsley's were seized the letters of Wilkes, which seemed to fix upon him the writing of the

obscene and blasphemous "Essay on Woman," and of which he was convicted in the Court of King's Bench and expelled the House of Commons. The author of this "indecent patchwork" was not Wilkes (says Walpole), but Thomas Potter, the wild son of the learned Archbishop of Canterbury, who had tried to fix the authorship on the learned and arrogant Warburton—a piece of matchless impudence worthy of Wilkes himself.



THE ROYAL SOCIETY'S HOUSE IN CRANE COURT (*see page* 104).

Red Lion Court (No. 169), though an unlikely spot, has been, of all the side binns of Fleet Street, one of the most specially favoured by Minerva. Here Valpy published that interminable series of Latin and Greek authors, which he called the "Delphin Classics," which Lamb's eccentric friend, George Dyer, of Clifford's Inn, laboriously edited, and which opened the eyes of the subscribers very wide indeed as to the singular richness of ancient literature. At the press of an eminent printer in this court, that useful and perennial serial the *Gentleman's Magazine* (started in 1731) was partly printed from 1779 to 1781, and entirely printed from 1792 to 1820.

Johnson's Court, Fleet Street (a narrow court on the north side of Fleet Street, the fourth from Fetter Lane, eastward), was not named from Dr. Johnson, although inhabited by him.

Dr. Johnson was living at Johnson's Court in 1765, after he left No. 1, Inner Temple Lane, and before he removed to Bolt Court. At Johnson's

Court he made the acquaintance of Murphey, and he worked at his edition of "Shakespeare." He saw much of Reynolds and Burke. On the accession of George III. a pension of £300 a year had been bestowed on him, and from that time he became comparatively an affluent man. In 1763, Boswell had become acquainted with Dr. Johnson,

"He" (Johnson), says Hawkins, "removed from the Temple into a house in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, and invited thither his friend Mrs. Williams. An upper room, which had the advantage of a good light and free air, he fitted up for a study and furnished with books, chosen with so little regard to editions or their external appearances

(See page 110).

and from that period his wonderful conversations are recorded. The indefatigable biographer describes, in 1763, being taken by Mr. Levett to see Dr. Johnson's library, which was contained in his garret over his Temple chambers, where the son of the well-known Lintot used to have his warehouse. The floor was strewn with manuscript leaves; and there was an apparatus for chemical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life very fond. Johnson often hid himself in this garret for study, but never told his servant, as the Doctor would never allow him to say he was not at home when he was.

as showed they were intended for use, and that he disdained the ostentation of learning."

"I returned to London," says Boswell, "in February, 1766, and found Dr. Johnson in a good house in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, in which he had accommodated Mrs. Williams with an apartment on the ground-floor, while Mr. Levett occupied his post in the garret. His faithful Francis was still attending upon him. He received me with much kindness. The fragments of our first conversation, which I have preserved, are these:—I told him that Voltaire, in a conversation with

me, had distinguished Pope and Dryden, thus: 'Pope drives a handsome chariot, with a couple of neat, trim nags; Dryden, a coach and six stately horses.' Johnson: 'Why, sir, the truth is, they both drive coaches and six, but Dryden's horses are either galloping or stumbling; Pope's go at a steady, even trot.' He said of Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' which had been published in my absence, 'There's not been so fine a poem since Pope's time.' Dr. Johnson at the same time favoured me by marking the lines which he furnished to Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' which are only the last four:—

> 'That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
> As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
> While self-dependent power can time defy,
> As rocks resist the billows and the sky.'

At night I supped with him at the 'Mitre' tavern, that we might renew our social intimacy at the original place of meeting. But there was now considerable difference in his way of living. Having had an illness, in which he was advised to leave off wine, he had, from that period, continued to abstain from it, and drank only water or lemonade."

"Mr. Beauclerk and I," says Boswell, in another place, "called on him in the morning. As we walked up Johnson's Court, I said, 'I have a veneration for this court,' and was glad to find that Beauclerk had the same reverential enthusiasm." The Doctor's removal Boswell thus duly chronicles:—"Having arrived," he says, "in London late on Friday, the 15th of March, 1776, I hastened next morning to wait on Dr. Johnson, at his house, but found he was removed from Johnson's Court, No. 7, to Bolt Court, No. 8, still keeping to his favourite Fleet Street. My reflection at the time, upon this change, as marked in my journal, is as follows: 'I felt a foolish regret that he had left a court which bore his name; but it was not foolish to be affected with some tenderness of regard for a place in which I had seen him a great deal, from whence I had often issued a better and a happier man than when I went in; and which had often appeared to my imagination, while I trod its pavement in the solemn darkness of the night, to be sacred to wisdom and piety.'"

Johnson was living at Johnson's Court when he was introduced to George III., an interview in which he conducted himself, considering he was an ingrained Jacobite, with great dignity, self-respect, and good sense.

That clever, but most shameless and scurrilous, paper, *John Bull*, was started in Johnson's Court, at the close of 1820. Its specific and real object was to slander unfortunate Queen Caroline and to torment, stigmatise, and blacken "the Brandenburg House party," as her honest sympathisers were called. Theodore Hook was chosen editor, because he knew society, was quick, witty, satirical, and thoroughly unscrupulous. For his "splendid abuse"—as his biographer, the unreverend Mr. Barham, calls it—he received the full pay of a greedy hireling. Tom Moore and the Whigs now met with a terrible adversary. Hook did not hew or stab, like Churchill and the old rough lampooners of earlier days, but he filled crackers with wild fire, or laughingly stuck the enemies of George IV. over with pins. Hook had only a year before returned from the Treasuryship of the Mauritius, charged with a defalcation of £15,000—the result of the grossest and most culpable neglect. Hungry for money, as he had ever been, he was eager to show his zeal for the master who had hired his pen. Hook and Daniel Terry, the comedian, joined to start the new satirical paper; but Miller, a publisher in the Burlington Arcade, was naturally afraid of libel, and refused to have anything to do with the new venture. With Miller, as Hook said in his clever, punning way, all argument in favour of it proved Newgate-ory. Hook at first wanted to start a magazine upon the model of *Blackwood*, but the final decision was for a weekly newspaper, to be called *John Bull*, a title already discussed for a previous scheme by Hook and Elliston. The first number appeared on Saturday, December 16, 1820, in the publishing office, No. 11, Johnson's Court. The modest projectors only printed seven hundred and fifty copies of the first number, but the sale proved considerable. By the sixth week the sale had reached ten thousand weekly. The first five numbers were reprinted, and the first two actually stereotyped.

Hook's favourite axiom—worthy of such a satirist—was "that there was always a concealed wound in every family, and the point was to strike exactly at the source of pain." Hook's clerical elder brother, Dr. James Hook, the author of "Pen Owen" and other novels, and afterwards Dean of Worcester, assisted him; but Terry was too busy in what Sir Walter Scott, his great friend and sleeping partner, used to call "*Terry*fying the novelists by not very brilliant adaptations of their works." Dr. Maginn, summoned from Cork to edit a newspaper for Hook (who had bought up two dying newspapers for the small expenditure of three hundred guineas), wrote only one article for the *Bull*. Mr. Haynes Bayley contributed some of

his graceful verses, and Ingoldsby (Barham) some of his rather ribald fun. The anonymous editor of *John Bull* became for a time as much talked about as Junius in earlier times. By many witty James Smith was suspected, but his fun had not malignity enough for the Tory purposes of those bitter days. Latterly Hook let Alderman Wood alone, and set all his staff on Hume, the great economist, and the Hon. Henry Grey Bennett.

Several prosecutions followed, says Mr. Barham, that for libel on the Queen among the rest; but the grand attempt on the part of the Whigs to crush the paper was not made till the 6th of May, 1821. A short and insignificant paragraph, containing some observations upon the Hon. Henry Grey Bennett, a brother of Lord Tankerville's, was selected for attack, as involving a breach of privilege; in consequence of which the printer, Mr. H. F. Cooper, the editor, and Mr. Shackell were ordered to attend at the bar of the House of Commons. A long debate ensued, during which Ministers made as fair a stand as the nature of the case would admit in behalf of their guerrilla allies, but which terminated at length in the committal of Cooper to Newgate, where he was detained from the 11th of May till the 11th of July, when Parliament was prorogued.

Meanwhile the most strenuous exertions were made to detect the real delinquents—for, of course, honourable gentlemen were not to be imposed upon by the unfortunate "men of straw" who had fallen into their clutches, and who, by the way, suffered for an offence of which their judges and accusers openly proclaimed them to be not only innocent, but incapable. The terror of imprisonment and the various arts of cross-examination proving insufficient to elicit the truth, recourse was had to a simpler and more conciliatory mode of treatment—bribery. The storm had failed to force off the editorial cloak—the golden beams were brought to bear upon it. We have it for certain that an offer was made to a member of the establishment to stay all impending proceedings, and, further, to pay down a sum of £500 on the names of the actual writers being given up. It was rejected with disdain, while such were the precautions taken that it was impossible to fix Hook, though suspicion began to be awakened, with any share in the concern. In order, also, to cross the scent already hit off, and announced by sundry deep-mouthed pursuers, the following "Reply"—framed upon the principle, we presume, that in literature, as in love, everything is fair—was thrown out in an early number:—

"MR. THEODORE HOOK.

"The conceit of some people is amazing, and it has not been unfrequently remarked that conceit is in abundance where talent is most scarce. Our readers will see that we have received a letter from Mr. Hook, disowning and disavowing all connection with this paper. Partly out of good nature, and partly from an anxiety to show the gentleman how little desirous we are to be associated with him, we have made a declaration which will doubtless be quite satisfactory to his morbid sensibility and affected squeamishness. We are free to confess that two things surprise us in this business; the first, that anything which we have thought worth giving to the public should have been mistaken for Mr. Hook's; and, secondly that *such a person* as Mr. Hook should think himself disgraced by a connection with *John Bull*."

For sheer impudence this, perhaps, may be admitted to "defy competition"; but in point of tact and delicacy of finish it falls infinitely short of a subsequent notice, a perfect gem of its class, added by way of clenching the denial:—

"We have received Mr. Theodore Hook's second letter. We are ready to confess that we may have appeared to treat him too unceremoniously, but we will put it to his own feelings whether the terms of his denial were not, in some degree, calculated to produce a little asperity on our part. We shall never be ashamed, however, to do justice, and we readily declare that we meant no kind of imputation on Mr. Hook's personal character."

The ruse answered for awhile, and the paper went on with unabated audacity.

The death of the Queen, in the summer of 1821, produced a decided alteration in the tone and temper of the paper. In point of fact its occupation was now gone. The main, if not the sole, object of its establishment had been brought about by other and unforeseen events. The combination it had laboured so energetically to thwart was now dissolved by a higher and resistless agency. Still, it is not to be supposed that a machine which brought in a profit of something above £4,000 per annum, half of which fell to the share of Hook, was to be lightly thrown up, simply because its original purpose was attained. The dissolution of the "League" did not exist then as a precedent. The Queen was no longer to be feared; but there were Whigs and Radicals enough to be held in check, and, above all, there was a handsome income to be realised.

"Latterly Hook's desultory nature made him

wander from the *Bull*, which might have furnished the thoughtless and heartless man of pleasure with an income for life. The paper naturally lost sap and vigour, at once declined in sale, and sank into a mere respectable club-house and party organ." "Mr. Hook," says Barham, "received to the day of his death a fixed salary, but the proprietorship had long since passed into other hands."

CHAPTER X.

FLEET STREET TRIBUTARIES.

Dr. Johnson in Bolt Court—His motley Household—His Life there—Still existing—The gallant "Lumber Troop"—Reform Bill Riots—Sir Claudius Hunter—Cobbett in Bolt Court—The Bird Boy—The Private Soldier—In the House—Dr. Johnson in Gough Square—Busy at the Dictionary—Goldsmith in Wine Office Court—Selling "The Vicar of Wakefield"—Goldsmith's Troubles—Wine Office Court—The Old "Cheshire Cheese."

Of all the nooks of London associated with the memory of that good giant of literature, Dr. Johnson, not one is more sacred to those who love that great and wise man than Bolt Court. To this monastic court Johnson came in 1776, and remained till that December day in 1784, when a procession of all the learned and worthy men who honoured him followed his body to its grave in the Abbey, near the feet of Shakespeare and by the side of Garrick. The great scholar, whose ways and sayings, whose rough hide and tender heart, are so familiar to us—thanks to that faithful parasite who secured an immortality by getting up behind his triumphal chariot—came to Bolt Court from Johnson's Court, whither he had flitted from Inner Temple Lane, where he was living when the young Scotch barrister who was afterwards his biographer first knew him. His strange household of fretful and disappointed almspeople seems as well known as our own. At the head of these pensioners was the daughter of a Welsh doctor, (a blind old lady named Williams), who had written some trivial poems; Mrs. Desmoulins, an old Staffordshire lady, her daughter, and a Miss Carmichael. The relationships of these fretful and quarrelsome old maids Dr. Johnson has himself sketched, in a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Thrale:—"Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll (Miss Carmichael) loves none of them." This Levett was a poor eccentric apothecary, whom Johnson supported, and who seems to have been a charitable man.

The annoyance of such a menagerie of angular oddities must have driven Johnson more than ever to his clubs, where he could wrestle with the best intellects of the day, and generally retire victorious. He had done nearly all his best work by this time, and was sinking into the sere and yellow leaf, not, like Macbeth, with the loss of honour, but with love, obedience, troops of friends, and golden opinions from all sorts of people. His Titanic labour, the Dictionary, he had achieved chiefly in Gough Square; his "Rasselas"—that grave and wise Oriental story—he had written in a few days, in Staple's Inn, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. In Bolt Court he, however, produced his "Lives of the Poets," a noble compendium of criticism, defaced only by the bitter Tory depreciation of Milton, and injured by the insertion of many worthless and the omission of several good poets.

It is pleasant to think of some of the events that happened while Johnson lived in Bolt Court. Here he exerted himself with all the ardour of his nature to soothe the last moments of that wretched man, Dr. Dodd, who was hanged for forgery. From Bolt Court he made those frequent excursions to the Thrales, at Streatham, where the rich brewer and his brilliant wife gloried in the great London lion they had captured. To Bolt Court came Johnson's friends Reynolds and Gibbon, and Garrick, and Percy, and Langton; but poor Goldsmith had died before Johnson left Johnson's Court. To Bolt Court he stalked home the night of his memorable quarrel with Dr. Percy, no doubt regretting the violence and boisterous rudeness with which he had attacked an amiable and gifted man. From Bolt Court he walked to service at St. Clement's Church on the day he rejoiced in comparing the animation of Fleet Street with the desolation of the Hebrides. It was from Bolt Court Boswell drove Johnson to dine with General Paoli, a drive memorable for the fact that on that occasion Johnson uttered his first and only recorded pun.

Johnson was at Bolt Court when the Gordon Riots broke out, and he describes them to Mrs. Thrale.

Boswell gives a pleasant sketch of a party at Bolt Court, when Mrs. Hall (a sister of Wesley) was there, and Mr. Allen, a printer; Johnson produced his silver salvers, and it was "a great day." It was on this occasion that the conversation fell on apparitions, and Johnson, always superstitious to the last degree, told the story of hearing his mother's voice call him one day at Oxford (probably at a time when his brain was overworked). On this great occasion also, Johnson, talked at by Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Williams at the same moment, gaily quoted the line from the *Beggars' Opera*,—

> "But two at a time there's no mortal can bear,"

and Boswell playfully compared the great man to Captain Macheath. Imagine Mrs. Williams, old and peevish; Mrs. Hall, lean, lank, and preachy; Johnson, rolling in his chair like Polyphemus at a debate; Boswell, stooping forward on the perpetual listen; Mr. Levett, sour and silent; Frank, the black servant, proud of the silver salvers—and you have the group as in a picture.

In Bolt Court we find Johnson now returning from pleasant dinners with Wilkes and Garrick, Malone and Dr. Burney; now sitting alone over his Greek Testament, or praying with his black servant, Frank. We like to picture him on that Good Friday morning (1783), when he and Boswell, returning from service at St. Clement's, rested on the stone seat at the garden-door in Bolt Court, talking about gardens and country hospitality.

Then, finally, we come to almost the last scene of all, when the sick man addressed to his kind physician, Brocklesby, that pathetic passage of Shakespeare's,—

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

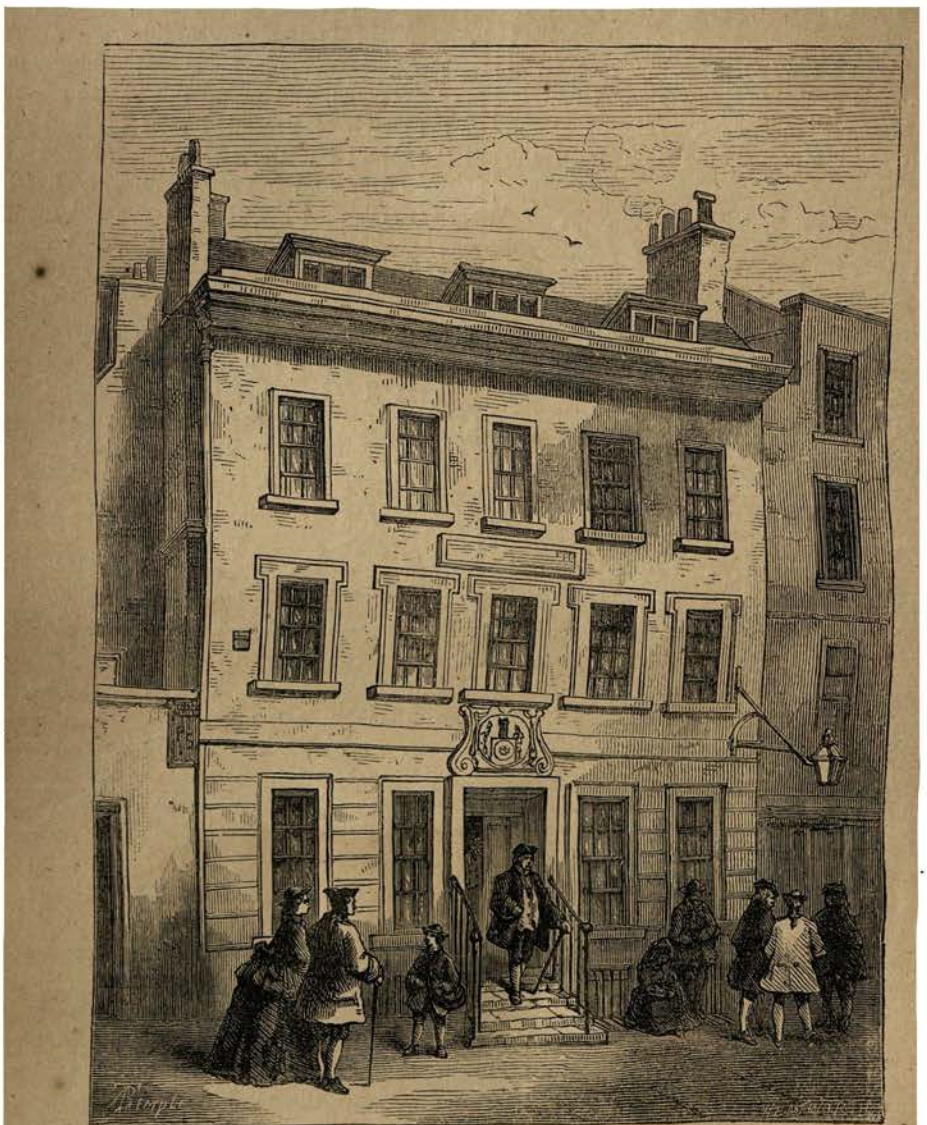
Round Johnson's dying bed gathered many wise and good men. To Burke he said, "I must be in a wretched state indeed, when your company would not be a delight to me." To another friend he remarked solemnly, but in his old grand manner, "Sir, you cannot conceive with what acceleration I advance towards death." Nor did his old vehemence and humour by any means forsake him, for he described a man who sat up to watch him "as an idiot, sir; awkward as a turnspit when first put into the wheel, and sleepy as a dormouse." His remaining hours were spent in fervent prayer. The last words he uttered were those of benediction upon the daughter of a friend who came to ask his blessing.

Some years before Dr. Johnson's death, when the poet Rogers was a young clerk of literary proclivities at his father's bank, he one day stole surreptitiously to Bolt Court, to daringly show some of his fledgeling poems to the great Polyphemus of literature. He and young Maltby, an ancestor of the late Bishop of Durham, crept blushingly through the quiet court, and on arriving at the sacred door on the west side, ascended the steps and knocked at the door; but the awful echo of that knocker struck terror to the young *débutants'* hearts, and before Frank Barber, the Doctor's old negro footman, could appear, the two lads, like street-boys who had perpetrated a mischievous runaway knock, took to their heels and darted back into noisy Fleet Street. Mr. Jesse, who has collected so many excellent anecdotes, some even original, in his three large volumes on "London's Celebrated Characters and Places," says that the elder Mr. Disraeli, singularly enough, used in society to relate an almost similar adventure as a youth. Eager for literary glory, but urged towards the counter by his sober-minded relations, he enclosed some of his best verses to the celebrated Dr. Johnson, and modestly solicited from the terrible critic an opinion of their value. Having waited some time in vain for a reply, the ambitious Jewish youth at last (December 13, 1784) resolved to face the lion in his den, and rapping tremblingly (as his predecessor, Rogers), heard with dismay the knocker echo on the metal. We may imagine the feelings of the young votary at the shrine of learning, when the servant (probably Frank Barber), who slowly opened the door, informed him that Dr. Johnson had breathed his last only a few short hours before.

Mr. Timbs reminds us of another story of Dr. Johnson, which will not be out of place here. It is an excellent illustration of the keen sagacity and forethought of that great man's mind. One evening Dr. Johnson, looking from his dim Bolt Court window, saw the slovenly lamp-lighter of those days ascending a ladder (just as Hogarth has drawn him in the "Rake's Progress"), and fill the little receptacle in the globular lamp with detestable whale-oil. Just as he got down the ladder the dull light wavered out. Skipping up the ladder again, the son of Prometheus lifted the cover, thrust the torch he carried into the heated vapour rising from the wick, and instantly the ready flame sprang restored to life. "Ah," said the old seer, "one of these days the streets of London will be lighted by smoke."

Johnson's house (No. 8), according to Mr. Noble, was not destroyed by fire in 1819, as Mr. Timbs and other writers assert. The house destroyed was Bensley the printer's (next door to No. 8), the successor of Johnson's friend, Allen, who in 1772 published Manning's Saxon, Gothic, and Latin *itur ad astra*. The back room, first floor, in which the great man died, had been pulled down by Mr. Bensley, to make way for a staircase. Bensley was one of the first introducers of the German invention of steam-printing.

At "Dr. Johnson's" tavern, established forty years



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN BOLT COURT (*see page* 112).

Dictionary, and died in 1780. In Bensley's destructive fire all the plates and stock of Dallaway's "History of Sussex" were consumed. Johnson's house, says Mr. Noble, was in 1858 purchased by the Stationers' Company, and fitted up as a cheap school (six shillings a quarter). In 1861 Mr. Foss, Master of the Company, initiated a fund, and since then a university scholarship has been founded—*sic* ago (now the Albert Club), the well-known society of the "Lumber Troop" once drained their porter and held their solemn smokings. This gallant force of supposititious fighting men "came out" with great force during the Reform Riots of 1830. These useless disturbances originated in a fussy, foolish warning letter, written by John Key, the Lord Mayor elect (he was generally known in the City as Don

A TEA PARTY AT DR. JOHNSON'S (*see page* 113).

Key after this), to the Duke of Wellington, then as terribly unpopular with the English Reformers as he had been with the French after the battle of Waterloo, urging him (the duke) if he came with King William and Queen Adelaide to dine with the new Lord Mayor, (his worshipful self), to come "strongly and sufficiently guarded." This imprudent step greatly offended the people, who were also just then much vexed with the severities of Peel's obnoxious new police. The result was that the new king and queen (for the not over-beloved George IV. had only died in June of that year) thought it better to decline coming to the City festivities altogether. Great, then, was even the Tory indignation, and the fattest alderman trotted about, eager to discuss the grievance, the waste of half-cooked turtle, and the general folly and enormity of the Lord Mayor elect's conduct. Sir Claudius Hunter, who had shared in the Lord Mayor's fears, generously marched to his aid. In a published statement that he made, he enumerated the force available for the defence of the (in his mind) endangered City in the following way:—

Ward Constables	400
Fellowship, Ticket, and Tackle Porters ...	250
Firemen	150
Corn Porters	100
Extra men hired	130
City Police or own men	54
Tradesmen with emblems in the procession ...	300
Some gentlemen called the Lumber Troopers	150
The Artillery Company	150
The East India Volunteers	600
Total of all comers	2,284

In the same statement Sir Claudius says:—"The Lumber Troop are a respectable smoking club, well known to every candidate for a seat in Parliament for London, and most famed for the quantity of tobacco they consume and the porter they drink, which, I believe (from my own observation, made nineteen years ago, when I was a candidate for that office), is the only liquor allowed. They were to have had no pay, and I am sure they would have done their best."

Along the line of procession, to oppose this civic force, the right worshipful but foolish man reckoned there would be some 150,000 persons. With all these aldermanic fears, and all these irritating precautions, a riot naturally took place. On Monday, November 8th, that glib, unsatisfactory man, Orator Hunt, the great demagogue of the day, addressed a Reform meeting at the Rotunda, in Blackfriars Road. At half-past eleven, when the Radical gentleman, famous for his white hat (the lode-star of faction), retired, a man suddenly waved a tricolour flag (it was the year, remember, of the Revolution in Paris), with the word "Reform" painted upon it, and a preconcerted cry was raised by the more violent of, "Now for the West End!" About one thousand men then rushed over Blackfriars bridge, shouting, "Reform!" "Down with the police!" "No Peel!" "No Wellington!" Hurrying along the Strand, the mob first proceeded to Earl Bathurst's, in Downing Street. A foolish gentleman of the house, hearing the cries, came out on the balcony, armed with a brace of pistols, and declared he would fire on the first man who attempted to enter the place. Another gentleman at this moment came out, and very sensibly took the pistols from his friend, on which the mob retired. The rioters were then making for the House of Commons, but were stopped by a strong line of police, just arrived in time from Scotland Yard. One hundred and forty more men soon joined the constables, and a general fight ensued, in which many heads were quickly broken, and the Reform flag was captured. Three of the rioters were arrested, and taken to the watch-house in the Almonry in Westminster. A troop of Royal Horse Guards (blue) remained during the night ready in the court of the Horse Guards, and bands of policemen paraded the streets.

On Tuesday the riots continued. About half-past five p.m., 300 or 400 persons, chiefly boys, came along the Strand, shouting, "No Peel!" "Down with the raw lobsters!" (the new police); "This way, my lads; we'll give it them!" At the back of the menageries at Charing Cross the police rushed upon them, and after a skirmish put them to flight. At seven o'clock the vast crowd by Temple Bar compelled every coachman and passenger in a coach, as a passport, to pull off his hat and shout "Huzza!" Stones were thrown, and attempts were made to close the gates of the Bar. The City marshals, however, compelled them to be reopened, and opposed the passage of the mob to the Strand, but the pass was soon forced. The rioters in Pickett Place pelted the police with stones and pieces of wood, broken from the scaffolding of the Law Institute, then building in Chancery Lane. Another mob of about 500 persons ran up Piccadilly to Apsley House and hissed and hooted the stubborn, unprogressive old Duke, Mr. Peel, and the police; the constables, however, soon dispersed them. The same evening dangerous mobs collected in Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, and Whitechapel, one party of them displaying tricoloured flags. They broke

a lamp and a window or two, but did little else. Alas for poor Sir Claudius and his profound computations! His 2,284 fighting loyal men dwindled down to 600, including even those strange hybrids, the firemen-watermen; and as for the gallant Lumber Troop, they were nowhere visible to the naked eye.

To Bolt Court that scourge of King George III., William Cobbett, came from Fleet Street to sell his Indian corn, for which no one cared, and to print and publish his twopenny *Political Register*, for which the London Radicals of that day hungered. Nearly opposite the office of "this good hater," says Mr. Timbs, Wright (late Kearsley) kept shop, and published a searching criticism on Cobbett's excellent English Grammar as soon as it appeared. We only wonder that Cobbett did not reply to him as Johnson did to a friend after he knocked Osborne (the grubbing bookseller of Gray's Inn Gate) down with a blow—"Sir, he was impertinent, and I beat him."

A short biographical sketch of Cobbett will not be inappropriate here. This sturdy Englishman, born in the year 1762, was the son of an honest and industrious yeoman, who kept an inn called the "Jolly Farmer," at Farnham, in Surrey. "My first occupation," says Cobbett, "was driving the small birds from the turnip seed and the rooks from the peas. When I first trudged a-field with my wooden bottle and my satchel over my shoulder, I was hardly able to climb the gates and stiles." In 1783, the restless lad (a plant grown too high for the pot) ran away to London, and turned lawyer's clerk. At the end of nine months he enlisted, and sailed for Nova Scotia. Before long he became sergeant-major, over the heads of thirty other non-commissioned officers. Frugal and diligent, the young soldier soon educated himself. Discharged at his own request in 1791, he married a respectable girl, to whom he had before entrusted £150 hard-earned savings. Obtaining a trial against four officers of his late regiment for embezzlement of stores, for some strange reason Cobbett fled to France on the eve of the trial, but finding the king of that country dethroned, he started at once for America. At Philadelphia he boldly began as a high Tory bookseller, and denounced Democracy in his virulent "Porcupine Papers." Finally, overwhelmed with actions for libel, Cobbett in 1800 returned to England. Failing with a daily paper and a bookseller's shop, Cobbett then started his *Weekly Register*, which for thirty years continued to express the changes of his honest but impulsive and vindictive mind. Gradually—it is said, owing to some slight shown him by Pitt (more probably from real conviction)—Cobbett grew Radical and progressive, and in 1809 was fined £500 for libels on the Irish Government. In 1817 he was fined £1,000 and imprisoned two years for violent remarks about some Ely militiamen who had been flogged under a guard of fixed bayonets. This punishment he never forgave. He followed up his *Register* by his *Twopenny Trash*, of which he eventually sold 100,000 a number. The Six Acts being passed—as he boasted, to gag him—he fled, in 1817, again to America. The persecuted man returned to England in 1819, bringing with him, much to the amusement of the Tory lampooners, the bones of that foul man, Tom Paine, the infidel, whom (in 1796) this changeful politician had branded as "base, malignant, treacherous, unnatural, and blasphemous." During the Queen Caroline trial Cobbett worked heart and soul for that questionable martyr. He went out to Shooter's Hill to welcome her to London, and boasted of having waved a laurel bough above her head.

In 1825 he wrote a scurrilous "History of the Reformation" (by many still attributed to a priest), in which he declared Luther, Calvin, and Beza to be the greatest ruffians that ever disgraced the world. In his old age, too late to be either brilliant or useful, Cobbett got into Parliament, being returned in 1832 (thanks to the Reform Bill) member for Oldham. He died at his house near Farnham, in 1835. Cobbett was an egotist, it must be allowed, and a violent-tempered, vindictive man; but his honesty, his love of truth and liberty, few who are not blinded by party opinion can doubt. His writings are remarkable for vigorous and racy Saxon, as full of vituperation as Rabelais's, and as terse and simple as Swift's.

Mr. Grant, in his pleasant book, "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," written *circa* 1834, gives us an elaborate full-length portrait of old Cobbett. He was, he says, not less than six feet high, and broad and athletic in proportion. His hair was silver-white, his complexion ruddy as a farmer's. Till his small eyes sparkled with laughter, he looked a mere dull-pated clodpole. His dress was a light, loose, grey tail-coat, a white waistcoat, and sandy kerseymere breeches, and he usually walked about the House with both his hands plunged into his breeches pockets. He had an eccentric, half-malicious way of sometimes suddenly shifting his seat, and on one important night, big with the fate of Peel's Administration, deliberately anchored down in the very centre of the disgusted Tories and at the very back of Sir Robert's bench, to the infinite annoyance of the somewhat supercilious party.

We next penetrate into Gough Square, in search of the great lexicographer.

As far as can be ascertained from Boswell, Dr. Johnson resided at Gough Square from 1748 to 1758, an eventful period of his life, and one of struggle, pain, and difficulty. In this gloomy side square near Fleet Street, he achieved many results and abandoned many hopes. Here he nursed his hypochondria—the nightmare of his life—and sought the only true relief in hard work. Here he toiled over books, drudging for Cave and Dodsley. Here he commenced both the *Rambler* and the *Idler*, and formed his acquaintance with Bennet Langton. Here his wife died, and left him more than ever a prey to his natural melancholy; and here he toiled on his great work, the Dictionary, in which he and six amanuenses effected what it took all the French Academicians to perform for their language.

A short epitome of what this great man accomplished while in Gough Square will clearly recall to our readers his way of life while in that locality. In 1749, Johnson formed a quiet club in Ivy Lane, wrote that fine paraphrase of Juvenal, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," and brought out, with dubious success, under Garrick's auspices, his tragedy of *Irene*. In 1750, he commenced the *Rambler*. In 1752, the year his wife died, he laboured on at the Dictionary. In 1753, he became acquainted with Bennet Langton. In 1754 he wrote the life of his early patron, Cave, who died that year. In 1755, the great Dictionary, begun in 1747, was at last published, and Johnson wrote that scathing letter to the Earl of Chesterfield, who, too late, thrust upon him the patronage the poor scholar had once sought in vain. In 1756, the still struggling man was arrested for a paltry debt of £5 18*s*., from which Richardson the worthy relieved him. In 1758, when he began the *Idler*, Johnson is described as "being in as easy and pleasant a state of existence as constitutional unhappiness ever permitted him to enjoy."

While the Dictionary was going forward, "Johnson," says Boswell, "lived part of the time in Holborn, part in Gough Square (Fleet Street); and he had an upper room fitted up like a counting-house for the purpose, in which he gave to the copyists their several tasks. The words, partly taken from other dictionaries and partly supplied by himself, having been first written down with space left between them, he delivered in writing their etymologies, definitions, and various significations. The authorities were copied from the books themselves, in which he had marked the passages with a black-lead pencil, the traces of which could be easily effaced. I have seen several of them in which that trouble had not been taken, so that they were just as when used by the copyists. It is remarkable that he was so attentive to the choice of the passages in which words were authorised, that one may read page after page of his Dictionary with improvement and pleasure; and it should not pass unobserved, that he has quoted no author whose writings had a tendency to hurt sound religion and morality."

To this account Bishop Percy adds a note of great value for its lucid exactitude. "Boswell's account of the manner in which Johnson compiled his Dictionary," he says, "is confused and erroneous. He began his task (as he himself expressly described to me) by devoting his first care to a diligent perusal of all such English writers as were most correct in their language, and under every sentence which he meant to quote he drew a line, and noted in the margin the first letter of the word under which it was to occur. He then delivered these books to his clerks, who transcribed each sentence on a separate slip of paper and arranged the same under the word referred to. By these means he collected the several words, and their different significations, and when the whole arrangement was alphabetically formed, he gave the definitions of their meanings, and collected their etymologies from Skinner, and other writers on the subject." To these accounts, Hawkins adds his usual carping, pompous testimony. "Dr. Johnson," he says, "who, before this time, together with his wife, had lived in obscurity, lodging at different houses in the courts and alleys in and about the Strand and Fleet Street, had, for the purpose of carrying on this arduous work, and being near the printers employed in it, taken a handsome house in Gough Square, and fitted up a room in it with books and other accommodations for amanuenses, who, to the number of five or six, he kept constantly under his eye. An interleaved copy of "Bailey's Dictionary," in folio, he made the repository of the several articles, and these he collected by incessantly reading the best authors in our language, in the practice whereof his method was to score with a black-lead pencil the words by him selected. The books he used for this purpose were what he had in his own collection, a copious but a miserably ragged one, and all such as he could borrow; which latter, if ever they came back to those that lent them, were so defaced as to be scarce worth owning, and yet some of his friends were glad to receive and entertain them as curiosities."

"Mr. Burney," says Boswell, "during a visit to the capital, had an interview with Johnson in Gough Square, where he dined and drank tea with him, and was introduced to the acquaintance of Mrs. Williams. After dinner Mr. Johnson proposed to Mr. Burney to go up with him into his garret, which being accepted, he found there about five or six Greek folios, a poor writing-desk, and a chair and a half. Johnson, giving to his guest the entire seat, balanced himself on one with only three legs and one arm. Here he gave Mr. Burney Mrs. Williams's history, and showed him some notes on Shakespeare already printed, to prove that he was in earnest. Upon Mr. Burney's opening the first volume at the *Merchant of Venice* he observed to him that he seemed to be more severe on Warburton than on Theobald. 'Oh, poor Tib!' said Johnson, 'he was nearly knocked down to my hands; Warburton stands between me and him.' 'But, sir,' said Mr. Burney, 'You'll have Warburton on your bones, won't you?' 'No, sir;' he'll not come out; he'll only growl in his den.' 'But do you think, sir, Warburton is a superior critic to Theobald?' 'Oh, sir, he'll make two-and-fifty Theobalds cut into slices! The worst of Warburton is that he has a rage for saying something when there's nothing to be said.' Mr. Burney then asked him whether he had seen the letter Warburton had written in answer to a pamphlet addressed 'to the most impudent man alive.' He answered in the negative. Mr. Burney told him it was supposed to be written by Mallet. A controversy now raged between the friends of Pope and Bolingbroke, and Warburton and Mallet were the leaders of the several parties. Mr. Burney asked him then if he had seen Warburton's book against Bolingbroke's philosophy! 'No, sir; I have never read Bolingbroke's impiety, and therefore am not interested about its refutation.'"

Goldsmith appears to have resided at No. 6, Wine Office Court from 1760 to 1762, during which period he earned a precarious livelihood by writing for the booksellers.

They still point out Johnson and Goldsmith's favourite seats in the north-east corner of the window of that cozy though utterly unpretentious tavern, the "Cheshire Cheese," in this court.

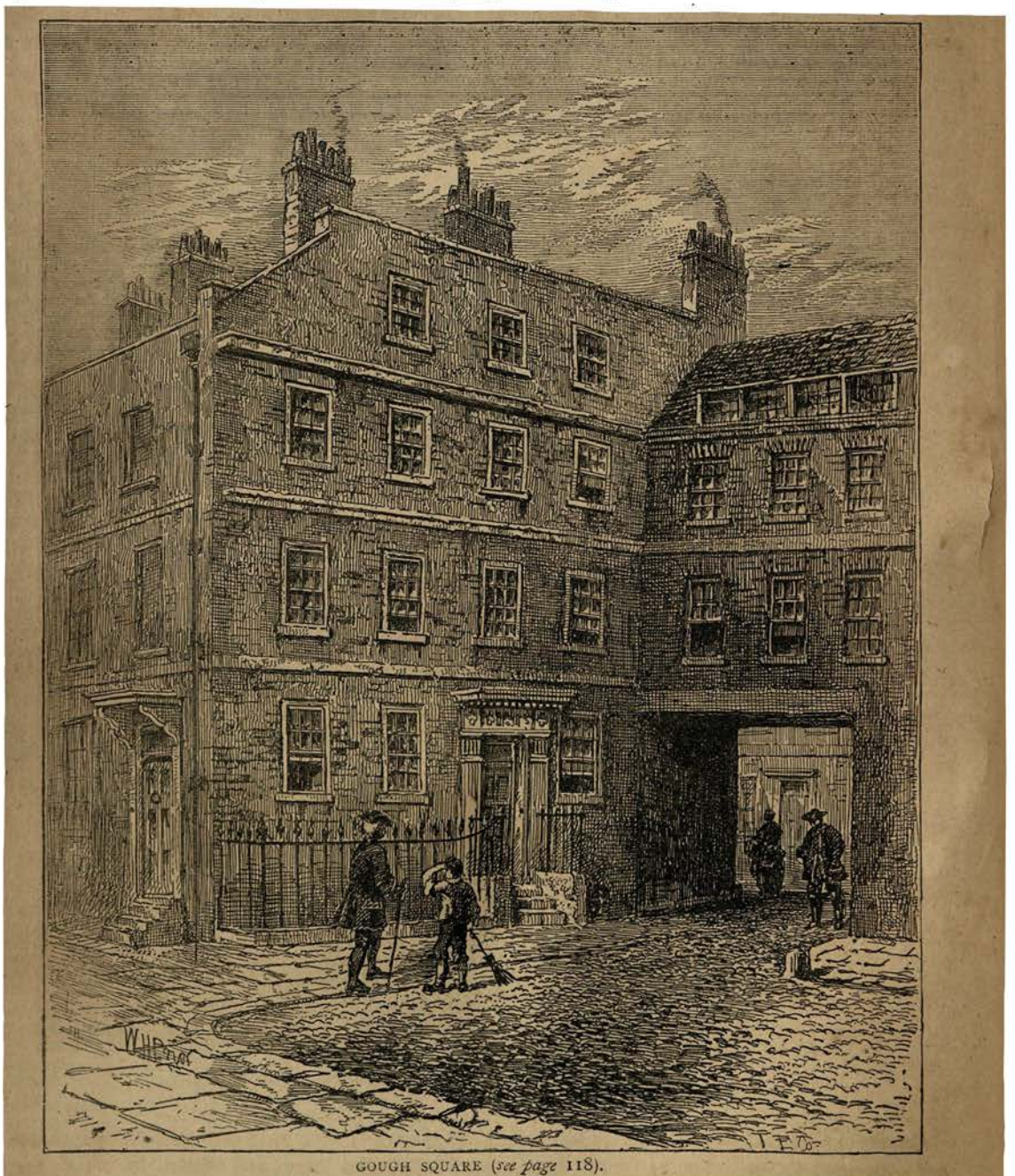
It was while living in Wine Office Court that Goldsmith is supposed to have partly written that delightful novel "The Vicar of Wakefield," which he had begun at Canonbury Tower. We like to think that, seated at the "Cheese," he perhaps espied and listened to the worthy but credulous vicar and his gosling son attending to the profound theories of the learned and philosophic but shifty Mr. Jenkinson. We think now by the window, with a cross light upon his coarse Irish features, and his round prominent brow, we see the watchful poet sit eyeing his prey, secretly enjoying the grandiloquence of the swindler and the admiration of the honest country parson.

"One day," says Mrs. Piozzi, "Johnson was called abruptly from our house at Southwark, after dinner, and, returning in about three hours, said he had been with an enraged author, whose landlady pressed him within doors while the bailiffs beset him without; that he was drinking himself drunk with Madeira to drown care, and fretting over a novel which, when finished, was to be his whole fortune; but he could not get it done for distraction, nor dared he stir out of doors to offer it for sale. Mr. Johnson, therefore," she continues, "sent away the bottle and went to the bookseller, recommending the performance, and devising some immediate relief; which, when he brought back to the writer, the latter called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch and pass their time in merriment. It was not," she concludes, "till ten years after, I dare say, that something in Dr. Goldsmith's behaviour struck me with an idea that he was the very man; and then Johnson confessed that he was so."

"A more scrupulous and patient writer," says the admirable biographer of the poet, Mr. John Forster, "corrects some inaccuracies of the lively little lady, and professes to give the anecdote authentically from Johnson's own exact narration. 'I received one morning,' Boswell represents Johnson to have said, 'a message from poor Goldsmith, that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merits, told the landlady I should soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for £60. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.'"

The arrest is plainly connected with Newbery's reluctance to make further advances, and of all

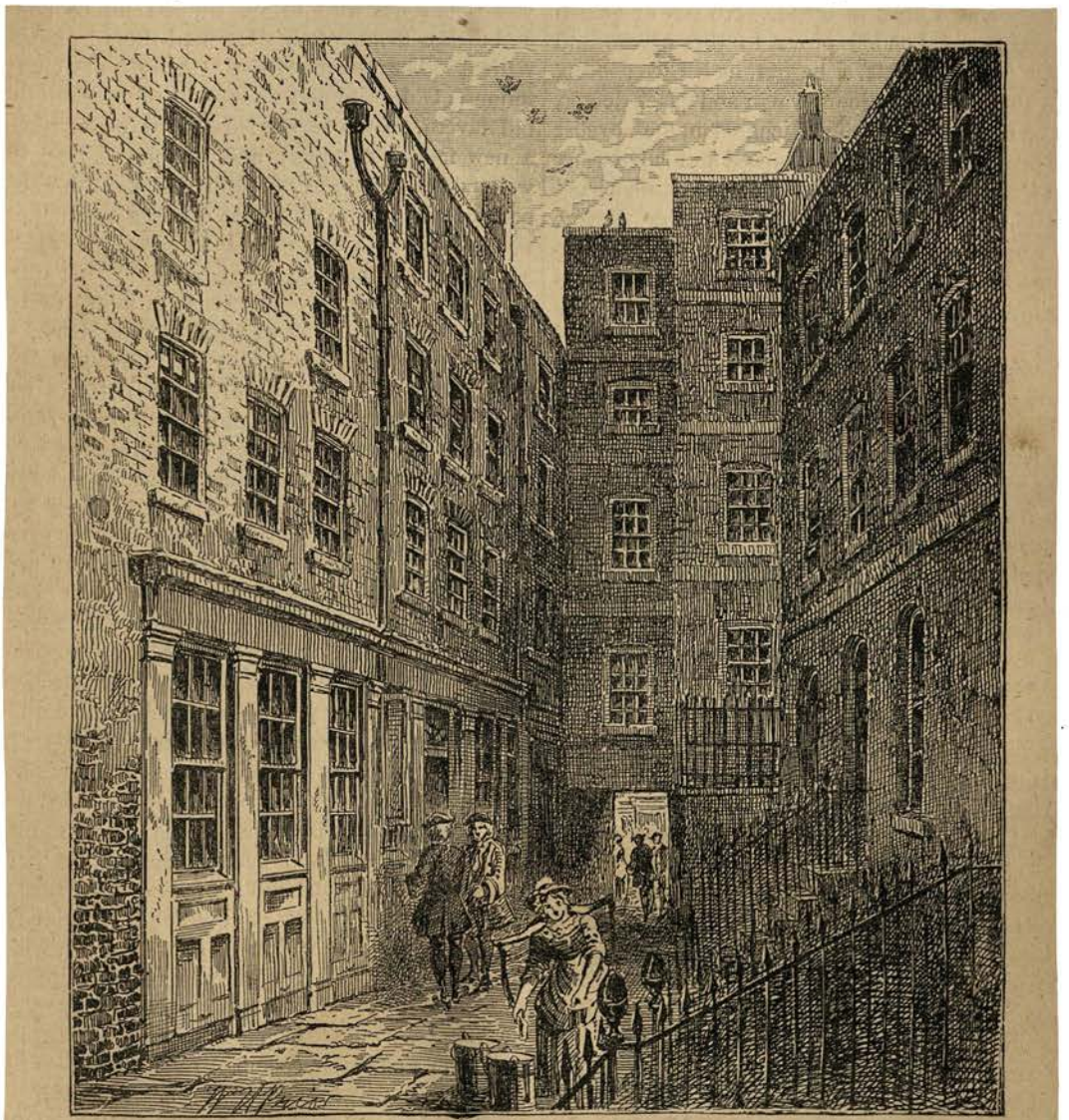
Mrs. Fleming's accounts found among Goldsmith's papers, the only one unsettled is that for the summer months preceding the arrest. The manuscript of the novel seems by both statements (in which the discrepancies are not so great but that Johnson himself may be held accountable for them) to have been produced reluctantly, as a last resource; and it is possible, as Mrs. Piozzi intimates, that it was still regarded as unfinished. But if strong adverse reasons had not existed, Johnson would surely have carried it to the elder Newbery. He did not do this. He went with it to Francis Newbery, the nephew; does not seem to have given a very brilliant account of the "merit" he had perceived in it—four years after its author's death he told Reynolds that he did not think it would have had much success—and rather with regard to Goldsmith's immediate want than to any confident sense of the value of the copy, asked and obtained the £60. "And, sir," he said afterwards,



GOUGH SQUARE (*see page* 118).

"a sufficient price, too, when it was sold, for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his 'Traveller,' and the bookseller had faint hopes of profit by his bargain. After 'The Traveller,' to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money."

fears which centred in it doubtless mingled on that miserable day with the fumes of the Madeira. In the excitement of putting it to press, which followed immediately after, the nameless novel recedes altogether from the view, but will reappear in due time. Johnson approved the verses more



WINE OFFICE COURT AND THE "CHESHIRE CHEESE" (*see page* 122).

On the poem, meanwhile, the elder Newbery *had* consented to speculate, and this circumstance may have made it hopeless to appeal to him with a second work of fancy. For, on that very day of the arrest, "The Traveller" lay completed in the poet's desk. The dream of eight years, the solace and sustainment of his exile and poverty, verged at last to fulfilment or extinction, and the hopes and

than the novel; read the proof-sheets for his friend; substituted here and there, in more emphatic testimony of general approval, a line of his own; prepared a brief but hearty notice for the *Critical Review*, which was to appear simultaneously with the poem, and, as the day of publication drew near, bade Goldsmith be of good heart.

Oliver Goldsmith came first to London in 1756.

a raw Irish student, aged twenty-eight. He was just fresh from Italy and Switzerland. He had heard Voltaire talk, had won a degree at Louvaine or Padua, had been "bear leader" to the stingy nephew of a rich pawnbroker, and had played the flute at the door of Flemish peasants for a draught of beer and a crust of bread. No city of golden pavement did London prove to those worn and dusty feet. Almost a beggar had Oliver been, then an apothecary's journeyman and quack doctor, next a reader of proofs for Richardson, the novelist and printer; after that a tormented and jaded usher at a Peckham school; last, and worst of all, a hack writer of articles for Griffith's *Monthly Review*, then being opposed by Smollett in a rival publication. In Green Arbour Court Goldsmith spent the roughest part of the toilsome years before he became known to the world. There he formed an acquaintance with Johnson and his set, and wrote essays for Smollett's *British Magazine*.

Wine Office Court is supposed to have derived its name from an office where licenses to sell wine were formerly issued. "In this court," says Mr. Noble, "once flourished a fig tree, planted a century ago by the Vicar of St. Bride's, who resided, with an absence of pride suitable, if not common, to Christianity, at No. 12. It was a slip from another exile of a tree, formerly flourishing, in a sooty kind of grandeur, at the sign of the 'Fig Tree,' in Fleet Street. This tree was struck by lightning in 1820, but slips from the growing stump were planted in 1822, in various parts of England."

The old-fashioned and changeless character of the "Cheese," in whose low-roofed and sanded rooms Goldsmith and Johnson have so often hung up their cocked hats and sat down facing each other to a snug dinner, not unattended with punch, has been capitally sketched by a modern essayist, who possesses a thorough knowledge of the physiology of London. In an admirable paper entitled "Brain Street," Mr. George Augustus Sala thus describes Wine Office Court and the "Cheshire Cheese":—

"The vast establishments," says Mr. Sala, "of Messrs. Pewter & Antimony, typefounders (Alderman Antimony was Lord Mayor in the year '46); of Messrs. Quoin, Case, & Chappell, printers to the Board of Blue Cloth; of Messrs. Cutedge & Treecalf, bookbinders; with the smaller industries of Scawper & Tinttool, wood-engravers; and Treacle, Gluepot, & Lampblack, printing-roller makers, are packed together in the upper part of the court as closely as herrings in a cask. The 'Cheese' is at the Brain Street end. It is a little lop-sided, wedged-up house, that always reminds you, structurally, of a high-shouldered man with his hands in his pockets. It is full of holes and corners and cupboards and sharp turnings; and in ascending the stairs to the tiny smoking-room you must tread cautiously, if you would not wish to be tripped up by plates and dishes, momentarily deposited there by furious waiters. The waiters at the 'Cheese' are always furious. Old customers abound in the comfortable old tavern, in whose sanded-floored eating-rooms a new face is a rarity; and the guests and the waiters are the oldest of familiars. Yet the waiter seldom fails to bite your nose off as a preliminary measure when you proceed to pay him. How should it be otherwise when on that waiter's soul there lies heavy a perpetual sense of injury caused by the savoury odour of steaks, and 'muts' to follow; of cheese-bubbling in tiny tins—the 'specialty' of the house; of floury potatoes and fragrant green peas; of cool salads, and cooler tankards of bitter beer; of extra-creaming stout and 'goes' of Cork and 'rack,' by which is meant gin; and, in the winter-time, of Irish stew and rump-steak pudding, glorious and grateful to every sense? To be compelled to run to and fro with these succulent viands from noon to late at night, without being able to spare time to consume them in comfort—where do waiters dine, and when, and how?—to be continually taking other people's money only for the purpose of handing it to other people—are not these grievances sufficient to cross-grain the temper of the mildest-mannered waiter? Somebody is always in a passion at the 'Cheese:' either a customer, because there is not fat enough on his 'point'-steak, or because there is too much bone in his mutton-chop; or else the waiter is wrath with the cook; or the landlord with the waiter, or the barmaid with all. Yes, there is a barmaid at the 'Cheese,' mewed up in a box not much bigger than a birdcage, surrounded by groves of lemons, 'ones' of cheese, punch-bowls, and cruets of mushroom-catsup. I should not care to dispute with her, lest she should quoit me over the head with a punch-ladle, having a William-the-Third guinea soldered in the bowl.

"Let it be noted in candour that Law finds its way to the 'Cheese' as well as Literature; but the Law is, as a rule, of the non-combatant and, consequently, harmless order. Literary men who have been called to the bar, but do not practise; briefless young barristers, who do not object to mingling with newspaper men; with a sprinkling of retired solicitors (amazing dogs these for old port-wine; the landlord has some of the same bin which

served as Hippocrene to Judge Blackstone when he wrote his 'Commentaries')—these make up the legal element of the 'Cheese.' Sharp attorneys in practice are not popular there. There is a legend that a process-server once came in at a back door to serve a writ; but being detected by a waiter, was skilfully edged by that wary retainer into Wine Bottle Court, right past the person on whom he was desirous to inflict the 'Victoria, by the grace, &c.' Once in the court, he was set upon by a mob of inky-faced boys just released from the works of Messrs. Ball, Roller, & Scraper, machine printers, and by the skin of his teeth only escaped being converted into 'pie.'"

Mr. William Sawyer has also written a very admirable sketch of the "Cheese" and its old-fashioned, conservative ways, which we cannot resist quoting:—

"We are a close, conservative, inflexible body—we, the regular frequenters of the 'Cheddar,'" says Mr. Sawyer. "No new-fangled notions, new usages, new customs, or new customers for us. We have our history, our traditions, and our observances, all sacred and inviolable. Look around! There is nothing new, gaudy, flippant, or effeminately luxurious here. A small room with heavily-timbered windows. A low planked ceiling. A huge, projecting fire-place, with a great copper boiler always on the simmer, the sight of which might have roused even old John Willett, of the 'Maypole,' to admiration. High, stiff-backed, inflexible 'settles,' hard and grainy in texture, box off the guests, half-a-dozen each to a table. Sawdust covers the floor, giving forth that peculiar faint odour which the French avoid by the use of the vine sawdust with its pleasant aroma. The only ornament in which we indulge is a solitary picture over the mantelpiece, a full-length of a now departed waiter, whom in the long past we caused to be painted, by subscription of the whole room, to commemorate his virtues and our esteem. He is depicted in the scene of his triumphs—in the act of giving change to a customer. We sit bolt upright round our tables, waiting, but not impatient. A time-honoured solemnity is about to be observed, and we, the old stagers, is it for us to precipitate it? There are men in this room who have dined here every day for a quarter of a century—aye, the whisper goes that one man did it even on his wedding-day! In all that time the more staid and well-regulated among us have observed a steady regularity of feeding. Five days in the week we have our 'Rotherham steak'—that mystery of mysteries—or our 'chop and chop to follow,' with the indispensable wedge of Cheddar—unless it is preferred stewed or toasted—and on Saturday decorous variety is afforded in a plate of the world-renowned 'Cheddar' pudding. It is of this latter luxury that we are now assembled to partake, and that with all fitting ceremony and observance. As we sit, like pensioners in hall, the silence is broken only by a strange sound, as of a hardly human voice, muttering cabalistic words, 'Ullo mul lum de loodle wumble jum!' it cries, and we know that chops and potatoes are being ordered for some benighted outsider, ignorant of the fact that it is pudding-day."

CHAPTER XI.

FLEET STREET TRIBUTARIES—SHOE LANE

The First Lucifers—Perkins' Steam Gun—A Link between Shakespeare and Shoe Lane—Florio and his Labours—"Cogers' Hall"—Famous "Cogers"—A Saturday Night's Debate—Gunpowder Alley—Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier Poet—"To Althea, from Prison"—Lilly the Astrologer, and his Knaveries—A Search for Treasure with Davy Ramsay—Hogarth in Harp Alley—The "Society of Sign Painters"—Hudson, the Song Writer—"Jack Robinson"—The Bishop's Residence—Bangor House—A Strange Story of Unstamped Newspapers—Chatterton's Death—Curious Legend of his Burial—A well-timed Joke.

AT the east corner of Peterborough Court (says Mr. Timbs) was one of the earliest shops for the instantaneous light apparatus, "Hertner's Eupyrion" (phosphorus and oxymuriate matches, to be dipped in sulphuric acid and asbestos), the costly predecessor of the lucifer match. Nearly opposite were the works of Jacob Perkins, the engineer of the steam gun exhibited at the Adelaide Gallery, Strand, and which the Duke of Wellington truly foretold would never be advantageously employed in battle.

One golden thread of association links Shakespeare to Shoe Lane. Slight and frail is the thread, yet it has a double strand. In this narrow side-aisle of Fleet Street, in 1624, lived John Florio, the compiler of our first Italian dictionary. Now

it is more than probable that our great poet knew this industrious Italian, as we shall presently show. Florio was a Waldensian teacher, no doubt driven to England by religious persecution. He taught French and Italian with success at Oxford, and finally was appointed tutor to that generous-minded, hopeful, and unfortunate Prince Henry, son of James I. Florio's "Worlde of Wordes" (a most copious and exact dictionary in Italian and English) was printed in 1598, and published by Arnold Hatfield for Edward Church, and "sold at his shop over against the north door of Paul's Church." It is dedicated to "The Right Honourable Patrons of Virtue, Patterns of Honour, Roger Earle of Rutland, Henrie Earle of Southampton, and Lucie Countess of Bedford." In the dedication, worthy of the fantastic author of "Euphues" himself, the author says:—"My hope springs out of three stems—your Honours' naturall benignitie; your able emploiment of such servitours; and the towardly like-lie-hood of this springall to do you honest service. The first, to vouchsafe all; the second, to accept this; the third, to applie it selfe to the first and second. Of the first, your birth, your place, and your custome; of the second, your studies, your conceits, and your exercise; of the thirde, my endeavours, my proceedings, and my project giues assurance. Your birth, highly noble, more than gentle; your place, above others, as in degree, so in height of bountie, and other vertues; your custome, never wearie of well doing; your studies much in all, most in Italian excellence; your conceits, by understanding others to worke above them in your owne; your exercise, to reade what the world's best writers have written, and to speake as they write. My endeavour, to apprehend the best, if not all; my proceedings, to impart my best, first to your Honours, then to all that emploie me; my proiect in this volume to comprehend the best and all, in truth, I acknowledge an entyre debt, not only of my best knowledge, but of all, yea, of more than I know or can, to your bounteous lordship, most noble, most vertuous, and most Honorable Earle of Southampton, in whose paie and patronage I haue liued some yeeres; to whom I owe and vowe the yeeres I haue to live. . . . . Good parts imparted are not empaired; your springs are first to serue yourself, yet may yeelde your neighbours sweete water; your taper is to light you first, and yet it may light your neighbour's candle. . . . . Accepting, therefore, of the childe, I hope your Honors' wish as well to the Father, who to your Honors' all deuoted wisheth meede of your merits, renowne of your vertues, and health of your persons, humblie with gracious leave kissing your thrice-honored hands, protesteth to continue euer your Honors' most humble and bounden in true seruice, JOHN FLORIO."

And now to connect Florio with Shakespeare. The industrious Savoyard, besides his dictionary—of great use at a time when the tour to Italy was a necessary completion of a rich gallant's education—translated the essays of that delightful old Gascon egotist, Montaigne. Now in a copy of Florio's "Montaigne" there was found some years ago one of the very few genuine Shakespeare signatures. Moreover, as Florio speaks of the Earl of Southampton as his steady patron, we may fairly presume that the great poet, who must have been constantly at Southampton's house, often met there the old Italian master. May not the bard in those conversations have perhaps gathered some hints for the details of *Cymbeline*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, or *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and had his attention turned by the old scholar to fresh chapters of Italian story?

No chronicle of Shoe Lane would be complete without some mention of the "Cogers' Discussion Hall," formerly at No. 10. This useful debating society—a great resort for local politicians—was founded by Mr. Daniel Mason as long ago as 1755, and among its most eminent members it glories in the names of John Wilkes, Judge Keogh, Daniel O'Connell, and the eloquent Curran. The word "Coger" does not imply codger, or a drinker of cogs, but comes from *cogito*, to cogitate. The Grand, Vice-Grand, and secretary were elected on the night of every 14th of June by show of hands. The room was open to strangers, but the members had the right to speak first. The society was Republican in the best sense, for side by side with master tradesmen, shopmen, and mechanics, reporters and young barristers gravely sipped their grog, and abstractedly emitted wreathing columns of tobacco-smoke from their pipes. Mr. J. Parkinson has sketched the little parliament very pleasantly in the columns of a contemporary.

"A long low room," says the writer, "like the saloon of a large steamer. Wainscoat dimmed and ornaments tarnished by tobacco-smoke and the lingering dews of steaming compounds. A room with large niches at each end, like shrines for full-grown saints, one niche containing 'My Grand' in a framework of shabby gold, the other 'My Grand's Deputy' in a bordering more substantial. More than one hundred listeners are wating patiently for My Grand's utterances this Saturday night, and are whiling away the time philosophically with bibulous and nicotian refreshment. The narrow tables of

the long room are filled with students and performers, and quite a little crowd is congregated at the door and in a room adjacent until places can be found for them in the presence-chamber. 'Established 1755' is inscribed on the ornamental signboard above us, and 'Instituted 1756' on another signboard near. Dingy portraits of departed Grands and Deputies decorate the walls. Punctually at nine My Grand opens the proceedings amid profound silence. The deputy buries himself in his newspaper, and maintains as profound a calm as the Speaker 'in another place.' The most perfect order is preserved. The Speaker or deputy, who seems to know all about it, rolls silently in his chair: he is a fat dark man, with a small and rather sleepy eye, such as I have seen come to the surface and wink lazily at the fashionable people clustered round a certain tank in the Zoological Gardens. He re-folds his newspaper from time to time until deep in the advertisements. The waiters silently remove empty tumblers and tankards, and replace them full. But My Grand commands profound attention from the room, and a neighbour, who afterwards proved a perfect Boanerges in debate, whispered to us concerning his vast attainments and high literary position.

"This chieftain of the Thoughtful Men is, we learn, the leading contributor to a newspaper of large circulation, and, under his signature of 'Locksley Hall,' rouses the sons of toil to a sense of the dignity and rights of labour, and exposes the profligacy and corruption of the rich to the extent of a column and a quarter every week. A shrewd, hard-headed man of business, with a perfect knowledge of what he had to do, and with a humorous twinkle of the eye, My Grand went steadily through his work, and gave the Thoughtful Men his epitome of the week's intelligence. It seemed clear that the Cogers had either not read the newspapers, or liked to be told what they already knew. They listened with every token of interest to facts which had been published for days, and it seemed difficult to understand how a debate could be carried on when the text admitted so little dispute. But we sadly underrated the capacity of the orators near us. The sound of My Grand's last sentence had not died out when a fresh-coloured, rather aristocratic-looking elderly man, whose white hair was carefully combed and smoothed, and whose appearance and manner suggested a very different arena to the one he waged battle in now, claimed the attention of the Thoughtful ones. Addressing 'Mee Grand' in the rich and unctuous tones which a Scotchman and Englishman might try for in vain, this orator proceeded, with every profession of respect, to contradict most of the chief's statements, to ridicule his logic, and to compliment him with much irony on his overwhelming goodness to the society 'to which I have the honour to belong. Full of that hard *northern* logic' (much emphasis on 'northern,' which was warmly accepted as a hit by the room)—'that hard northern logic which demonstrates everything to its own satisfaction; abounding in that talent which makes you, sir, a leader in politics, a guide in theology, and generally an instructor of the people; yet even you, sir, are perhaps, if I may say so, somewhat deficient in the lighter graces of pathos and humour. Your speech, sir, has commanded the attention of the room. Its close accuracy of style, its exactitude of expression, its consistent argument, and its generally transcendant ability will exercise, I doubt not, an influence which will extend far beyond this chamber, filled as this chamber is by gentlemen of intellect and education, men of the time, who both think and feel, and who make their feelings and their thoughts felt by others. Still, sir,' and the orator smiles the smile of ineffable superiority, 'grateful as the members of the society you have so kindly alluded to ought to be for your countenance and patronage, it needed not' (turning to the Thoughtful Men generally, with a sarcastic smile)—'it needed not even Mee Grand's encomiums to endear this society to its people, and to strengthen their belief in its efficacy in time of trouble, its power to help, to relieve, and to assuage. No, Mee Grand, an authoritee whose dictum even you will accept without dispute—mee Lord Macaulee—that great historian whose undying pages record those struggles and trials of constitutionalism in which the Cogers have borne no mean part—me Lord Macaulee mentions, with a respect and reverence not exceeded by Mee Grand's utterances of to-night' (more smiles of mock humility to the room) 'that great association which claims me as an unworthy son. We could, therefore, have dispensed with the recognition given us by Mee Grand; we could afford to wait our time until the nations of the earth are fused by one common wish for each other's benefit, when the principles of Cogerism are spread over the civilised world, when justice reigns supreme, and loving-kindness takes the place of jealousy and hate.' We looked round the room while these fervid words were being triumphantly rolled forth, and were struck with the calm impassiveness of the listeners. There seemed to be no partisanship either for the speaker or the Grand. Once, when the former was more than usually emphatic in his

denunciations, a tall pale man, with a Shakespeare forehead, rose suddenly, with a determined air, as if about to fiercely interrupt; but it turned out he only wanted to catch the waiter's eye, and this done, he pointed silently to his empty glass, and remarked, in a hoarse whisper, 'Without sugar, as before.'"

Gunpowder Alley, a side-twig of Shoe Lane, leads us to the death-bed of an unhappy poet, poor Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier, who, dying here

COGERS' HALL (*see page* 124).

two years before the "blessed" Restoration, in a very mean lodging, was buried at the west end of St. Bride's Church. The son of a knight, and brought up at Oxford, Anthony Wood describes the gallant and hopeful lad at sixteen, when presented at the Court of Charles I., as "the most amiable and beautiful youth that eye ever beheld. A person, also, of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but specially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." Presenting a daring petition from Kent in favour of the king, the Cavalier poet was thrown into prison by the Long Parliament, and was released only to waste his fortune in Royalist plots. He served in the French army, raised a regiment for Louis XIII., and was left for dead at Dunkirk. On his return to England, he found Lucy Sacheverell—his "Lucretia," the lady of his love—married, his death having been reported. All went ill. He was again imprisoned, grew penniless, had to borrow, and fell into a consumption from despair for love and loyalty. "Having consumed all his estate," says Anthony Wood, "he grew very melancholy, which at length brought him into a consumption; became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars than poorest of servants." There is a doubt, however, as to whether Lovelace died in such abject poverty, poor, dependent, and unhappy as he might have been. Lovelace's verse is often strained, affected, and wanting in judgment; but at times he mounts a bright-winged Pegasus, and with plume and feather flying, tosses his hand up, gay and chivalrous as Rupert's bravest. His verses to Lucy

LOVELACE IN PRISON (*see page* 128).

Sacheverell, on leaving her for the French camp, are worthy of Montrose himself. The last two lines—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more"—

contain the thirty-nine articles of a soldier's faith. And what Wildrake could have sung in the Gate House or the Compter more gaily of liberty than Lovelace, when he wrote,—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty"?

Whenever we read the verse that begins,—

"When love, with unconfinèd wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings,
To whisper at my grates,"

the scene rises before us—we see a fair pale face, with its aureole of golden hair gleaming between the rusty bars of the prison door, and the worn visage of the wounded Cavalier turning towards it as the flower turns to the sun. And surely Master Wildrake himself, with his glass of sack half-way to his mouth, never put it down to sing a finer Royalist stave than Lovelace's "To Althea, from Prison,"—

"When, linnet-like, confined, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty."

In the Cromwell times there resided in Gunpowder Alley, probably to the scorn of poor dying Lovelace, that remarkable cheat and early medium, Lilly the astrologer, the Sidrophel of "Hudibras." This rascal, who supplied the King and Parliament alternately with equally veracious predictions, was in youth apprenticed to a mantua-maker in the Strand, and on his master's death married his widow. Lilly studied astrology under one Evans, an ex-clergyman, who told fortunes in Gunpowder Alley. Besotted by the perusal of Cornelius Agrippa and other such trash, Lilly, found fools plenty, and the stars, though potent in their spheres, unable to contradict his lies. This artful cheat was consulted as to the most propitious day and hour for Charles's escape from Carisbrook, and was even sent for by the Puritan generals to encourage their men before Colchester. Lilly was a spy of the Parliament, yet at the Restoration professed to disclose the fact that Cornet Joyce had beheaded Charles. Whenever his predictions or his divining-rod failed, he always attributed his failures, as the modern spiritualists, the successors of the old wizards, still conveniently do, to want of faith in the spectators. By means of his own shrewdness, rather than by stellar influence, Lilly obtained many useful friends, among whom we may specially particularise the King of Sweden, Lenthal the Puritan Speaker, Bulstrode, Whitelocke (Cromwell's Minister), and the learned but credulous Elias Ashmole. Lilly's Almanac, the predecessor of Moore's and Zadkiel's, was carried on by him for six-and-thirty years. He claimed to be a special *protégé* of an angel called Salmonæus, and to have a more than bowing acquaintance with Salmael and Malchidael, the guardian angels of England. Among his works are his autobiography, and his "Observations on the Life and Death of Charles, late King of England." The rest of his effusions are pretentious, mystical muddle-headed rubbish, half nonsense half knavery as "The White King's Prophecy," "Supernatural Light," "The Starry Messenger," and "Annus Tenebrosus, or the Black Year." The rogue's starry mantle descended on his adopted son, a tailor whom he named Merlin, junior. The credulity of the atheistical times of Charles II. is only equalled by that of our own day.

Lilly himself, in his amusing, half-knavish autobiography, has described his first introduction to the Welsh astrologer of Gunpowder Alley:—

"It happened," he says, "on one Sunday, 1632, as myself and a justice of peace's clerk were, before service, discoursing of many things, he chanced to say that such a person was a great scholar—nay, so learned that he could make an almanac, which to me then was strange; one speech begot another till, at last, he said he could bring me acquainted with one Evans, in Gunpowder Alley, who had formerly lived in Staffordshire, that was an excellent wise man, and studied the black art. The same week after we went to see Mr. Evans. When we came to his house, he, having been drunk the night before, was upon his bed, if it be lawful to call that a bed whereon he then lay. He rouse up himself, and after some compliments he was content to instruct me in astrology. I attended his best opportunities for seven or eight weeks, in which time I could set a figure perfectly. Books he had not any, except Haly, 'De Judiciis Astrorum,' and Orriganus's 'Ephemerides;' so that as often as I entered his house I thought I was in

the wilderness. Now, something of the man. He was by birth a Welshman, a master of arts, and in sacred orders. He had formerly had a cure of souls in Staffordshire, but now was come to try his fortunes at London, being in a manner enforced to fly, for some offences very scandalous committed by him in those parts where he had lately lived; for he gave judgment upon things lost, the only shame of astrology. He was the most saturnine person my eye ever beheld, either before I practised or since; of a middle stature, broad forehead, beetle-browed, thick shoulders, flat-nosed, full lips, down-looked, black, curling, stiff hair, splay-footed. To give him his right, he had the most piercing judgment naturally upon a figure of theft, and many other questions, that I ever met withal; yet for money he would willingly give contrary judgments; was much addicted to debauchery, and then very abusive and quarrelsome; seldom without a black eye or one mischief or other. This is the same Evans who made so many antimonial cups, upon the sale whereof he chiefly subsisted. He understood Latin very well, the Greek tongue not all; he had some arts above and beyond astrology, for he was well versed in the nature of spirits, and had many times used the circular way of invocating, as in the time of our familiarity he told me."

One of Lilly's most impudent attempts to avail himself of demoniacal assistance was when he dug for treasure (like Scott's Dousterswivel) with David Ramsay (Scott again), one stormy night, in the cloisters at Westminster.

"Davy Ramsay," says the arch rogue, "his majesty's clockmaker, had been informed that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; he acquaints Dean Williams therewith, who was also then Bishop of Lincoln; the dean gave him liberty to search after it, with this proviso, that if any was discovered his church should have a share of it. Davy Ramsay finds out one John Scott,* who pretended the use of the Mosaical rods, to assist him therein. I was desired to join with him, unto which I consented. One winter's night Davy Ramsay,† with several gentlemen, myself, and Scott, entered the cloisters; upon the west side of the cloisters the rods turned one over another, an argument that the treasure was there. The labourers digged at least six feet deep, and then we met with a coffin, but in regard it was not heavy, we did not open, which we afterwards much repented. From the cloisters we went into the abbey church, where upon a sudden (there being no wind when we began) so fierce, so high, so blustering and loud a wind did rise, that we verily believed the west-end of the church would have fallen upon us; our rods would not move at all; the candles and torches, all but one, were extinguished, or burned very dimly. John Scott, my partner, was amazed, looked pale, knew not what to think or do, until I gave directions and command to dismiss the demons, which when done all was quiet again, and each man returned unto his lodging late, about twelve o'clock at night. I could never since be induced to join with any in such-like actions.

"The true miscarriage of the business was by reason of so many people being present at the operation, for there was about thirty—some laughing, others deriding us; so that if we had not dismissed the demons, I believe most part of the abbey church had been blown down. Secrecy and intelligent operators, with a strong confidence and knowledge of what they are doing, are best for this work."

In the last century, when every shop had its sign and London streets were so many out-of-door picture-galleries, a Dutchman named Vandertrout opened a manufactory of these pictorial advertisements in Harp Alley, Shoe Lane, a dirty passage now laid open to the sun and air on the east side of the new transverse street running from Ludgate Hill to Holborn. In ridicule of the spurious black, treacly old masters then profusely offered for sale by the picture-dealers of the day, Hogarth and Bonnell Thornton opened an exhibition of shop-signs. In Nicholls and Stevens' "Life of Hogarth" there is a full and racy account of this sarcastic exhibition:—"At the entrance of the large passage-room was written, 'N.B. That the merit of the *modern masters* may be fairly examined into, it has been thought proper to place some admired works of the most eminent *old masters* in this room, and along the passage through the yard.' Among these are 'A Barge' in still life, by Vandertrout. He cannot be properly called an English artist; but not being sufficiently encouraged in his own country, he left Holland with William the Third, and was the first artist who settled in Harp Alley. An original half-length of Camden, the great historian and antiquary, in his herald's coat; by Vandertrout. As this artist was originally colour-grinder to Hans Holbein, it is conjectured there are some of that great master's touches in this piece. 'Nobody, *alias* Somebody,' a character. (The figure of an officer, all head, arms,

* "This Scott lived in Pudding Lane, and had some time been a page (or such-like) to the Lord Norris."

† "Davy Ramsay brought a half-quartern sack to put the treasure in."

legs, and thighs. This piece has a very odd effect, being so drolly executed that you do not miss the body.) 'Somebody, *alias* Nobody,' a caricature, its companion; both these by Hagarty. (A rosy figure, with a little head and a huge body, whose belly sways over almost quite down to his shoe-buckles. By the staff in his hand, it appears to be intended to represent a constable. It might else have been intended for an eminent justice of peace.) 'A Perspective View of Billingsgate, or Lectures on Elocution;' and 'The True Robin Hood Society, a Conversation or Lectures on Elocution,' its companion; these two by Barnsley. (These two strike at a famous lecturer on elocution and the reverend projector of a rhetorical academy, are admirably conceived and executed, and—the latter more especially—almost worthy the hand of Hogarth They are full of a variety of droll figures, and seem, indeed, to be the work of a great master struggling to suppress his superiority of genius, and endeavouring to paint *down* to the common style and manner of sign-painting.)

"At the entrance to the *grand room*:—'The Society of Sign Painters take this opportunity of refuting a most malicious suggestion that their exhibition is designed as a ridicule on the exhibitions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., and of the artists. They intend theirs only as an appendix or (in the style of painters) a companion to the other. There is nothing in their collection which will be understood by any candid person as a reflection on anybody, or any body of men. They are not in the least prompted by any mean jealousy to depreciate the merit of their brother artists. Animated by the same public spirit, their sole view is to convince foreigners, as well as their own blinded countrymen, that however inferior this nation may be unjustly deemed in other branches of the polite arts, the palm for sign-painting must be ceded to *us*, the Dutch themselves not excepted.' Projected in 1762 by Mr. Bonnel Thornton, of festive memory; but I am informed that he contributed no otherwise towards this display than by a few touches of chalk. Among the heads of distinguished personages, finding those of the King of Prussia and the Empress of Hungary, he changed the cast of their eyes, so as to make them leer significantly at each other. Note.—These (which in the catalogue are called an original portrait of the present Emperor of Prussia and ditto of the Empress Queen of Hungary, its antagonist) were two old signs of the "Saracen's Head" and Queen Anne. Under the first was written 'The Zarr,' and under the other 'The Empress Quean.' They were lolling their tongues out at each other; and over their heads ran a wooden label, inscribed, 'The present state of Europe.'

"In 1762 was published, in quarto, undated, 'A Catalogue of the Original Paintings, Busts, and Carved Figures, &c. &c., now Exhibiting by the Society of Sign-painters, at the Large Room, the upper end of Bow Street, Covent Garden, nearly opposite the Playhouse.'"

At 98, Shoe Lane lived, now some fifty years ago, a tobacconist named Hudson, a great humorist, a fellow of infinite fancy, and the writer of half the comic songs that once amused festive London. Hudson afterwards, we believe, kept the "Kean's Head" tavern, in Russell Court, Drury Lane, and about 1830 had a shop of some kind or other in Museum Street, Bloomsbury. Hudson was one of those professional song-writers and vocalists who used to be engaged to sing at such supper-rooms and theatrical houses as Offley's, in Henrietta Street (north-west end), Covent Garden; the "Coal Hole," in the Strand; and the "Cider Cellars," Maiden Lane. Sitting among the company, Hudson used to get up at the call of the chairman and "chant" one of his lively and really witty songs. The platform belongs to "Evans's" and a later period. Hudson was at his best long after Captain Morris's day, and at the time when Moore's melodies were popular. Many of the melodies Hudson parodied very happily, and with considerable tact and taste. Many of Hudson's songs, such as "Jack Robinson" (infinitely funnier than most of Dibdin's), became coined into catch-words and street sayings of the day. "Before you could say Jack Robinson" is a phrase, still current, derived from this highly droll song. The verse in which Jack Robinson's "engaged" apologises for her infidelity is as good as anything that James Smith ever wrote. To the returned sailor,—

"Says the lady, says she, 'I've changed my state.'
'Why, you don't mean,' says Jack, 'that you've got a mate?
You know you promised me.' Says she, 'I couldn't wait,
For no tidings could I gain of you, Jack Robinson.
And somebody one day came to me and said
That somebody else had somewhere read,
In some newspaper, that you was somewhere dead.'—
'I've not been dead at all,' says Jack Robinson."

Another song, "The Spider and the Fly," is still often sung; and "Going to Coronation" is by no means forgotten in Yorkshire. "There was a Man in the West Countrie" figures in most current collections of songs. Hudson particularly excelled in stage-Irishman songs, which were then popular; and some of these, particularly one that ends with

the refrain, "My brogue and my blarney and bothering ways," have real humour in them. Many of these Irish songs were written for and sung by the late Mr. Fitzwilliam, the comedian, as others of Hudson's songs were by Mr. Rayner. Collectors of comic ditties will not readily forget "Walker, the Twopenny Postman," or "The Dogs'-meat Man" —rough caricatures of low life, unstained by the vulgarity of many of the modern music-hall ditties. In the motto to one of his collections of poems, Hudson borrows from Churchill an excuse for the rough, humorous effusions that he scattered broadcast over the town,—

"When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down;
Rough as they run, discharge them on the town.
Hence rude, unfinished brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of rhyme;
And the poor slattern muse is brought to bed,
With all her imperfections on her head."

We subjoin a very good specimen of Hudson's songs, from his once very popular "Coronation of William and Adelaide" (1830), which, we think, will be allowed to fully justify our praise of the author:—

"And when we got to town, quite tired,
The bells all rung, the guns they fired,
The people looking all bemired,
In one conglomeration.
Soldiers red, policemen blue,
Horse-guards, foot-guards, and blackguards too,
Beef-eaters, dukes, and Lord knows who,
To see the coronation.

While Dolly bridled up, so proud,
At us the people laughed aloud;
Dobbin stood in thickest crowd,
Wi' quiet resignation.
To move again he warn't inclined;
'Here's a chap!' says one behind,
'He's brought an old horse, lame and blind,
To see the coronation.'

Dolly cried, 'Oh! dear, oh! dear,
I wish I never had come here,
To suffer every jibe and jeer,
In such a situation.'
While so busy, she and I
To get a little ease did try,
By goles! the king and queen went by,
And all the coronation.

I struggled hard, and Dolly cried;
And tho' to help myself I tried,
We both were carried with the tide,
Against our inclination.
'The reign's begun!' folks cried; ''tis true;'
'Sure,' said Dolly, 'I think so too;
'The rain's begun, for I'm wet thro',
All through the coronation.'

We bade good-bye to Lunnun town;
The king and queen they gain'd a crown;
Dolly spoilt her bran-new gown,
To her mortification.
I'll drink our king and queen wi' glee,
In home-brewed ale, and so will she;
But Doll and I ne'er want to see
Another coronation."

Our English bishops, who had not the same taste as the Cistercians in selecting pleasant places for their habitations, seem during the Middle Ages to have much affected the neighbourhood of Fleet Street. Ely Place still marks the residence of one rich prelate. In Chichester Rents we have already met with the humble successors of the netmaker of Galilee. In a siding on the north-west side of Shoe Lane the Bishops of Bangor lived, with their spluttering and choleric Welsh retinue, as early as 1378. Recent improvements have laid open the miserable "close" called Bangor Court, that once glowed with the reflections of scarlet hoods and jewelled copes; and a schoolhouse of bastard Tudor architecture, with sham turrets and flimsy mullioned windows, now occupies the site of the proud Christian prelate's palace. Bishop Dolben, who died in 1633 (Charles I.), was the last Welsh bishop who deigned to reside in a neighbourhood from which wealth and fashion was fast ebbing. Brayley says that a part of the old episcopal garden, where the ecclesiastical subjects of centuries had been discussed by shaven men and frocked scholars, still existed in 1759 (George II.); and, indeed, as Mr. Jesse records, even as late as 1828 (George IV.) a portion of the old mansion, once redolent with the stupefying incense of the semi-pagan Church, still lingered. Bangor House, according to Mr. J. T. Smith, is mentioned in the patent rolls as early as Edward III. The lawyers' barbarous dog-Latin of the old-deed describe, "unum messuag, unum placeam terræ, ac unam gardniam, cum aliis edificis," in Shoe Lane, London. In 1647 (Charles I.) Sir John Birkstead purchased of the Parliamentary trustees the bishop's lands, that had probably been confiscated, to build streets upon the site. But Sir John went on paving the old place, and never built at all. Cromwell's Act of 1657, to check the increase of London, entailed a special exemption in his favour. At the Restoration, the land returned to its Welsh bishop; but it had degenerated—the palace was divided into several residences, and mean buildings sprang up like fungi around it. A drawing of Malcolm's, early in the century, shows us its two Tudor windows. Latterly it became divided into wretched rooms, and two or three hundred poor people, chiefly Irish, herded

in them. The house was entirely pulled down in the autumn of 1828.

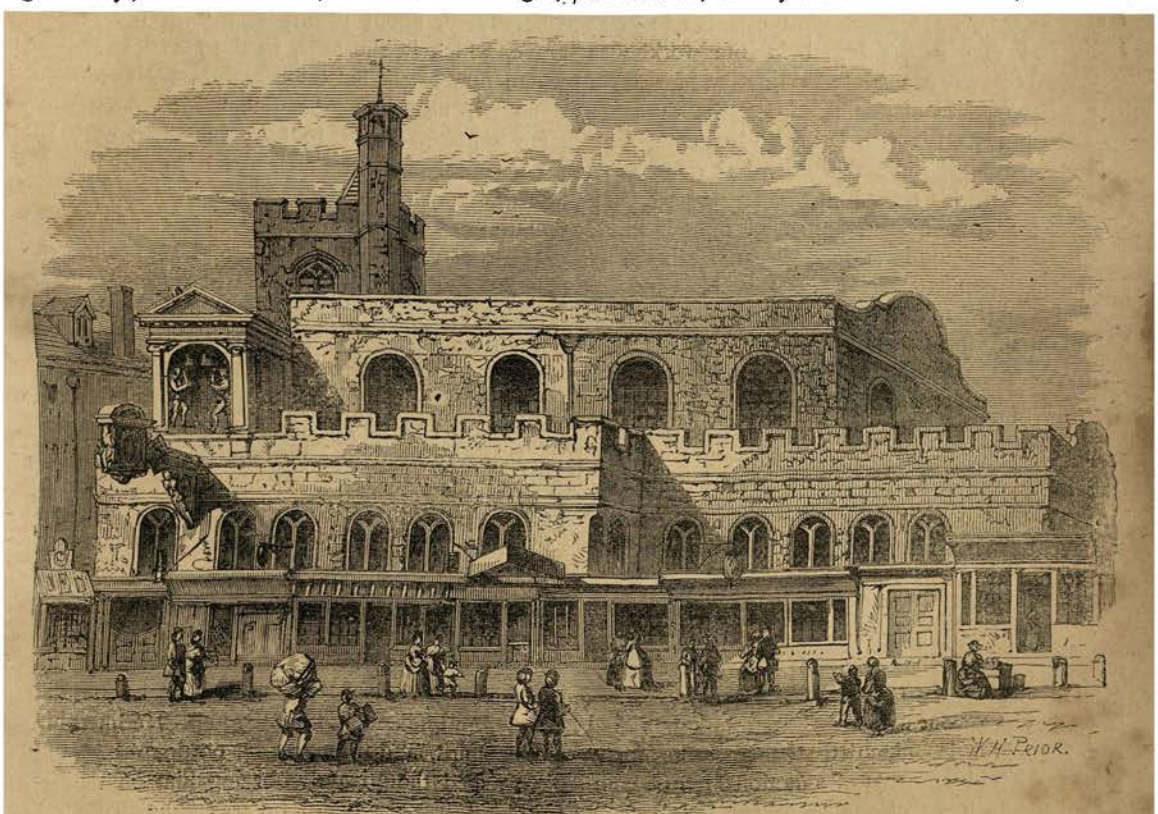
Mr. Grant, that veteran of the press, tells a capital story, in his "History of the Newspaper Press," of one of the early vendors of unstamped newspapers in Shoe Lane :—

BANGOR HOUSE, 1818 (*see page* 131).

"*Cleave's Police Gazette*," says Mr. Grant, "consisted chiefly of reports of police cases. It certainly was a newspaper to all intents and purposes, and was ultimately so declared to be in a court of law by a jury. But in the meantime, while the action was pending, the police had instructions to arrest Mr. John Cleave, the proprietor, and seize all the copies of the paper as they came out of his office in Shoe Lane. He contrived for a time to elude their vigilance; and in order to prevent the seizure of his paper, he resorted to an expedient which was equally ingenious and laughable. Close by his little shop in Shoe Lane there was an undertaker, whose business, as might be inferred from the neighbourhood, as well as from his personal appearance and the homeliness of his shop, was exclusively among the lower and poorer classes of the community. With him Mr. Cleave made an arrangement to construct several coffins of the plainest and cheapest kind, for purposes which were fully explained. The 'undertaker,' whose ultra-republican principles were in perfect unison with those of Mr. Cleave, not only heartily undertook the work, but did so on terms so

moderate that he would not ask for nor accept any profit. He, indeed, could imagine no higher nor holier duty than that of assisting in the dissemination of a paper which boldly and energetically preached the extinction of the aristocracy and the perfect equality in social position, and in property too, of all classes of the community. Accordingly the coffins, with a rudeness in make and material which were in perfect keeping with the purpose to which they were to be applied, were got ready; and Mr. Cleave, in the dead of night, readiness to render a similar service to Mr. Cleave and the cause of red Republicanism when the next *Gazette* appeared.

"In this way Mr. Cleave contrived for some time to elude the vigilance of the police and to sell about 50,000 copies weekly of each impression of his paper. But the expedient, ingenious and eminently successful as it was for a time, failed at last. The people in Shoe Lane and the neighbourhood began to be surprised and alarmed at the number of funerals, as they believed them to be, which the



OLD ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH (*see page* 135).

got them filled with thousands of his *Gazettes*. It had been arranged beforehand that particular houses in various parts of the town should be in readiness to receive them with blinds down, as if some relative had been dead, and was about to be borne away to the house appointed for all living. The deal coffin was opened, and the contents were taken out, tied up in a parcel so as to conceal from the prying curiosity of any chance person that they were *Cleave's Police Gazettes*, and then sent off to the railway stations most convenient for their transmission to the provinces. The coffins after this were returned in the middle of next night to the 'undertaker's' in Shoe Lane, there to be in departure of so many coffins from the 'undertaker's' necessarily implied. The very natural conclusion to which they came was, that this supposed sudden and extensive number of deaths could only be accounted for on the assumption that some fatal epidemic had visited the neighbourhood, and there made itself a local habitation. The parochial authorities, responding to the prevailing alarm, questioned the 'undertaker' friend and fellow-labourer of Mr. Cleave as to the causes of his sudden and extensive accession of business in the coffin-making way; and the result of the close questions put to him was the discovery of the whole affair. It need hardly be added that an immediate and

complete collapse took place in Mr. Cleave's business, so far as his *Police Gazette* was concerned. Not another number of the publication ever made its appearance, while the coffin-trade of the 'undertaker' all at once returned to its normal proportions."

This stratagem of Cleave's was rivalled a few years ago by M. Herzen's clever plan of sending great numbers of his treasonable and forbidden paper, the *Kolokol*, to Russia, soldered up in sardine-boxes. No Government, in fact, can ever baffle determined and ingenious smugglers.

One especially sad association attaches to Shoe Lane, and that is the burial in the workhouse graveyard (the site of the late Farringdon Market) of that unhappy child of genius, Chatterton the poet. In August, 1770, the poor lad, who had come from Bristol full of hope and ambition to make his fortune in London by his pen, broken-hearted and maddened by disappointment, destroyed himself in his mean garret-lodging in Brooke Street, Holborn, by swallowing arsenic. Mr. John Dix, his very unscrupulous biographer, has noted down a curious legend about the possible removal of the poet's corpse from London to Bristol, which, doubtful as it is, is at least interesting as a possibility :—

"I found," says Mr. Dix, "that Mrs. Stockwell, of Peter Street, wife of Mr. Stockwell, a basket-maker, was the person who had communicated to Sir R. Wilmot her grounds for believing Chatterton to have been so interred; and on my requesting her to repeat to me what she knew of that affair, she commenced by informing me that at ten years of age she was a scholar of Mrs. Chatterton, his mother, where she was taught plain work, and remained with her until she was near twenty years of age; that she slept with her, and found her kind and motherly, insomuch that there were many things which in moments of affliction Mrs. C. communicated to her, that she would not have wished to have been generally known; and among others, she often repeated how happy she was that her unfortunate son lay buried in Redcliff, through the kind attention of a friend or relation in London, who, after the body had been cased in a parish shell, had it properly secured and sent to her by the waggon; that when it arrived it was opened, and the corpse found to be black and half putrid (having been burst with the motion of the carriage, or from some other cause), so that it became necessary to inter it speedily; and that it was early interred by Phillips, the sexton, who was of her family. That the effect of the loss of her son was a nervous disorder, which never quitted her, and she was often seen weeping at the bitter remembrance of her misfortune. She described the poet as having been sharp-tempered, but that it was soon over; and she often said he had cost her many uneasy hours, from the apprehension she entertained of his going mad, as he was accustomed to remain fixed for above an hour at a time quite motionless, and then he would snatch up a pen and write incessantly; but he was always, she added, affectionate. . . . .

"In addition to this, Mrs. Stockwell told the writer that the grave was on the right-hand side of the lime-tree, middle paved walk, in Redcliff Churchyard, about twenty feet from the father's grave, which is, she says, in the paved walk, and where now Mrs. Chatterton and Mrs. Newton, her daughter, also lie. Also, that Mrs. Chatterton gave a person leave to bury his child over her son's coffin, and was much vexed to find that he afterwards put the stone over it, which, when Chatterton was buried, had been taken up for the purpose of digging the grave, and set against the church-wall; that afterwards, when Mr. Hutchinson's or Mr. Taylor's wife died, they buried her also in the same grave, and put this stone over with a new inscription. (Query, did he erase the first, or turn the stone?—as this might lead to a discovery of the spot.) . . . .

"Being referred to Mrs. Jane Phillips, of Rolls Alley, Rolls Lane, Great Gardens, Temple Parish (who is sister to that Richard Phillips who was sexton at Redcliff Church in the year 1772), she informed me that his widow and a daughter were living in Cathay; the widow is sexton, a Mr. Perrin, of Colston's Parade, acting for her. She remembers Chatterton having been at his father's school, and that he always called Richard Phillips, her brother, 'uncle,' and was much liked by him. He liked him for his spirit, and there can be no doubt he would have risked the privately burying him on that account. When she heard he was gone to London she was sorry to hear it, for all loved him, and thought he could get no good there.

"Soon after his death her brother, R. Phillips, told her that poor Chatterton had killed himself; on which she said she would go to Madame Chatterton's, to know the rights of it; but that he forbade her, and said, if she did so he should be sorry he had told her. She, however, did go, and asking if it was true that he was dead, Mrs. Chatterton began to weep bitterly, saying, 'My son indeed is dead!' and when she asked her where he was buried, she replied, 'Ask me nothing; he is dead and buried.'

Poppin's Court (No. 109) marks the site of the ancient hostel (hotel) of the Abbots of Cirencester —though what they did there, when they ought to

have been on their knees in their own far-away Gloucestershire abbey, history does not choose to record. The sign of their inn was the "Poppingaye" (popinjay, parrot), and in 1602 (last year of Elizabeth) the alley was called Poppingay Alley. That excellent man Van Mildert (then a poor curate, living in Ely Place, afterwards Bishop of Durham—a prelate remarkable for this above all his many other Christian virtues, that he was not proud) was once driven into this alley with a young barrister friend by a noisy illumination-night crowd. The street boys began firing a volley of squibs at the young curate, who found all hope of escape barred, and dreaded the pickpockets, who take rapid advantage of such temporary embarrassments; but his good-natured exclamation, "Ah! here you are, popping away in Poppin's Court!" so pleased the crowd that they at once laughingly opened a passage for him. "Sic me servavit, Apollo," he used afterwards to add when telling the story.

CHAPTER XII.

FLEET STREET TRIBUTARIES SOUTH.

Worthy Mr. Fisher—Lamb's Wednesday Evenings—Persons one would wish to have seen—Ram Alley—Serjeants' Inn—The *Daily News*—"Memory." Woodfall—A Mug-House Riot—Richardson's Printing Office—Fielding and Richardson—Johnson's Estimate of Richardson—Hogarth and Richardson's Guest—An Egotist Rebuked—The King's "Housewife"—Caleb Colton: his Life, Works, and Sentiments.

FALCON COURT, Fleet Street, took its name from an inn which bore the sign of the "Falcon." This passage formerly belonged to a gentleman named Fisher, who, out of gratitude to the Cordwainers' Company, bequeathed it to them by will. His gratitude is commonly said to have arisen from the number of good dinners that the Company had given him. However this may be, the Cordwainers are the present owners of the estate, and are under the obligation of having a sermon preached annually at the neighbouring church of St. Dunstan, on the 10th of July, when certain sums are given to the poor. Formerly it was the custom to drink sack in the church to the pious memory of Mr. Fisher, but this appears to have been discontinued for a considerable period. This Fisher was a jolly fellow, if all the tales are true which are related of him, as, besides the sack drinking, he stipulated that the Cordwainers should give a grand feast on the same day yearly to all their tenants. What a quaint picture might be made of the churchwardens in the old church drinking to the memory of Mr. Fisher! Wynkyn de Worde, the father of printing in England, lived in Fleet Street, at his messuage or inn known by the sign of the Falcon. Whether it was the inn that stood on the site of Falcon Court is not known with certainty, but most probably it was.

Charles Lamb came to 16, Mitre Court Buildings in 1800, after leaving Southampton Buildings, and remained in that quiet harbour out of Fleet Street till 1809, when he removed to Inner Temple Lane.

It was whilst Lamb was residing in Mitre Court Buildings that those Wednesday evenings of his were in their glory. In two of Mr. Hazlitt's papers are graphic pictures of these delightful Wednesdays and the Wednesday men, and admirable notes of several choice conversations. There is a curious sketch in one of a little tilt between Coleridge and Holcroft, which must not be omitted. "Coleridge was riding the high German horse, and demonstrating the 'Categories of the Transcendental Philosophy' to the author of *The Road to Ruin*, who insisted on his knowledge of German and German metaphysics, having read the 'Critique of Pure Reason' in the original. 'My dear Mr. Holcroft,' said Coleridge, in a tone of infinitely provoking conciliation, 'you really put me in mind of a sweet pretty German girl of about fifteen, in the Hartz Forest, in Germany, and who one day, as I was reading "The Limits of the Knowable and the Unknowable," the profoundest of all his works, with great attention, came behind my chair, and leaning over, said, "What! you read Kant? Why, I, that am a German born, don't understand him!"' This was too much to bear, and Holcroft, starting up, called out, in no measured tone, 'Mr. Coleridge, you are the most eloquent man I ever met with, and the most troublesome with your eloquence.' Phillips held the cribbage-peg, that was to mark him game, suspended in his

hand, and the whist-table was silent for a moment. I saw Holcroft downstairs, and on coming to the landing-place in Mitre Court he stopped me to observe that he thought Mr. Coleridge a very clever man, with a great command of language, but that he feared he did not always affix very proper ideas to the words he used. After he was gone we had our laugh out, and went on with the argument on 'The Nature of Reason, the Imagination, and the Will.' . . . . It would make a supplement to the 'Biographia Literaria,' in a volume and a half, octavo."

It was at one of these Wednesdays that Lamb started his famous question as to persons "one would wish to have seen." It was a suggestive topic, and proved a fruitful one. Mr. Hazlitt, who was there, has left an account behind him of the kind of talk which arose out of this hint, so lightly thrown out by the author of "Elia," and it is worth giving in his own words :—

"On the question being started, Ayrton said, 'I suppose the two first persons you would choose to see would be the two greatest names in English literature, Sir Isaac Newton and Locke?' In this Ayrton, as usual, reckoned without his host. Everyone burst out a laughing at the expression of Lamb's face, in which impatience was restrained by courtesy. 'Y—yes, the greatest names,' he stammered out hastily; 'but they were not persons —not persons.' 'Not persons?' said Ayrton, looking wise and foolish at the same time, afraid his triumph might be premature. 'That is,' rejoined Lamb, 'not characters, you know. By Mr. Locke and Sir Isaac Newton you mean the "Essay on the Human Understanding" and "Principia," which we have to this day. Beyond their contents, there is nothing personally interesting in the men. But what we want to see anyone *bodily* for is when there is something peculiar, striking in the individuals, more than we can learn from their writings and yet are curious to know. I dare say Locke and Newton were very like Kneller's portraits of them; but who could paint Shakespeare?' 'Ay,' retorted Ayrton, 'there it is. Then I suppose you would prefer seeing him and Milton instead?' 'No,' said Lamb, 'neither; I have seen so much of Shakespeare on the stage.' . . . . 'I shall guess no more,' said Ayrton. 'Who is it, then, you would like to see "in his habit as he lived," if you had your choice of the whole range of English literature?' Lamb then named Sir Thomas Brown and Fulke Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sydney, as the two worthies whom he should feel the greatest pleasure to encounter on the floor of his apartment in their night-gowns and slippers, and to exchange friendly greeting with them. At this Ayrton laughed outright, and conceived Lamb was jesting with him; but as no one followed his example he thought there might be something in it, and waited for an explanation in a state of whimsical suspense. . . . .

"When Lamb had given his explanation, some one inquired of him if he could not see from the window the Temple walk in which Chaucer used to take his exercise, and on his name being put to the vote I was pleased to find there was a general sensation in his favour in all but Ayrton, who said something about the ruggedness of the metre, and even objected to the quaintness of the orthography. . . . .

"Captain Burney muttered something about Columbus, and Martin Burney hinted at the Wandering Jew; but the last was set aside as spurious, and the first made over to the New World.

"'I should like,' said Mr. Reynolds, 'to have seen Pope talking with Patty Blount, and I *have* seen Goldsmith.' Everyone turned round to look at Mr. Reynolds, as if by so doing they too could get a sight of Goldsmith. . . . .

"Erasmus Phillips, who was deep in a game of piquet at the other end of the room, whispered to Martin Burney to ask if Junius would not be a fit person to invoke from the dead. 'Yes,' said Lamb, 'provided he would agree to lay aside his mask.'

"We were now at a stand for a short time, when Fielding was mentioned as a candidate. Only one, however, seconded the proposition. 'Richardson?' 'By all means; but only to look at him through the glass-door of his back-shop, hard at work upon one of his novels (the most extraordinary contrast that ever was presented between an author and his works), but not to let him come behind his counter, lest he should want you to turn customer; nor to go upstairs with him, lest he should offer to read the first manuscript of "Sir Charles Grandison," which was originally written in twenty-eight volumes octavo; or get out the letters of his female correspondents to prove that "Joseph Andrews" was low.'

"There was but one statesman in the whole of English history that any one expressed the least desire to see—Oliver Cromwell, with his fine, frank, rough, pimply face and wily policy—and one enthusiast, John Bunyan, the immortal author of 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' . . . .

"Of all persons near our own time, Garrick's name was received with the greatest enthusiasm. He presently superseded both Hogarth and

Handel, who had been talked of, but then it was on condition that he should sit in tragedy and comedy, in the play and the farce,—Lear and Wildair, and Abel Drugger. . . . .

"Lamb inquired if there was any one that was hanged that I would choose to mention, and I answered, 'Eugene Aram.'"

The present Hare Place was the once disreputable Ram Alley, the scene of a comedy of that name, written by Lodowick Barry and dramatised in the reign of James I.; the plot Killigrew afterwards used in his vulgar *Parson's Wedding*. Barry, an Irishman, of whom nothing much is known, makes one of his roystering characters say,—

> "And rough Ram Alley stinks with cooks' shops vile;
> Yet, stay, there's many a worthy lawyer's chamber
> 'Buts upon Ram Alley."

As a precinct of Whitefriars, Ram Alley enjoyed the mischievous privilege of sanctuary for murderers, thieves, and debtors—indeed, any class of rascals except traitors—till the fifteenth century. After this it sheltered only debtors. Barry speaks of its cooks, salesmen, and laundresses; and Shadwell classes it (Charles II.) with Pye Corner, as the resort of "rascally stuff." Lord Clarendon, in his autobiography, describes the Great Fire as burning on the Thames side as far as the "new buildings of the Inner Temple next to Whitefriars," striking next on some of the buildings which joined to Ram Alley, and sweeping all those into Fleet Street. In the reign of George I. Ram Alley was full of public-houses, and was a place of no reputation, having passages into the Temple and Serjeants' Inn. "A kind of privileged place for debtors," adds Hatton, "before the late Act of Parliament (9 & 10 William III. c. 17, s. 15) for taking them away." This useful Act swept out all the London sanctuaries, those vicious relics of monastic rights, including Mitre Court, Salisbury Court (Fleet Street), the Savoy, Fulwood Rents (Holborn), Baldwin's Gardens (Gray's Inn Lane), the Minories, Deadman's Place, Montague Close (Southwark), the Clink, and the Mint in the same locality. The Savoy and the Mint, however, remained disreputable a generation or two later

Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, now deserted by the faithless serjeants, is supposed to have been given to the Dean and Chapter of York in 1409 (Henry IV.) It then consisted of shops, &c. In 1627 (Charles I.) the inn began its legal career by being leased for forty years to nine judges and fifteen serjeants. In this hall, in 1629, the judges in full bench struck a sturdy blow at feudal privileges by agreeing that peers might be attached upon process for contempt out of Chancery. In 1723 (George I.) the inn was highly aristocratic, its inmates being the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Chief Baron, justices, and serjeants. In 1730, however, the fickle serjeants removed to Chancery Lane, and Adam, the architect of the Adelphi, designed the present nineteen houses and the present street frontage. On the site of the hall arose the Amicable Assurance Society, which in 1865 transferred its business to the Economic, and the house is now the Norwich Union Office. The inn is a parish in itself, making its own assessment, and contributing to the City rates. Its pavement, which had been part of the stonework of Old St. Paul's, was not replaced till 1860. The conservative old inn retained its old oil lamps long after the introduction of gas.

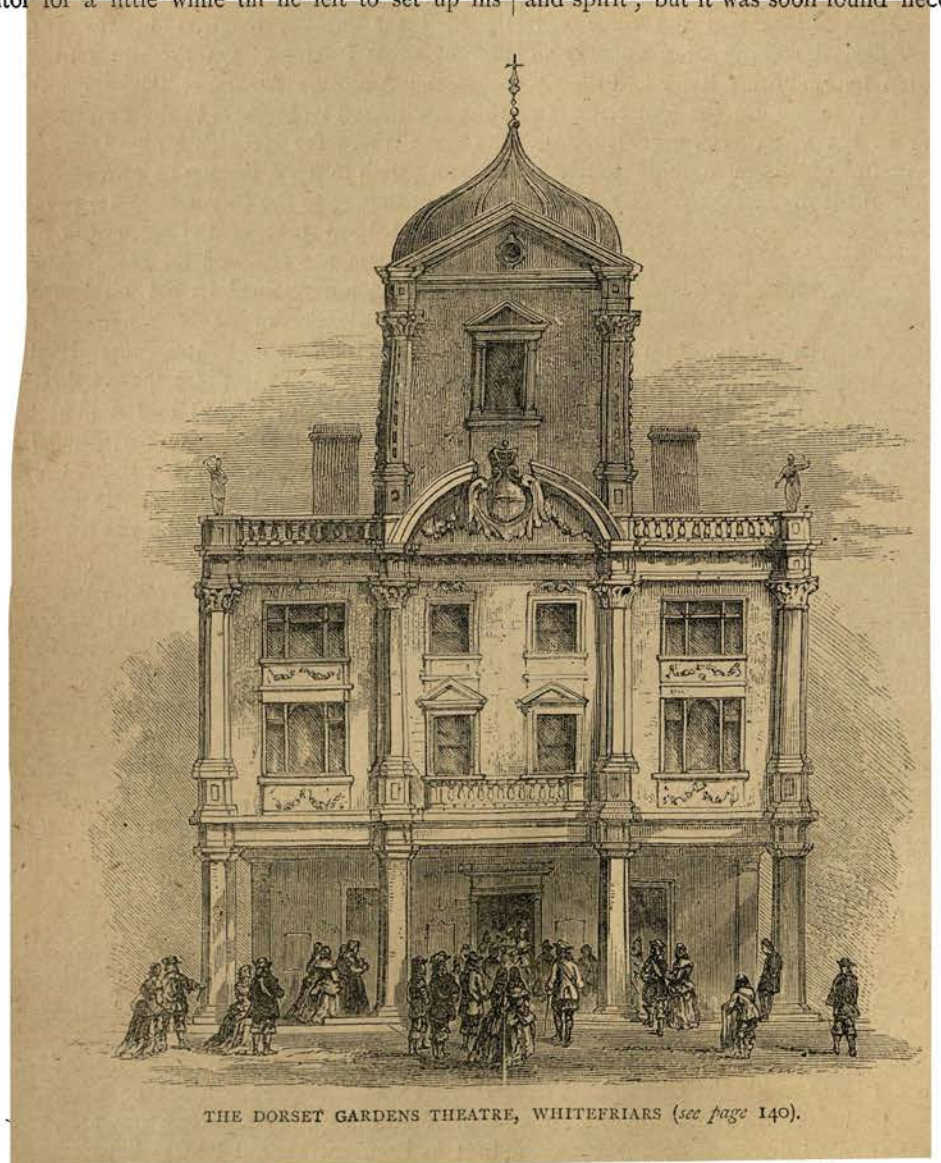
The arms of Serjeants' Inn, worked into the iron gate opening on Fleet Street, are a dove and a serpent, the serpent twisted into a kind of true lover's knot. The lawyers of Serjeants' Inn, no doubt, unite the wisdom of the serpent with the guilelessness of the dove. Singularly enough Dr. Dodd, the popular preacher, who was hanged, bore arms nearly similar.

Half way down Bouverie Street, in the centre of old Whitefriars, is the office of the *Daily News*. The first number of this popular and influential paper appeared on January 21, 1846. The publishers, and part proprietors, were Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, the printers; the editor was Charles Dickens; the manager was Dickens's father, Mr. John Dickens; the second, or assistant, editor, Douglas Jerrold; and among the other "leader" writers were Albany Fonblanque and John Forster, both of the *Examiner*. "Father Prout" (Mahoney) acted as Roman correspondent. The musical critic was the late Mr. George Hogarth, Dickens's father-in-law; and the new journal had an "Irish Famine Commissioner" in the person of Mr. R. H. Horne, the poet. Miss Martineau wrote leading articles in the new paper for several years, and Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens was also a recognised contributor. The staff of Parliamentary reporters was said to be the best in London, several having been taken, at an advanced salary, off the *Times*.

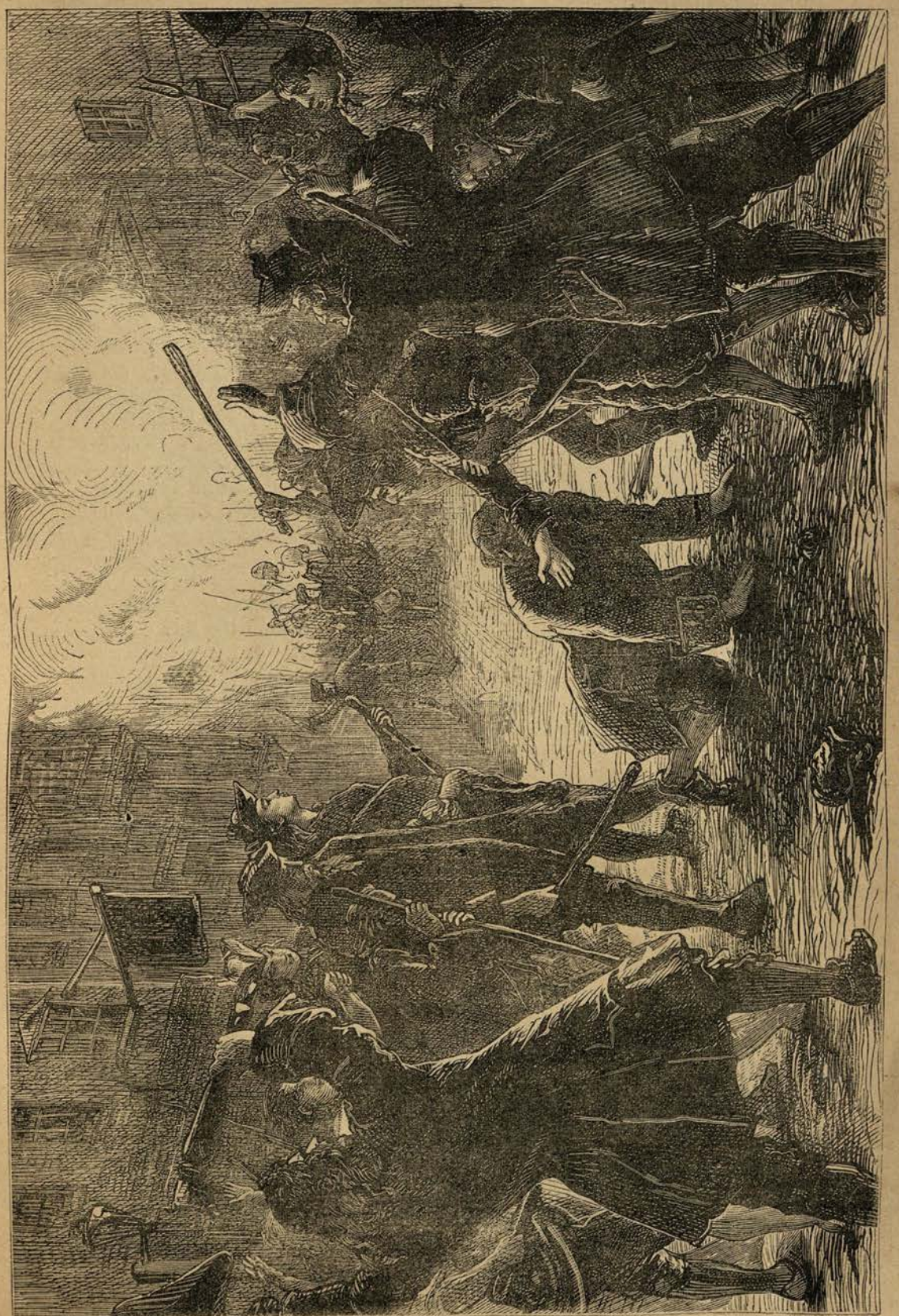
"The speculative proprietorship," says Mr. Grant, in his "History of the Newspaper Press," was divided into one hundred shares, some of which were held by Sir William Jackson, M.P., Sir Joshua Watkins, and the late Sir Joseph Paxton. Mr. Charles Dickens, as editor, received a salary of £2,000 a year."

The early numbers of the paper contained

instalments of Dickens's "Pictures from Italy;" yet the new venture did not succeed. Charles Dickens and Douglas Jerrold took the night-work on alternate days; but Dickens, who never made politics a special study, very soon retired from the editorship altogether, and Jerrold was chief editor for a little while till he left to set up his *Weekly Newspaper*. Mr. Forster also had the editorship for a short period, and the paper then fell into the hands of the late Mr. Dilke, of the *Athenæum*, who excited some curiosity by extensively advertising these words: "See the *Daily News* of June 1st." The *Daily News* of June 1, 1846 (which began No. 1 again), was a paper of four pages, issued at 2½*d.*, which, deducting the stamp, at that time affixed to every copy of every newspaper, was in effect three halfpence. One of the features of the new plan was that the sheet should vary in size, according to the requirements of the day—with an eye, nevertheless, at all times to selection and condensation. It was a bold attempt, carried out with great intelligence and spirit; but it was soon found necessary to put on another halfpenny, and in a year or two the *Daily News* was obliged to return to the usual price of "dailies" at that time—fivepence. The chief editors of the paper, besides those already mentioned, have been Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, Mr. Frederick Knight Hunt, Mr. Weir, and Mr. Thomas Walker, who retired in January, 1870, on receiving the editorship of the *London Gazette*. The journal came down to a penny in June, 1868.



THE DORSET GARDENS THEATRE, WHITEFRIARS (*see page* 140).



ATTACK ON A WHIG MUG-HOUSE (*see page* 142).

The *Daily News*, at the beginning, inspired the *Times* with some dread of rivalry; and it is noteworthy that, for several years afterwards, the great journal was very unfriendly in its criticisms on Dickens's books.

There is no doubt that, over sanguine of success, the *Daily News* proprietors began by sinking too much money in the foundations. In 1846, the *Times'* reporters received on an average only five guineas a week, while the *Daily News* gave seven; but the pay was soon of necessity reduced. Mr. Grant computes the losses of the *Daily News* for the first ten years at not much less than £200,000. The talent and enterprise of this paper, during the recent (1870) German invasion of France, and the excellence of their correspondents in either camp, is said to have trebled its circulation, which Mr. Grant computes at a daily issue of 90,000. As an organ of the highest and most enlightened form of Liberalism and progress, the *Daily News* now stands pre-eminent.

Many actors, poets, and authors dwelt in Salisbury Court in Charles II.'s time, and the great Betterton, Underhill, and Sandford affected this neighbourhood, to be near the theatres. Lady Davenant here presided over the Dorset-Gardens Company; Shadwell, "round as a butt and liquored every chink," nightly reeled home to the same precinct, unsteadily following the guidance of a will-o'-the-wisp link-boy; and in the square lived and died Sir John King, the Duke of York's solicitor-general.

If Salisbury Square boasts of Richardson, the respectable citizen and admirable novelist, it must also plead guilty to having been the residence of that not very reputable personage, Mr. John Eyre, who, although worth, as it was said, some £20,000, was transported on November 1, 1771 (George III.) for systematic pilfering of paper from the alderman's chamber, in the justice room, Guildhall. This man, led away by the thirst for money, had an uncle who made two wills, one leaving Eyre all his money, except a legacy of £500 to a clergyman; another leaving the bulk to the clergyman, and £500 only to his nephew. Eyre, not knowing of the second will, destroyed the first, in order to cancel the vexatious bequest. When the real will was produced his disappointment and selfish remorse must have produced an expression of repressed rage worthy of Hogarth's pencil.

In Salisbury Square Mr. Clarke's disagreeable confessions about the Duke of York were publicly burned, on the very spot (says Mr. Noble) where the zealous radical demagogue, Waithman, subsequently addressed the people from a temporary platform, not being able to obtain the use of St. Bride's Vestry. Nor must we forget to chronicle No. 53 as the house of Tatum, a silversmith, to whom, in 1812, that eminent man John Faraday acted as humble friend and assistant. How often does young genius act the herdsman, as Apollo did when he tended the kine of Admetus!

The Woodfalls, too, in their time, lent celebrity to Salisbury Square. The first Woodfall who became eminent was Henry Woodfall, at the "Elzevir's Head" at Temple Bar. He commenced business under the auspices of Pope. His son Henry, who rose to be a Common Councilman and Master of the Stationers' Company, bought of Theophilus Cibber, in 1736–37, one-third of a tenth share of the London *Daily Post*, an organ which gradually grew into the *Public Advertiser*, that daring paper in which the celebrated letters of Junius first appeared. Those letters, scathing and full of Greek fire, brought down Lords and Commons, King's Bench and Old Bailey, on Woodfall, and he was fined and imprisoned. Whether Burke, Barrè, Chatham, Horne Tooke, or Sir Philip Francis wrote them, will now probably never be known. The stern writer in the iron mask went down into the grave shrouded in his own mystery, and that grave no inquisitive eyes will ever find. "I am the sole depository of my secret," he wrote, "and it shall perish with me." The Junius Woodfall died in 1805. William Woodfall, the younger brother, was born in 1745, and educated at St. Paul's School. He was editor and printer of the *Morning Chronicle*, and in 1790 had his office in Dorset Street, Salisbury Square (Noble). "Memory" Woodfall, as William was generally called, acquired fame by his extraordinary power of reporting from memory the speeches he heard in the House of Commons. His practice during a debate (says his friend Mr. Taylor, ot the *Sun*) was to close his eyes and lean with both hands upon his stick. He was so well acquainted with the tone and manner of the several speakers that he seldom changed his attitude but to catch the name of a new member. His memory was as accurate as it was capacious, and, what was almost miraculous, he could retain full recollection of any particular debate for a full fortnight, and after many long nights of speaking. Woodfall used to say he could put a speech away on a corner shelf of his mind for future reference. This is an instance of power of memory scarcely equalled by Fuller, who, it is said, could repeat the names of all the shops down the Strand (at a time every shop had a sign) in regular and correct sequence; and it even surpasses "Memory" Thompson, who used to boast he could remember every shop from Ludgate Hill

to the end of Piccadilly. Yet, with all his sensitively retentive memory, Woodfall did not care for slight interruptions during his writing. Dr. Johnson used to write abridged reports of debates for the *Gentleman's Magazine* from memory, but, then, reports at that time were short and trivial. Woodfall was also a most excellent dramatic critic—slow to censure, yet never sparing just rebuke. At the theatre his extreme attention gave his countenance a look of gloom and severity. Mr. J. Taylor, of the *Sun*, describes Kemble as watching Woodfall in one of those serious moods, and saying to a friend, "How applicable to that man is the passage in *Hamlet*,—'thoughts black, hands apt.'"

Finding himself hampered on the *Morning Chronicle*, Woodfall started a new daily paper, with the title of the *Diary*, but eventually he was overpowered by his competitors and their large staff of reporters. His eldest son, who displayed great abilities, went mad. Mr. Woodfall's hospitable parties at his house at Kentish Town are sketched for us by Mr. J. Taylor. On one particular occasion he mentions meeting Mr. Tickel, Richardson (a partner in "The Rolliad"), John Kemble, Perry (of the *Chronicle*), Dr. Glover (a humorist of the day), and John Coust. Kemble and Perry fell out over their wine, and Perry was rude to the stately tragedian. Kemble, eyeing him with the scorn of Coriolanus, exclaimed, in the words of Zanga,—

"A lion preys not upon carcases."

Perry very naturally effervesced at this, and war would have been instantly proclaimed between the belligerents had not Coust and Richardson promptly interposed. The warlike powers were carefully sent home in separate vehicles.

Mr. Woodfall had a high sense of the importance of a Parliamentary reporter's duties, and once, during a heavy week, when his eldest son came to town to assist him, he said, "And Charles Fox to have a debate on a Saturday! What! does he think that reporters are made of iron?" Woodfall used to tell a characteristic story of Dr. Dodd. When that miserable man was in Newgate waiting sentence of death he sent earnestly for the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Woodfall, a kind and unselfish man, instantly hurried off, expecting that Dodd wished his serious advice. In the midst of Woodfall's condolement he was stopped by the Doctor, who said he had wished to see him on quite a different subject. Knowing Woodfall's judgment in dramatic matters, he was anxious to have his opinion on a comedy which he had written, and to request his interest with a manager to bring it on the stage. Woodfall was the more surprised and shocked as on entering Newgate he had been informed by Ackerman, the keeper of Newgate, that the order for Dr. Dodd's execution had just arrived.

Before parting with the Woodfall family, we may mention that it is quite certain that Henry Sampson Woodfall did not know who the author of "Junius" was. Long after the letters appeared he used to say,—"I hope and trust Junius is not dead, as I think he would have left me a legacy; for though I derived much honour from his preference, I suffered much by the freedom of his pen."

The grandson of William, Henry Dick Woodfall, died in Nice, April 13, 1869, aged sixty-nine, carrying to the grave (says Mr. Noble) the last chance of discovering one of the best kept secrets ever known.

The Whig "mug-house" of Salisbury Court deserves notice. The death of Queen Anne (1714) roused the hopes of the Jacobites. The rebellion of 1715 proved how bitterly they felt the peaceful accession of the Elector of Hanover. The northern revolt convinced them of their strength, but its failure taught them no lesson. They attributed its want of success to the rashness of the leaders and the absence of unanimity in their followers, to the outbreak not being simultaneous; to every cause, indeed, but the right one. It was about this time that the Whig gentlemen of London, to unite their party and to organise places of gathering, established "mug-houses" in various parts of the City. At these places, "free-and-easy" clubs were held, where Whig citizens could take their mug of ale, drink loyal toasts, sing loyal songs, and arrange party processions. These assemblies, not always very just or forbearing, soon led to violent retaliations on the part of the Tories, attacks were made on several of the mug-houses, and dangerous riots naturally ensued. From the papers of the time we learn that the Tories wore white roses, or rue, thyme, and rosemary in their hats, flourished oak branches and green ribbons, and shouted "High Church;" "Ormond for ever;" "No King George;" "Down with the Presbyterians;" "Down with the mug-houses." The Whigs, on the other side, roared "King George for ever," displayed orange cockades, with the motto,—

"With heart and hand
By George we'll stand,"

and did their best on royal birthdays and other thanksgivings, by illuminations and blazing bonfires

outside the mug-house doors, to irritate their adversaries and drive them to acts of illegal violence. The chief Whig mug-houses were in Long Acre, Cheapside, St. John's Lane (Clerkenwell), Tower Street, and Salisbury Court.

Mackey, a traveller, who wrote "A Journey through England" about this time, describes the mug-houses very lucidly:—

"The most amusing and diverting of all," he says, "is the 'Mug-House Club,' in Long Acre, where every Wednesday and Saturday a mixture of gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen meet in a great room, and are seldom under a hundred. They have a grave old gentleman in his own grey hairs, now within a few months of ninety years old, who is their president, and sits in an armed-chair some steps higher than the rest of the company, to keep the whole room in order. A harp always plays all the time at the lower end of the room, and every now and then one or other of the company rises and entertains the rest with a song; and, by-the-by, some are good masters. Here is nothing drank but ale; and every gentleman hath his separate mug, which he chalks on the table where he sits as it is brought in, and everyone retires when he pleases, as in a coffee-house. The room is always so diverted with songs, and drinking from one table to another to one another's healths, that there is no room for politics, or anything that can sour conversation. One must be up by seven to get room, and after ten the company are, for the most part, gone. This is a winter's amusement that is agreeable enough to a stranger for once or twice, and he is well diverted with the different humours when the mugs overflow."

An attack on a Whig mug-house, the "Roebuck," in Cheapside, June, 1716, was followed by a still more stormy assault on the Salisbury Court mug-house in July of the same year. The riot began on a Friday, but the Whigs kept a resolute face, and the mob dwindled away. On the Monday they renewed the attack, declaring that the Whigs were drinking "Down with the Church," and reviling the memory of Queen Anne; and they swore they would level the house and make a bonfire of the timber in the middle of Fleet Street. But the wily Whigs, barricading the door, slipped out a messenger at a back door, and sent to a mug-house in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, for reinforcements. Presently a band of Whig bludgeon-men arrived, and the Whigs of Salisbury Court then snatched up pokers, tongs, pitchforks, and legs of stools, and sallied out on the Tory mob, who soon fled before them. For two days the Tory mob seethed, fretted, and swore revenge. But the report of a squadron of horse being drawn up at Whitehall ready to ride down on the City kept them gloomily quiet. On the third day a Jacobite, named Vaughan, formerly a Bridewell boy, led them on to revenge; and on Tuesday they stormed the place in earnest. "The best of the Tory mob," says a Whig paper of the day, "were High Church scaramouches, chimney-sweeps, hackney coachmen, foot-boys, tinkers, shoe-blacks, street idlers, ballad singers, and strumpets." The contemporaneous account will most vividly describe the scene.

The *Weekly Journal* (a Whig paper) of July 28, 1716, says: "The Papists and Jacobites, in pursuance of their rebellious designs, assembled a mob on Friday night last, and threatened to attack Mr. Read's mug-house in Salisbury Court, in Fleet Street; but, seeing the loyal gentlemen that were there were resolved to defend themselves, the cowardly Papists and Jacobites desisted for that time. But on Monday night the villains meeting together again in a most rebellious manner, they began first to attack Mr. Goslin's house, at the sign of the 'Blew Boar's Head,' near Water Lane, in Fleet Street, breaking the windows thereof, for no other reason but because he is well-affected to his Majesty King George and the present Government. Afterwards they went to the above-said mug-house in Salisbury Court; but the cowardly Jacks not being able to accomplish their hellish designs that night, they assembled next day in great numbers from all parts of the town, breaking the windows with brick-bats, broke open the cellar, got into the lower rooms, which they robb'd, and pull'd down the sign, which was carried in triumph before the mob by one Thomas Bean, servant to Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Cassey, two rebels under sentence of death, and for which he is committed to Newgate, as well as several others, particularly one Hook, a joyner, in Blackfriars, who is charged with acting a part in gutting the mug-house. Some of the rioters were desperately wounded, and one Vaughan, a seditious weaver, formerly an apprentice in Bridewell, and since employed there, who was a notorious ringleader of mobs, was kill'd at the aforesaid mug-house. Many notorious Papists were seen to abet and assist in this villanous rabble, as were others, who call themselves Churchmen, and are like to meet with a suitable reward in due time for their assaulting gentlemen who meet at these mug-houses only to drink prosperity to the Church of England as by law established, the King's health, the Prince of Wales's, and the rest of the Royal Family, and those of his faithful and loyal Ministers. But it is farther to be observed that women of mean, scandalous lives, do frequently

point, hiss, and cry out 'Whigs' upon his Majesty's good and loyal subjects, by which, raising a mob, they are often insulted by them. But 'tis hoped the magistrates will take such methods which may prevent the like insults for the future.

"Thursday last the coroner's inquest sat on the body of the person killed in Salisbury Court, who were for bringing in their verdict, wilful murder against Mr. Read, the man of the mug-house; but some of the jury stick out, and will not agree with that verdict; so that the matter is deferr'd till Monday next."

"On Tuesday last," says the same paper (August 4, 1716), "a petition, signed by some of the inhabitants of Salisbury Court, was deliver'd to the Court of Aldermen, setting forth some late riots occasioned by the meeting of some persons at the mug-house there. The petition was referr'd to, and a hearing appointed the same day before the Lord Mayor. The witnesses on the side of the petition were a butcher woman, a barber's 'prentice, and two or three other inferior people. These swore, in substance—that the day the man was killed there, they saw a great many people gathered together about the mug-house, throwing stones and dirt, &c.; that about twelve o'clock they saw Mr. Read come out with a gun, and shoot a man who was before the mob at some distance, and had no stick in his hand. Those who were call'd in Mr. Read's behalf depos'd that a very great mob attacked the house, crying, 'High Church and Ormond; No Hanover; No King George;' that then the constable read the Proclamation, charging them to disperse, but they still continued to cry, 'Down with the mug-house;' that two soldiers then issued out of the house, and drove the mob into Fleet Street; but by throwing sticks and stones, they drove these two back to the house, and the person shot returned at the head of the mob with a stick in his hand flourishing, and crying, 'No Hanover; No King George;' and 'Down with the mug-house.' That then Mr. Read desired them to disperse, or he would shoot amongst them, and the deceased making at him, he shot him and retired indoors; that then the mob forced into the house, rifled all below stairs, took the money out of the till, let the beer about the cellar, and what goods they could not carry away, they brought into the streets and broke to pieces; that they would have forced their way up stairs and murdered all in the house, but that a person who lodged in the house made a barricade at the stair-head, where he defended himself above half an hour against all the mob, wounded some of them, and compelled them to give over the assault. There were several very credible witnesses to these circumstances, and many more were ready to have confirmed it, but the Lord Mayor thought sufficient had been said, and the following gentlemen, who are men of undoubted reputation and worth, offering to be bail for Mr. Read, namely, Mr. Johnson, a justice of the peace, and Colonels Coote and Westall, they were accepted, and accordingly entered into a recognisance."

Five of the rioters were eventually hung at Tyburn Turnpike, in the presence of a vast crowd. According to Mr. J. T. Smith, in his "Streets of London," a Whig mug-house existed as early as 1694. It has been said the slang word "mug" owes its derivation to Lord Shaftesbury's "ugly mug," which the beer cups were moulded to resemble.

In the *Flying Post* of June 30, 1716, we find a doggerel old mug-house ballad, which is so characteristic of the violence of the times that it is worth preserving:—

"Since the Tories could not fight,
And their master took his flight,
They labour to keep up their faction;
With a bough and a stick,
And a stone and a brick,
They equip their roaring crew for action.

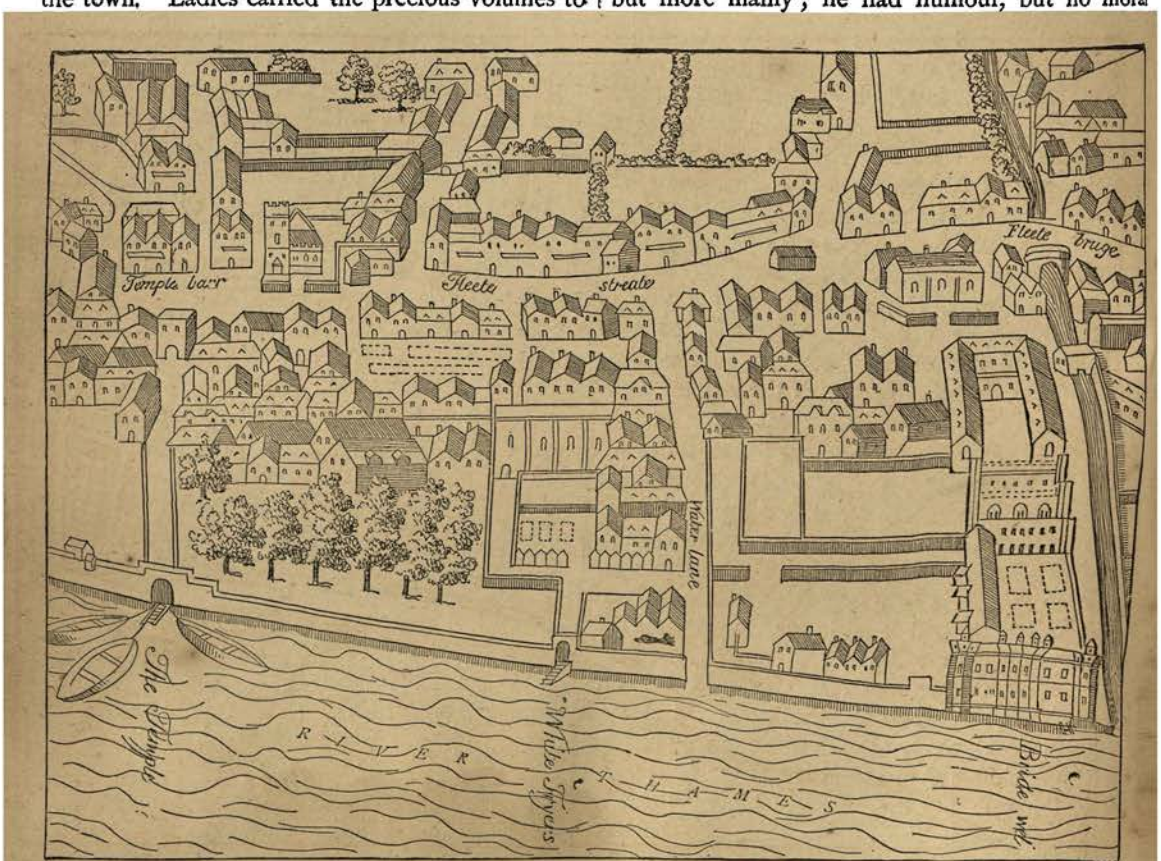
"Thus in battle array
At the close of the day,
After wisely debating their deep plot,
Upon windows and stall,
They courageously fall,
And boast a great victory they have got.

"But, alas! silly boys,
For all the mighty noise,
Of their 'High Church and Ormond for ever,'
A brave Whig with one hand,
At George's command,
Can make their mightiest hero to quiver."

Richardson's printing office was at the north-west corner of Salisbury Square, communicating with the court, No. 76, Fleet Street. Here the thoughtful old citizen wrote "Pamela," and here, in 1756, Oliver Goldsmith acted as his "reader." Richardson seems to have been an amiable and benevolent man, kind to his compositors and servants and beloved by children. All the anecdotes relating to his private life are pleasant. He used to encourage early rising among his workmen by hiding half crowns among the disordered type, so that the earliest comer might find his virtue rewarded; and he would frequently bring up fruit from the country to give to those of his servants who had been zealous and good-tempered.

Samuel Richardson, the author of "Pamela" and "Clarissa," was the son of a Derbyshire joiner. He was born in 1689, and died in 1761. Apprenticed

to a London printer, he rose by steady industry and prudence to be the manager of a large business, printer of the Journals of the House of Commons, Master of the Stationers' Company, and part-printer to the king. In 1741, at the age of fifty-two, publishers urging the thriving citizen to write them a book of moral letters, Richardson produced "Pamela," a novel which ran through five editions the first year, and became the rage of the town. Ladies carried the precious volumes to from the foolish romances of his day. In "Pamela" he rewarded struggling virtue; in "Clarissa" he painted the cruel selfishness of vice; in "Sir Charles" he tried to represent the perfect Christian gentleman. Coleridge said that to read Fielding after Richardson was like emerging from a sick room, heated by stoves, into an open lawn on a breezy May morning. Richardson, indeed, wrote more for women than men. Fielding was coarser, but more manly; he had humour, but no moral

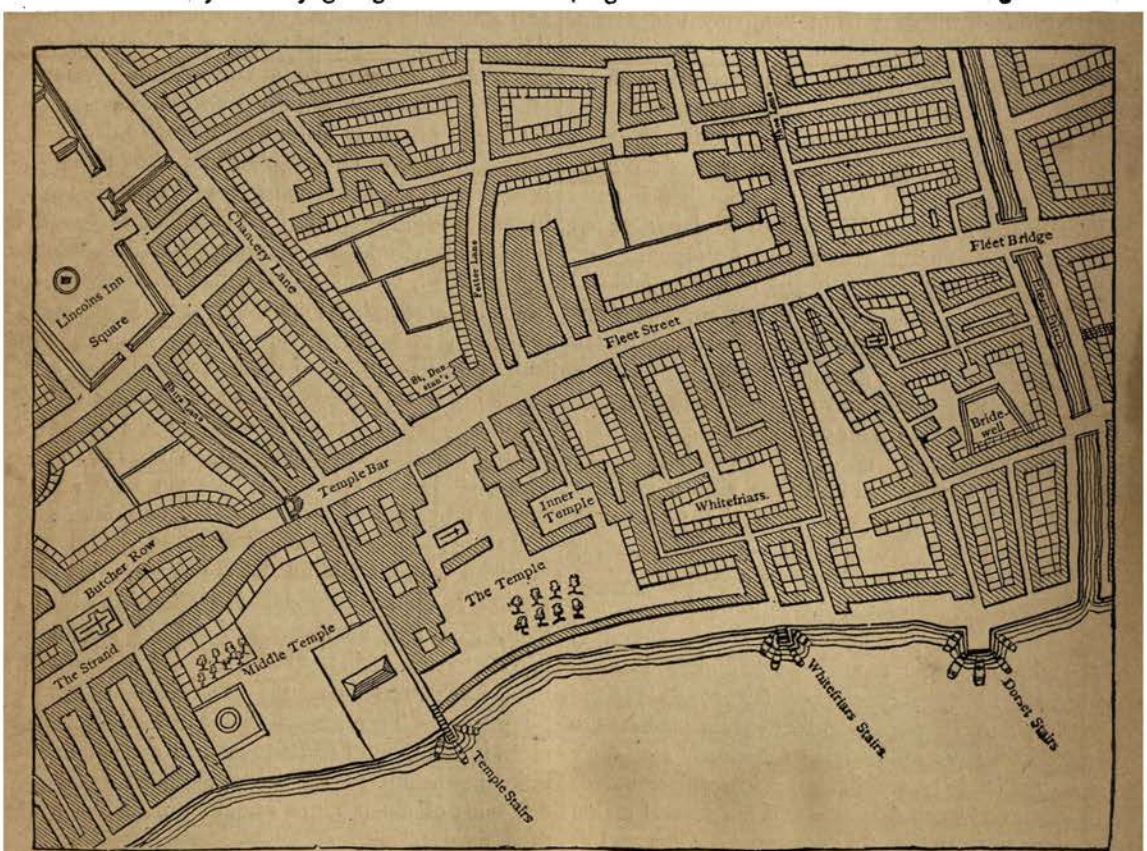


FLEET STREET, THE TEMPLE, ETC., FROM A PLAN PUBLISHED BY RALPH AGGAS, 1563.

Ranelagh, and held them up in smiling triumph to each other. Pope praised the novel as more useful than twenty volumes of sermons, and Dr. Sherlock gravely recommended it from the pulpit. In 1749 Richardson wrote "Clarissa Harlowe," his most perfect work, and in 1753 his somewhat tedious "Sir Charles Grandison" (7 vols.) In "Pamela" he drew a servant, whom her master attempts to seduce and eventually marries, but in "Clarissa" the heroine, after harrowing misfortunes, dies unrewarded. Richardson had always a moral end in view. He hated vice and honoured virtue, but he is too often prolix and wearisome. He wished to write novels that should wean the young purpose at all. The natural result was that Fielding and his set looked on Richardson as a grave, dull, respectable old prig; Richardson on Fielding as a low rake, who wrote like a man who had been an ostler born in a stable, or a runner in a sponging-house. "The virtues of Fielding's heroes," the vain old printer used to say to his feminine clique, "are the vices of a truly good man."

Dr. Johnson, who had been befriended by Richardson, was never tired of depreciating Fielding and crying up the author of "Pamela." "Sir," he used to thunder out, "there is as much difference between the two as between a man who knows how a watch is made and a man who can merely

tell the hour on the dial-plate." He called Fielding a "barren rascal." "Sir, there is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson's than in all 'Tom Jones.'" Some one present here mildly suggested that Richardson was very tedious. "Why, sir," replied Johnson, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so great that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the



FLEET STREET, THE TEMPLE, ETC., FROM A MAP OF LONDON, PUBLISHED 1720.

sentiment." After all, it must be considered that, old-fashioned as Richardson's novels have now become, the old printer dissected the human heart with profound knowledge and exquisite care, and that in the back shop in Salisbury Court, amid the jar of printing-presses, the quiet old citizen drew his ideal beings with far subtler lines and touches than any previous novelist had done.

On one occasion at least Hogarth and Johnson met at Richardson's house.

"Mr. Hogarth," says Nichols, "came one day to see Richardson, soon after the execution of Dr. Cameron, for having taken arms for the house of Stuart in 1745–46; and, being a warm partisan of George II., he observed to Richardson that certainly there must have been some very unfavourable circumstances lately discovered in this particular case which had induced the king to approve of an execution for rebellion so long after the time it was committed, as this had the appearance of putting a man to death in cold blood, and was very unlike his majesty's usual clemency. While he was talking he perceived a person standing at a window in the room shaking his head and rolling himself about in a ridiculous manner. He concluded he was an idiot, whom his relations had put under the care of Mr. Richardson as a very good man. To his great surprise, however, this figure stalked forward to where he and Mr. Richardson were sitting, and all at once took up the argument, and burst out into an invective against George II., as one who, upon all occasions, was unrelenting and barbarous; mentioning many instances, particularly that, where an officer of high rank had been acquitted by a court martial, George II. had, with his own hand, struck his name off the list. In short, he displayed such a power of eloquence that

Hogarth looked at him in astonishment, and actually imagined that this idiot had been at the moment inspired. Neither Johnson nor Hogarth were made known to each other at this interview."

Boswell tells a good story of a rebuke that Richardson's amiable but inordinate egotism on one occasion received, much to Johnson's secret delight, which is certainly worth quoting before we dismiss the old printer altogether. "One day," says, Boswell "at his country house at Northend, where a large company was assembled at dinner, a gentleman who was just returned from Paris, wishing to please Richardson, mentioned to him a flattering circumstance, that he had seen his 'Clarissa' lying on the king's brother's table. Richardson observing that part of the company were engaged in talking to each other, affected then not to attend to it; but by and bye, when there was a general silence, and he thought that the flattery might be fully heard, he addressed himself to the gentleman: 'I think, sir, you were saying somewhat about'—pausing in a high flutter of expectation. The gentleman provoked at his inordinate vanity resolved not to indulge it, and with an exquisitely sly air of indifference answered, 'A mere trifle, sir; not worth repeating.' The mortification of Richardson was visible, and he did not speak ten words more the whole day. Dr. Johnson was present, and appeared to enjoy it much."

At one corner of Salisbury Square (says Mr. Timbs) are the premises of Peacock, Bampton, & Mansfield, the famous pocket-book makers, whose "Polite Repository" for 1778 is "the patriarch of all pocket-books." Its picturesque engravings have never been surpassed, and their morocco and russia bindings scarcely equalled. In our time Queen Adelaide and her several maids of honour used the "Repository." George IV. was provided by the firm with a ten-guinea housewife (an antique-looking pocket-book, with gold-mounted scissors, tweezers, &c.); and Mr. Mansfield relates that on one occasion the king took his housewife from his pocket and handed it round the table to his guests, and next day the firm received orders for twenty-five, "just like the king's."

In St. Bride's Passage, westward (says Mr. Timbs), was a large dining-house, where, some forty years ago, Colton, the author, used to dine, and publicly boast that he wrote the whole of his "Lacon; or, Many Things in Few Words," upon a small rickety deal table, with one pen. Another frequenter of this place was one Webb, who seems to have been so well up in the topics of the day that he was a sort of walking newspaper, who was much with the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands when they visited England in 1825.

This Caleb Colton, mentioned by Mr. Timbs, was that most degraded being, a disreputable clergyman, with all the vices but little of the genius of Churchill, and had been, in his flourishing time, vicar of Kew and Petersham. He was educated at Eton, and eventually became Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. He wrote "A Plain and Authentic Narrative of the Stamford Ghost," "Remarks on the Tendencies of 'Don Juan,'" a poem on Napoleon, and a satire entitled "Hypocrisy." His best known work, however, was "Lacon; or, Many Things in Few Words," published in 1820. These aphorisms want the terse brevity of Rochefoucauld, and are in many instances vapid and trivial. A passion for gaming at last swallowed up Colton's other vices, and becoming involved, he cut the Gordian knot of debt in 1828 by absconding; his living was then seized and given to another. He fled to America, and from there returned to that syren city, Paris, where he is said in two years to have won no less than £25,000. The miserable man died by his own hand at Fontainebleau, in 1832. In the "Lacon" is the subjoined passage, that seems almost prophetic of the miserable author's miserable fate:—

"The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every loss, and by the act of suicide renounces earth to forfeit heaven." . . . . "Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide, anguish of body none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive."

And here is a fine sentiment, worthy of Dr. Dodd himself:—

"There is but one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement and every contest a victory—and this the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue is to gain her, and zealously to labour after her wages is to receive them. Those that seek her early will find her before it is late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence, every subjugated passion, 'like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TEMPLE.—GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

Origin of the Order of Templars—First Home of the Order—Removal to the Banks of the Thames—Rules of the Order—The Templars at the Crusades, and their Deeds of Valour—Decay and Corruption of the Order—Charges brought against the Knights—Abolition of the Order.

THE Order of Knights Templars, established by Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, in 1118, to protect Christian pilgrims on their road to Jerusalem, first found a home in England in 1128 (Henry I.), when Hugh de Payens, the first Master of the Order, visited our shores to obtain succours and subsidies against the Infidel.

The proud, and at first zealous, brotherhood originally settled on the south side of Holborn, without the Bars. Indeed, about a century and a half ago, part of a round chapel, built of Caen stone, was found under the foundation of some old houses at the Holborn end of Southampton Buildings. In time, however, the Order amassed riches, and, growing ambitious, purchased a large space of ground extending from Fleet Street to the river, and from Whitefriars to Essex House in the Strand. The new Temple was a vast monastery, fitted for the residence of the prior, his chaplain, serving brethren and knights; and it boasted a council-chamber, a refectory, a barrack, a church, a range of cloisters, and a river terrace for religious meditation, military exercise, and the training of chargers. In 1185 Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who had come to England with the Masters of the Temple and the Hospital to procure help from Henry II. against the victorious Saladin, consecrated the beautiful river-side church, which the proud Order had dedicated to the Virgin Lady Mary. The late Master of the Temple had only recently died in a dungeon at Damascus, and the new Master of the Hospital, after the great defeat of the Christians at Jacob's Ford, on the Jordan, had swam the river covered with wounds, and escaped to the Castle of Beaufort.

The singular rules of the "Order of the Poor Fellow-Soldiers of Jesus Christ and of the Temple of Solomon," were revised by the first Abbot of Clairvaux, St. Bernard himself. Extremely austere and earnest, they were divided into seventy-two heads, and enjoined severe and constant devotional exercises, self-mortification, fasting, prayer, and regular attendance at matins, vespers, and all the services of the Church. Dining in one common refectory, the Templars were to make known wants that could not be expressed by signs, in a gentle, soft, and private way. Two and two were in general to live together, so that one might watch the other. After departing from the supper hall to bed it was not permitted them to speak again in public, except upon urgent necessity, and then only in an undertone. All scurrility, jests, and idle words were to be avoided; and after any foolish saying, the repetition of the Lord's Prayer was enjoined. All professed knights were to wear white garments, both in summer and winter, as emblems of chastity. The esquires and retainers were required to wear black or, in provinces where that coloured cloth could not be procured, brown. No gold or silver was to be used in bridles, breastplates, or spears, and if ever that furniture was given them in charity, it was to be discoloured to prevent an appearance of superiority or arrogance. No brother was to receive or despatch letters without the leave of the master or procurator, who might read them if he chose. No gift was to be accepted by a Templar till permission was first obtained from the Master. No knight should talk to any brother of his previous frolics and irregularities in the world. No brother, in pursuit of worldly delight, was to hawk, to shoot in the woods with long or cross-bow, to halloo to dogs, or to spur a horse after game. There might be married brothers, but they were to leave part of their goods to the chapter, and not to wear the white habit. Widows were not to dwell in the preceptories. When travelling, Templars were to lodge only with men of the best repute, and to keep a light burning all night "lest the dark enemy, from whom God preserve us, should find some opportunity." Unrepentant brothers were to be cast out. Last of all, every Templar was to shun "feminine kisses," whether from widow, virgin, mother, sister, aunt, or any other woman.

During six of the seven Crusades (1096–1272), during which the Christians of Europe endeavoured, with tremendous yet fitful energy, to wrest the birthplace of Christianity from the equally fanatic Moslems, the Knights Templars fought bravely among the foremost. Whether by the side of Godfrey of Bouillon, Louis VII., Philip V., Richard Cœur de Lion, Louis IX., or Prince Edward, the stern, sunburnt men in the white mantles were ever foremost in the shock of spears. Under many a clump of palm trees, in many a scorched desert track, by many a hill fortress, smitten with sabre or pierced with arrow, the holy brotherhood dug the graves of their slain companions.

A few of the deeds, which must have been so often talked of upon the Temple terrace and in the Temple cloister, must be narrated, to show that, however mistaken was the ideal of the Crusaders, these monkish warriors fought their best to turn it into a reality. In 1146 the whole brotherhood joined the second Crusade, and protected the rear of the Christian army in its toilsome march through Asia Minor. In 1151, the Order saved Jerusalem, and drove back the Infidels with terrible slaughter. Two years later the Master of the Temple was slain, with many of the white mantles, in fiercely essaying to storm the walls of Ascalon. Three years after this 300 Templars were slain in a Moslem ambuscade, near Tiberias, and 87 were taken prisoners. We next find the Templars repelling the redoubtable Saladin from Gaza; and in a great battle near Ascalon, in 1177, the Master of the Temple and ten knights broke through the Mameluke Guards, and all but captured Saladin in his tent. The Templars certainly had their share of Infidel blows, for, in 1178, the whole Order was nearly slain in a battle with Saladin; and in another fierce conflict, only the Grand Master and two knights escaped; while again at Tiberias, in 1187, they received a cruel repulse, and were all but totally destroyed.

In 1187, when Saladin took Jerusalem, he next besieged the great Templar stronghold of Tyre; and soon after a body of the knights, sent from London, attacked Saladin's camp in vain, and the Grand Master and nearly half of the Order perished. In the subsequent siege of Acre the Crusaders lost nearly 100,000 men in nine pitched battles. In 1191, however, Acre was taken, and the Kings of France and England, and the Masters of the Temple and the Hospital, gave the throne of the Latin kingdom to Guy de Lusignan. When Richard Cœur de Lion had cruelly put to death 2,000 Moslem prisoners, we find the Templars interposing to prevent Richard and the English fighting against the Austrian allies; and soon after the Templars bought Cyprus of Richard for 300,000 livres of gold. In the advance to Jerusalem the Templars led the van of Richard's army. When the attack on Jerusalem was suspended, the Templars followed Richard to Ascalon, and soon afterwards gave Cyprus to Guy de Lusignan, on condition of his surrendering the Latin crown. When Richard abandoned the Crusade, after his treaty with Saladin, it was the Templars who gave him a galley and the disguise of a Templar's white robe to secure his safe passage to an Adriatic port. Upon Richard's departure they erected many fortresses in Palestine, especially one on Mount Carmel, which they named Pilgrim's Castle.

The fourth Crusade was looked on unfavourably by the brotherhood, who now wished to remain at peace with the Infidel, but they nevertheless soon warmed to the fighting, and we find a band of the white mantles defeated and slain at Jaffa. With a second division of Crusaders the Templars quarrelled, and were then deserted by them. Soon after the Templars and Hospitallers, now grown corrupt and rich, quarrelled about lands and fortresses; but they were still favoured by the Pope, and helped to maintain the Latin throne. In 1209 they were strong enough to resist the interdict of Pope Innocent; and in the Crusade of 1217 they invaded Egypt, and took Damietta by assault, but, at the same time, to the indignation of England, wrote home urgently for more money. An attack on Cairo proving disastrous, they concluded a truce with the Sultan in 1221. In the Crusade of the Emperor Frederick the Templars refused to join an excommunicated man. In 1240, the Templars wrested Jerusalem from the Sultan of Damascus, but, in 1243, were ousted by the Sultan of Egypt and the Sultan of Damascus, and were almost exterminated in a two days' battle; and, in 1250, they were again defeated at Mansourah. When King Louis was taken prisoner, the Infidels demanded the surrender of all the Templar fortresses in Palestine, but eventually accepted Damietta alone and a ransom, which Louis exacted from the Templars. In 1257 the Moguls and Tartars took Jerusalem, and almost annihilated the Order, whose instant submission they required. In 1268 Pope Urban excommunicated the Marshal of the Order, but the Templars nevertheless held by their comrade, and Bendocdar, the Mameluke, took all the castles belonging to the Templars in Armenia, and also stormed Antioch, which had been a Christian city 170 years.

After Prince Edward's Crusade the Templars were close pressed. In 1291, Aschraf Khalil besieged the two Orders and 12,000 Christians in Acre for six terrible weeks. The town was stormed, and all the Christian prisoners, who flew to the Infidel camp, were ruthlessly beheaded. A few of the Templars flew to the Convent of the Temple, and there perished; the Grand Master had already fallen; a handful of the knights only escaping to Cyprus.

The persecution of the now corrupt and useless Order commenced sixteen years afterwards. In 1306, both in London and Paris, terrible murmurs arose at their infidelity and their vices. At the Church of St. Martin's, Ludgate, where the English Templars were accused, the following charges were brought against them:—

1. That at their first reception into the Order, they were admonished by those who had received them within the bosom of the fraternity to deny Christ, the crucifixion, the blessed Virgin, and all the saints. 5. That the receivers instructed those that were received that Christ was not the true God. 7. That they said Christ had not suffered for the redemption of mankind, nor been crucified but for His own sins. 9. That they made those they received into the Order spit upon the cross. 10. That they caused the cross itself to be trampled under foot. 11. That the brethren themselves did sometimes trample on the same cross. 14. That they worshipped a cat, which was placed in the midst of the congregation. 16. That they did not believe the sacrament of the altar, nor the other sacraments of the Church. 24. That they believed that the Grand Master of the Order could absolve them from their sins. 25. That the visitor could do so. 26. That the preceptors, of whom many were laymen, could do it. 36. That the receptions of the brethren were made clandestinely. 37. That none were present but the brothers of the said Order. 38. That for this reason there has for a long time been a vehement suspicion against them. 46. That the brothers themselves had idols in every province, viz., heads, some of which had three faces, and some one, and some a man's skull. 47. That they adored that idol, or those idols, especially in their great chapters and assemblies. 48. That they worshipped them. 49. As their God. 50. As their saviour. 51. That some of them did so. 52. That the greater part did. 53. They said those heads could save them. 54. That they could produce riches. 55. That they had given to the Order all its wealth. 56. That they caused the earth to bring forth seed. 57. That they made the trees to flourish. 58. That they bound or touched the heads of the said idols with cords, wherewith they bound themselves about their shirts, or next their skins. 59. That at their reception, the aforesaid little cords, or others of the same length, were delivered to each of the brothers. 61. That it was enjoined them to gird themselves with the said little cords, as before mentioned, and continually to wear them. 62. That the brethren of the Order were generally received in that manner. 63. That they did these things out of devotion. 64. That they did them everywhere. 65. That the greater part did. 66. That those who refused the things above mentioned at their reception, or to observe them afterwards, were killed or cast into prison.

The Order was proud and arrogant, and had many enemies. The Order was rich, and spoil would reward its persecutors. The charges against the knights were eagerly believed; many of the Templars were burned at the stake in Paris, and many more in various parts of France. In England their punishment seems to have been less severe. The Order was formally abolished by Pope Clement V., in the year 1312.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH AND PRECINCT.

The Temple Church—Its Restorations—Discoveries of Antiquities—The Penitential Cell—Discipline in the Temple—The Tombs of the Templars in the "Round"—William and Gilbert Marshall—Stone Coffins in the Churchyard—Masters of the Temple—The "Judicious" Hooker—Edmund Gibbon, the Historian—The Organ in the Temple Church—The Rival Builders—"Straw Bail"—History of the Precinct—Chaucer and the Friar—His Mention of the Temple—The Serjeants—Erection of New Buildings—The "Roses"—Sumptuary Edicts—The Flying Horse.

THE round church of the Temple is the finest of the four round churches still existing in England. The Templars did not, however, always build round towers, resembling the Temple at Jerusalem, though such was generally their practice. The restoration of this beautiful relic was one of the first symptoms of the modern Gothic revival.

In the reign of Charles II. the body of the church was filled with formal pews, which concealed the bases of the columns, while the walls were encumbered, to the height of eight feet from the ground, with oak wainscoting, which was carried entirely round the church, so as to hide the elegant marble piscina, the interesting almeries over the high altar, and the *sacrarium* on the eastern side of the edifice. The elegant Gothic arches connecting the round with the square church were choked up with an oak screen and glass windows and doors, and with an organ gallery adorned with Corinthian columns, pilasters, and Grecian orna-

ments, which divided the building into two parts, altogether altered its original character and appearance, and sadly marring its architectural beauty. The eastern end of the church was at the same time disfigured by an enormous altar-piece in the *classic style*, decorated with Corinthian columns and Grecian cornices and entablatures, and with enrichments of cherubims and wreaths of fruit, flowers, and leaves, heavy and cumbrous, and quite at variance with the Gothic character of the building. A large pulpit and carved sounding-board were erected in the middle of the dome, and the walls and whinns were encrusted and disfigured with hideous mural monuments and pagan trophies of forgotten wealth and vanity.

A KNIGHT TEMPLAR.

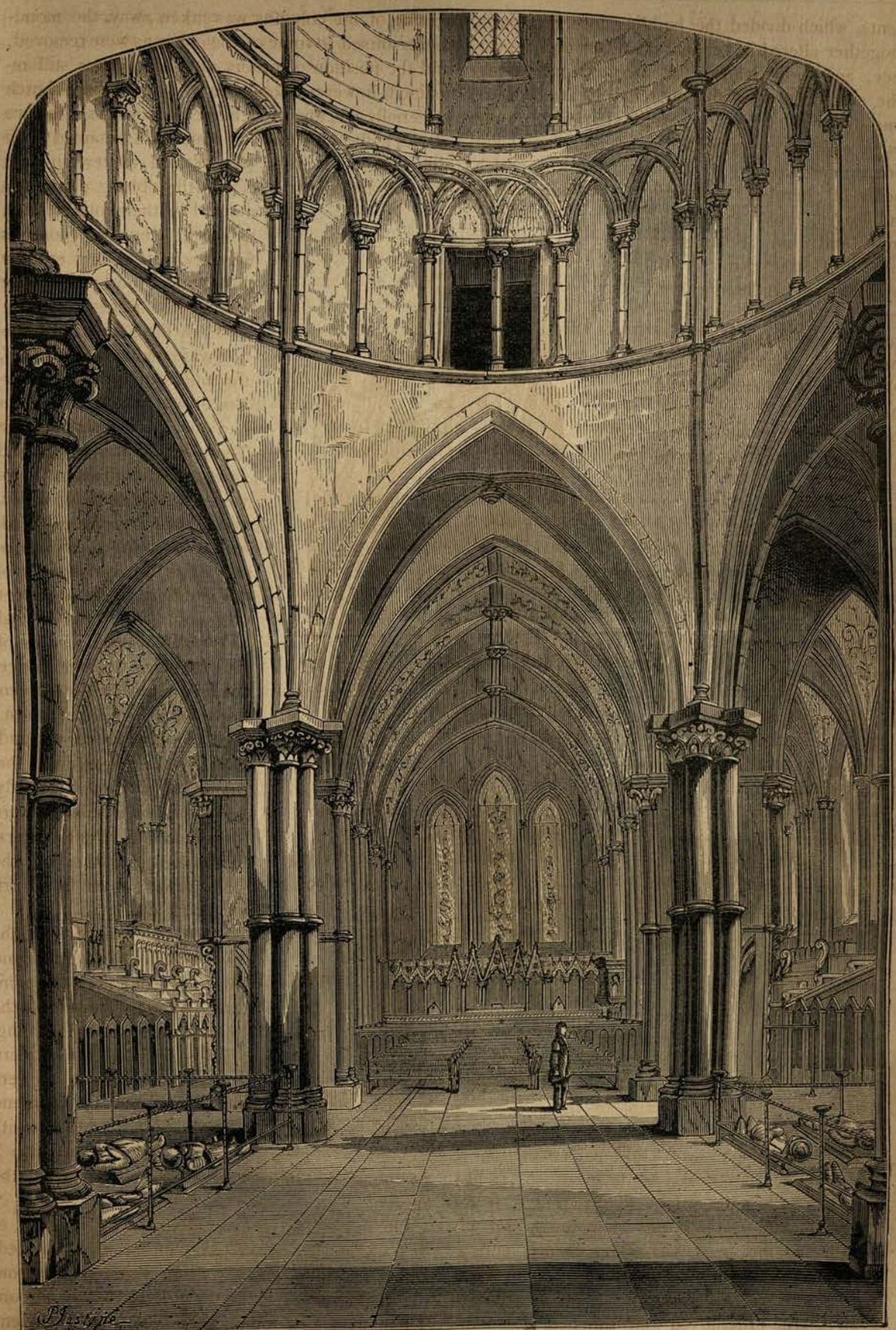
The following account of the earliest repairs of the Temple Church is given in "The New View of London": "Having narrowly escaped the flames in 1666, it was in 1682 beautified, and the curious wainscot screen set up. The south-west part was, in the year 1695, new built with stone. In the year 1706 the church was wholly new whitewashed, gilt, and painted within, and the pillars of the round tower wainscoted with a new battlement and buttresses on the south side, and other parts of the outside were well repaired. Also the figures of the Knights Templars were cleaned and painted, and the iron-work enclosing them new painted and gilt with gold. The east end of the church was repaired and beautified in 1707." In 1737 the exterior of the north side and east end were again repaired.

The first step towards the real restoration of the Temple Church was made in 1825. It had been generally repaired in 1811, but in 1825 Sir Robert Smirke restored the whole south side externally and the lower part of the circular portion of the round church. The stone seat was renewed, the arcade was restored, the heads which had been defaced or removed were supplied. The wainscoting of the columns was taken away, the monuments affixed to some of the columns were removed, and the position of others altered. There still remained, however, monuments in the round church materially affecting the relative proportions of the two circles; the clustered columns still retained their incrustations of paint, plaster, and whitewash; the three archway entrances into the oblong church remained in their former state, detaching the two portions from each other, and entirely destroying the perspective which those arches afforded.

When the genuine restoration was commenced in 1845, the removal of the *beautifications and adornments* which had so long disfigured the Temple Church, was regarded as an act of vandalism. Seats were substituted for pews, and a smaller pulpit and reading-desk supplied more appropriate to the character of the building. The pavement was lowered to its original level; and thus the bases of the columns became once more visible. The altar screen and railing were taken down. The organ was removed, and thus all the arches from the round church to the body of the oblong church were thrown open. By this alteration the character of the church was shown in its original beauty.

In the summer of 1840, the two Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple had the paint and whitewash scraped off the marble columns and ceiling. The removal of the modern oak wainscoting led to the discovery of a very beautiful double marble piscina near the east end of the south side of the building, together with an adjoining elegantly-shaped recess, and also a picturesque Gothic niche on the north side of the church.

On taking up the modern floor, remains of the original tesselated pavement were discovered. When the whitewash and plaster were removed from the ceiling it was found in a dangerous condition. There were also found there remains of ancient



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH (*see page* 150).

decorative paintings and rich ornaments worked in gold and silver; but they were too fragmentary to give an idea of the general pattern. Under these circumstances it was resolved to redecorate the ceiling in a style corresponding with the ancient decorative paintings observable in many Gothic churches in Italy and France.

As the plaster and whitewash were removed it was found that the columns were of the most beautiful Purbeck marble. The six elegant clustered columns in the round tower had been concealed with a thick coating of Roman cement, which had altogether concealed the graceful form of the mouldings and carved foliage of their capitals. Barbarous slabs of Portland stone had been cased round their bases and entirely altered their character. All this modern patchwork was thrown away; but the venerable marble proved so mutilated that new columns were found necessary to support the fabric. These are exact imitations of the old ones. The six elegant clustered columns already alluded to, however, needed but slight repair. Almost all the other marble-work required renewal, and a special messenger was despatched to Purbeck to open the ancient quarries.

Above the western doorway was discovered a beautiful Norman window, composed of Caen stone. The porch before the western door of the Temple Church, which formerly communicated with an ancient cloister leading to the hall of the Knights Templars, had been filled up with rubbish to a height of nearly two feet above the level of the ancient pavement, so that all the bases of the magnificent Norman doorway were entirely hidden from view.

Previous to the recent restoration the round tower was surmounted by a wooden, flat, whitewashed ceiling, altogether different from the ancient roof. This ceiling and the timber roof above it have been entirely removed, and replaced by the present elegant and substantial roof, which is composed of oak, protected externally by sheet copper, and has been painted by Mr. Willement in accordance with an existing example of decorative painting in an ancient church in Sicily. Many buildings were also removed to give a clearer view of the fine old church.

"Among the many interesting objects," says Mr. Addison, "to be seen in the ancient church of the Knights Templars is a *penitential cell*, a dreary place of solitary confinement formed within the thick wall of the building, only four feet six inches long and two feet six inches wide, so narrow and small that a grown person cannot lie down within it. In this narrow prison the disobedient brethren of the ancient Templars were temporarily confined in chains and fetters, 'in order that their souls might be saved from the eternal prison of hell.' The hinges and catch of a door, firmly attached to the doorway of this dreary chamber, still remain, and at the bottom of the staircase is a stone recess or cupboard, where bread and water were placed for the prisoner. In this cell Brother Walter le Bacheler, Knight, and Grand Preceptor of Ireland, is said to have been starved to death for disobedience to his superior, the Master of the Temple. His body was removed at daybreak and buried by Brother John de Stoke and Brother Radulph de Barton in the middle of the court between the church and the hall."

The Temple discipline in the early times was very severe: disobedient brethren were scourged by the Master himself in the Temple Church, and frequently whipped publicly on Fridays in the church. Adam de Valaincourt, a deserter, was sentenced to eat meat with the dogs for a whole year, to fast four days in the week, and every Monday to present himself naked at the high altar to be publicly scourged by the officiating priest.

At the time of the restoration of the church stained glass windows were added, and the panels of the circular vaulting were emblazoned with the lamb and horse—the devices of the Inner and Middle Temple—and the Beauseant, or black and white banner of the Templars.

The mail-clad effigies on the pavement of the "Round" of the Temple Church are not monuments of Knights Templars, but of "Associates of the Temple," persons only partially admitted to the privileges of the powerful Order. During the last repairs there were found two Norman stone coffins and four ornamented leaden coffins in small vaults beneath these effigies, but not in their original positions. Stow, in 1598, speaks of eight images of armed knights in the round walk. The effigies have been restored by Mr. Richardson, the sculptor. The most interesting of these represents Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, a bold baron, who fought against King Stephen, sacked Cambridge, and plundered Ramsey Abbey. He was excommunicated, and while besieging Burwell Castle was struck by an arrow from a crossbow just as he had taken off his helmet to get air. The Templars, not daring to bury him, soldered him up in lead, and hung him on a crooked tree in their riverside orchard. The corpse being at last absolved, the Templars buried it before the west door of their church. He is to be known by a long, pointed shield charged with rays on a diamonded field. The next figure, of Purbeck marble in low relief,

is supposed to be the most ancient of all. The shield is kite-shaped, the armour composed of rude rings—name unknown. Vestiges of gilding were discovered upon this monument. The two effigies on the north-east of the "Round" are also anonymous. They are the tallest of all the stone brethren: one of them is straight-legged; the crossed legs of his comrade denote a Crusading vow. The feet of the first rests on two grotesque human heads, probably Infidels; the second wears a mouth guard like a respirator. Between the two figures is the copestone lid of an ancient sarcophagus, probably that of a Master or Visitor-General of the Templars, as it has the head of the cross which decorates it adorned with a lion's head, and the foot rests on the head of a lamb, the joint emblems of the Order of the Templars. During the excavations in the "Round," a magnificent Purbeck marble sarcophagus, the lid decorated with a foliated cross, was dug up and re-interred.

On the south side of the "Round," between two columns, his feet resting upon a lion, reposes a great historical personage, William Marshall, the Protector of England during the minority of King Henry III., a warrior and a statesman whose name is sullied by no crimes. The features are handsome, and the whole body is wrapped in chain mail. A Crusader in early life, the earl became one of Richard Cœur de Lion's vicegerents during his absence in Palestine. He fought in Normandy for King John, helped in the capture of Prince Arthur and his sister, urged the usurper to sign Magna Charta, and secured the throne for Prince Henry. Finally, he defeated the French invaders, routed the French at sea, and died, in the fulness of years, a warrior whose deeds had been notable, a statesman whose motives could seldom be impugned. Shakespeare, with ever a keen eye for great men, makes the earl the interceder for Prince Arthur. He was a great benefactor of the brethren of the Chivalry of the Temple.

By the side of the earl reposes his warlike son William Marshall the younger, cut in freestone. He was one of the chief leaders of the Barons against John, and in Henry's reign he overthrew Prince Llewellyn, and slew 8,000 wild Welsh. He fought with credit in Brittany and Ireland, and eventually married Eleanor, the king's sister. He gave an estate to the Templars. The effigy is clad in a shirt of ring mail, above which is a loose garment, girded at the waist. The shield on the left arm bears a lion rampant.

Near the western doorway reclines the mailed effigy of Gilbert Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, third son of the Protector. He is in the act of drawing a sword, and his left foot rests on a winged dragon. This earl, at the murder of a brother in Ireland, succeeded to the title, and married Margaret, a daughter of the King of Scotland. He was just starting for the Crusades, when he was killed by a fall from his horse, in a tournament held at Ware, (1241). Like the other Marshalls, he was a benefactor of the Temple, and, like all the four sons of the Protector, died without issue, in the reign of Henry III., the family becoming extinct with him. Matthew Paris declared that the race had been cursed by the Bishop of Fernes, from whom the Protector had stolen lands. The bishop, says the chronicler, with great awe came with King Henry to the Temple Church, and, standing at the earl's tomb, promised the dead man absolution if the lands were returned. No restitution was made, so the curse fell on the doomed race. All these Pembrokes wear chain hoods and have animals recumbent at their feet.

The name of a beautiful recumbent mailed figure next Gilbert Marshall is unknown, and near him, on the south side of the "Round," rests the ever-praying effigy of Robert, Lord de Ros. This lord was no Templar, for he has no beard, and wears flowing hair, contrary to the rules of the Order. His shield bears three water buckets. The figure is cut out of yellow Roach Abbey stone. The armour is linked. This knight was fined £800 by Richard Cœur de Lion for allowing a French prisoner of consequence to escape from his custody. He married a daughter of a King of Scotland, was Sheriff of Cumberland, helped to extort Magna Charta from King John, and gave much public property to the Templars.

During the repairs of the round tower several sarcophagi of Purbeck marble were discovered. On the coffins being removed while the tower was being propped, the bodies all crumbled to dust. The sarcophagi were all reinterred in the centre of the "Round."

During the repairs of 1850 the workmen discovered and stole an ancient seal of the Order; it had the name of Berengarius, and on one side was represented the Holy Sepulchre. "The churchyard abounds," Mr. Addison says, "with ancient stone coffins. According to Burton, an antiquary of Elizabeth's time, there then existed in the Temple Church a monument to a Visitor-General of the Order. Among other distinguished persons buried in the Temple Church, for so many ages a place of special sanctity, was William Plantagenet, fifth son of Henry III., who died when a youth. Henry III. himself, had at one time resolved to be buried "with

the brethren of the Chivalry of the Temple, expecting and hoping that, through our Lord and Saviour, it will greatly contribute to the salvation of our soul." Queen Eleanor also provided for her interment in the Temple, but it was otherwise decreed.

In the triforium of the Temple Church have been packed away, like lumber, the greater part of the clumsy monuments that once disfigured the walls and columns below. In this strange museum lord chancellors, councillors of state, learned benchers, barons of the exchequer, masters of the rolls, treasurers, readers, prothonotaries, poets, and authors jostle each other in dusty confusion. At the entrance, under a canopy, is the recumbent figure of the great lawyer of Elizabeth's time, Edmund Plowden. This grave and wise man, being a staunch Romanist, was slighted by the Protestant Queen. It is said that he was so studious in his youth that at one period he never went out of the Temple precincts for three whole years. He was Treasurer of the Middle Temple the year the hall was built.

Selden (that great writer on international law, whose "Mare clausum" was a reply to the "Mare liberum" of Grotius) is buried to the left of the altar, the spot being marked by a monument of white marble. "His grave," says Aubrey, "was about ten feet deepe or better, walled up a good way with bricks, of which also the bottome was paved, but the sides at the bottome for about two foot high were of black polished marble, wherein his coffin (covered with black bayes) lyeth, and upon that wall of marble was presently lett downe a huge black marble stone of great thicknesse, with this inscription—'Hic jacet corpus Johannis Seldeni, qui obijt 30 die Novembris, 1654.' Over this was turned an arch of brick (for the house would not lose their ground), and upon that was throwne the earth," &c.

There is a monument in the triforium to Edmund Gibbon, a herald and an ancestor of the historian. The great writer alluding to this monment says—"My family arms are the same which were borne by the Gibbons of Kent, in an age when the College of Heralds religiously guarded the distinctions of blood and name—a lion rampant gardant between three schollop shells argent, on a field azure. I should not, however, have been tempted to blazon my coat of arms were it not connected with a whimsical anecdote. About the reign of James I., the three harmless schollop shells were changed by Edmund Gibbon, Esq., into three ogresses, or female cannibals, with a design of stigmatising three ladies, his kinswomen, who had provoked him by an unjust lawsuit. But this singular mode of revenge, for which he obtained the sanction of Sir William Seager, King-at-Arms, soon expired with its author; and on his own monument in the Temple Church the monsters vanish, and the three schollop shells resume their proper and hereditary place."

At the latter end of Charles II.'s reign the organ in the Temple Church became the subject of a singular contest, which was decided by a most remarkable judge. The benchers had determined to have the best organ in London; the competitors for the building were Smith and Harris. Father Smith, a German, was renowned for his care in choosing wood without knot or flaw, and for throwing aside every metal or wooden pipe that was not perfect and sound. His stops were also allowed by all to be singularly equal and sweet in tone. The two competitors were each to erect an organ in the Temple Church, and the best one was to be retained. The competition was carried on with such violence that some of the partisans almost ruined themselves by the money they expended. The night preceding the trial the too zealous friends of Harris cut the bellows of Smith's organ, and rendered it for the time useless. Drs. Blow and Purcell were employed to show the powers of Smith's instrument, and the French organist of Queen Catherine performed on Harris's. The contest continued, with varying success, for nearly a twelvemonth. At length Harris challenged his redoubtable rival to make certain additional reed stops, *vox humana*, *cremona*, double bassoon and other stops, within a given time. The controversy was at last terminated by Lord Chief Justice Jefferies—the cruel and debauched Jefferies, who was himself an accomplished musician—deciding in favour of Father Smith. Part of Harris's rejected organ was erected at St. Andrew's, Holborn, part at Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin. Father Smith, in consequence of his success at the Temple, was employed to build an organ for St. Paul's, but Sir Christopher Wren would never allow the case to be made large enough to receive all the stops. "The sound and general mechanism of modern instruments," says Mr. Burge, "are certainly superior to those of Father Smith's, but for sweetness of tone I have never met in any part of Europe with pipes that have equalled his."

In the reign of James I. there was a great dispute between the Custos of the Temple and the two Societies. This sinecure office, the gift of the Crown, was a rectory without tithes, and the Custos was dependent upon voluntary contributions. The benchers, irritated at Dr. Micklethwaite's arrogant

pretensions, shut the doctor out from their dinners. In the reign of Charles I., the doctor complained to the king that he received no tithes, was refused precedence as Master of the Temple, was allowed no share in the deliberations, was not paid for his supernumerary sermons, and was denied ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The doctor thereupon locked up the church and took away the keys; but Noy, the Attorney-General, snubbed him, and called him "*elatus et superbus*," and he got nothing, after all, but hard words, for his petition.

The learned and judicious Hooker, author of "The Ecclesiastical Polity," was for six years Master of the Temple—"a place," says Izaak Walton, "which he accepted rather than desired." Travers, a disciple of Cartwright the Noncomformist, was the lecturer; so Hooker, it was said, preached Canterbury in the forenoon, and Travers Geneva in the afternoon. The benchers were divided, and Travers being at last silenced by the archbishop, Hooker resigned, and in his quiet parsonage of Boscombe renewed the contest in print, in his "Ecclesiastical Polity."

When Bishop Sherlock, was Master of the Temple, the sees of Canterbury and London were vacant about the same time (1748); this occasioned an epigram upon Sherlock,—

"At the Temple one day, Sherlock taking a boat,
The waterman asked him, 'Which way will you float?'
'Which way?' says the Doctor; 'why, fool, with the stream!'
To St. Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him."

The tide in favour of Sherlock was running to St. Paul's. He was made Bishop of London.

During the repairs of 1827 the ancient freestone chapel of St. Anne, which stood on the south side of the "Round," was ruthlessly removed. We had less reverence for antiquity then. The upper storey communicated with the Temple Church by a staircase opening on the west end of the south aisle of the choir; the lower joined the "Round" by a doorway under one of the arches of the circular arcade. The chapel anciently opened upon the cloisters, and formed a private way from the convent to the church. Here the Papal legate and the highest bishops frequently held conferences; and on Sunday mornings the Master of the Temple held chapters, enjoined penances, made up quarrels, and pronounced absolution. The chapel of St. Anne was in the old time much resorted to by barren women, who there prayed for children.

In Charles II.'s time, according to "Hudibras," "straw bail" and low rascals of that sort lingered about the Round, waiting for hire. Butler says:—

"Retain all sorts of witnesses
That ply i' the Temple, under trees,
Or walk the Round with Knights o' th' Posts,
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar rows in Lincoln's Inn."

In James I.'s time the Round, as we find in Ben Jonson, was a place for appointments; and in 1681 Otway describes bullies of Alsatia, with flapping hats pinned up on one side, sandy, weather-beaten periwigs, and clumsy iron swords clattering at their heels, as conspicuous personages among the Knights of the Posts and the other peripatetic philosophers of the Temple walks.

We must now turn to the history of the whole precinct. When the proud Order was abolished by the Pope, Edward II. granted the Temple to Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, who, however, soon surrendered it to the king's cousin, the Earl of Lancaster, who let it, at their special request, to the students and professors of the common laws; the colony then gradually becoming an organised and collegiate body, Edward I. having authorised laymen for the first time to read and plead causes.

Hugh le Despenser for a time held the Temple, and on his execution Edward III. appointed the Mayor of London its guardian. The mayor closing the watergate caused much vexation to the lawyers rowing by boat to Westminster, and the king had to interfere. In 1333 the king farmed out the Temple rents at £25 a year. In the meantime, the Knights Hospitallers, affecting to be offended at the desecration of holy ground—the Bishop of Ely's lodgings, a chapel dedicated to à Becket, and the door to the Temple Hall—claimed the forfeited spot. The king granted their request, the annual revenue of the Temple then being £73 6s. 11d., equal to about £1,000 of our present money. In 1340, in consideration of £100 towards an expedition to France, the warlike king made over the residue of the Temple to the Hospitallers, who instantly endowed the church with lands and one thousand fagots a year from Lillerton Wood to keep up the church fires.

In this reign Chaucer, who is supposed to have been a student of the Middle Temple, and who is said to have once beaten an insolent Franciscan friar in Fleet Street, gives a eulogistic sketch of a Temple manciple, or purveyor of provisions, in the prologue to his wonderful "Canterbury Tales."

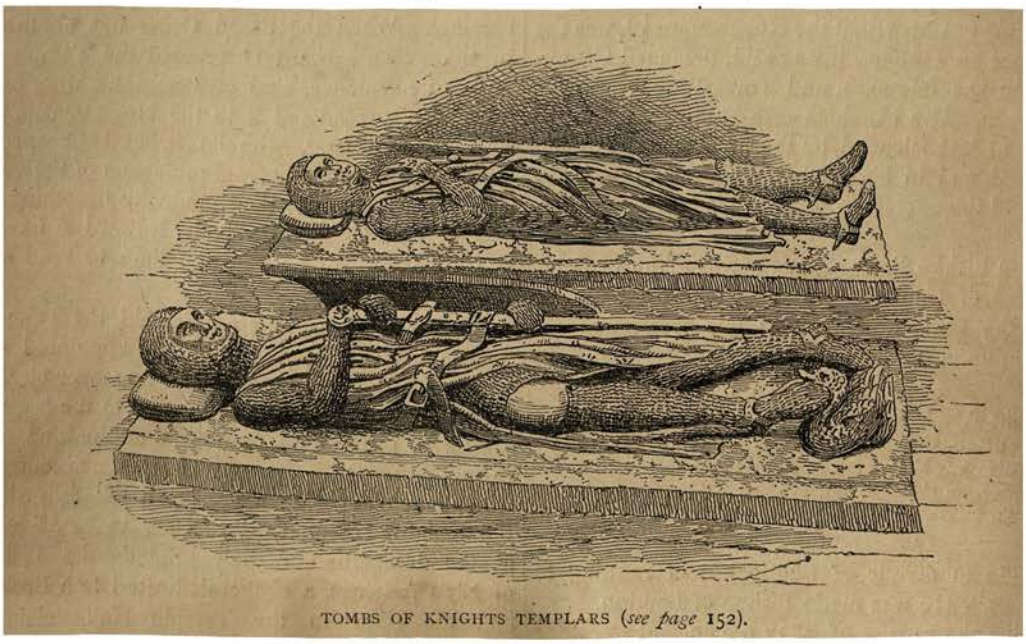
"A gentil manciple was there of the Temple
Of whom achatours mighten take ensample,
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille;
For, whether that he paid or toke by taille,

Algate he waited so in his achate
That he was aye before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a full fayre grace
That swiche a lewèd mannès wit shall face
The wisdom of an hepe of lerned men?

"Of maisters had he more than thries ten,
That were of law expert and curious;
Of which there was a dosein in that hous
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and land
Of any lord that is in Engleland:
To maken him live by his propre good,
In honour detteles; but if he were wood,
Or live as scarsly as him list desire,
And able for to helpen all a shire,
In any cos that mighte fallen or happe:
And yet this manciple sett 'hir aller cappe."

at-law exactly resembles that once used for receiving Fratres Servientes into the fraternity of the Temple.

In Wat Tyler's rebellion the wild men of Kent poured down on the dens of the Temple lawyers, pulled down their houses, carried off the books, deeds, and rolls of remembrance, and burnt them in Fleet Street, to spite the Knights Hospitallers. Walsingham, the chronicler, indeed, says that the rebels—who, by the by, claimed only their rights—had resolved to decapitate all the lawyers of London, to put an end to all the laws that had oppressed them, and to clear the ground for better times. In the reign of Henry VI. the overgrown



TOMBS OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS (*see page* 152).

In the Middle Temple Chaucer is supposed to have formed the acquaintanceship of his graver contemporary, "the moral Gower."

Many of the old retainers of the Templars became servants of the new lawyers, who had ousted their masters. The attendants at table were still called paniers, as they had formerly been. The dining in pairs, the expulsion from hall for misconduct, and the locking out of chambers were old customs also kept up. The judges of Common Pleas retained the title of knight, and the Fratres Servientes of the Templars arose again in the character of learned serjeants-at-law, the coif of the modern serjeant being the linen coif of the old Freres Serjens of the Temple. The coif was never, as some suppose, intended to hide the tonsure of priests practising law contrary to ecclesiastical prohibition. The old ceremony of creating serjeants-

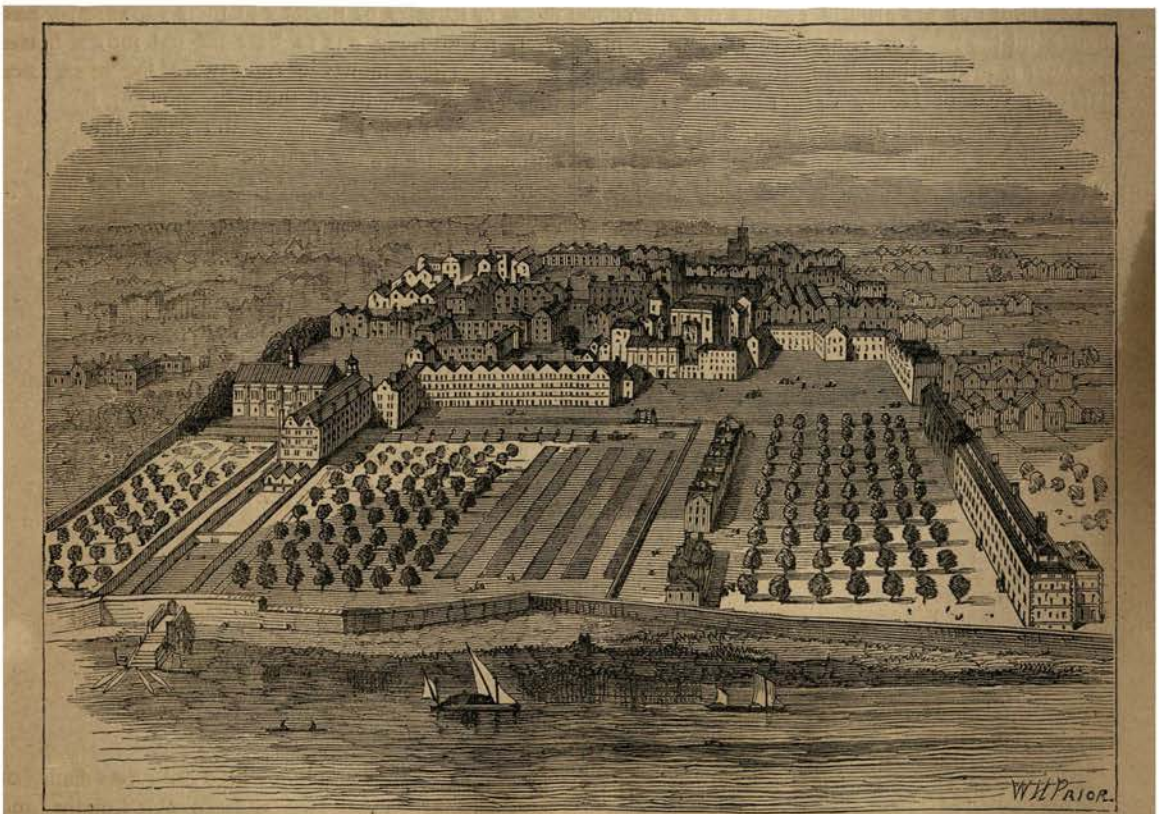
society of the Temple divided into two halls, or rather the original two halls of the knights and Fratres Servientes separated into two societies. Brooke, the Elizabethan antiquary, says: "To this day, in memory of the old custom, the benchers or ancients of the one society dine once every year in the hall of the other society."

Sir John Fortescue, Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Henry VI., computed the annual expenses of each law student at more than £28—("£450 of our present money"—Addison). The students were all gentlemen by birth, and at each Inn of Court there was an academy, where singing, music, and dancing were taught. On festival days, after the offices of the Church, the students employed themselves in the study of history and in reading the Scriptures. Any student expelled one society was refused admission to any

of the other societies. A manuscript (*temp.* Henry VIII.) in the Cotton Library dwells much on the readings, mootings, boltings, and other practices of the Temple students, and analyses the various classes of benchers, readers, cupboard-men, inner barristers, outer barristers, and students. The writer also mentions the fact that in term times the students met to talk law and confer on business in the church, which was, he says, as noisy as St. Paul's. When the plague broke out the students went home to the country.

The attention paid by the governors of the house both to the morals and dress of its members is evidenced by the imposition, in the thirteenth year of the reign of Henry VIII., of a fine of 6s. 8d. on any one who should exercise the plays of "shove-grote" or "slyp-grote," and by the mandate afterwards issued in the thirty-eighth year of the same reign, that students should reform themselves in their cut, or disguised apparel, and should not have long beards.

It is in the Temple Gardens that Shakespeare—



THE TEMPLE IN 1671. (FROM AN OLD BIRD'S-EYE VIEW IN THE INNER TEMPLE.)

The Society of the Inner Temple was very active (says Mr. Foss) during the reign of Henry VIII. in the erection of new buildings. Several houses for chambers were constructed near the library, and were called Pakington's Rents, from the name of the treasurer who superintended them. Henry Bradshaw, treasurer in the twenty-sixth year, gave his name to another set then built, which it kept until Chief Baron Tanfield resided there in the reign of James I., since which it has been called Tanfield Court. Other improvements were made about the same period, one of these being the construction of a new ceiling to the hall and the erection of a wall between the garden and the Thames.

relying, probably, on some old tradition which does not exist in print—has laid one of the scenes of his *King Henry VI.*—that, namely, in which the partisans of the rival houses of York and Lancaster first assume their distinctive badges of the white and red roses:—

"*Suffolk.* Within the Temple Hall we were too loud
The garden here is more convenient.

* * * *

"*Plantagenet.* Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

"*Somerset.* Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
* * * *
"*Plantagenet.* Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
"*Somerset.* Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
* * * *
"*Warwick.* This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

King Henry VI., Part I., Act ii., sc. 4.

The books of the Middle Temple do not commence till the reign of King Henry VII., the first treasurer named in them being John Brooke, in the sixteenth year of Henry VII. (1500-1). Readers were not appointed till the following year, the earliest being John Vavasour—probably son of the judge, and not, as Dugdale calls him, the judge himself, who had then been on the bench for twelve years. Members of the house might be excused from living in commons on account of their wives being in town, or for other special reasons (Foss).

In the last year of Philip and Mary (1558) eight gentlemen of the Temple were expelled the society and committed to the Fleet for wilful disobedience to the Bench, but on their humble submission they were readmitted. A year before this a severe Act of Parliament was passed, prohibiting Templars wearing beards of more than three weeks' growth, upon pain of a forty-shilling fine, and double for every week after monition. The young lawyers were evidently getting too foppish. They were required to cease wearing Spanish cloaks, swords, bucklers, rapiers, gowns, hats, or daggers at their girdles. Only knights and benchers were to display doublets or hose of any light colour, except scarlet and crimson, or to affect velvet caps, scarf-wings to their gowns, white jerkins, buskins, velvet shoes, double shirt cuffs, or feathers or ribbons in their caps. Moreover, no attorney was to be admitted into either house. These monastic rules were intended to preserve the gravity of the profession, and must have pleased the Poloniuses and galled the Mercutios of those troublous days.

In Elizabeth's days Master Gerard Leigh, a pedantic scholar of the College of Heralds, persuaded the misguided Inner Temple to abandon the old Templar arms—a plain red cross on a shield argent, with a lamb bearing the banner of the sinless profession, surmounted by a red cross. The heraldic euphuist substituted for this a flying Pegasus striking out the fountain of Hippocrene with its hoofs, with the appended motto of "Vola ad astera virtus," a recondite allusion to men, like Chaucer and Gower, who, it is said, had turned from lawyers to poets.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TEMPLE (*continued*).

The Middle Temple Hall: its Roof, Busts, and Portraits—Manningham's Diary—Fox Hunts in Hall—The Grand Revels—Spenser—Sir J. Davis—A Present to a King—Masques and Royal Visitors at the Temple—Fires in the Temple—The Last Great Revel in the Hall—Temple Anecdotes—The Gordon Riots—John Scott and his Pretty Wife—Colman "Keeping Terms"—Blackstone's "Farewell"—Burke—Sheridan—A Pair of Epigrams—Hare Court—The Barber's Shop—Johnson and the Literary Club—Charles Lamb—Goldsmith: his Life, Troubles, and Extravagances—"Hack Work" for Booksellers—*The Deserted Village*—*She Stoops to Conquer*—Goldsmith's Death and Burial.

In the glorious reign of Elizabeth the old Middle Temple Hall was converted into chambers, and a new hall built. The present roof (says Mr. Peter Cunningham) is the best piece of Elizabethan architecture in London. The screen, in the Renaissance style, was long supposed to be an exact copy of the Strand front of Old Somerset House; but this is a vulgar error; nor could it have been made of timber from the Spanish Armada, for the simple reason that it was set up thirteen years before the Armada was organised. The busts of "doubting" Lord Eldon and his brother, Lord Stowell, the great Admiralty judge, are by Behnes. The portraits are chiefly second-rate copies. The exterior was cased with stone, in "wretched taste," in 1757. The diary of an Elizabethan barrister, named Manningham, preserved in the Harleian Miscellanies, has preserved the interesting fact that in this hall in February, 1602—probably, says Mr. Collier, six months after its first appearance at the Globe—Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was acted.

"Feb. 2, 1601 (2).—At our feast," says Manningham, "we had a play called *Twelve Night, or What you Will*, much like the *Comedy of Errors* or *Menechmi in Plautus*, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practice in it is to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in generall terms telling him what

shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c., and then, when he came to practise, making him believe they tooke him to be mad."

The Temple revels in the olden time were indeed gorgeous outbursts of mirth and hospitality. One of the most splendid of these took place in the fourth year of Elizabeth's reign, when the queen's favourite, Lord Robert Dudley (afterwards the great Earl of Leicester) was elected Palaphilos, constable or marshal of the inn, to preside over the Christmas festivities. He had lord chancellor and judges, eighty guards, officers of the household, and other distinguished persons to attend him; and another of the queen's subsequent favourites, Christopher Hatton—a handsome youth, remarkable for his skill in dancing—was appointed master of the games. The daily banquets of the Constable were announced by the discharge of a double cannon, and drums and fifes summoned the mock court to the common hall, while sackbuts, cornets, and recorders heralded the arrival of every course. At the first remove a herald at the high table cried,—"The mighty Palaphilos, Prince of Sophie, High Constable, Marshal of the Knights Templars, Patron of the Honourable Order of Pegasus!—a largesse! a largesse!" upon which the Prince of Sophie tossed the man a gold chain worth a thousand talents. The supper ended, the king-at-arms entered, and, doing homage, announced twenty-four special gentlemen, whom Pallas had ordered him to present to Palaphilos as knights-elect of the Order of Pegasus. The twenty-four gentlemen at once appeared, in long white vestures, with scarves of Pallas's colours, and the king-at-arms, bowing to each, explained to them the laws of the new order.

For every feast the steward provided five fat hams, with spices and cakes, and the chief butler seven dozen gilt and silver spoons, twelve damask table-cloths, and twenty candlesticks. The Constable wore gilt armour and a plumed helmet, and bore a pole-axe in his hands. On St. Thomas's Eve a parliament was held, when the two youngest brothers, bearing torches, preceded the procession of benchers, the officers' names were called, and the whole society passed round the hearth singing a carol. On Christmas Eve the minstrels, sounding, preceded the dishes, and, dinner done, sang a song at the high table; after dinner the oldest master of the revels and other gentlemen singing songs.

On Christmas Day the feast grew still more feudal and splendid. At the great meal at noon the minstrels and a long train of servitors bore in the blanched boar's head, with a golden lemon in its jaws, the trumpeters being preceded by two gentlemen in gowns, bearing four torches of white wax. On St. Stephen's Day the younger Templars waited at table upon the benchers. At the first course the Constable entered, to the sound of horns, preceded by sixteen swaggering trumpeters, while the halberdiers bore "the tower" on their shoulders and marched gravely three times round the fire.

On St. John's Day the Constable was up at seven, and personally called and reprimanded any tardy officers, who were sometimes committed to the Tower for disorder. If any officer absented himself at meals, any one sitting in his place was compelled to pay his fee and assume his office. Any offender, if he escaped into the oratory, could claim sanctuary, and was pardoned if he returned into the hall humbly and as a servitor, carrying a roll on the point of a knife. No one was allowed to sing after the cheese was served.

On Childermas Day, New Year's Day, and Twelfth Night the same costly feasts were continued, only that on Thursday there was roast beef and venison pasty for dinner, and mutton and roast hens were served for supper. The final banquet closing all was preceded by a dance, revel, play, or mask, the gentlemen of every Inn of Court and Chancery being invited, and the hall furnished with side scaffolds for the ladies, who were feasted in the library. The Lord Chancellor and the ancients feasted in the hall, the Templars serving. The feast over, the Constable, in his gilt armour, ambled into the hall on a caparisoned mule, and arranged the sequence of sports.

The Constable then, with three reverences, knelt before the King of the Revels, and, delivering up his naked sword, prayed to be taken into the royal service. Next entered Hatton, the Master of the Game, clad in green velvet, his rangers arrayed in green satin. Blowing "a blast of venery" three times on their horns, and holding green-coloured bows and arrows in their hands, the rangers paced three times round the central fire, then knelt to the King of the Revels, and desired admission into the royal service. Next ensued a strange and barbarous ceremony. A huntsman entered with a live fox and cat and nine or ten couple of hounds, and, to the blast of horns and wild shouting, the poor creatures were torn to shreds, for the amusement of the applauding Templars. At supper the Constable entered to the sound of drums, borne upon a scaffold by four men, and as he was carried three times round the hearth every one shouted, "A lord! a lord!"

He then descended, called together his mock court, by such fantastic names as—

Sir Francis Flatterer, of Fowlershurst, in the county of Buckingham;

Sir Randal Rakabite, of Rascal Hall, in the county of Rakebell;

Sir Morgan Mumchance, of Much Monkery, in the county of Mad Mopery;

and the banquet then began, every man having a gilt pot full of wine, and each one paying sixpence for his repast. That night, when the lights were put out, the noisy, laughing train passed out of the portal, and the long revels were ended.

"Sir Edward Coke," says Lord Campbell, writing of this period, "first evinced his forensic powers when deputed by the students to make a representation to the benchers of the Inner Temple respecting the bad quality of their *commons* in the hall. After laboriously studying the facts and the law of the case, he clearly proved that the cook had broken his engagement, and was liable to be dismissed. This, according to the phraseology of the day, was called 'the cook's case,' and he was said to have argued it with so much quickness of penetration and solidity of judgment, that he gave entire satisfaction to the students, and was much admired by the Bench."

In his exquisite "Prothalamion" Spenser alludes to the Temple as if he had sketched it from the river, after a visit to his great patron, the Earl of Essex,—

> "Those bricky towers,
> The which on Thames' broad, aged back doe ride,
> Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
> There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
> Till they decayed through pride."

Sir John Davis, the author of "Nosce Teipsum," that fine mystic poem on the immortality of the soul, and of that strange philosophical rhapsody on dancing, was expelled the Temple in Elizabeth's reign, for thrashing his friend, another roysterer of the day, Mr. Richard Martin, in the Middle Temple Hall; but afterwards, on proper submission, he was readmitted. Davis afterwards reformed, and became the wise Attorney-General of Ireland. His biographer says, that the preface to his "Irish Reports" vies with Coke for solidity and Blackstone for elegance. Martin (whose monument is now hoarded up in the Triforium) also became a learned lawyer and a friend of Selden's, and was the person to whom Ben Jonson dedicated his bitter play, *The Poetaster*. In the dedication the poet says, "For whose innocence as for the author's you were once a noble and kindly undertaker: signed, your true lover, BEN JONSON."

On the accession of James I. some of his hungry Scotch courtiers attempted to obtain from the king a grant of the fee-simple of the Temple; upon which the two indignant societies made "humble suit" to the king, and obtained a grant of the property to themselves. The grant was signed in 1609, the benchers paying £10 annually to the king for the Inner Temple, and £10 for the Middle. In gratitude for this concession, the two loyal societies presented his majesty with a stately gold cup, weighing 200½ ounces, which James "most graciously" accepted. On one side was engraved a temple, on the other a flaming altar, with the words *nil nisi vobis;* on the pyramidical cover stood a Roman soldier leaning on his shield. This cup the bibulous monarch ever afterwards esteemed as one of his rarest and richest jewels. In 1623 James issued another of those absurd and trumpery sumptuary edicts, recommending the ancient way of wearing caps, and requesting the Templars to lay aside their unseemly boots and spurs, the badges of "roarers, rakes, and bullies."

The Temple feasts continued to be as lavish and magnificent as in the days of Queen Mary, when no reader was allowed to contribute less than fifteen bucks to the hall dinner, and many during their readings gave fourscore or a hundred.

On the marriage (1613) of the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of King James I., with Prince Frederick, the unfortunate Elector-Palatine, the Temple and Gray's Inn men gave a masque, of which Sir Francis Bacon was the chief contriver. The masque came to Whitehall by water from Winchester Place, in Southwark; three peals of ordnance greeting them as they embarked with torches and lamps, as they passed the Temple Garden, and as they landed. This short trip cost £300. The king, after all, was so tired, and the hall so crowded, that the masque was adjourned till the Saturday following, when all went well. The next night the king gave a supper to the forty masquers; Prince Charles and his courtiers, who had lost a wager to the king at running at the ring, paying for the banquet £30 a man. The masquers, who dined with forty of the chief nobles, kissed his majesty's hand. Shortly after this twenty Templars fought at barriers, in honour of Prince Charles, the benchers contributing thirty shillings each to the expenses; the barristers of seven years' standing, fifteen shillings; and the other gentlemen in commons, ten shillings.

One of the grandest masques ever given by the Templars was one which cost £21,000, and was presented, in 1633, to Charles I. and his French queen. Bulstrode Whitelock, then in his youth, gives a vivid

picture of this pageant, which was meant to refute Prynne's angry "Histro-Mastix." Noy and Selden were members of the committee, and many grave heads met together to discuss the dances, dresses, and music. The music was written by Milton's friend, Lawes, the libretto by Shirley. The procession set out from Ely House, in Holborn, on Candlemas Day, in the evening. The four chariots that bore the sixteen masquers were preceded by twenty footmen in silver-laced scarlet liveries, who carried torches and cleared the way. After these rode 100 gentlemen from the Inns of Court, mounted and richly clad, every gentleman having two lackeys with torches and a page to carry his cloak. Then followed the other masquers—beggars on horseback and boys dressed as birds. The colours of the first chariot were crimson and silver, the four horses being plumed and trapped in parti-coloured tissue. The Middle Temple rode next, in blue and silver; and the Inner Temple and Lincoln's Inn followed in equal bravery, 100 of the suits being reckoned to have cost £10,000. The masque was most perfectly performed in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, the Queen dancing with several of the masquers, and declaring them to be as good dancers as ever she saw.

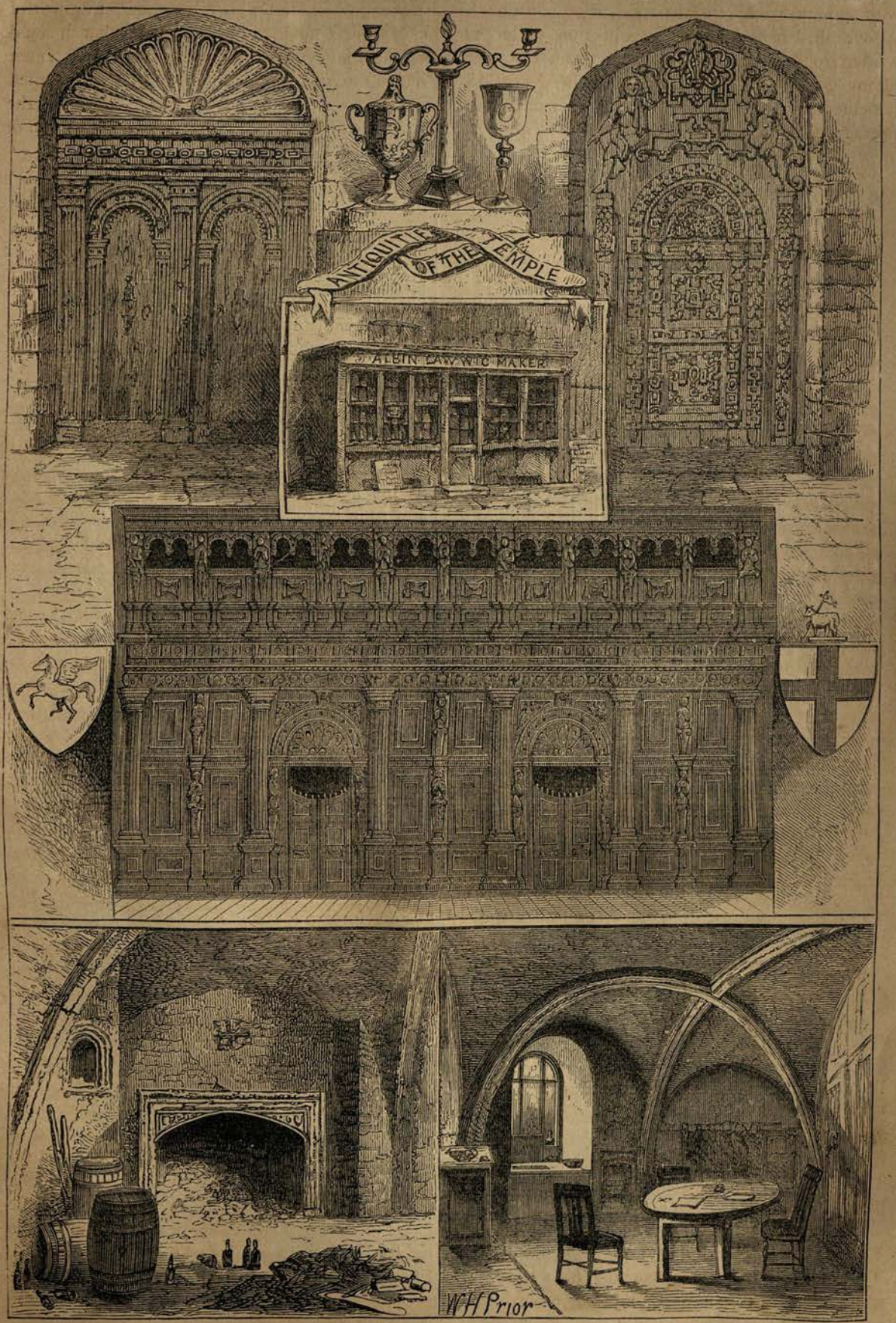
The year after the Restoration Sir Heneage Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, kept his "reader's feast" in the great hall of the Inner Temple. At that time of universal vice, luxury, and extravagance, the banquet lasted from the 4th to the 17th of August. It was, in fact, open house to all London. The first day came the nobles and privy councillors; the second, the Lord Mayor and aldermen; the third, the whole College of Physicians in their mortuary caps and gowns; the fourth, the doctors and advocates of civil law; on the fifth day, the archbishops, bishops, and obsequious clergy; and on the fifteenth, as a last grand explosion, the King, the Duke of York, the Duke of Buckingham, and half the peers. An entrance was made from the river through the wall of the Temple Garden, the King being received on landing by the Reader and the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; the path from the garden to the wall was lined with the Reader's servants, clad in scarlet cloaks and white doublets; while above them stood the benchers, barristers, and students, music playing all the while, and twenty violins welcoming Charles into the hall with unanimous scrape and quaver. Dinner was served by fifty young students in their gowns, no meaner servants appearing. In the November following the Duke of York, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Earl of Dorset were admitted members of the Society of the Inner Temple. Six years after, Prince Rupert, then a grizzly old cavalry soldier, and addicted to experiments in chemistry and engraving in his house in the Barbican, received the same honour.

The great fire of 1666, says Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Law and Lawyers," was stayed in its westward course at the Temple; but it was not suppressed until the flames had consumed many sets of chambers, had devoured the title-deeds of a vast number of valuable estates, and had almost licked the windows of the Temple Church. Clarendon has recorded that on the occasion of this stupendous calamity, which occurred when a large proportion of the Templars were out of town, the lawyers in residence declined to break open the chambers and rescue the property of absent members of their society, through fear of prosecution for burglary. Another great fire, some years later (January, 1678–79), destroyed the old cloisters and part of the old hall of the Inner Temple, and the greater part of the residential buildings of the "Old Temple." Breaking out at midnight, and lasting till noon of next day, it devoured, in the Middle Temple, the whole of Pump Court (in which locality it originated), Elm-tree Court, Vine Court, and part of Brick Court; in the Inner Temple the cloisters, the greater part of Hare Court, and part of the hall. The night was bitterly cold, and the Templars, aroused from their beds to preserve life and property, could not get an adequate supply of water from the Thames, which the unusual severity of the season had frozen. In this difficulty they actually brought barrels of ale from the Temple butteries, and fed the engines with the malt liquor. Of course this supply of fluid was soon exhausted, so the fire spreading eastward, the lawyers fought it by blowing up the buildings that were in immediate danger. Gunpowder was more effectual than beer; but the explosions were sadly destructive to human life. Amongst the buildings thus demolished was the library of the Inner Temple. Naturally, but with no apparent good reason, the sufferers by the fire attributed it to treachery on the part of persons unknown, just as the citizens attributed the fire of 1666 to the Papists. It is more probable that the calamity was caused by some such accident as that which occasioned the fire which, during John Campbell's attorney-generalship, destroyed a large amount of valuable property, and had its origin in the clumsiness of a barrister who upset upon his fire a vessel full of spirit. Of this fire Lord Campbell observes:—"When I was Attorney-General, my chambers in Paper Buildings, Temple, were burnt to the ground in the night-time, and all my books and manuscripts,

with some valuable official papers, were consumed. Above all, I had to lament a collection of letters written to me by my dear father, from the time of my going to college till his death in 1824. All lamented this calamity except the claimant of a peerage, some of whose documents (suspected to be forged) he hoped were destroyed; but fortunately they had been removed into safe custody a few days before, and the claim was dropped." The fire here alluded to broke out in the chambers of one Thornbury, in Pump Court.

"I remember," says North in his "Life of Lord Keeper Guildford," "that after the fire of the Temple it was considered whether the old cloister walks should be rebuilt or rather improved into chambers, which latter had been for the benefit of the Middle Temple; but, in regard that it could not be done without the consent of the Inner Houses, the masters of the Middle Houses waited upon the then Mr. Attorney Finch to desire the concurrence of his society upon a proposition of some benefit to be thrown in on his side. But Mr. Attorney would by no means give way to it, and reproved the Middle Templars very bitterly and eloquently upon the subject of students walking in evenings there, and putting 'cases,' which, he said, 'was done in his time, mean and low as the buildings were then. However, it comes,' he said, 'that such a benefit to students is now made little account of.' And thereupon the cloisters, by the

THE OLD HALL OF THE INNER TEMPLE (*see page* 164).



Door from the Middle Temple.

Fireplace in the Inner Temple.

Wig-Shop in the Middle Temple.

Screen of the Middle Temple Hall.

Door from the Inner Temple.

Buttery of the Inner Temple.

order and disposition of Sir Christopher Wren, were built as they now stand."

The last revel in any of the Inns of Court was held in the Inner Temple, February, 1733 (George II.), in honour of Mr. Talbot, a bencher of that house, accepting the Great Seal. The ceremony is described by an eye-witness in "Wynne's Eunomus." The Lord Chancellor arrived at two o'clock, preceded by Mr. Wollaston, Master of the Revels, and followed by Dr. Sherlock, Bishop of Bangor, Master of the Temple, and the judges and serjeants formerly of the Inner Temple. There was an elegant dinner provided for them and the chancellor's officers, but the barristers and students had only the usual meal of grand days, except that each man was furnished with a flask of claret besides the usual allowance of port and sack. Fourteen students waited on the Bench table: among them was Mr. Talbot, the Lord Chancellor's eldest son, and by their means any special dish was easily obtainable from the upper table. A large gallery was built over the screen for the ladies; and music, placed in the little gallery at the upper end of the hall, played all dinner-time. As soon as dinner was over, the play of *Love for Love* and the farce of *The Devil to Pay* were acted, the actors coming from the Haymarket in chaises, all ready-dressed. It was said they refused all gratuity, being satisfied with the honour of performing before such an audience. After the play, the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Temple, the judges and benchers retired into their parliament chamber, and in about half an hour afterwards came into the hall again, and a large ring was formed round the fire-place (but no fire nor embers were in it). Then the Master of the Revels, who went first, took the Lord Chancellor by the right hand, and he with his left took Mr. J[ustice] Page, who, joined to the other judges, serjeants, and benchers present, danced, or rather walked, round about the coal fire, according to the old ceremony, three times, during which they were aided in the figure of the dance by Mr. George Cooke, the prothonotary, then upwards of sixty; and all the time of the dance the *ancient song*, accompanied with music, was sung by one Tony Aston (an actor), dressed in a bar gown, whose father had been formerly Master of the Plea Office in the King's Bench. When this was over, the ladies came down from the gallery, went into the parliament chamber, and stayed about a quarter of an hour, while the hall was putting in order. Then they went into the hall and danced a few minutes. Country dances began about ten, and at twelve a very fine collation was provided for the whole company, from which they returned to dancing. The Prince of Wales honoured the performance with his company part of the time. He came into the music gallery wing about the middle of the play, and went away as soon as the farce of walking round the coal fire was over.

Mr. Peter Cunningham, *apropos* of these revels, mentions that when the floor of the Middle Temple Hall was taken up in 1764 there were found nearly one hundred pair of very small dice, yellowed by time, which had dropped through the chinks above. The same writer caps this fact by one of his usually apposite quotations. Wycherly, in his *Plain Dealer* (1676—Charles II.), makes Freeman, one of his characters, say:—"Methinks 'tis like one of the Halls in Christmas time, whither from all parts fools bring their money to try the dice (nor the worst judges), whether it shall be their own or no."

The Inner Temple Hall (the refectory of the ancient knights) was almost entirely rebuilt in 1816. The roof was overloaded with timber, the west wall was cracking, and the wooden cupola of the bell let in the rain. The pointed arches and rude sculpture at the entrance doors showed great antiquity, but the northern wall had been rebuilt in 1680. The incongruous Doric screen was surmounted by lions' heads, cones, and other anomalous devices, and in 1741 low, classic windows had been inserted in the south front. Of the old hall, where the Templars frequently held their chapters, and at different times entertained King John, King Henry III., and several of the legates, several portions still remain. A very ancient groined Gothic arch forms the roof of the present buttery, and in the apartment beyond there is a fine groined and vaulted ceiling. In the cellars below are old walls of vast thickness, part of an ancient window, a curious fire-place, and some pointed arches, all now choked with modern brick partitions and dusty staircases. These vaults formerly communicated by a cloister with the chapel of St. Anne, on the south side of the church. In the reign of James I. some brick chambers, three storeys high, were erected over the cloister, but were burnt down in 1678. In 1681 the cloister chambers were again rebuilt.

During the formation of the present new entrance to the Temple by the church at the bottom of Inner Temple Lane, when some old houses were removed, the masons came on a strong ancient wall of chalk and ragstone, supposed to have been the ancient northern boundary of the convent.

Let us cull a few Temple anecdotes from various ages:—

In November, 1819, Erskine, in the House of Lords, speaking upon Lord Lansdowne's motion for

an inquiry into the state of the country, condemned the conduct of the yeomanry at the "Manchester massacre." "By an ordinary display of spirit and resolution," observed the brilliant egotist to his brother peers (who were so impressed by his complacent volubility and good-humoured self-esteem, that they were for the moment ready to take him at his own valuation), "insurrection may be repressed without violating the law or the constitution. In the riots of 1780, when the mob were preparing to attack the house of Lord Mansfield, I offered to defend it with a small military force; but this offer was unluckily rejected. Afterwards, being in the Temple when the rioters were preparing to force the gate and had fired several times, I went to the gate, opened it, and showed them a field-piece, which I was prepared to discharge in case the attack was persisted in. They were daunted, fell back, and dispersed."

Judge Burrough (says Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Law and Lawyers") used to relate that when the Gordon Rioters besieged the Temple he and a strong body of barristers, headed by a sergeant of the Guards, were stationed in Inner Temple Lane, and that, having complete confidence in the strength of their massive gate, they spoke bravely of their desire to be fighting on the other side. At length the gate was forced. The lawyers fell into confusion and were about to beat a retreat, when the sergeant, a man of infinite humour, cried out in a magnificent voice, "Take care no gentleman fires from behind." The words struck awe into the assailants and caused the barristers to laugh. The mob, who had expected neither laughter nor armed resistance, took to flight, telling all whom they met that the bloody-minded lawyers were armed to the teeth and enjoying themselves. The Temple was saved. When these Gordon Rioters filled London with alarm, no member of the junior bar was more prosperous and popular than handsome Jack Scott, and as he walked from his house in Carey Street to the Temple, with his wife on his arm, he returned the greetings of the barristers, who, besides liking him for a good fellow, thought it prudent to be on good terms with a man sure to achieve eminence. Dilatory in his early as well as his later years, Scott left his house that morning half an hour late. Already it was known to the mob that the Templars were assembling in their college, and a cry of "The Temple! kill the lawyers!" had been raised in Whitefriars and Essex Street. Before they reached the Middle Temple gate Mr. and Mrs. Scott were assaulted more than once. The man who won Bessie Surtees from a host of rivals and carried her away against the will of her parents and the wishes of his own father, was able to protect her from serious violence. But before the beautiful creature was safe within the Temple her dress was torn, and when at length she stood in the centre of a crowd of excited and admiring barristers, her head was bare and her ringlets fell loose upon her shoulders. "The scoundrels have got your hat, Bessie," whispered John Scott; "but never mind—they have left you your hair."

In Lord Eldon's "Anecdote Book" there is another gate story amongst the notes on the Gordon Riots. "We youngsters," says the aged lawyer, "at the Temple determined that we would not remain inactive during such times; so we introduced ourselves into a troop to assist the military. We armed ourselves as well as we could, and next morning we drew up in the court ready to follow out a troop of soldiers who were on guard. When, however, the soldiers had passed through the gate it was suddenly shut in our faces, and the officer in command shouted from the other side, 'Gentlemen, I am much obliged to you for your intended assistance; but I do not choose to allow my soldiers to be shot, so I have ordered you to be locked in.'" And away he galloped.

The elder Colman decided on making the younger one a barrister; and after visits to Scotland and Switzerland, the son returned to Soho Square, and found that his father had taken for him chambers in the Temple, and entered him as a student at Lincoln's Inn, where he afterwards kept a few terms by eating oysters. Upon this Mr. Peake notes:—"The students of Lincoln's Inn keep term by dining, or pretending to dine, in the hall during the term time. Those who feed there are accommodated with wooden trenchers instead of plates, and previously to the dinner oysters are served up by way of prologue to the play. Eating the oysters, or going into the hall without eating them, if you please, and then departing to dine elsewhere, is quite sufficient for term-keeping." The chambers in King's Bench Walk were furnished with a tent-bedstead, two tables, half-a-dozen chairs, and a carpet as much too scanty for the boards as Sheridan's "rivulet of rhyme" for its "meadow of margin." To these the elder Colman added £10 worth of law books which had been given to him in his own Lincoln's Inn days by Lord Bath; then enjoining the son to work hard, the father left town upon a party of pleasure.

Colman had sent his son to Switzerland to get him away from a certain Miss Catherine Morris, an actress of the Haymarket company. This answered for a time, but no sooner had the father left the son in the Temple than he set off with Miss Morris

to Gretna Green, and was there married, in 1784; and four years after, the father's sanction having been duly obtained, they were publicly married at Chelsea Church.

In the same staircase with Colman, in the Temple, lived the witty Jekyll, who, seeing in Colman's chambers a round cage with a squirrel in it, looked for a minute or two at the little animal, which was performing the same operation as a man in the treadmill, and then quietly said, "Ah, poor devil! he is going the Home Circuit;" the locality where it was uttered—the Temple—favouring this technical joke.

On the morning young Colman began his studies (December 20, 1784) he was interrupted by the intelligence that the funeral procession of the great Dr. Johnson was on its way from his late residence, Bolt Court, through Fleet Street, to Westminster Abbey. Colman at once threw down his pen, and ran forth to see the procession, but was disappointed to find it much less splendid and imposing than the sepulchral pomp of Garrick five years before.

Dr. Dibdin thus describes the Garden walks of the last century:—"Towards evening it was the fashion for the leading counsel to promenade during the summer months in the Temple Gardens. Cocked hats and ruffles, with satin small-clothes and silk stockings, at this time constituted the usual evening dress. Lord Erskine, though a great deal shorter than his brethren, somehow always seemed to take the lead, both in place and in discourse, and shouts of laughter would frequently follow his dicta."

Ugly Dunning, afterwards the famous Lord Ashburton, entered the Middle Temple in 1752, and was called four years later, in 1756. Lord Chancellor Thurlow used to describe him wittily as "the knave of clubs."

Horne Tooke, Dunning, and Kenyon were accustomed to dine together, during the vacation, at a little eating-house in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane for the sum of sevenpence-halfpenny each. "As to Dunning and myself," said Tooke, "we were generous, for we gave the girl who waited upon us a penny a piece; but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, sometimes rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise."

Blackstone, before dedicating his powers finally to the study of the law in which he afterwards became so famous, wrote in Temple chambers his "Farewell to the Muse:"—

"Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along;
But now the pleasing dream is o'er—
These scenes must charm me now no more.
Lost to the field, and torn from you,
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu!

* * * *

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the purblind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp by night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,—
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!"

That great orator, Edmund Burke, was entered at the Middle Temple in 1747, when the heads of the Scotch rebels of 1745 were still fresh on the spikes of Temple Bar, and he afterwards came to keep his terms in 1750. In 1756 he occupied a two-pair chamber at the "Pope's Head," the shop of Jacob Robinson, the Twickenham poet's publisher, just within the Inner Temple gateway. Burke took a dislike, however, perhaps fortunately for posterity, to the calf-skin books, and was never called to the bar.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, an Irishman even more brilliant, but unfortunately far less prudent, than Burke, entered his name in the Middle Temple books a few days before his elopement with Miss Linley.

"A wit," says Archdeacon Nares, in his pleasant book, "Heraldic Anomalies," "once chalked the following lines on the Temple gate:"—

"As by the Templars' hold you go,
The horse and lamb display'd
In emblematic figures show
The merits of their trade.

"The clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession;
The lamb sets forth their innocence,
The horse their expedition.

"Oh, happy Britons! happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile
And law without delay."

A rival wag replied to these lively lines by the following severer ones:—

"Deluded men, these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems tend to show
Their *clients*—not *themselves*.

"'Tis all a trick; these are all shams
By which they mean to cheat you:
But have a care—for *you're the lambs*,
And they the *wolves* that eat you.

"Nor let the thought of 'no delay'
To these their courts misguide you;
'Tis you're the showy *horse*, and *they*
The *jockeys* that will ride you."

Hare Court is said to derive its name from Sir Nicholas Hare, who was Privy Councillor to Henry VIII. the despotic, and Master of the Rolls to Queen Mary the cruel. Heaven only knows what stern decisions and anti-heretical indictments have not been drawn up in that quaint enclosure. The immortal pump, which stands as a special feature of the court, has been mentioned by the poet Garth in his "Dispensary:"—

"And dare the college insolently aim,
To equal our fraternity in fame?
Then let crabs' eyes with pearl for virtue try,
Or Highgate Hill with lofty Pindus vie;
So glowworms may compare with Titan's beams,
And Hare Court pump with Aganippe's streams."

In Essex Court one solitary barber remains: his shop is the last wigwam of a departing tribe. Dick Danby's, in the cloisters, used to be famous. In his "Lives of the Chief Justices," Lord Campbell has some pleasant gossip about Dick Danby, the Temple barber. In our group of antiquities of the Temple on page 163 will be found an engraving of the existing barber's shop.

"One of the most intimate friends," he says, "I have ever had in the world was Dick Danby, who kept a hairdresser's shop under the cloisters in the Inner Temple. I first made his acquaintance from his assisting me, when a student at law, to engage a set of chambers. He afterwards cut my hair, made my bar wigs, and aided me at all times with his valuable advice. He was on the same good terms with most of my forensic contemporaries. Thus he became master of all the news of the profession, and he could tell who were getting on, and who were without a brief—who succeeded by their talents, and who hugged the attorneys—who were desirous of becoming puisne judges, and who meant to try their fortunes in Parliament—which of the chiefs was in a failing state of health, and who was next to be promoted to the collar of S.S. Poor fellow! he died suddenly, and his death threw a universal gloom over Westminster Hall, unrelieved by the thought that the survivors who mourned him might pick up some of his business—a consolation which wonderfully softens the grief felt for a favourite Nisi Prius leader."

In spite of all the great lawyers who have been nurtured in the Temple, it has derived its chief fame from the residence within its precincts of three civilians — Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Charles Lamb.

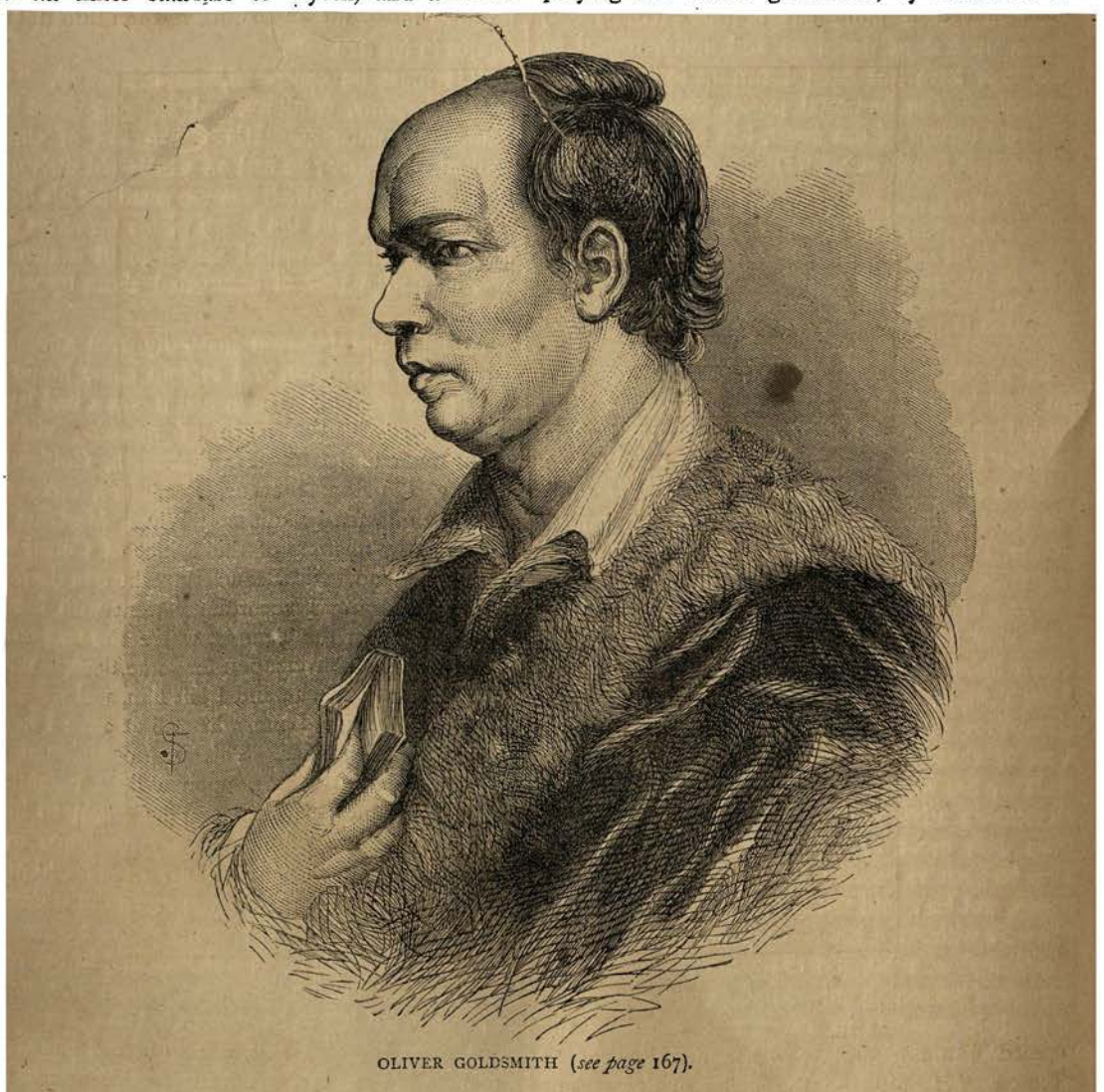
Dr. Johnson came to the Temple (No. 1, Inner Temple Lane) from Gray's Inn in 1760, and left it for Johnson's Court (Fleet Street) about 1765. When he first came to the Temple he was loitering over his edition of "Shakespeare." In 1762 a pension of £300 a year for the first time made him independent of the booksellers. In 1763 Boswell made his acquaintance and visited Ursa Major in his den.

"It must be confessed," says Boswell, "that his apartments, furniture, and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled, unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt neck and the knees of his breeches were loose, his black worsted stockings ill drawn up, and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers."

At this time Johnson generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. He owned it was a bad habit. He generally had a levee of morning visitors, chiefly men of letters—Hawkesworth, Goldsmith, Murphy, Langton, Stevens, Beauclerk, &c.—and sometimes learned ladies. "When Madame de Boufflers (the mistress of the Prince of Conti) was first in England," said Beauclerk, "she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a voice like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, upon a little reflection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple Gate, and, brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand and conducted her to her coach. His dress was a rusty-brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, &c. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by his singular appearance."

It was in the year 1763, while Johnson was living in the Temple, that the Literary Club was founded; and it was in the following year that this wise and good man was seized with one of those fits of hypochondria that occasionally weighed upon that great intellect. Boswell had chambers, not far from the god of his idolatry, at what were once called "Farrar's Buildings," at the bottom of Inner Temple Lane.

Charles Lamb came to 4, Inner Temple Lane, in 1809. Writing to Coleridge, the delightful humorist says:—"I have been turned out of my chambers in the Temple by a landlord who wanted them for himself; but I have got others at No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, far more commodious and roomy. I have two rooms on the third floor, and five rooms above, with an inner staircase to myself, and all new

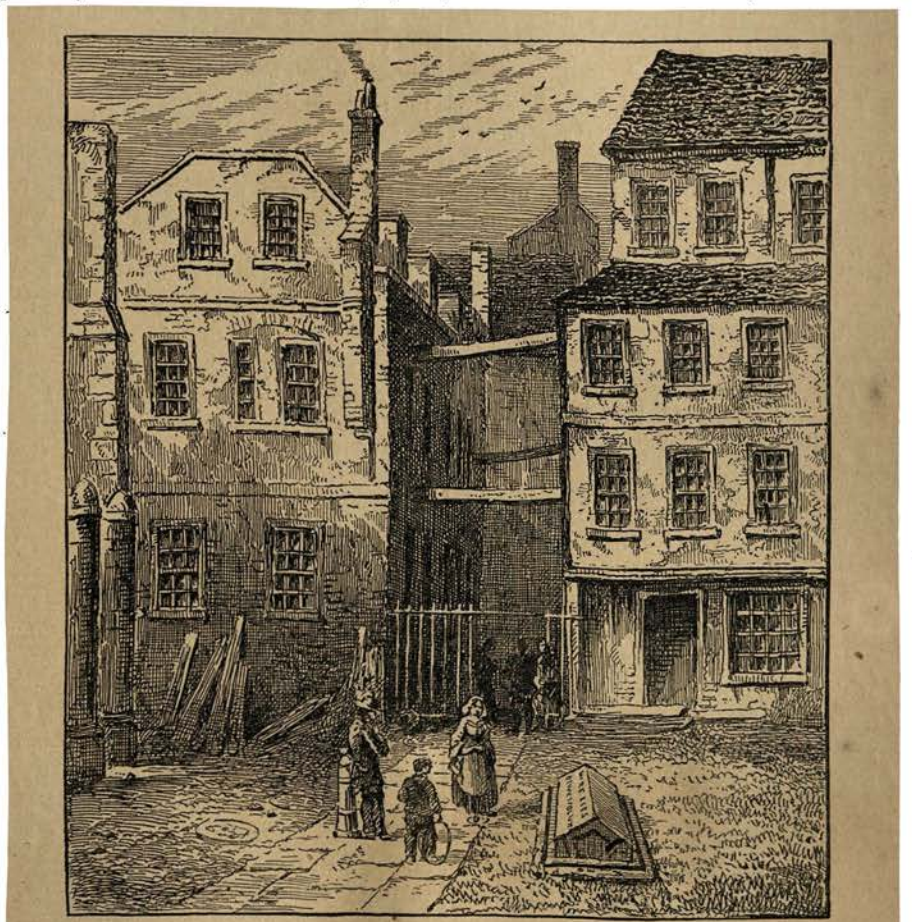


OLIVER GOLDSMITH (*see page* 167).

painted, &c., for £30 a year. The rooms are delicious, and the best look backwards into Hare Court, where there is a pump always going; just now it is dry. Hare Court's trees come in at the window, so that it's like living in a garden." In 1810 he says:—"The household gods are slow to come; but here I mean to live and die." From this place (since pulled down and rebuilt) he writes to Manning, who is in China:—"Come, and bring any of your friends the mandarins with you. My best room commands a court, in which there are trees and a pump, the water of which is excellent, cold—with brandy; and not very insipid without." He sends Manning some of his little books, to give him "some idea of European literature." It is in this letter that he speaks of Braham and his singing, and jokes "on titles of honour," exemplifying the eleven gradations, by which Mr. C. Lamb rose in succession to be Baron, Marquis, Duke, Emperor Lamb, and finally Pope Innocent; and other lively matters fit to solace an English mathematician self-banished to China. The same year Mary Lamb describes her brother taking to water like a hungry otter—abstaining from all spirituous liquors, but with the most indifferent result, as he became full of cramps and rheumatism, and so cold internally that fire could not warm him. It is but just to Lamb to mention that this

ascetic period was brief. This same year Lamb wrote his fine essays on Hogarth and the tragedies of Shakespeare. He was already getting weary of the dull routine of official work at the India House.

Goldsmith came to the Temple, early in 1764, from Wine Office Court. It was a hard year with him, though he published "The Traveller," and some say, to secretly write the erudite history of "Goody Two-Shoes" for Newbery. In 1765 various publications, or perhaps the money for "The Vicar," enabled the author to move to larger chambers in Garden Court, close to his first set, and one of the most agreeable localities in the Temple. He now carried out his threat to Johnson—started a man-servant, and ran into debt with



GOLDSMITH'S TOMB IN 1860 (*see page* 171).

opened fruitless negotiations with Dodsley and Tonson. "He took," says Mr. Forster, "rooms on the then library-staircase of the Temple. They were a humble set of chambers enough (one Jeffs, the butler of the society, shared them with him), and on Johnson's prying and peering about in them, after his short-sighted fashion flattening his face against every object he looked at, Goldsmith's uneasy sense of their deficiencies broke out. 'I shall soon be in better chambers, sir, than these,' he said. 'Nay, sir,' answered Johnson, 'never mind that—*nil te quæsiveris extra.*'" He soon hurried off to the quiet of Islington, as his usual gay and thoughtless vanity to Mr. Filby, the tailor, of Water Lane, for coats of divers colours. Goldsmith began to feel his importance, and determined to show it. In 1766 "The Vicar of Wakefield" (price five shillings, sewed) secured his fame, but he still remained in difficulties. In 1767 he wrote *The Good-Natured Man*, knocked off an English Grammar for five guineas, and was only saved from extreme want by Davies employing him to write a "History of Rome" for 250 guineas. In 1767 Parson Scott (Lord Sandwich's chaplain), busily going about to negotiate for writers, describes himself as applying

to Goldsmith, among others, to induce him to write in favour of the Administration. "I found him," he said, "in a miserable set of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority; I told him that I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions; and—would you believe it!—he was so absurd as to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me.' And so I left him," added the Rev. Dr. Scott, indignantly, "in his garret."

On the partial success of *The Good-Natured Man* (January, 1768), Goldsmith, having cleared £500, broke out like a successful gambler. He purchased a set of chambers (No. 2, up two pairs of stairs, in Brick Court) for £400, squandered the remaining £100, ran in debt to his tailor, and borrowed of Mr. Bolt, a man on the same floor. He purchased Wilton carpets, blue merino curtains, chimney-glasses, book-cases, and card-tables, and, by the aid of Filby, enrobed him in a suit of Tyrian bloom, satin grain, with darker blue silk breeches, price £8 2s. 7d., and he even ventured at a more costly suit, lined with silk and ornamented with gilt buttons. Below him lived that learned lawyer, Mr. Blackstone, then poring over the fourth volume of his precious "Commentaries," and the noise and dancing overhead nearly drove him mad, as it also did a Mr. Children, who succeeded him. What these noises arose from, Mr. Forster relates in his delightful biography of the poet. An Irish merchant named Seguin "remembered dinners at which Johnson, Percy, Bickerstaff, Kelly, 'and a variety of authors of minor note,' were guests. They talked of supper-parties with younger people, as well in the London chambers as in suburban lodgings; preceded by blind-man's buff, forfeits, or games of cards; and where Goldsmith, festively entertaining them all, would make frugal supper for himself off boiled milk. They related how he would sing all kinds of Irish songs; with what special enjoyment he gave the Scotch ballad of 'Johnny Armstrong' (his old nurse's favourite); how cheerfully he would put the front of his wig behind, or contribute in any other way to the general amusement; and to what accompaniment of uncontrolled laughter he once 'danced a minuet with Mrs. Seguin.'"

In 1768 appeared "The Deserted Village." It was about this time that one of Goldy's Grub Street acquaintances called upon him, whilst he was conversing with Topham Beauclerk, and General Oglethorpe, and the fellow, telling Goldsmith that he was sorry he could not pay the two guineas he owed him, offered him a quarter of a pound of tea and half a pound of sugar as an acknowledgment "1769. Goldsmith fell in love with Mary Horneck, known as the 'Jessamy Bride.' Unfortunately he obtained an advance of £500 for his 'Natural History,' and wholly expended it when only six chapters were written." In 1771 he published his "History of England." It was in this year that Reynolds, coming one day to Brick Court, perhaps about the portrait of Goldsmith he had painted the year before, found the mercurial poet kicking a bundle, which contained a masquerade dress, about the room, in disgust at his folly in wasting money in so foolish a way. In 1772, Mr. Forster mentions a very characteristic story of Goldsmith's warmth of heart. He one day found a poor Irish student (afterwards Dr. M'Veagh M'Donnell, a well-known physician) sitting and moping in despair on a bench in the Temple Gardens. Goldsmith soon talked and laughed him into hope and spirits, then taking him off to his chambers, employed him to translate some chapters of Buffon. In 1773 *She Stoops to Conquer* made a great hit; but Noll was still writing at hack-work, and was deeper in debt than ever. In 1774, when Goldsmith was still grinding on at his hopeless drudge-work, as far from the goal of fortune as ever, and even resolving to abandon London life, with all its temptations, Mr. Forster relates that Johnson, dining with the poet, Reynolds, and some one else, silently reproved the extravagance of so expensive a dinner by sending away the whole second course untouched.

In March, 1774, Goldsmith returned from Edgware to the Temple chambers, which he was trying to sell, suffering from a low nervous fever, partly the result of vexation at his pecuniary embarrassments. Mr. Hawes, an apothecary in the Strand (and one of the first founders of the Humane Society), was called in; but Goldsmith insisted on taking James's fever-powders, a valuable medicine, but dangerous under the circumstances. This was Friday, the 25th. He told the doctor then his mind was not at ease, and he died on Monday, April 4th, in his forty-fifth year. His debts amounted to over £2,000. "Was ever poet so trusted before?" writes Johnson to Boswell. The staircase of Brick Court was filled with poor outcasts, to whom Goldsmith had been kind and charitable. His coffin was opened by Miss Horneck, that a lock might be cut from his hair. Burke and Reynolds superintended the funeral, Reynolds' nephew (Palmer, afterwards Dean of Cashel) being chief mourner. Hugh Kelly, who had so often lampooned the poet, was present. At five o'clock on Saturday, the 9th of April, Goldsmith was buried in the Temple churchyard. In 1837, a slab of white marble, to the

kindly poet's memory, was placed in the Temple Church, and afterwards transferred to a recess of the vestry chamber. Of the poet, Mr. Forster says, "no memorial indicates the grave to the pilgrim or the stranger, nor is it possible any longer to identify the spot which received all that was mortal of the delightful writer." The present site is entirely conjectural; but it appears from the following note, communicated to us by T. C. Noble, the well-known City antiquary, that the real site was remembered as late as 1830. Mr. Noble says:—

"In 1842, after some consideration, the benchers of the Temple deciding that no more burials should take place in the churchyard, resolved to pave it over. For about fifteen years the burial-place of Dr. Goldsmith continued in obscurity; for while some would have it that the interment took place to the east of the choir, others clung to an opinion, handed down by Mr. Broome, the gardener, who stated that when he commenced his duties, about 1830, a Mr. Collett, sexton, a very old man, and a penurious one, too, employed him to prune an elder-tree which, he stated, he venerated, because it marked the site of Goldsmith's grave. The stone which has been placed in the yard, 'to mark the spot' where the poet was buried, is not the site of this tree. The tomb was erected in 1860, but the exact position of the grave has never been discovered." The engraving on page 169 shows the spot as it appeared in the autumn of that year. The old houses at the back were pulled down soon after.

Mr. Forster, alluding to Goldsmith's love for the rooks, the former denizens of the Temple Gardens, says: "He saw the rookery (in the winter deserted, or guarded only by some five or six, 'like old soldiers in a garrison') resume its activity and bustle in the spring; and he moralised, like a great reformer, on the legal constitution established, the social laws enforced, and the particular castigations endured for the good of the community, by those black-dressed and black-eyed chatterers. 'I have often amused myself,' Goldsmith remarks, 'with observing their plans of policy from my window in the Temple, that looks upon a grove where they have made a colony, in the midst of the city.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TEMPLE (*continued*).

Fountain Court and the Temple Fountain—Ruth Pinch—L. E. L.'s Poem—Fig-tree Court—The Inner Temple Library—Paper Buildings—The Temple Gate—Guildford North and Jeffreys—Cowper, the Poet: his Melancholy and Attempted Suicide—A Tragedy in Tanfield Court—Lord Mansfield—"Mr. Murray" and his Client—Lamb's Pictures of the Temple—The Sun-dials—Porson and his Eccentricities—Rules of the Temple—Coke and his Labours—Temple Riots—Scuffles with the Alsatians—Temple Dinners—"Calling" to the Bar—The Temple Gardens—The Chrysanthemums—Sir Matthew Hale's Tree—Revenues of the Temple—Temple Celebrities.

LIVES there a man with soul so dead as to write about the Temple without mentioning the little fountain in Fountain Court?—that pet and plaything of the Temple, that, like a little fairy, sings to beguile the cares of men oppressed with legal duties. It used to look like a wagoner's silver whip—now a modern writer cruelly calls it "a pert squirt." In Queen Anne's time Hatton describes it as forcing its stream "to a vast and almost incredible altitude"—it is now only ten feet high, no higher than a giant lord chancellor. Then it was fenced with palisades—now it is caged in iron; then it stood in a square—now it is in a round. But it still sparkles and glitters, and sprinkles and playfully splashes the jaunty sparrows that come to wash off the London dust in its variegated spray. It is quite careless now, however, of notice, for has it not been immortalised by the pen of Dickens, who has made it the centre of one of his most charming love scenes? It was in Fountain Court, our readers will like to remember, that Ruth Pinch—gentle, loving Ruth—met her lover, by the merest accident of course.

"There was," says Mr. Dickens, "a little plot between them that Tom should always come out of the Temple by one way, and that was past the fountain. Coming through Fountain Court, he was just to glance down the steps leading into Garden Court, and to look once all round him; and if Ruth had come to meet him, there he would see her—not sauntering, you understand (on account of the clerks), but coming briskly up, with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain and beat it all to nothing. For, fifty to one, Tom had been looking for her in the wrong direction, and had quite given her up, while she had been tripping towards him from the first, jingling that little

reticule of hers (with all the keys in it) to attract his wondering observation.

"Whether there was life enough left in the slow vegetation of Fountain Court for the smoky shrubs to have any consciousness of the brightest and purest-hearted little woman in the world, is a question for gardeners and those who are learned in the loves of plants. But that it was a good thing for that same paved yard to have such a delicate little figure flitting through it, that it passed like a smile from the grimy old houses and the worn flagstones, and left them duller, darker, sterner than before, there is no sort of doubt. The Temple fountain might have leaped up twenty feet to greet the spring of hopeful maidenhood that in her person stole on, sparkling, through the dry and dusty channels of the law; the chirping sparrows, bred in Temple chinks and crannies, might have held their peace to listen to imaginary skylarks as so fresh a little creature passed; the dingy boughs, unused to droop, otherwise than in their puny growth, might have bent down in a kindred gracefulness to shed their benedictions on her graceful head; old love-letters, shut up in iron boxes in the neighbouring offices, and made of no account among the heaps of family papers into which they had strayed, and of which in their degeneracy they formed a part, might have stirred and fluttered with a moment's recollection of their ancient tenderness, as she went lightly by. Anything might have happened that did not happen, and never will, for the love of Ruth. . . .

"Merrily the tiny fountain played, and merrily the dimples sparkled on its sunny face. John Westlock hurried after her. Softly the whispering water broke and fell, and roguishly the dimples twinkled as he stole upon her footsteps.

"Oh, foolish, panting, timid little heart! why did she feign to be unconscious of his coming? . . .

"Merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim and vanished."

"L. E. L." (Miss Landon) has left a graceful poem on this much-petted fountain, which begins,—

"The fountain's low singing is heard on the wind,
Like a melody, bringing sweet fancies to mind—
Some to grieve, some to gladden; around them
they cast
The hopes of the morrow, the dreams of the past.
Away in the distance is heard the vast sound
From the streets of the city that compass it round,
Like the echo of fountains or ocean's deep call;
Yet that fountain's low singing is heard over all.'

Fig-tree Court derived its name from obvious sources. Next to the plane, that has the strange power of sloughing off its sooty bark, the fig seems the tree that best endures London's corrupted atmosphere. Thomas Fairchild, a Hoxton gardener, who wrote in 1722 (quoted by Mr. Peter Cunningham), alludes to figs ripening well in the Rolls Gardens, Chancery Lane, and to the tree thriving in close places about Bridewell. Who can say that some Templar pilgrim did not bring from the banks of "Abana or Pharpar, rivers of Damascus," the first leafy inhabitant of inky and dusty Fig-tree Court? Lord Thurlow was living here in 1758, the year he was called to the bar, and when, it was said, he had not money enough even to hire a horse to attend the circuit.

The Inner Temple Library stands on the terrace facing the river. The Parliament Chambers and Hall, in the Tudor style, were the work of Sidney Smirke, R.A., in 1835. The library, designed by Mr. Abrahams, is 96 feet long, 42 feet wide, and 63 feet high; it has a hammer-beam roof. One of the stained glass windows is blazoned with the arms of the Templars. Below the library are chambers. The cost of the whole was about £13,000. The north window is thought to too much resemble the great window at Westminster.

Paper Buildings, a name more suitable for the offices of some City companies, were first built in the reign of James I., by a Mr. Edward Hayward and others; and the learned Dugdale describes them as eighty-eight feet long, twenty feet broad, and four storeys high. This Hayward was Selden's chamber-fellow, and to him Selden dedicated his "Titles of Honour." Selden, according to Aubrey, had chambers in these pleasant riverside buildings, looking towards the gardens, and in the uppermost storey he had a little gallery, to pace in and meditate. The Great Fire swept away Selden's chambers, and their successors were destroyed by the fire which broke out in Mr. Maule's chambers. Coming home at night from a dinner-party, that gentleman, it is said, put the lighted candle under his bed by mistake. The stately new buildings were designed by Mr. Sidney Smirke, A.R.A., in 1848. The red brick and stone harmonise pleasantly, and the overhanging oriels and angle turrets (Continental Tudor) are by no means ineffective.

The entrance to the Middle Temple from Fleet Street is a gatehouse of red brick pointed with stone, and is the work of Wren. It was erected in 1684, after the Great Fire, and is in the style of Inigo Jones—"not inelegant," says Ralph. It probably occupies the site of the gatehouse erected by order of Wolsey, at the expense of his prisoner,

Sir Amyas Paulet. The frightened man covered the front with the cardinal's hat and arms, hoping to appease Wolsey's anger by gratifying his pride. The Inner Temple gateway was built in the fifth year of James I.

Elm Court was built in the sixth year of Charles I. Up one pair of stairs that successful courtier, Guildford North, whom Jeffreys so tormented by the rumour that he had been seen riding on a rhinoceros, then exhibiting in London, commenced the practice that soon won him such high honours.

In 1752 the poet Cowper, on leaving a solicitor's office, had chambers in the Middle Temple, and in that solitude the horror of his future malady began to darken over him. He gave up the classics, which had been his previous delight, and read George Herbert's poems all day long. In 1759, after his father's death, he purchased another set of rooms for £250, in an airy situation in the Inner Temple. He belonged, at this time, to the "Nonsense Club," of which Bonnell Thornton, Colman junior, and Lloyd were members. Thurlow also was his friend. In 1763 his despondency deepened into insanity. An approaching appointment to the clerkship of the Journals of the House of Lords overwhelmed him with nervous fears. Dreading to appear in public, he resolved to destroy himself. He purchased laudanum, then threw it away. He packed up his portmanteau to go to France and enter a monastery. He went down to the Custom House Quay, to throw himself into the river. He tried to stab himself. At last the poor fellow actually hung himself, and was only saved by an accident. The following is his own relation:—

"Not one hesitating thought now remained, but I fell greedily to the execution of my purpose. My garter was made of a broad piece of scarlet binding, with a sliding buckle, being sewn together at the ends. By the help of the buckle I formed a noose, and fixed it about my neck, straining it so tight that I hardly left a passage for my breath, or for the blood to circulate. The tongue of the buckle held it fast. At each corner of the bed was placed a wreath of carved work fastened by an iron pin, which passed up through the midst of it; the other part of the garter, which made a loop, I slipped over one of them, and hung by it some seconds, drawing up my feet under me, that they might not touch the floor; but the iron bent, and the carved work slipped off, and the garter with it. I then fastened it to the frame of the tester, winding it round and tying it in a strong knot. The frame broke short, and let me down again.

"The third effort was more likely to succeed. I set the door open, which reached to within a foot of the ceiling. By the help of a chair I could command the top of it, and the loop being large enough to admit a large angle of the door, was easily fixed, so as not to slip off again. I pushed away the chair with my feet, and hung at my whole length. While I hung there I distinctly heard a voice say three times, 'Tis over!' Though I am sure of the fact, and was so at the time, yet it did not at all alarm me or affect my resolution. I hung so long that I lost all sense, all consciousness of existence.

"When I came to myself again I thought I was in hell; the sound of my own dreadful groans was all that I heard, and a feeling like that produced by a flash of lightning just beginning to seize upon me, passed over my whole body. In a few seconds I found myself fallen on my face to the floor. In about half a minute I recovered my feet, and reeling and struggling, stumbled into bed again.

"By the blessed providence of God, the garter which had held me till the bitterness of temporal death was past broke just before eternal death had taken place upon me. The stagnation of the blood under one eye in a broad crimson spot, and a red circle round my neck, showed plainly that I had been on the brink of eternity. The latter, indeed, might have been occasioned by the pressure of the garter, but the former was certainly the effect of strangulation, for it was not attended with the sensation of a bruise, as it must have been had I in my fall received one in so tender a part; and I rather think the circle round my neck was owing to the same cause, for the part was not excoriated, nor at all in pain.

"Soon after I got into bed I was surprised to hear a voice in the dining-room, where the laundress was lighting a fire. She had found the door unbolted, notwithstanding my design to fasten it, and must have passed the bed-chamber door while I was hanging on it, and yet never perceived me. She heard me fall, and presently came to ask me if I was well, adding, she feared I had been in a fit.

"I sent her to a friend, to whom I related the whole affair, and dispatched him to my kinsman at the coffee-house. As soon as the latter arrived I pointed to the broken garter which lay in the middle of the room, and apprised him also of the attempt I had been making. His words were, 'My dear Mr. Cowper, you terrify me! To be sure you cannot hold the office at this rate. Where is the deputation?' I gave him the key of the drawer where it was deposited, and his business requiring his immediate attendance, he took it

away with him; and thus ended all my connection with the Parliament office."

In February, 1732, Tanfield Court, a quiet, dull nook on the east side of the Temple, to the south of that sombre Grecian temple where the Master resides, was the scene of a very horrible crime. Sarah Malcolm, a laundress, aged twenty-two, employed by a young barrister named Kerrol in the same court, gaining access to the rooms of an old lady named Duncomb, whom she knew to have money, strangled her and an old servant, and cut the throat of a young girl, whose bed she had probably shared. Some of her blood-stained linen, and a silver tankard of Mrs. Duncomb's, stained with blood, were found by Mr. Kerrol concealed in his chambers. Fifty-three pounds of the money were discovered at Newgate hidden in the prisoner's hair. She confessed to a share in the robbery, but laid the murder to two lads with whom she was acquainted. She was, however, found guilty, and hung opposite Mitre Court, Fleet Street. The crowd was so great that one woman crossed from near Serjeants' Inn to the other side of the way on the shoulders of the mob. Sarah Malcolm went to execution neatly dressed in a crape gown, held up her head in the cart with an air, and seemed to be painted. A copy of her confession was sold for twenty guineas. Two days before her execution she dressed in scarlet, and sat to Hogarth for a sketch, which Horace Walpole bought for £5. The portrait represents a cruel, thin-lipped woman, not uncomely, sitting at a table. The Duke of Roxburghe purchased a perfect impression of this print, Mr. Timbs says, for £8 5s. Its original price was sixpence. After her execution the corpse was taken to an undertaker's on Snow Hill, and there exhibited for money. Among the rest, a gentleman in deep mourning—perhaps her late master, Mr. Kerrol—stooped and kissed it, and gave the attendant half-a-crown. She was, by special favour (for superiority even in wickedness has its admirers), buried in St. Sepulchre's Churchyard, from which criminals had been excluded for a century and a half. The corpse of the murderess was disinterred, and her skeleton, in a glass case, is still to be seen at the Botanic Garden, Cambridge.

THE TEMPLE FOUNTAIN, FROM AN OLD PRINT (*see page* 171).

Not many recorded crimes have taken place in

A SCUFFLE BETWEEN TEMPLARS AND ALSATIANS (*see page* 179).

the Temple, for youth, however poor, is hopeful. It takes time to make a man despair, and when he despairs, the devil is soon at his elbow. Nevertheless, greed and madness have upset some Templars' brains. In October, 1573, a crazed, fanatical man of the Middle Temple, named Peter Burchet, mistaking John Hawkins (afterwards the naval hero) for Sir Christopher Hatton, flew at him in the Strand, and dangerously wounded him with a dagger. The queen was so furious that at first she wanted Burchet tried by camp law; but, being found to hold heretical opinions, he was committed to the Lollards' Tower (south front of St. Paul's), and afterwards sent to the Tower. Growing still madder there, Burchet slew one of his keepers with a billet from his fire, and was then condemned to death and hung in the Strand, close by where he had stabbed Hawkins, his right hand being first stricken off and nailed to the gibbet.

In 1685 John Ayloff, a barrister of the Inner Temple, was hung for high treason opposite the Temple Gate.

In 1738 Thomas Carr, an attorney, of Elm Court, and Elizabeth Adams, his accomplice, were executed for robbing a Mr. Quarrington in Shire Lane (see page 74); and in 1752 Henry Justice, of the Middle Temple, in spite of his well-omened name, was cruelly sentenced to death for stealing books from the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, but eventually he was only transported for life.

The celebrated Earl of Mansfield, when Mr. Murray, had chambers at No. 5, King's Bench Walk, *apropos* of which Pope wrote—

"To Number Five direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves."
(Pope "to Venus," from "Horace.")

A second compliment by Pope to this great man occasioned a famous parody:—

"Graced as thou art by all the power of words,
So known, so honoured at the House of Lords"
(Pope, of Lord Mansfield);

which was thus cleverly parodied by Colley Cibber:

"Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks."

One of Mansfield's biographers tells us that "once he was surprised by a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn (who took the liberty of entering his room in the Temple without the ceremonious introduction of a servant), in the act of practising the graces of a speaker at a glass, while Pope sat by in the character of a friendly preceptor." Of the friendship of Pope and Murray, Warburton has said: "Mr. Pope had all the warmth of affection for this great lawyer; and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a poet for his friend, in the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear had a share, so he supported his title to it by all the offices of a generous and true friendship."

"A good story," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "is told of certain visits paid to William Murray's chambers at No. 5, King's Bench Walk, Temple, in the year 1738. Born in 1705, Murray was still a young man when, in 1738, he made his brilliant speech on behalf of Colonel Sloper, against whom Colley Cibber's rascally son had brought an action for immorality with his wife, the lovely actress, who on the stage was the rival of Mrs. Clive, and in private life was remarkable for immorality and fascinating manners. Amongst the many clients who were drawn to Murray by that speech, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was neither the least powerful nor the least distinguished. Her grace began by sending the rising advocate a general retainer, with a fee of a thousand guineas, of which sum he accepted only the two-hundredth part, explaining to the astonished duchess that 'the professional fee, with a general retainer, could not be less nor more than five guineas.' If Murray had accepted the whole sum he would not have been overpaid for his trouble, for her grace persecuted him with calls at most unseasonable hours. On one occasion, returning to his chambers after 'drinking champagne with the wits,' he found the duchess's carriage and attendants on King's Bench Walk. A numerous crowd of footmen and link-bearers surrounded the coach, and when the barrister entered his chambers he encountered the mistress of that army of lackeys. 'Young man,' exclaimed the grand lady, eyeing the future Lord Mansfield with a look of displeasure, 'if you mean to rise in the world, you must not sup out.' On a subsequent night Sarah of Marlborough called without appointment at the chambers, and waited till past midnight in the hope that she would see the lawyer ere she went to bed. But Murray, being at an unusually late supper-party, did not return till her grace had departed in an overpowering rage. 'I could not make out, sir, who she was,' said Murray's clerk, describing her grace's appearance and manner, 'for she would not tell me her name; *but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality.*'"

Charles Lamb, who was born in Crown Office Row, in his exquisite way has sketched the benchers of the Temple whom he had seen pacing the terrace in his youth. Jekyll, with the roguish eye, and Thomas Coventry, of the elephantine step, the scarecrow of inferiors, the browbeater of equals, who made a solitude of children wherever he came,

who took snuff by palmfuls, diving for it under the mighty flap of his old-fashioned red waistcoat. In the gentle Samuel Salt we discover a portrait of the employer of Lamb's father. Salt was a shy indolent, absent man, who never dressed for a dinner party but he forgot his sword. The day of Miss Blandy's execution he went to dine with a relative of the murderess, first carefully schooled by his clerk to avoid the disagreeable subject. However, during the pause for dinner, Salt went to the window, looked out, pulled down his ruffles, and observed, "It's a gloomy day; Miss Blandy must be hanged by this time, I suppose." Salt never laughed. He was a well-known toast with the ladies, having a fine figure and person. Coventry, on the other hand, was a man worth four or five hundred thousand, and lived in a gloomy house, like a strong box, opposite the pump in Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street. Fond of money as he was, he gave away £30,000 at once to a charity for the blind, and kept a hospitable house. Salt was indolent and careless of money, and but for Lovel, his clerk, would have been universally robbed. This Lovel was a clever little fellow, with a face like Garrick, who could mould heads in clay, turn cribbage-boards, take a hand at a quadrille or bowls, and brew punch with any man of his degree in Europe. With Coventry and Salt, Peter Pierson often perambulated the terrace, with hands folded behind him. Contemporary with these was Daines Barrington, a burly, square man. Lamb also mentions Burton, "a jolly negation," who drew up the bills of fare for the parliament chamber, where the benchers dined; thin, fragile Wharry, who used to spitefully pinch his cat's ears when anything offended him; and Jackson, the musician, to whom the cook once applied for instructions how to write down "edge-bone of beef" in a bill of commons. Then there was Blustering Mingay, who had a grappling-hook in substitute for a hand he had lost, which Lamb, when a child, used to take for an emblem of power; and Baron Mascres, who retained the costume of the reign of George II.

In his "Essays," Lamb says:—"I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river I had almost said—for in those young years what was the king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?—these are of my oldest recollections. I repeat, to this day, no verses to myself more frequently or with kindlier emotion than those of Spenser where he speaks of this spot. Indeed, it is the most elegant spot in the metropolis. What a transition for a countryman visiting London for the first time—the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street, by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent, ample squares, its classic green recesses! What a cheerful, liberal look hath that portion of it which, from three sides, overlooks the greater garden, that goodly pile

'Of buildings strong, albeit of paper hight,'

confronting with massy contrast, the lighter, older, more fantastically shrouded one named of Harcourt, with the cheerful Crown Office Row (place of my kindly engendure), right opposite the stately stream, which washes the garden foot with her yet scarcely trade-polluted waters, and seems but just weaned from Twickenham Naïades! A man would give something to have been born in such places. What a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays, which I have made to rise and fall, how many times! to the astonishment of the young urchins, my contemporaries, who, not being able to guess at its recondite machinery, were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic. . . . .

"So may the winged horse, your ancient badge and cognisance, still flourish! So may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your church and chambers! So may the sparrows, in default of more melodious quiristers, imprisoned hop about your walks! So may the fresh-coloured and cleanly nursery-maid, who by leave airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsey as ye pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion! So may the younkers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration with which the child Elia gazed on the old worthies that solemnised the parade before ye!"

Charles Lamb, in his "Essay" on the old benchers, speaks of many changes he had witnessed in the Temple—*i.e.*, the Gothicising the entrance to the Inner Temple Hall and the Library front, to assimilate them to the hall, which they did not resemble; to the removal of the winged horse over the Temple Hall, and the frescoes of the Virtues which once Italianised it. He praises, too, the antique air of the "now almost effaced sun-dials," with their moral inscriptions, seeming almost coeval with the time which they measured, and taking their revelations immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light. Of these dials there still remain—one in Temple Lane, with the motto, "Pereunt et imputantur;" one in Essex Court, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum;" and one in Brick Court on which Goldsmith must often have gazed—the motto, "Time and tide tarry for no man." In

Pump Court and Garden Court are two dials without mottoes; and in each Temple garden is a pillar dial—"the natural garden god of Christian gardens." On an old brick house at the east end of Inner Temple Terrace, removed in 1828, was a dial with the odd inscription, "Begone about your business," words with which an old bencher is said to have once dismissed a troublesome lad who had come from the dial-maker's for a motto, and who mistook his meaning. The one we have engraved at page 180 is in Pump Court. The date and the initials are renewed every time it is fresh painted.

There are many old Temple anecdotes relating to that learned disciple of Bacchus, Porson. Many a time (says Mr. Timbs), at early morn, did Porson stagger from his old haunt, the "Cider Cellars" in Maiden Lane, where he scarcely ever failed to pass some hours, after spending the evening elsewhere. It is related of him, upon better authority than most of the stories told to his discredit, that one night, or rather morning, Gurney (the Baron), who had chambers in Essex Court under Porson's, was awakened by a tremendous thump in the chamber above. Porson had just come home dead drunk, and had fallen on the floor. Having extinguished the candle in the fall, he presently staggered downstairs to re-light it, and Gurney heard him dodging and poking with the candle at the staircase lamp for about five minutes, and all the time very lustily cursing the nature of things.

We read also of Porson's shutting himself up in these chambers for three or four days together, admitting no visitor. One morning his friend Rogers went to call, having ascertained from the barber's hard by that Porson was at home, but had not been seen by any one for two days. Rogers proceeded to his chambers, and knocked at the door more than once; he would not open it, and Rogers came downstairs, but as he was crossing the court Porson opened the window and stopped him. He was then busy about the Grenville "Homer," for which he collated the Harleian MS. of the "Odyssey," and received for his labour but £50 and a large-paper copy. His chambers must have presented a strange scene, for he used books most cruelly, whether they were his own or belonged to others. He said that he possessed more *bad* copies of *good* books than any private gentleman in England.

Rogers, when a Templar, occasionally had some visitors who absorbed more of his time than was always agreeable; an instance of which he thus relates: "When I lived in the Temple, Mackintosh and Richard Sharp used to come to my chambers and stay there for hours, talking metaphysics. One day they were so intent on their 'first cause,' 'spirit,' and 'matter,' that they were unconscious of my having left them, paid a visit, and returned. I was a little angry at this; and to show my indifference about them, I sat down and wrote letters, without taking any notice of them. I never met a man with a fuller mind than Mackintosh—such readiness on all subjects, such a talker."

Before any person can be admitted a member of the Temple, he must furnish a statement in writing, describing his age, residence, and condition in life, and adding a certificate of his respectability and fitness, signed by himself and a bencher of the society, or two barristers. The *Middle* Temple requires the signatures of two barristers of that Inn and of a bencher, but in each of the three other Inns the signatures of barristers of any of the four Inns will suffice. No person is admitted without the approbation of a bencher, or of the benchers in council assembled.

The *Middle Temple* includes the universities of Durham and London. At the *Inner Temple* the candidate for admission who has taken the degree of B.A., or passed an examination at the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or London, is required to pass an examination by a barrister, appointed by the Bench for that purpose, in the Greek and Latin languages, and history or literature in general. No person in priest's or deacon's orders can be called to the bar. In the *Inner Temple*, an attorney must have ceased to be on the rolls, and an articled clerk to be in articles for *three years*, before he can be called to the bar.

Legal students worked hard in the old times; Coke's career is an example. In 1572 he rose every morning at five o'clock, lighting his own fire; and then read Bracton, Littleton, and the ponderous folio abridgments of the law till the court met, at eight o'clock. He then took boat for Westminster, and heard cases argued till twelve o'clock, when the pleas ceased for dinner. After a meal in the Inner Temple Hall, he attended "readings" or lectures in the afternoon, and then resumed his private studies till supper-time at five. Next came the moots, after which he slammed his chamber-door, and set to work with his commonplace book to index all the law he had amassed during the day. At nine, the steady student went to bed, securing three good hours of sleep before midnight. It is said Coke never saw a play or read a play in his life—and that was Shakespeare's time! In the reign of James I. the Temple was often called "my Lord Coke's shop." He had become a great lawyer then, and lived to become Lord Chief Justice. Pity 'tis that we have

to remember that he reviled Essex and insulted Raleigh. King James once said of Coke in misfortune that he was like a cat; he always fell on his feet.

History does not record many riots in the Temple, full of wild life as that quiet precinct has been. In different reigns, however, two outbreaks occurred. In both cases the Templars, though rather hot and prompt, seem to have been right. At the dinner of John Prideaux, reader of the Inner Temple, in 1553, the students took offence at Sir John Lyon, the Lord Mayor, coming in state, with his sword up, and the sword was dragged down as he passed through the cloisters. The same sort of affray took place again in 1669, when Lord Mayor Peake came to Sir Christopher Goodfellow's feast, and the Lord Mayor had to be hidden in a bencher's chambers till, as Pepys relates, the fiery young sparks were decoyed away to dinner. The case was tried before Charles II., and Heneage Finch pleaded for the Temple, claiming immemorial exemption from City jurisdiction. The case was never decided. From that day to this (says Mr. Noble) a settlement appears never to have been made; hence it is that the Temples claim to be "extra parochial," closing nightly all their gates as the clock strikes ten, and keeping extra watch and ward when the parochial authorities "beat the bounds" upon Ascension Day. Many struggles have taken place to make the property rateable, and even of late the question has once more arisen; and it is hardly to be wondered at, for it would be a nice bit of business to assess the Templars upon the £32,866 which they have returned as the annual rental of their estates.

A third riot was with those ceaseless enemies of the Templars, the Alsatians, or lawless inhabitants of disreputable Whitefriars. In July, 1691, weary of their riotous and thievish neighbours, the benchers of the Inner Temple bricked up the gate (still existing in King's Bench Walk) leading into the high street of Whitefriars; but the Alsatians, swarming out, pulled down as fast as the bricklayers built up. The Templars hurried together, swords flew out, the Alsatians plied pokers and shovels, and many heads were broken. Ultimately, two men were killed, several wounded, and many hurried off to prison. Eventually, the ringleader of the Alsatians, Captain Francis White—a "copper captain," no doubt—was convicted of murder, in April, 1693. This riot eventually did good, for it led to the abolition of London sanctuaries, those dens of bullies, low gamblers, thieves, and courtesans.

As the Middle Temple has grown gradually poorer and more neglected, many curious customs of the old banquets have died out. The loving cup, once fragrant with sweetened sack, is now used to hold the almost superfluous toothpicks. Oysters are no longer brought in, in term, every Friday before dinner; nor when one bencher dines does he, on leaving the hall, invite the senior bar man to come and take wine with him in the parliament chamber (the accommodation-room of Oxford colleges). Yet the rich and epicurean Inner Temple still cherishes many worthy customs, affects *recherché* French dishes, and is curious in *entremets;* while the Middle Temple growls over its geological salad, that some hungry wit has compared to "eating a gravel walk, and meeting an occasional weed." A writer in *Blackwood*, quoting the old proverb, "The Inner Temple for the rich, the Middle for the poor," says few great men have come from the Middle Temple. How can acumen be derived from the scrag-end of a neck of mutton, or inspiration from griskins? At a late dinner, says Mr. Timbs (1865), there were present only three benchers, seven barristers, and six students.

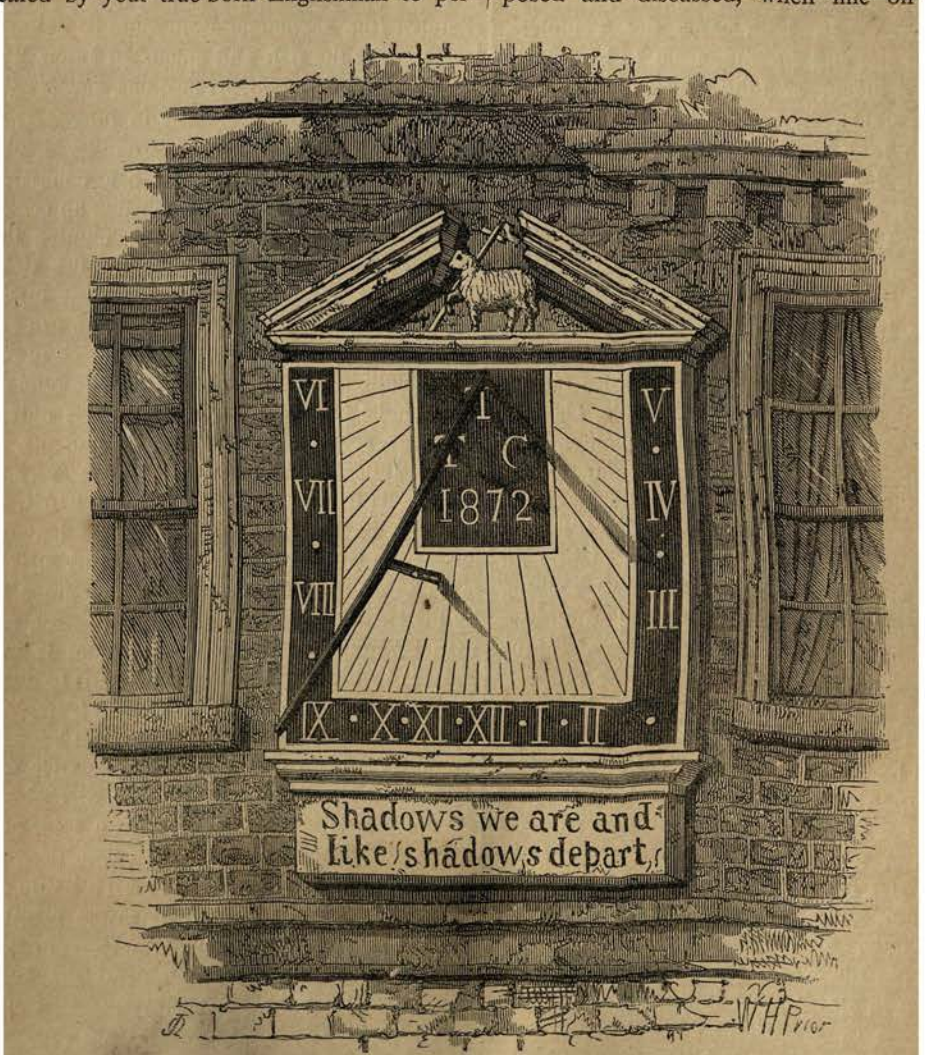
An Inner Temple banquet is a very grand thing. At five, or half-past five, the barristers and students in their gowns follow the benchers in procession to the dais; the steward strikes the table solemnly a mystic three times, grace is said by the treasurer, or senior bencher present, and the men of law fall to. In former times it was the custom to blow a horn in every court to announce the meal, but how long this ancient Templar practice has been discontinued we do not know. The benchers observe somewhat more style at their table than the other members do at theirs. The general repast is a tureen of soup, a joint of meat, a tart, and cheese, to each mess, consisting of four persons, and each mess is allowed a bottle of port wine. Dinner is served daily to the members of the Inn during term time; the masters of the Bench dining on the state, or dais, and the barristers and students at long tables extending down the hall. On grand days the judges are present, who dine in succession with each of the four Inns of Court. To the parliament chamber, adjoining the hall, the benchers repair after dinner. The loving cups used on certain grand occasions are huge silver goblets, which are passed down the table, filled with a delicious composition, immemorially termed "sack," consisting of sweetened and exquisitely-flavoured white wine. The butler attends the progress of the cup, to replenish it; and each student is by rule restricted to a *sip;* yet it is recorded that once, though the number present fell short of seventy, thirty-six quarts of the liquid were sipped away. At the Inner Temple, on May 29th,

a gold cup of sack is handed to each member, who drinks to the happy restoration of Charles II.

The writer in *Blackwood* before referred to alludes to the strict silence enjoined at the Inner Temple dinners, the only intercourse between the several members of the mess being the usual social scowl vouchsafed by your true-born Englishman to persons who have not the honour of his acquaintance. You may, indeed, on an emergency, ask your neighbour for the salt; but then it is also perfectly understood that he is not obliged to notice your request.

The old term of "calling to the bar" seems to have originated in the custom of summoning students, that had attained a certain standing, to the bar that separated the benchers' dais from the hall, to take part in certain probationary mootings or discussions on points of law. The mere student sat farthest from the bar.

When these mootings were discontinued deponent sayeth not. In Coke's time (1543), that great lawyer, after supper at five o'clock, used to join the moots, when questions of law were proposed and discussed, when fine on the garden terrace, in rainy weather in the Temple cloisters. The dinner alone now remains; dining is now the only legal study of Temple students.



SUN-DIAL IN THE TEMPLE (*see page* 177).

In the *Middle Temple* a three years' standing and twelve commons kept suffices to entitle a gentleman to be called to the bar, provided he is above twenty-three years of age. No person can be called to the bar at any of the Inns of Court before he is twenty-one years of age; and a standing of five years is understood to be required of every

member before being called. The members of the several universities, &c., may, however, be called after three years' standing.

The Inner Temple Garden (three acres in extent) has probably been a garden from the time the white-mantled Templars first came from Holborn and settled by the river-side. This little paradise of nurserymaids and London children is entered from the terrace by an iron gate (date, 1730); and the winged horse that surmounts the portal has looked down on many a distinguished visitor. In the centre of the grass is such a sun-dial as Charles Lamb loved, with the date, 1770. A little to the east of this stands an old sycamore, which, fifteen years since, was railed in as the august mummy of that umbrageous tree under whose shade, as tradition says, Johnson and Goldsmith used to sit and converse. According to an engraving of 1671 there were formerly three trees; so that Shakespeare himself may have sat under them and meditated on the Wars of the Roses. The print shows a brick terrace faced with stone, with a flight of steps at the north. The old river wall of 1670 stood fifty or sixty yards farther north than the present; and when Paper Buildings were erected, part of this wall was dug up. The view given on this page, and taken from an old view in the Temple, shows a portion of the old wall, with the doorway opening upon the Temple Stairs.

The Temple Garden, half a century since, was famous for its white and red roses (the Old Provence, Cabbage, and the Maiden's Blush—Timbs); and the lime trees were delightful in the time of bloom. There were only two steamboats on the river then; but the steamers and factory smoke soon spoiled everything but the hardy chrysanthemums. However, since the Smoke Consuming Act has been enforced, the roses, stocks, and hawthorns have again taken heart, and blossom with grateful luxuriance. In 1864 Mr. Broome, the zealous gardener of the Inner Temple, exhibited at the Central Horticultural Society twenty-four trusses of roses grown under his care. In the flower-beds next the main walk he managed to secure four successive crops of flowers—the pompones were especially gaudy and beautiful; but his chief triumph were the chrysanthemums of the northern border. The trees, however, seem delicate, and suffering from the cold

THE TEMPLE STAIRS.

winds, dwindle as they approach the river. The planes, limes, and wych elms stand best. The Temple rooks—the wise birds Goldsmith delighted to watch—were originally brought by Sir William Northcote from Woodcote Green, Epsom, but they left in disgust, many years since. Mr. Timbs says that 200 families enjoy these gardens throughout the year, and about 10,000 of the outer world, chiefly children, who are always in search of the lost Eden, come here annually. The flowers and trees are rarely injured, thanks to the much-abused London public.

In the secluded Middle Temple Garden is an old catalpa tree, supposed to have been planted by that grave and just judge, Sir Matthew Hale. On the lawn is a large table sun-dial, elaborately gilt and embellished. From the library oriel the Thames and its bridges, Somerset House and the Houses of Parliament, form a grand *coup d'œil.*

The revenue of the Middle Temple alone is said to be £13,000 a year. With the savings we are, of course, entirely ignorant. The students' dinners are half paid for by themselves, the library is kept up on very little fodder, and altogether the system of auditing the Inns of Court accounts is as incomprehensible as the Sybilline oracles; but there can be no doubt it is all right, and very well managed.

In the seventeenth century (says Mr. Noble) a benevolent member of the Middle Temple conveyed to the benchers in fee several houses in the City, out of the rents of which to pay a stated salary to each of two referees, who were to meet on two days weekly, in term, from two to five, in the hall or other convenient place, and without fee on either side, to settle as best they could all disputes submitted to them. From that time the referees have been appointed, but there is no record of a single case being tried by them. The two gentlemen, finding their office a sinecure, have devoted their salaries to making periodical additions to the library. May we be allowed to ask, was this benevolent object ever made known to the public generally? We cannot but think, if it had been, that the two respected arbitrators would not have had to complain of the office as a sinecure.

He who can enumerate the wise and great men who have been educated in the Temple can count off the stars on his finger and measure the sands of the sea-shore by teacupsful. To cull a few, we may mention that the Inner Temple boasts among its eminent members — Audley, Chancellor to Henry VIII.; Nicholas Hare, of Hare Court celebrity; the great lawyer, Littleton (1481), and Coke, his commentator; Sir Christopher Hatton, the dancing Chancellor; Lord Buckhurst; Selden; Judge Jeffries; Beaumont, the poet; William Browne, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals" (so much praised by the Lamb and Hazlitt school); Cowper, the poet; and Sir William Follett.

From the Middle Temple have also sprung swarms of great lawyers. We may mention specially Plowden, the jurist, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas Overbury (who was poisoned in the Tower), John Ford (one of the latest of the great dramatists), Sir Edward Bramston (chamber-fellow to Mr. Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon), Bulstrode Whitelocke (one of Cromwell's Ministers), Lord-Keeper Guildford (Charles II.), Lord Chancellor Somers, Wycherley and Congreve (the dramatists), Shadwell and Southern (comedy writers), Sir William Blackstone, Edmund Burke, Sheridan, Dunning (Lord Ashburton), Lord Chancellor Eldon, Lord Stowell, as a few among a multitude.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHITEFRIARS.

The Present Whitefriars—The Carmelite Convent—Dr. Butts—The Sanctuary—Lord Sanquhar Murders the Fencing-Master—His Trial—Bacon and Yelverton—His Execution—Sir Walter Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel"—Shadwell's *Squire of Alsatia*—A Riot in Whitefriars—Elizabethan Edicts against the Ruffians of Alsatia—Bridewell—A Roman Fortification—A Saxon Palace—Wolsey's Residence—Queen Katherine's Trial—Her Behaviour in Court—Persecution of the First Congregationalists—Granaries and Coal Stores destroyed by the Great Fire—The Flogging in Bridewell—Sermon on Madame Creswell—Hogarth and the "Harlot's Progress"—Pennant's Account of Bridewell—Bridewell in 1843—Its Latter Days—Pictures in the Court Room—Bridewell Dock—The Gas Works—Theatres in Whitefriars—Pepys' Visits to the Theatre—Dryden and the Dorset Gardens Theatre—Davenant—Kynaston—Dorset House—The Poet-Earl.

So rich is London in legend and tradition, that even some of the spots that now appear the blankest, baldest, and most uninteresting, are really vaults of entombed anecdote and treasure-houses of old story.

Whitefriars—that dull, narrow, uninviting lane sloping from Fleet Street to the river, with gas works at its foot and mean shops on either side—was once the centre of a district full of noblemen's mansions; but Time's harlequin wand by-and-by

turned it into a debtors' sanctuary and thieves' paradise, and for half a century its bullies and swindlers waged a ceaseless war with their proud and rackety neighbours of the Temple. The dingy lane, now only awakened by the quick wheel of the swift newspaper cart or the ponderous tires of the sullen coal-wagon, was in olden times for ever ringing with clash of swords, the cries of quarrelsome gamblers, and the drunken songs of noisy Bobadils.

In the reign of Edward I., a certain Sir Robert Gray, moved by qualms of conscience or honest impulse, founded on the bank of the Thames, east of the well-guarded Temple, a Carmelite convent, with broad gardens, where the white friars might stroll, and with shady nooks where they might con their missals. Bouverie Street and Ram Alley were then part of their domain, and there they watched the river and prayed for their patrons' souls. In 1350 Courtenay, Earl of Devon, rebuilt the Whitefriars Church, and in 1420 a Bishop of Hereford added a steeple. In time, greedy hands were laid roughly on cope and chalice, and Henry VIII., seizing on the friars' domains, gave his physician—that Doctor Butts mentioned by Shakespeare—the chapter-house for a residence. Edward VI.—who, with all his promise, was as ready for such pillage as his tyrannical father—pulled down the church, and built noblemen's houses in its stead. The refectory of the convent, being preserved, afterwards became the Whitefriars Theatre. The mischievous right of sanctuary was preserved to the district, and confirmed by James I., in whose reign the slum became jocosely known as Alsatia—from Alsace, that unhappy frontier then, and later, contended for by French and Germans—just as Chandos Street and that shy neighbourhood at the north-west side of the Strand used to be called the Caribbee Islands, from its countless straits and intricate thieves' passages. The outskirts of the Carmelite monastery had no doubt become disreputable at an early time, for even in Edward III.'s reign the holy friars had complained of the gross temptations of Lombard Street (an alley near Bouverie Street). Sirens and Dulcineas of all descriptions were ever apt to gather round monasteries. Whitefriars, however, even as late as Cromwell's reign, preserved a certain respectability; for here, with his supposed wife, the Dowager Countess of Kent, Selden lived and studied.

In the reign of James I. a strange murder was committed in Whitefriars. The cause of the crime was highly singular. In 1607 young Lord Sanquhar, a Scotch nobleman, who with others of his countrymen had followed his king to England, had an eye put out by a fencing-master of Whitefriars. The young lord—a man of a very ancient, proud, and noble Scotch family, as renowned for courage as for wit—had striven to put some affront on the fencing-master at Lord Norris's house, in Oxfordshire, wishing to render him contemptible before his patrons and assistants—a common bravado of the rash Tybalts and hot-headed Mercutios of those fiery days of the duello, when even to crack a nut too loud was enough to make your tavern neighbour draw his sword. John Turner, the master, jealous of his professional honour, challenged the tyro with dagger and rapier, and, determined to chastise his ungenerous assailant, parried all his most skilful passadoes and staccatoes, and in his turn pressed Sanquhar with his foil so hotly and boldly that he unfortunately thrust out one of his eyes. The young baron, ashamed of his own rashness, and not convinced that Turner's thrust was only a slip and an accident, bore with patience several days of extreme danger. As for Turner, he displayed natural regret, and was exonerated by everybody. Some time after, Lord Sanquhar being in the court of Henry IV. of France, that chivalrous and gallant king, always courteous to strangers, seeing the patch of green taffeta, unfortunately, merely to make conversation, asked the young Scotchman how he lost his eye. Sanquhar, not willing to lose the credit of a wound, answered cannily, "It was done, your majesty, with a sword." The king replied, thoughtlessly, "Doth the man live?" and no more was said. This remark, however, awoke the viper of revenge in the young man's soul. He brooded over those words, and never ceased to dwell on the hope of some requital on his old opponent. Two years he remained in France, hoping that his wound might be cured, and at last, in despair of such a result, set sail for England, still brooding over revenge against the author of his cruel and, as it now appeared, irreparable misfortune. The King of Denmark, James's toss-pot father-in-law, was on a visit here at the time, and the court was very gay. The first news that Lord Sanquhar heard was, that the accursed Turner was down at Greenwich Palace, fencing there in public matches before the two kings. To these entertainments the young Scotchman went, and there, from some corner of a gallery, the man with a patch over his eye no doubt scowled and bit his lip at the fencing-master, as he strutted beneath, proud of his skill and flushed with triumph. The moment the prizes were given, Sanquhar hurried below, and sought Turner up and down, through court and corridor, resolved to stab him on the spot, though even drawing a

sword in the precincts of the palace was an offence punishable with the loss of a hand. Turner, however, at that time escaped, for Sanquhar never came across him in the throng, though he beat it as a dog beats a covert. The next day, therefore, still on his trail, Lord Sanquhar went after him to London, seeking for him up and down the Strand, and in all the chief Fleet Street and Cheapside taverns. The Scot could not have come to a more dangerous place than London. Some, with malicious pity, would tell him that Turner had vaunted of his skilful thrust, and the way he had punished a man who tried to publicly shame him. Others would thoughtlessly lament the spoiling of a good swordsman and a brave soldier. The mere sight of the turnings to Whitefriars would rouse the evil spirit nestling in Sanquhar's heart. Eagerly he sought for Turner, till he found he was gone down to Norris's house, in Oxfordshire—the very place where the fatal wound had been inflicted. Being thus for the time foiled, Sanquhar returned to Scotland, and for the present delayed his revenge. On his next visit to London Sanquhar, cruel and steadfast as a bloodhound, again sought for Turner. Yet the difficulty was to surprise the man, for Sanquhar was well known in all the taverns and fencing-schools of Whitefriars, and yet did not remember Turner sufficiently well to be sure of him. He therefore hired two Scotchmen, who undertook his assassination; but, in spite of this, Turner somehow or other was hard to get at, and escaped his two pursuers and the relentless man whose money had bought them. Business then took Sanquhar again to France, but on his return the brooding revenge, now grown to a monomania, once more burst into a flame.

At last he hired Carlisle and Gray, two Scotchmen, who were to take a lodging in Whitefriars, to discover the best way for Sanquhar himself to strike a sure blow at the unconscious fencing-master. These men, after some reconnoitring, assured their employer that he could not himself get at Turner, but that they would undertake to do so, to which Sanquhar assented. But Gray's heart failed him after this, and he slipped away, and Turner went again out of town, to fence at some country mansion. Upon this Carlisle, a resolute villain, came to his employer and told him with grim set face that, as Gray had deceived him and there was "trust in no knave of them all," he would e'en have nobody but himself, and would assuredly kill Turner on his return, though it were with the loss of his own life. Irving, a Border lad, and page to Lord Sanquhar, ultimately joined Carlisle in the assassination.

On the 11th of May, 1612, about seven o'clock in the evening, the two murderers came to a tavern in Whitefriars, which Turner usually frequented as he returned from his fencing-school. Turner, sitting at the door with one of his friends, seeing the men, saluted them, and asked them to drink. Carlisle turned to cock the pistol he had prepared, then wheeled round, and drawing the pistol from under his coat, discharged it full at the unfortunate fencing-master, and shot him near the left breast. Turner had only time to cry, "Lord have mercy upon me—I am killed," and fell from the ale-bench, dead. Carlisle and Irving at once fled—Carlisle to the town, Irving towards the river; but the latter, mistaking a court where wood was sold for the turning into an alley, was instantly run down and taken. Carlisle was caught in Scotland, Gray as he was shipping at a sea-port for Sweden; and Sanquhar himself, hearing one hundred pounds were offered for his head, threw himself on the king's mercy by surrendering himself as an object of pity to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But no intercession could avail. It was necessary for James to show that he would not spare Scottish more than English malefactors.

Sanquhar was tried in Westminster Hall on the 27th of June, before Mr. Justice Yelverton. Sir Francis Bacon, the Solicitor-General, did what he could to save the revengeful Scot, but it was impossible to keep him from the gallows. Robert Creighton, Lord Sanquhar, therefore, confessed himself guilty, but pleaded extenuating circumstances. He had, he said, always believed that Turner boasted he had put out his eye of set purpose, though at the taking up the foils he (Sanquhar) had specially protested that he played as a scholar, and not as one able to contend with a master in the profession. The mode of playing among scholars was always to spare the face.

"After this loss of my eye," continued the quasi-repentant murderer, "and with the great hazard of the loss of life, I must confess that I ever kept a grudge of my soul against Turner, but had no purpose to take so high a revenge; yet in the course of my revenge I considered not my wrongs upon terms of Christianity—for then I should have sought for other satisfaction—but, being trained up in the courts of princes and in arms, I stood upon the terms of honour, and thence befell this act of dishonour, whereby I have offended—first, God; second, my prince; third, my native country; fourth, this country; fifth, the party murdered; sixth, his wife; seventh, posterity; eighth, Carlisle, now to be executed; and lastly, ninth, my own soul, and I am now to die for my offence. But, my

lords," he added, "besides my own offence, which in its nature needs no aggravation, divers scandalous reports are given out which blemish my reputation, which is more dear to me than my life: first, that I made show of reconciliation with Turner, the which, I protest, is utterly untrue, for what I have formerly said I do again assure your good lordships, that ever after my hurt received I kept a grudge in my soul against him, and never made the least pretence of reconciliation with him. Yet this, my lords, I will say, that if he would have confessed and sworn he did it not of purpose, and withal would have foresworn arms, I would have pardoned him; for, my lords, I considered that it must be done either of set purpose or ignorantly. If the first, I had no occasion to pardon him; if the last, that is no excuse in a master, and therefore for revenge of such a wrong I thought him unworthy to bear arms."

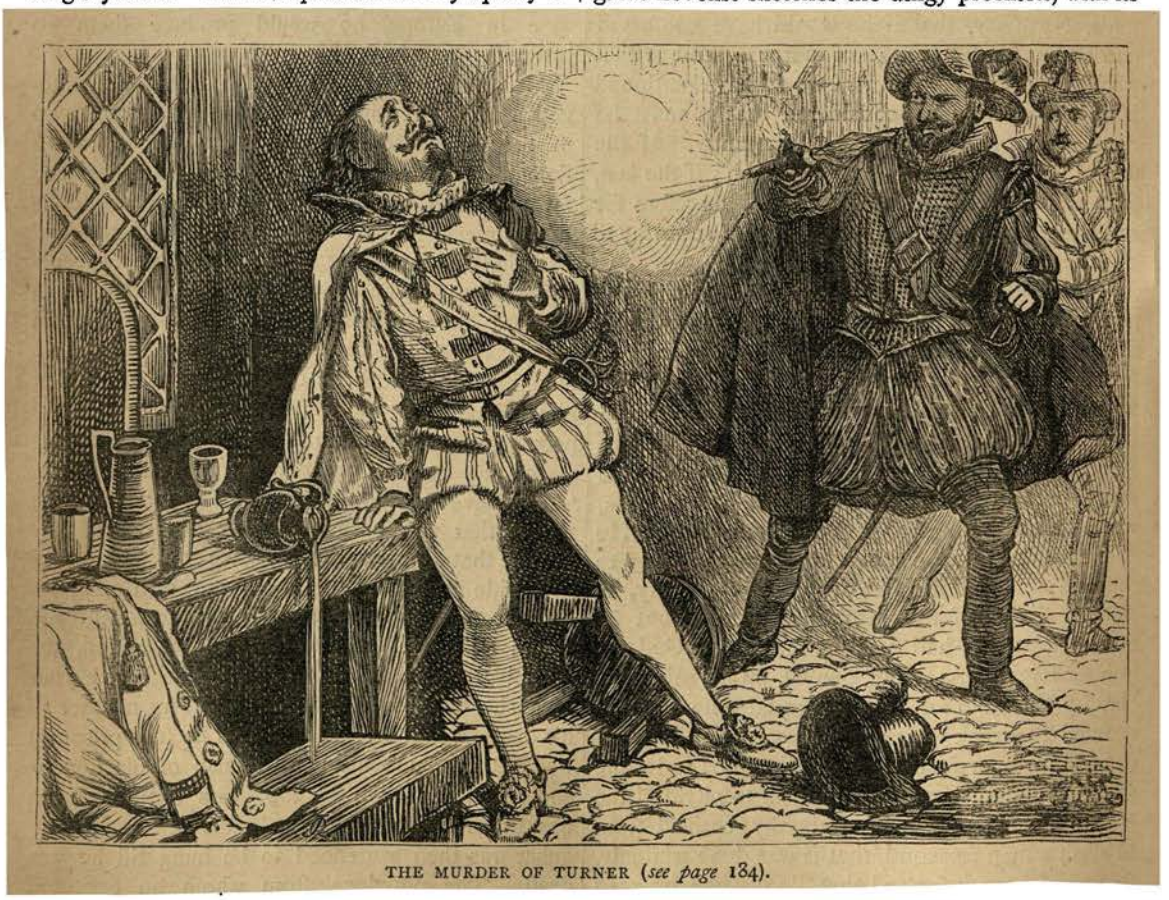
Lord Sanquhar then proceeded to deny the aspersion that he was an ill-natured fellow, ever revengeful, and delighting in blood. He confessed, however, that he was never willing to put up with a wrong, nor to pardon where he had a power to retaliate. He had never been guilty of blood till now, though he had occasion to draw his sword, both in the field and on sudden violences, where he had both given and received hurts. He allowed that, upon commission from the king to suppress wrongs done him in his own country, he had put divers of the Johnsons to death, but for that he hoped he had need neither to ask God nor man for forgiveness. He denied, on his salvation, that by the help of his countrymen he had attempted to break prison and escape. The condemned prisoner finally begged the lords to let the following circumstances move them to pity and the king to mercy:—First, the indignity received from so mean a man; second, that it was done willingly, for he had been informed that Turner had bragged of it after it was done; third, the perpetual loss of his eye; fourth, the want of law to give satisfaction in such a case; fifth, the continued blemish he had received thereby.

The Solicitor-General (Bacon), in his speech, took the opportunity of fulsomely bepraising the king after his manner. He represented the sputtering, drunken, corrupt James as almost divine, in his energy and sagacity. He had stretched forth his long arms (for kings, he said, had long arms), and taken Gray as he shipped for Sweden, Carlisle ere he was yet warm in his house in Scotland. He had prosecuted the offenders "with the breath and blasts of his mouth;" "so that," said this gross time-server, "I may conclude that his majesty hath showed himself God's true lieutenant, and that he is no respecter of persons, but English, Scots, noblemen, fencers (which is but an ignoble trade), are all to him alike in respect of justice. Nay, I may say further, that his majesty hath had in this matter a kind of prophetical spirit, for at what time Carlisle and Gray, and you, my lord, yourself, were fled no man knew whither, to the four winds, the king ever spoke in confident and undertaking manner, that wheresoever the offenders were in Europe, he would produce them to justice."

Mr. Justice Yelverton, though Bacon had altogether taken the wind out of his sails, summed up in the same vein, to prove that James was a Solomon and a prophet, and would show no favouritism to Scotchmen. He held out no hope of a reprieve. "The base and barbarous murder," he said, with ample legal verbiage, "was exceeding strange;—done upon the sudden! done in an instant! done with a pistol! done with your own pistol! under the colour of kindness. As Cain talked with his brother Abel, he rose up and slew him. Your executioners of the murder left the poor miserable man no time to defend himself, scarce any time to breathe out those last words, 'Lord, have mercy upon me!' The ground of the malice that you bore him grew not out of any offence that he ever willingly gave you, but out of the pride and haughtiness of your own self; for that in the false conceit of your own skill you would needs importune him to that action, the sequel whereof did most unhappily breed your blemish—the loss of your eye." The manner of his death would be, no doubt, as he (the prisoner) would think, unbefitting to a man of his honour and blood (a baron of 300 years' antiquity), but was fit enough for such an offender. Lord Sanquhar was then sentenced to be hung till he was dead. The populace, from whom he expected "scorn and disgrace," were full of pity for a man to be cut off, like Shakespeare's Claudio, in his prime, and showed great compassion.

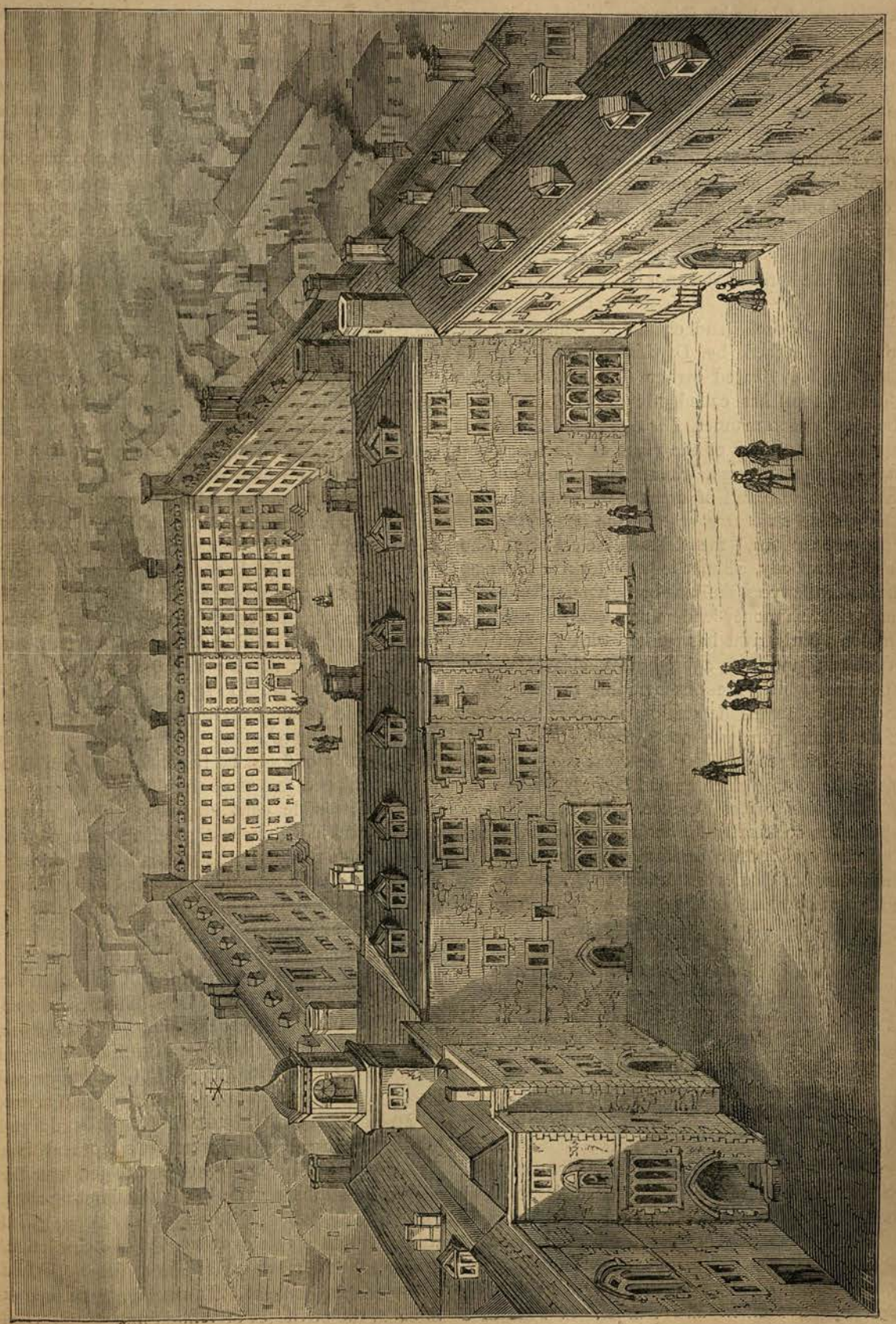
On the 29th of June (St. Peter's Day) Lord Sanquhar was hung before Westminster Hall. On the ladder he confessed the enormity of his sins, but said that till his trial, blinded by the devil, he could not see he had done anything unfitting a man of his rank and quality, who had been trained up in the wars, and had lived the life of a soldier, standing more on points of honour than religion. He then professed that he died a Roman Catholic, and begged all Roman Catholics present to pray for him. He had long, he said, for worldly reasons, neglected the public profession of his

faith, and he thought God was angry with him. His religion was a good religion—a saving religion—and if he had been constant to it he was verily persuaded he should never have fallen into that misery. He then prayed for the king, queen, their issue, the State of England and Scotland, and the lords of the Council and Church, after which the wearied executioner threw him from the ladder, suffering him to hang a long time to display the king's justice. The compassion and sympathy of the people present had abated directly they found he was a Roman Catholic. The same morning, very early, Carlisle and Irving were hung on two gibbets in Fleet Street, over against the great gate of the Whitefriars. The page's gibbet was six feet higher than the serving-man's, it being the custom at that time in Scotland that, when a gentleman was hung at the same time with one of meaner quality, the gentleman had the honour of the higher gibbet, feeling much aggrieved if he had not.



THE MURDER OF TURNER (*see page* 184).

The riotous little kingdom of Whitefriars, with all its frowzy and questionable population, has been admirably drawn by Scott in his fine novel of "The Fortunes of Nigel," recently so pleasantly recalled to our remembrance by Mr. Andrew Halliday's dexterous dramatic adaptation. Sir Walter chooses a den of Alsatia as a sanctuary for young Nigel, after his duel with Dalgarno. At one stroke of Scott's pen, the foggy, crowded streets eastward of the Temple rise before us, and are thronged with shaggy, uncombed ruffians, with greasy shoulder-belts, discoloured scarves, enormous moustaches, and torn hats. With what a Teniers' pencil the great novelist sketches the dingy precincts, with its blackguardly population:—"The wailing of children," says the author of "Nigel," "the scolding of their mothers, the miserable exhibition of ragged linen hung from the windows to dry, spoke the wants and distresses of the wretched inhabitants; while the sounds of complaint were mocked and overwhelmed by the riotous shouts, oaths, profane songs, and boisterous laughter that issued from the alehouses and taverns, which, as the signs indicated, were equal in number to all the other houses; and that the full character of the place might be evident, several faded, tinselled, and painted females looked boldly at the strangers from their open lattices, or more modestly seemed busied with the cracked



BRIDEWELL, AS REBUILT AFTER THE FIRE, FROM AN OLD PRINT (*see page* 191).

flower-pots, filled with mignonette and rosemary, which were disposed in front of the windows, to the great risk of the passengers." It is to a dilapidated tavern in the same foul neighbourhood that the gay Templar, it will be remembered, takes Nigel to be sworn in a brother of Whitefriars by drunken and knavish Duke Hildebrod, whom he finds surrounded by his councillors—a bullying Low Country soldier, a broken attorney, and a hedge parson; and it is here also, at the house of old Miser Trapbois, the young Scot so narrowly escapes death at the hands of the poor old wretch's cowardly assassins.

The scoundrels and cheats of Whitefriars are admirably etched by Dryden's rival, Shadwell. That unjustly-treated writer (for he was by no means a fool) has called one of his comedies, in the Ben Jonson manner, *The Squire of Alsatia*. It paints the manners of the place at the latter end of Charles II.'s reign, when the dregs of an age that was indeed full of dregs were vatted in that disreputable sanctuary east of the Temple. The "copper captains," the degraded clergymen who married anybody, without inquiry, for five shillings, the broken lawyers, skulking bankrupts, sullen homicides, thievish money-lenders, and gaudy courtesans, Dryden's burly rival has painted with a brush full of colour, and with a brightness, clearness, and sharpness which are photographic in their force and truth. In his dedication, which is inscribed to that great patron of poets, the poetical Earl of Dorset, Shadwell dwells on the great success of the piece, the plot of which he had cleverly "adapted" from the *Adelphi* of Terence. In the prologue, which was spoken by Mountfort, the actor, whom the infamous Lord Mohun stabbed in Norfolk Street, the dramatist ridicules his tormenter Dryden, for his noise and bombast, and with some vigour writes—

> "With what prodigious scarcity of wit
> Did the new authors starve the hungry pit!
> Infected by the French, you must have rhyme,
> Which long to please the ladies' ears did chime.
> Soon after this came ranting fustian in,
> And none but plays upon the fret were seen,
> Such daring bombast stuff which fops would praise,
> Tore our best actors' lungs, cut short their days.
> Some in small time did this distemper kill;
> And had the savage authors gone on still,
> Fustian had been a new disease i' the bill."

The moral of Shadwell's piece is the danger of severity in parents. An elder son, being bred up under restraint, turns a rakehell in Whitefriars, whilst the younger, who has had his own way, becomes "an ingenious, well-accomplished gentleman, a man of honour in King's Bench Walk, and of excellent disposition and temper," in spite of a good deal more gallantry than our stricter age would pardon. The worst of it is that the worthy son is always being mistaken for the scamp, while the miserable Tony Lumpkin passes for a time as the pink of propriety. Eventually, he falls into the hands of some Alsatian tricksters. The first of these, Cheatley, is a rascal who, "by reason of debts, does not stir out of Whitefriars, but there inveigles young men of fortune, and helps them to goods and money upon great disadvantage, is bound for them, and shares with them till he undoes them." Shadwell tickets him, in his *dramatis personæ*, as "a lewd, impudent, debauched fellow." According to his own account, the cheat lies perdu, because his unnatural father is looking for him, to send him home into the country. Number two, Shamwell, is a young man of fortune, who, ruined by Cheatley, has turned decoy-duck, and lives on a share of the spoil. His ostensible reason for concealment is that an alderman's young wife had run away with him. The third rascal, Scrapeall, is a low, hypocritical money-lender, who is secretly in partnership with Cheatley. The fourth rascal is Captain Hackman, a bullying coward, whose wife keeps lodgings, sells cherry brandy, and is of more than doubtful virtue. He had formerly been a sergeant in Flanders, but ran from his colours, dubbed himself captain, and sought refuge in the Friars from a paltry debt. This blustering scamp stands much upon his honour, and is alternately drawing his enormous sword and being tweaked by the nose. A lion in the estimation of fools, he boasts over his cups that he has whipped five men through the lungs. He talks a detestable cant language, calling guineas "megs," and half-guineas "smelts." Money, with him is "the ready," "the rhino," "the darby;" a good hat is "a rum nab;" to be well off is to be "rhinocerical." This consummate scoundrel teaches young country Tony Lumpkins to break windows, scour the streets, to thrash the constables, to doctor the dice, and get into all depths of low mischief. Finally, when old Sir William Belfond, the severe old country gentleman, comes to confront his son, during his disgraceful revels at the "George" tavern, in Dogwell Court, Bouverie Street, the four scamps raise a shout of "An arrest! an arrest! A bailiff! a bailiff!" The drawers join in the tumult; the Friars, in a moment, is in an uproar; and eventually the old gentleman is chased by all the scum of Alsatia, shouting at the top of their voices, "Stop! stop! A bailiff! a bailiff!" He has a narrow escape of being pulled to pieces, and emerges in Fleet Street, hot, bespattered, and bruised. It was no joke then to threaten the privileges of Whitefriars.

Presently a horn is blown, there is a cry from Water Lane to Hanging-sword Alley, from Ashen-tree Court to Temple Gardens, of "Tipstaff! An arrest! an arrest!" and in a moment they are "up in the Friars," with a cry of "Fall on." The skulking debtors scuttle into their burrows, the bullies fling down cup and can, lug out their rusty blades, and rush into the *mêlée*. From every den and crib red-faced, bloated women hurry with fire-forks, spits, cudgels, pokers, and shovels. They're "up in the Friars," with a vengeance. Pouring into the Temple before the Templars can gather, they are about to drag old Sir William under the pump, when the worthy son comes to the rescue, and the Templars, with drawn swords, drive back the rabble, and make the porters shut the gates leading into Alsatia. Cheatley, Shamwell, and Hackman, taken prisoners, are then well drubbed and pumped on by the Templars, and the gallant captain loses half his whiskers. "The terror of his face," he moans, "is gone." "Indeed," says Cheatley, "your magnanimous phiz is somewhat disfigured by it, captain." Cheatley threatened endless actions. Hackman swears his honour is very tender, and that this one affront will cost him at least five murders. As for Shamwell, he is inconsolable. "What reparation are actions?" he moans, as he shakes his wet hair and rubs his bruised back. "I am a gentleman, and can never show my face amongst my kindred more." When at last they have got free, they all console themselves with cherry brandy from Hackman's shop, after which the "copper captain" observes, somewhat in Falstaff's manner, "A fish has a cursed life on't. I shall have that aversion to water after this, that I shall scarce ever be cleanly enough to wash my face again."

Later in the play there is still another rising in Alsatia, but this time the musketeers come in force, in spite of all privileges, and the scuffle is greater than ever. Some debtors run up and down without coats, others with still more conspicuous deficiencies. Some cry, "Oars! oars! sculler; five pound for a boat; ten pound for a boat; twenty pound for a boat;" many leap from balconies, and make for the water, to escape to the Savoy or the Mint, also sanctuaries of that day. The play ends with a dignified protest, which doubtless proved thoroughly effective with the audience, against the privileges of places that harboured such knots of scoundrels. "Was ever," Shadwell says, "such impudence suffered in a Government? Ireland conquered; Wales subdued; Scotland united. But there are some few spots of ground in London, just in the face of the Government, unconquered yet, that hold in rebellion still. Methinks 'tis strange that places so near the king's palace should be no part of his dominions. 'Tis a shame in the society of law to countenance such practices. Should any place be shut against the king's writ or posse comitatus?"

Be sure the pugnacious young Templars present all rose at that, and great was the thundering of red-heeled shoes. King William probably agreed with Shadwell, for at the latter end of his reign the privilege of sanctuary was taken from Whitefriars, and the dogs were at last let in on the rats for whom they had been so long waiting. Two other places of refuge—the Mint and the Savoy—however, escaped a good deal longer; and there the Hackmans and Cheatleys of the day still hid their ugly faces after daylight had been let into Whitefriars and the wild days of Alsatia had ceased for ever.

In earlier times there had been evidently special endeavours to preserve order in Whitefriars, for in the State Paper Office there exist the following rules for the inhabitants of the sanctuary in the reign of Elizabeth:—

"*Item.* Theise gates shalbe orderly shutt and opened at convenient times, and porters appointed for the same. Also, a scavenger to keep the precincte clean.

"*Item.* Tipling houses shalbe bound for good order.

"*Item.* Searches to be made by the constables, with the assistance of the inhabitants, at the commandmente of the justices.

"*Item.* Rogues and vagabondes and other disturbers of the public peace shall be corrected and punished by the authoretie of the justices.

"*Item.* A bailife to be appointed for leavienge of such duties and profittes which apperteine unto her Ma^tie^; as also for returne of proces for execution of justice.

"*Item.* Incontinent persons to be presented unto the Ordenary, to be tried, and punished.

"*Item.* The poore within the precincte shalbe provyded for by the inhabitantes of the same.

"*Item.* In tyme of plague, good order shalbe taken for the restrainte of the same.

"*Item.* Lanterne and light to be mainteined duringe winter time."

All traces of its former condition have long since disappeared from Whitefriars, and it is difficult indeed to believe that the dull, uninteresting region that now lies between Fleet Street and the Thames was once the riotous Alsatia of Scott and Shadwell.

And now we come to Bridewell, first a palace, then

a prison. The old palace of Bridewell (Bridget's Well) was rebuilt upon the site of the old Tower of Montfiquet (a soldier of the Conqueror's) by Henry VIII., for the reception of Charles V. of France in 1522. There had been a Roman fortification in the same place, and a palace both of the Saxon and Norman kings. Henry I. partly rebuilt the palace; and in 1847 a vault with Norman billet moulding was discovered in excavating the site of a public-house in Bride Lane. It remained neglected till Cardinal Wolsey (*circa* 1512) came in pomp to live here. Here, in 1525, when Henry's affection for Anne Boleyn was growing, he made her father (Thomas Boleyn, Treasurer of the King's House) Viscount Rochforde. A letter of Wolsey's, June 6, 1513, to the Lord Admiral, is dated from "my poor house at Bridewell;" and from 1515 to 1521 no less than £21,924 was paid in repairs. Another letter from Wolsey, at Bridewell, mentions that the house of the Lord Prior of St. John's Hospital, at Bridewell, had been granted by the king for a record office. The palace must have been detestable enough to the monks, for it was to his palace of Bridewell that Henry VIII. summoned the abbots and other heads of religious societies, and succeeded in squeezing out of them £100,000, the contumacious Cistercians alone yielding up £33,000.

It was at the palace at Bridewell (in 1528) that King Henry VIII. first disclosed the scruples that, after his acquaintance with Anne Boleyn, troubled his sensitive conscience as to his marriage with Katherine of Arragon. "A few days later," says Lingard, condensing the old chronicles, "the king undertook to silence the murmurs of the people, and summoned to his residence in the Bridewell the members of the Council, the lords of his Court, and the mayor, aldermen, and principal citizens. Before them he enumerated the several injuries which he had received from the emperor, and the motives which induced him to seek the alliance of France. Then, taking to himself credit for delicacy of conscience, he described the scruples which had long tormented his mind on account of his marriage with his deceased brother's widow. These he had at first endeavoured to suppress, but they had been revived and confirmed by the alarming declaration of the Bishop of Tarbes in the presence of his Council. To tranquillise his mind he had recourse to the only legitimate remedy: he had consulted the Pontiff, who had appointed two delegates to hear the case, and by their judgment he was determined to abide. He would therefore warn his subjects to be cautious how they ventured to arraign his conduct. The proudest among them should learn that he was their sovereign, and should answer with their heads for the presumption of their tongues." Yet, notwithstanding he made all this parade of conscious superiority, Henry was prudent enough not by any means to refuse the aid of precaution. A rigorous search was made for arms, and all strangers, with the exception only of ten merchants from each nation, were ordered to leave the capital.

At the trial for divorce the poor queen behaved with much womanly dignity. "The judges," says Hall, the chronicler, and after him Stow, "commanded the crier to proclaim silence while their commission was read, both to the court and the people assembled. That done, the scribes commanded the crier to call the king by the name of 'King Henry of England, come into court,' &c. With that the king answered, and said, 'Here.' Then he called the queen, by the name of 'Katherine, Queen of England, come into court,' &c., who made no answer but rose incontinent out of her chair, and because she could not come to the king directly, for the distance secured between them, she went about, and came to the king, kneeling down at his feet in the sight of all the court and people, to whom she said in effect these words, as followeth: 'Sir,' quoth she, 'I desire you to do me justice and right, and take some pity upon me, for I am a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominion, having here so indifferent counsel, and less assurance of friendship. Alas! sir, in what have I offended you? or what occasion of displeasure have I showed you, intending thus to put me from you after this sort? I take God to judge, I have been to you a true and humble wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure; that never contrarised or gainsaid anything thereof; and being always contented with all things wherein you had any delight or dalliance, whether little or much, without grudge or countenance of discontent or displeasure. I loved for your sake all them you loved, whether I had cause or no cause, whether they were my friends or my enemies. I have been your wife these twenty years or more, and you have had by me divers children; and when ye had me at the first, I take God to be judge that I was a very maid; and whether it be true or not, I put it to your conscience. If there be any just cause that you can allege against me, either of dishonesty or matter lawful, to put me from you, I am content to depart, to my shame and rebuke; and if there be none, then I pray you to let me have justice at your hands. The king, your father, was, in his time, of such excellent wit, that he was accounted among all men for wisdom to be a second Solomon; and the

King of Spain, my father, Ferdinand, was reckoned one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spain many years before. It is not, therefore, to be doubted but that they had gathered as wise counsellors unto them of every realm as to their wisdom they thought meet; and as to me seemeth, there were in those days as wise and well-learned in both realms as now at this day, who thought the marriage between you and me good and lawful. Therefore it is a wonder to me to hear what new inventions are now invented against me, that never intended but honesty, and now to cause me to stand to the order and judgment of this court. Ye should, as seemeth me, do me much wrong, for ye may condemn me for lack of answer, having no counsel but such as ye have assigned me; ye must consider that they cannot but be indifferent on my part, where they be your own subjects, and such as ye have taken and chosen out of your council, whereunto they be privy, and dare not disclose your will and intent. Therefore, I humbly desire you, in the way of charity, to spare me until I may know what counsel and advice my friends in Spain will advertise me to take; and if you will not, then your pleasure be fulfilled.' With that she rose up, making a low curtsey to the king, and departed from thence, people supposing that she would have resorted again to her former place, but she took her way straight out of the court, leaning upon the arm of one of her servants, who was her receiver-general, called Master Griffith. The king, being advertised that she was ready to go out of the house where the court was kept, commanded the crier to call her again by these words, 'Katherine, Queen of England,' &c. With that, quoth Master Griffith, 'Madam, ye be called again.' 'Oh! oh!' quoth she, 'it maketh no matter; it is no indifferent (impartial) court for me, therefore I will not tarry: go on your ways.' And thus she departed without any further answer at that time, or any other, and never would appear after in any court."

Bridewell was endowed with the revenues of the Savoy. In 1555 the City companies were taxed for fitting it up; and the next year Machyn records that a thief was hung in one of the courts, and, later on, a riotous attempt was made to rescue prisoners.

In 1863 Mr. Lemon discovered in the State Paper Office some interesting documents relative to the imprisonment in Bridewell, in 1567 (Elizabeth), of many members of the first Congregational Church. Bishop Grindal, writing to Bullinger, in 1568 describes this schism, and estimates its adherents at about 200, but more women than men. Grindal says they held meetings and administered the sacrament in private houses, fields, and even in ships, and ordained ministers, elders, and deacons, after their own manner. The Lord Mayor, in pity, urged them to recant, but they remained firm. Several of these sufferers for conscience' sake died in prison, including Richard Fitz, their minister, and Thomas Rowland, a deacon. In the year 1597, within two months, 5,468 prisoners, including many Spaniards, were sent to Bridewell.

The Bridewell soon proved costly and inconvenient to the citizens, by attracting idle, abandoned, and "masterless" people. In 1608 (James I.) the City erected at Bridewell twelve large granaries and two coal-stores; and in 1620 the old chapel was enlarged. In the Great Fire (six years after the Restoration) the buildings were nearly all destroyed, and the old castellated river-side mansion of Elizabeth's time was rebuilt in two quadrangles, the chief of which fronted the Fleet river (now a sewer under the centre of Bridge Street). We have already given on page 12 a view of Bridewell as it appeared previous to the Great Fire; and the general bird's-eye view given on page 187 in the present number shows its appearance after it was rebuilt. Within the present century, Mr. Timbs says, the committee-rooms, chapel, and prisons were rebuilt, and the whole formed a large quadrangle, with an entrance from Bridge Street, the keystone of the arch being sculptured with the head of Edward VI. Bridewell stone bridge over the Fleet was painted by Hayman, Hogarth's friend, and engraved by Grignon, as the frontispiece to the third volume of "The Dunciad." In the burial-ground at Bridewell, now the coal-yard of the City Gas Company, was buried, in 1752, Dr. Johnson's friend and *protégé*, poor blameless Levett. The last interment took place here, Mr. Noble says, in 1844, and the trees and tombstones were then carted away. The gateway into Bridge Street is still standing, and such portions of the building as still remain are used for the house and offices of the treasury of the Bridewell Hospital property, which includes Bedlam.

The flogging at Bridewell is described by Ward, in his "London Spy." Both men and women, it appears, were whipped on their naked backs before the court of governors. The president sat with his hammer in his hand, and the culprit was taken from the post when the hammer fell. The calls to *knock* when women were flogged were loud and incessant. "Oh, good Sir Robert, knock! Pray, good Sir Robert, knock!" which became at length a common cry of reproach among the lower orders, to denote that a woman had been whipped in Bridewell. Madame Creswell, the celebrated

procuress of King Charles II.'s reign, died a prisoner in Bridewell. She desired by *will* to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have £10, but upon this express condition, that he was to say nothing but what was well of her. A preacher was with some difficulty found who undertook the task. He, after a sermon preached on the general subject of mortality, concluded with saying, "By the will of the deceased, it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what was *well* of her. All that I shall say of her, therefore, is this: She was born *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well;* for she was born with the name of Cres*well*, she lived in Clerken*well*, and she died in Bride*well*." (Cunningham.)

In 1708 (Queen Anne) Hatton describes Bridewell "as a house of correction for idle, vagrant, loose, and disorderly persons, and 'night walkers,' who are there set to hard labour, but receive clothes and diet." It was also a hospital for indigent persons. Twenty art-masters (decayed traders) were also lodged, and received about 140 apprentices. The boys, after learning tailoring, weaving, flax-dressing, &c., received the freedom of the City, and donations of £10 each. Many of these boys, says Hatton, "arrived from nothing to be governors." They wore a blue dress and white hats, and attended fires, with an engine belonging to the hospital. The lads at last became so turbulent, that in 1785 their special costume was abandoned. "Job's Pound" was the old cant name for Bridewell, and it is so called in "Hudibras."

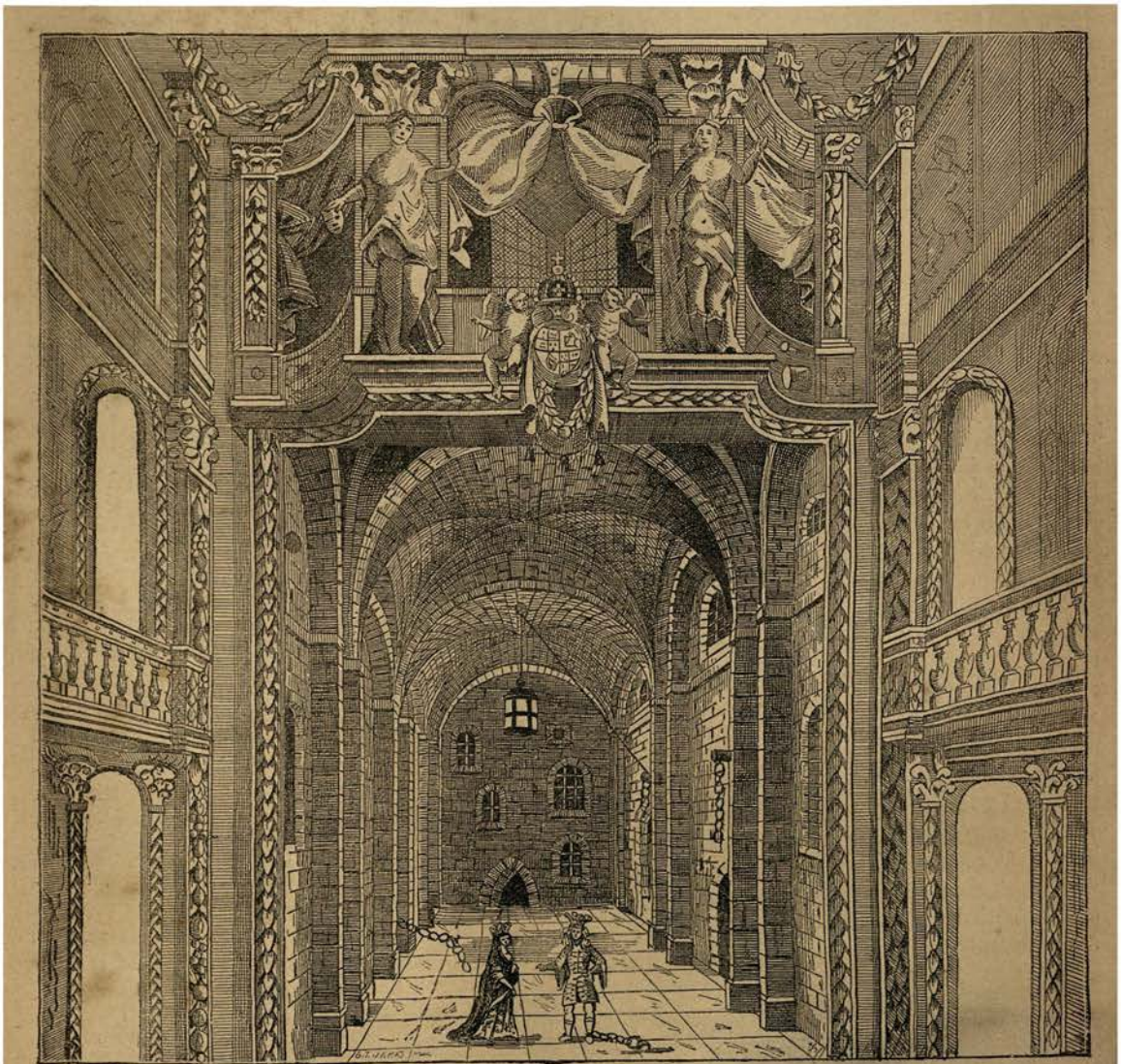
The scene of the fourth plate of Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress," finished in 1733 (George II.), is laid in Bridewell. There, in a long, dilapidated, tiled shed, a row of female prisoners are beating hemp on wooden blocks, while a truculent-looking warder, with an apron on, is raising his rattan to strike a poor girl not without some remains of her youthful beauty, who seems hardly able to lift the heavy mallet, while the wretches around leeringly deride her fine apron, laced hood, and figured gown. There are two degraded men among the female hemp-beaters—one an old card-sharper in laced coat and foppish wig; another who stands with his hands in a pillory, on which is inscribed the admonitory legend, "Better to work than stand thus." A cocked hat and a dilapidated hoop hang on the wall.

BEATING HEMP IN BRIDEWELL, AFTER HOGARTH.

That excellent man, Howard, visiting Bridewell in 1783, gives it a bad name, in his book on "Prisons." He describes the rooms as offensive, and the prisoners only receiving a penny loaf a day each. The steward received eightpence a day for each prisoner, and a hemp-dresser, paid a salary of £20, had the profit of the culprits' labour. For bedding the prisoners had fresh straw given them once a month. It was the only London prison where either straw or bedding was allowed. No out-door exercise was permitted. In the year 1782 there had been confined in Bridewell 659 prisoners.

In 1790, Pennant describes Bridewell as still having arches and octagonal towers of the old palace remaining, and a magnificent flight of ancient stairs leading to the court of justice. In the next room, where the whipping-stocks were, tradition says sentence of divorce was pronounced against Katherine of Arragon.

"The first time," says Pennant, "I visited the place, there was not a single male prisoner, but about twenty females. They were confined on a ground floor, and employed on the beating of hemp. When the door was opened by the keeper, they ran towards it like so many hounds in kennel, and presented a most moving sight. About twenty young creatures, the eldest not exceeding sixteen, many of them with angelic faces divested of every



INTERIOR OF THE DUKE'S THEATRE, FROM SETTLE'S "EMPRESS OF MOROCCO" (*see page* 195).

angelic expression, featured with impudence, impenitency, and profligacy, and clothed in the silken tatters of squalid finery. A magisterial—a national—opprobrium! What a disadvantageous contrast to the *Spinhaus*, in Amsterdam, where the confined sit under the eye of a matron, spinning or sewing, in plain and neat dresses provided by the public! No traces of their former lives appear in their countenances; a thorough reformation seems to have been effected, equally to the emolument and the honour of the republic. This is also the place of confinement for disobedient and idle apprentices. They are kept separate, in airy cells, and have an allotted task to be performed in a certain time. They, the men and women, are employed in beating hemp, picking oakum, and packing of goods, and are said to earn their maintenance."

A writer in "Knight's London" (1843) gives a very bad account of Bridewell. "Bridewell, another place of confinement in the City of London, is under the jurisdiction of the governors of Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospitals, but it is supported out of the funds of the hospital. The entrance is in Bridge Street, Blackfriars. The prisoners confined here are persons summarily convicted by the Lord Mayor and aldermen, and are, for the most part, petty pilferers, misdemeanants, vagrants, and refractory apprentices, sentenced to solitary confinement; which term need not terrify the said refractory offenders, for the persons condemned to solitude," says the writer, "can with ease keep up a conversation with each other from morning to night. The total number of persons confined here in 1842 was 1,324, of whom 233 were under seventeen, and 466 were known or reputed thieves. In 1818 no employment was furnished to the prisoners. The men sauntered about from hour to hour in those chambers where the worn blocks still stood and exhibited the marks of the toil of those who are represented in Hogarth's prints.

"The treadmill has been now introduced, and more than five-sixths of the prisoners are sentenced to hard labour, the 'mill' being employed in grinding corn for Bridewell, Bethlehem, and the House of Occupation. The 'Seventh Report of the Inspectors of Prisons on the City Bridewell' is as follows:—'The establishment answers no one object of imprisonment except that of safe custody. It does not correct, deter, nor reform; but we are convinced that the association to which all but the City apprentices are subjected proves highly injurious, counteracts any efforts that can be made for the moral and religious improvement of the prisoners, corrupts the less criminal, and confirms the degradation of the more hardened offenders. The cells in the old part of the prison are greatly superior to those in the adjoining building, which is of comparatively recent erection, but the whole of the arrangements are exceedingly defective. It is quite lamentable to see such an injudicious and unprofitable expenditure as that which was incurred in the erection of this part of the prison.'"

Latterly Bridewell was used as a receptacle for vagrants, and as a temporary lodging for paupers on their way to their respective parishes. The prisoners sentenced to hard labour were put on a treadmill which ground corn. The other prisoners picked junk. The women cleaned the prison, picked junk, and mended the linen. In 1829 there was built adjoining Bedlam a House of Occupation for young prisoners. It was decided that from the revenue of the Bridewell hospital (£12,000) reformatory schools were to be built. The annual number of contumacious apprentices sent to Bridewell rarely exceeded twenty-five, and when Mr. Timbs visited the prison in 1863 he says he found only one lad out of the three thousand apprentices of the great City. In 1868 (says Mr. Noble) the governors refused to receive a convicted apprentice, for the very excellent reason that there was no cell to receive him.

The old court-room of Bridewell (84 by 29) was a handsome wainscoted room, adorned with a great picture, erroneously attributed to Holbein, and representing Edward VI. granting the Royal Charter of Endowment to the Mayor, which now hangs over the western gallery of the hall of Christ's Hospital. It was engraved by Vertue in 1750, and represents an event which happened ten years after the death of the supposed artist. Beneath this was a cartoon of the Good Samaritan, by Dadd, the young artist of promise who went mad and murdered his father, and who is now confined for life in Broadmoor. The picture is now at Bedlam. There was a fine full-length of swarthy Charles II., by Lely, and full-lengths of George III. and Queen Charlotte, after Reynolds. There were also murky portraits of past presidents, including an equestrian portrait of Sir William Withers (1708). Tables of benefactions also adorned the walls. In this hall the governors of Bridewell dined annually, each steward contributing £15 towards the expenses, the dinner being dressed in a large kitchen below, only used for that purpose. The hall and kitchen were taken down in 1862.

In the entrance corridor from Bridge Street (says Mr. Timbs) are the old chapel gates, of fine ironwork, originally presented by the equestrian Sir William Withers, and on the staircase is a bust of

the venerable Chamberlain Clarke, who died in his ninety-third year.

The Bridewell prison (whose inmates were sent to Holloway) was pulled down (except the hall, treasurer's house, and offices) in 1863.

Bridewell Dock (now Tudor and William Streets and Chatham Place) was long noted for its taverns, and was a favourite landing-place for the Thames watermen. (Noble.)

The gas-works of Whitefriars are of great size. In 1807 Mr. Winsor, a German, first lit a part of London (Pall Mall) with gas, and in 1809 he applied for a charter. Yet, even as late as 1813, says Mr. Noble, the inquest-men of St. Dunstan's, full of the vulgar prejudice of the day, prosecuted William Sturt, of 183, Fleet Street, for continuing for three months past "the making of gaslight, and making and causing to be made divers large fires of coal and other things," by reason whereof and "divers noisome and offensive stinks and smells and vapours he causes the houses and dwellings near to be unhealthy, for which said nuisance one William Knight, the occupier, was indicted at the sessions." The early users of coffee at the "Rainbow," as we have seen in a previous chapter, underwent the same persecution. Yet Knight went on boldly committing his harmless misdemeanour, and even so far, in the next year (1814), as to start a company and build gas-works on the river's bank at Whitefriars. Gas spoke for itself, and its brilliancy could not be gainsaid. Times have changed. There are now thirteen London companies, producing a rental of a million and a half, using in their manufacture 882,770 tons of coal, and employing a capital of more than five and a half millions. Luckily for the beauty of the Embankment, these gas-works at Whitefriars, with their vast black reservoirs and all their smoke and fire, are about to be removed to Barking, seven miles from London.

The first theatre in Whitefriars seems to have been one built in the hall of the old Whitefriars Monastery. Mr. Collier gives the duration of this theatre as from 1586 to 1613. A memorandum from the manuscript-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to King Charles I., notes that "I committed Cromes, a broker in Long Lane, the 16th of February, 1634, to the Marshalsey, for lending a Church robe, with the name of Jesus upon it, to the players in Salisbury Court, to represent a flamen, a priest of the heathens. Upon his petition of submission and acknowledgment of his fault, I released him the 17th February, 1634." From entries of the Wardmote Inquests of St. Dunstan's, quoted by Mr. Noble, it appears that the Whitefriars Theatre (erected originally in the precincts of the monastery, to be out of the jurisdiction of the mayor) seems to have become disreputable in 1609, and ruinous in 1619, when it is mentioned that "the rain hath made its way in, and if it be not repaired it must soon be plucked down, or it will fall." The Salisbury Court Theatre, that took its place, was erected about 1629, and the Earl of Dorset somewhat illegally let it for a term of sixty-one years and £950 down, Dorset House being afterwards sold for £4,000. The theatre was destroyed by the Puritan soldiers in 1649, and not rebuilt till the Restoration.

At the outbreak of pleasure and vice, after the Restoration, the actors, long starved and crestfallen, brushed up their plumes and burnished their tinsel. Killigrew, that clever buffoon of the Court, opened a new theatre in Drury Lane in 1663, with a play of Beaumont and Fletcher's; and Davenant (supposed to be Shakespeare's illegitimate son) opened the little theatre, long disused, in Salisbury Court, the rebuilding of which was commenced in 1660, on the site of the granary of Salisbury House. In time Davenant migrated to the old Tennis Court, in Portugal Street, on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and when the Great Fire came it erased the Granary Theatre. In 1671, on Davenant's death, the company (nominally managed by his widow) returned to the new theatre in Salisbury Court, designed by Wren, and decorated, it is said, by Grinling Gibbons. It opened with Dryden's *Sir Martin Marall*, which had already had a run, having been first played in 1668. On Killigrew's death, the King's and Duke's Servants united, and removed to Drury Lane in 1682; so that the Dorset Gardens Theatre only flourished for eleven years in all. It was subsequently let to wrestlers, fencers, and other brawny and wiry performers. The engraving on page 193, taken from Settle's "Empress of Morocco" (1678), represents the stage of the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Wren's new theatre in Dorset Gardens, an engraving of which is given on page 138, fronted the river, and had public stairs for the convenience of those who came by water. There was also an open place before the theatre for the coaches of the "quality." In 1698 it was used for the drawing of a penny lottery, but in 1703, when it threatened to re-open, Queen Anne finally closed it. It was standing in 1720 (George I.), when Strype drew up the continuation of Stow, but it was shortly after turned into a timber-yard. The New River Company next had their offices there, and in 1814 water was ousted by fire, and the City Gas Works were established in this quarter, with

a dismal front to the bright and pleasant Embankment.

Pepys, the indefatigable, was a frequent visitor to the Whitefriars Theatre. A few of his quaint remarks will not be uninteresting:—

"1660.—By water to Salsbury Court Playhouse, where, not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the theatre, &c.—To the playhouse, and there saw *The Changeling*, the first time it hath been acted these twenty years, and it takes exceedingly. Besides, I see the gallants do begin to be tyred with the vanity and pride of the theatre actors, who are indeed grown very proud and rich.

"1661.—To White-fryars, and saw *The Bondman* acted; an excellent play, and well done; but above all that I ever saw, Betterton do the Bondman the best.

"1661.—After dinner I went to the theatre, where I found so few people (which is strange, and the reason I do not know) that I went out again, and so to Salisbury Court, where the house as full as could be; and it seems it was a new play, *The Queen's Maske*, wherein there are some good humours; among others, a good jeer to the old story of the siege of Troy, making it to be a common country tale. But above all it was strange to see so little a boy as that was to act Cupid, which is one of the greatest parts in it.

"Creed and I to Salisbury Court, and there saw *Love's Quarrell* acted the first time, but I do not like the design or words. . . . . To Salsbury Court Playhouse, where was acted the first time a simple play, and ill acted, only it was my fortune to sit by a most pretty and most ingenuous lady, which pleased me much."

Dryden, in his prologues, makes frequent mention of the Dorset Gardens Theatre, more especially in the address on the opening of the new Drury Lane, March, 1674. The Whitefriars house, under Davenant, had been the first to introduce regular scenery, and it prided itself on stage pomp and show. The year before, in Shadwell's opera of *The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island*, the machinery was very costly, and one scene, in which the spirits flew away with the wicked duke's table and viands just as the company was sitting down, had excited the town to enthusiasm. *Psyche*, another opera by Shadwell, perhaps adapted from Molière's Court spectacle, had succeeded the *Tempest*. St. André and his French dancers were probably engaged in Shadwell's piece. The king, whose taste and good sense the poet praises, had recommended simplicity of dress and frugality of ornament. This Dryden took care to well remember. He says:—

> "You who each day can theatres behold,
> Like Nero's palace, shining all in gold,
> Our mean, ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,
> And for the homely room disdain the cheer."

Then he brings in the dictum of the king:—

> "Yet if some pride with want may be allowed,
> We in our plainness may be justly proud:
> Our royal master willed it should be so;
> Whate'er he's pleased to own can need no show.
> That sacred name gives ornament and grace,
> And, like his stamp, makes basest metal pass.
> 'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
> To build a playhouse, while you throw down plays.
> While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
> And for the pencil you the pen disdain:
> While troops of famished Frenchmen hither drive,
> And laugh at those upon whose alms they live,
> Old English authors vanish, and give place
> To these new conquerors of the Norman race."

And when, in 1671, the burnt-out Drury Lane company had removed to the Portugal Street Theatre, Dryden had said, in the same strain,—

> "So we expect the lovers, braves, and wits;
> The gaudy house with scenes will serve for cits."

In another epilogue Dryden alludes sarcastically to the death of Mr. Scroop, a young rake of fortune, who had just been run through by Sir Thomas Armstrong, a sworn friend of the Duke of Monmouth, in a quarrel at the Dorset Gardens Theatre, and died soon after. This fatal affray took place during the representation of Davenant's adaptation of *Macbeth*.

From Dryden's various prologues and epilogues we cull many sharply-outlined and bright-coloured pictures of the wild and riotous audiences of those evil days. We see again the "hot Burgundians" in the upper boxes wooing the masked beauties, crying "*bon*" to the French dancers and beating cadence to the music that had stirred even the stately Court of Versailles. Again we see the scornful critics, bunched with glistening ribbons, shaking back their cascades of blonde hair, lolling contemptuously on the foremost benches, and "looking big through their curls." There from "Fop's Corner" rises the tipsy laugh, the prattle, and the chatter, as the dukes and lords, the wits and courtiers, practise what Dryden calls "the diving bow," or "the toss and the new French wallow"—the diving bow being especially admired, because it—

> "With a shog casts all the hair before,
> Till he, with full decorum, brings it back,
> And rises with a water-spaniel's shake."

Nor does the poet fail to recall the affrays in the upper boxes, when some quarrelsome rake was often pinned to the wainscoat by the sword of his insulted rival. Below, at the door, the Flemish horses and

the heavy gilded coach, lighted by flambeaux, are waiting for the noisy gallant, and will take back only his corpse.

Of Dryden's coldly licentious comedies and ranting bombastic tragedies a few only seem to have been produced at the Dorset Gardens Theatre. Among these we may mention *Limberham*, *Œdipus*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *The Spanish Friar*. *Limberham* was acted at the Duke's Theatre, in Dorset Gardens; because, being a satire upon a Court vice, it was deemed peculiarly calculated for that playhouse. The concourse of the citizens thither is alluded to in the prologue to *Marriage à la Mode*. Ravenscroft, also, in his epilogue to the play of *Citizen Turned Gentleman*, which was acted at the same theatre, takes occasion to disown the patronage of the more dissolute courtiers, in all probability because they formed the minor part of his audience. The citizens were his great patrons.

In the *Postman*, December 8, 1679, there is the following notice, quoted by Smith:—"At the request of several persons of quality, on Saturday next, being the 9th instant, at the theatre in Dorset Gardens, the famous Kentish men, Wm. and Rich. Joy, design to show to the town before they leave it the same tryals of strength, both of them, that Wm. had the honour of showing before his majesty and their royal highnesses, with several other persons of quality, for which he received a considerable gratuity. The lifting a weight of two thousand two hundred and forty pounds. His holding an extraordinary large cart-horse; and breaking a rope which will bear three thousand five hundred weight. Beginning exactly at two, and ending at four. The boxes, 4s.; the pit, 2s. 6d.; first gallery, 2s.; upper gallery, 1s. Whereas several scandalous persons have given out that they can do as much as any of the brothers, we do offer to such persons £100 reward, if he can perform the said matters of strength as they do, provided the pretender will forfeit £20 if he doth not. The day it is performed will be affixed a signal-flag on the theatre. No money to be returned after once paid."

In 1681 Dr. Davenant seems, by rather unfair tactics, to have bought off and pensioned both Hart and Kynaston from the King's Company, and so to have greatly weakened his rivals. Of these two actors some short notice may not be uninteresting. Hart had been a Cavalier captain during the Civil Wars, and was a pupil of Robinson, the actor, who was shot down at the taking of Basing House. Hart was a tragedian who excelled in parts that required a certain heroic and chivalrous dignity. As a youth, before the Restoration, when boys played female parts, Hart was successful as the Duchess, in Shirley's *Cardinal*. In Charles's time he played Othello, by the king's command, and rivalled Betterton's Hamlet at the other house. He created the part of Alexander, was excellent as Brutus, and terribly and vigorously wicked as Ben Jonson's Cataline. Rymer, says Dr. Doran, styled Hart and Mohun the Æsopus and Roscius of their time. As Amintor and Melanthus, in *The Maid's Tragedy*, they were incomparable. Pepys is loud too in his praises of Hart. His salary, was, however, at the most, £3 a week, though he realised £1,000 yearly after he became a shareholder of the theatre. Hart died in 1683, within a year of his being bought off.

Kynaston, in his way, was also a celebrity. As a handsome boy he had been renowned for playing heroines, and he afterwards acquired celebrity by his dignified impersonation of kings and tyrants. Betterton, the greatest of all the Charles II. actors, also played occasionally at Dorset Gardens. Pope knew him; Dryden was his friend; Kneller painted him. He was probably the greatest Hamlet that ever appeared; and Cibber sums up all eulogy of him when he says, "I never heard a line in tragedy come from Betterton wherein my judgment, my ear, and my imagination were not fully satisfied, which since his time I cannot equally say of any one actor whatsoever." The enchantment of his voice was such, adds the same excellent dramatic critic, that the multitude no more cared for sense in the words he spoke, "than our musical connoiseurs think it essential in the celebrated airs of an Italian opera."

Even when Whitefriars was at its grandest, and plumes moved about its narrow river-side streets, Dorset House was its central and most stately mansion. It was originally a mansion with gardens, belonging to a Bishop of Winchester; but about the year 1217 (Henry III.) a lease was granted by William, Abbot of Westminster, to Richard, Bishop of Sarum, at the yearly rent of twenty shillings, the Abbot retaining the advowson of St. Bride's Church, and promising to impart to the said bishop any needful ecclesiastical advice. It afterwards fell into the hands of the Sackvilles, held at first by a long lease from the see, but was eventually alienated by the good Bishop Jewel. A grant in 1611 (James I.) confirmed the manor of Salisbury Court to Richard, Earl of Dorset.

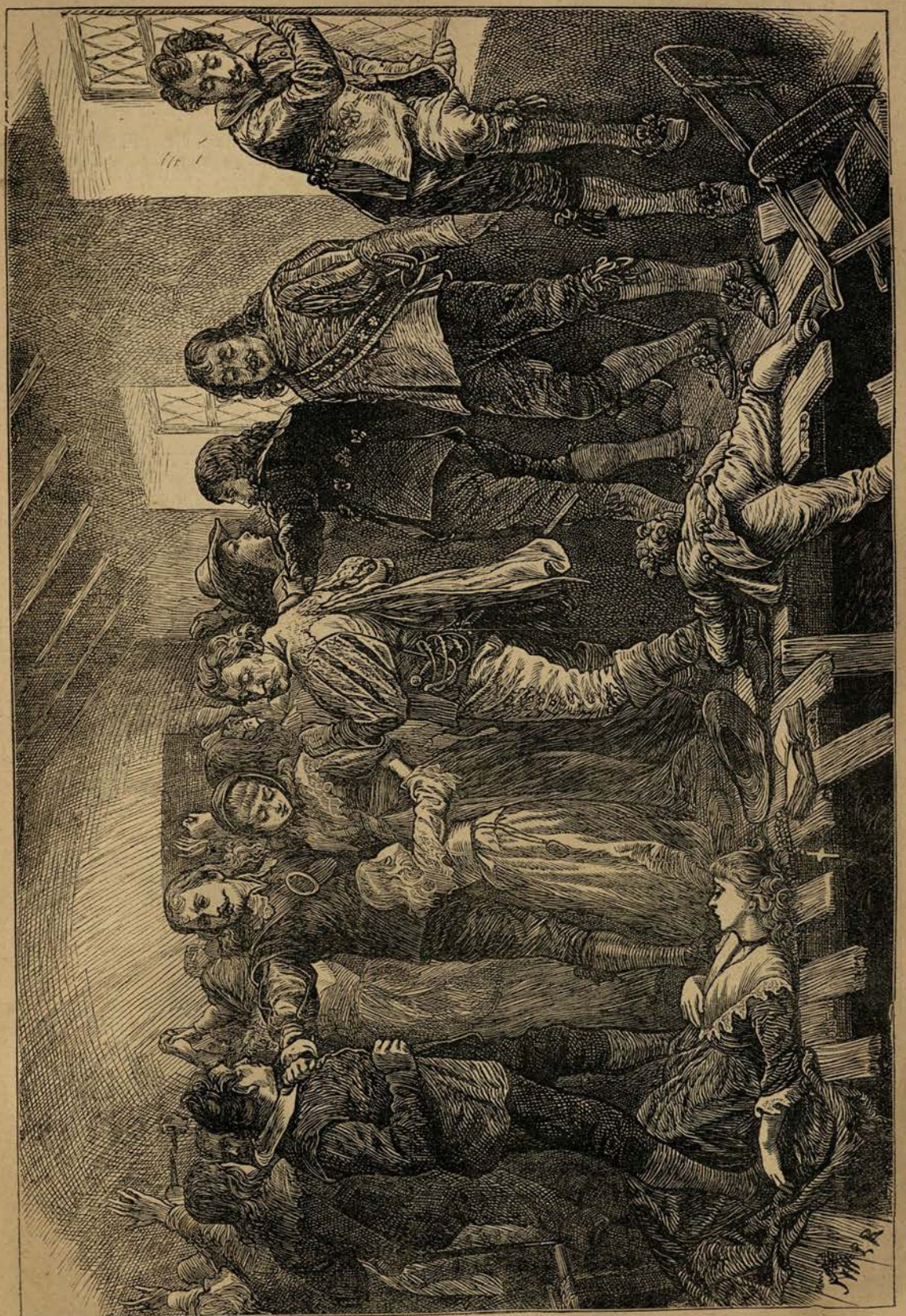
The Earl of Dorset, to whom Bishop Jewel alienated the Whitefriars House, was the father of the poet, Thomas Sackville, Lord High Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. The bishop received in exchange for the famous old house a piece of land near Cricklade, in Wiltshire. The poet

earl was that wise old statesman who began "The Mirror for Magistrates," an allegorical poem of gloomy power, in which the poet intended to make all the great statesmen of England since the Conquest pass one by one to tell their troublous stories. He, however, only lived to write one legend—that of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. One of his finest and most Holbeinesque passages relates to old age:—

"And next in order sad, Old Age we found;
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where Nature him assigned
To rest, when that the sisters had untwined
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life.
Crooked-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed,
Went on three feet, and sometimes crept on four,
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side;
His scalp all pil'd, and he with eld forelore,
His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door;
Fumbling and drivelling, as he draws his breath;
For brief, the shape and messenger of death."

At the Restoration, the Marquis of Newcastle, —the author of a magnificent book on horsemanship—and his pedantic wife, whom Scott has sketched so well in "Peveril of the Peak," inhabited a part of Dorset House; but whether Great Dorset House or Little Dorset House, topographers do not record. "Great Dorset House," says Mr. Peter Cunningham, quoting Lady Anne Clifford's "Memoirs," "was the jointure house of Cicely Baker, Dowager Countess of Dorset, who died in it in 1615 (James I.)."

BAYNARD'S CASTLE, FROM A VIEW PUBLISHED IN 1790 (*see page* 200).



FALLING IN OF THE CHAPEL AT BLACKFRIARS (*see page* 202).

CHAPTER XVIII.

BLACKFRIARS.

Three Norman Fortresses on the Thames' Bank—The Black Parliament—The Trial of Katherine of Arragon—Shakespeare a Blackfriars Manager—The Blackfriars Puritans—The Jesuit Sermon at Hunsdon House—Fatal Accident—Extraordinary Escapes—Queen Elizabeth at Lord Herbert's Marriage—Old Blackfriars Bridge—Johnson and Mylne—Laying of the Stone—The Inscription—A Toll Riot—Failure of the Bridge—The New Bridge—Bridge Street—Sir Richard Phillips and his Works—Painters in Blackfriars—The King's Printing Office—Printing House Square—The *Times* and its History—Walter's Enterprise—War with the *Dispatch*—The gigantic Swindling Scheme exposed by the *Times*—Apothecaries' Hall—Quarrel with the College of Physicians.

On the river-side, between St. Paul's and Whitefriars, there stood, in the Middle Ages, three Norman fortresses. Castle Baynard and the old tower of Mountfiquet were two of them. Baynard Castle, granted to the Earls of Clare and afterwards rebuilt by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, was the palace in which the Duke of Buckingham offered the crown to his wily confederate, Richard the Crookback. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was granted to the Earls of Pembroke, who lived there in splendour till the Great Fire melted their gold, calcined their jewels, and drove them into the fashionable flood that was already moving westward. Mountfiquet Castle was pulled down in 1276, when Hubert de Berg, Earl of Kent, transplanted a colony of Black Dominican friars from Holborn, near Lincoln's Inn, to the river-side, south of Ludgate Hill. Yet so conservative is even Time in England, that a recent correspondent of *Notes and Queries* points out a piece of mediæval walling and the fragment of a buttress, still standing, at the foot of the *Times* Office, in Printing House Square, which seem to have formed part of the stronghold of the Mountfiquets. This interesting relic is on the left hand of Queen Victoria Street, going up from the bridge, just where there was formerly a picturesque but dangerous descent by a flight of break-neck stone steps. At the right-hand side of the same street stands an old rubble chalk wall, even older. It is just past the new house of the Bible Society, and seems to have formed part of the old City wall, which at first ended at Baynard Castle. The rampart advanced to Mountfiquet, and, lastly, to please and protect the Dominicans, was pushed forward outside Ludgate to the Fleet, which served as a moat, the Old Bailey being an advanced work.

King Edward I. and Queen Eleanor heaped many gifts on these sable friars. Charles V. of France was lodged at their monastery when he visited England, but his nobles resided in Henry's newly-built palace of Bridewell, a gallery being thrown over the Fleet and driven through the City wall, to serve as a communication between the two mansions. Henry held the "Black Parliament" in this monastery, and here Cardinal Campeggio presided at the trial which ended with the tyrant's divorce from the ill-used Katherine of Arragon. In the same house the Parliament also sat that condemned Wolsey, and sent him to beg "a little earth for charity" of the monks of Leicester. The rapacious king laid his rough hand on the treasures of the house in 1538, and Edward VI. sold the hall and prior's lodgings to Sir Francis Bryan, a courtier, afterwards granting Sir Francis Cawarden, Master of the Revels, the whole house and precincts of the Preacher Friars, the yearly value being then valued at nineteen pounds. The holy brothers were dispersed to beg or thieve, and the church was pulled down, but the mischievous right of sanctuary continued.

And now we come to the event which connects the old monastic ground with the name of the great genius of England. James Burbage (afterwards Shakespeare's friend and fellow actor), and other servants of the Earl of Leicester, tormented out of the City by the angry edicts of over-scrupulous Lord Mayors, took shelter in the Precinct, and there, in 1578, erected a playhouse (Playhouse Yard). Every attempt was in vain made to crush the intruders. About the year 1586, according to the best authorities, the young Shakespeare came to London and joined the company at the Blackfriars Theatre. Only three years later we find the new arrival—and this is one of the unsolvable mysteries of Shakespeare's life—one of sixteen sharers in the prosperous though persecuted theatre. It is true that Mr. Halliwell has lately discovered that he was not exactly a proprietor, but only an actor, receiving a share of the profits of the house, exclusive of the galleries (the boxes and dress circle of those days), but this is, after all, only a lessening of the difficulty; and it is almost as remarkable that a young, unknown Warwickshire poet should receive such profits as it is that he should have held a sixteenth of the whole property. Without the generous patronage of such patrons as the Earl of Southampton or Lord Brooke, how could the young actor have thriven? He was only twenty-six, and may have written "Venus and

Adonis" or "Lucrece;" yet the first of these poems was not published till 1593. He may already, it is true, have adapted one or two tolerably successful historical plays, and, as Mr. Collier thinks, might have written *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, or *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. One thing is certain, that in 1587 five companies of players, including the Blackfriars Company, performed at Stratford, and in his native town Mr. Collier thinks Shakespeare first proved himself useful to his new comrades.

In 1589 the Lord Mayor closed two theatres for ridiculing the Puritans. Burbage and his friends, alarmed at this, petitioned the Privy Council, and pleaded that they had never introduced into their plays matters of state or religion. The Blackfriars company, in 1593, began to build a summer theatre, the Globe, in Southwark; and Mr. Collier, remembering that this was the very year "Venus and Adonis" was published, attributes some great gift of the Earl of Southampton to Shakespeare to have immediately followed this poem, which was dedicated to him. By 1594 the poet had written *King Richard II.* and *King Richard III.*, and Burbage's son Richard had made himself famous as the first representative of the crook-backed king. In 1596 we find Shakespeare and his partners (only eight now) petitioning the Privy Council to allow them to repair and enlarge their theatre, which the Puritans of Blackfriars wanted to close. The Council allowed the repairs, but forbade the enlargement. At this time Shakespeare was living near the Bear Garden, Southwark, to be close to the Globe. He was now evidently a thriving, "warm" man, for in 1597 he purchased for £60 New Place, one of the best houses in Stratford. In 1613 we find Shakespeare purchasing a plot of ground not far from Blackfriars Theatre, and abutting on a street leading down to Puddle Wharf, "right against the king's majesty's wardrobe;" but he had retired to Stratford, and given up London and the stage before this. The deed of this sale was sold in 1841 for £162 5s.

In 1608 the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London made a final attempt to crush the Blackfriars players, but failing to prove to the Lord Chancellor that the City had ever exercised any authority within the precinct and liberty of Blackfriars, their cause fell to the ground. The Corporation then opened a negotiation for purchase with Burbage, Shakespeare, and the other (now nine) shareholders. The players asked about £7,000, Shakespeare's four shares being valued at £1,433 6s. 8d., including the wardrobe and properties, estimated at £500. The poet's income at this time Mr. Collier estimates at £400 a year. The Blackfriars Theatre was pulled down in Cromwell's time (1655), and houses built in its room.

Randolph, the dramatist, a pupil of Ben Jonson's, ridicules, in *The Muses' Looking-Glass*, that strange "morality" play of his, the Puritan feather-sellers of Blackfriars, whom Ben Jonson also taunts; Randolph's pretty Puritan, Mrs. Flowerdew, says of the ungodly of Blackfriars:—

> "Indeed, it sometimes pricks my conscience,
> I come to sell 'em pins and looking-glasses."

To which her friend, Mr. Bird, replies, with the sly sanctity of Tartuffe:—

> "I have this custom, too, for my feathers;
> 'Tis fit that we, which are sincere professors,
> Should gain by infidels."

Ben Jonson, that smiter of all such hypocrites, wrote *Volpone* at his house in Blackfriars, where he laid the scene of *The Alchymist*. The Friars were fashionable, however, in spite of the players, for Vandyke lived in the precinct for nine years (he died in 1641); and the wicked Earl and Countess of Somerset resided in the same locality when they poisoned their former favourite, Sir Thomas Overbury. As late as 1735, Mr. Peter Cunningham says, there was an attempt to assert precinct privileges, but years before sheriffs had arrested in the Friars.

In 1623 Blackfriars was the scene of a most fatal and extraordinary accident. It occurred in the chief house of the Friary, then a district declining fast in respectability. Hunsdon House derived its name from Queen Elizabeth's favourite cousin, the Lord Chamberlain, Henry Carey, Baron Hunsdon, and was at the time occupied by Count de Tillier, the French ambassador. About three o'clock on Sunday, October 26th, a large Roman Catholic congregation of about three hundred persons, worshipping to a certain degree in stealth, not without fear from the Puritan feather-makers of the theatrical neighbourhood, had assembled in a long garret on the third and uppermost storey. Master Drury, a Jesuit prelate of celebrity, had drawn together this crowd of timid people. The garret, looking over the gateway, was approached by a passage having a door opening into the street, and also by a corridor from the ambassador's withdrawing-room. The garret was about seventeen feet wide and forty feet long, with a vestry for a priest partitioned off at one end. In the middle of the garret, and near the wall, stood a raised table and chair for the preacher. The gentry sat on chairs and stools facing the pulpit, the rest stood behind, crowding as far as the head of the stairs. At the appointed hour Master Drury,

the priest, came from the inner room in white robe and scarlet stole, an attendant carrying a book and an hour-glass, by which to measure his sermon. He knelt down at the chair for about an Ave Maria, but uttered no audible prayer. He then took the Jesuits' Testament, and read for the text the Gospel for the day, which was, according to the Gregorian Calendar, the twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost—"Therefore is the kingdom of heaven like unto a man being a king that would make an account of his servants. And when he began to make account there was one presented unto him that owed him ten thousand talents." Having read the text, the Jesuit preacher sat down, and putting on his head a red quilt cap, with a white linen one beneath it, commenced his sermon. He had spoken for about half an hour when the calamity happened. The great weight of the crowd in the old room suddenly snapped the main summer beam of the floor, which instantly crashed in and fell into the room below. The main beams there also snapped and broke through to the ambassador's drawing-room over the gate-house, a distance of twenty-two feet. Only a part, however, of the gallery floor, immediately over Father Rudgate's chamber, a small room used for secret mass, gave way. The rest of the floor, being less crowded, stood firm, and the people on it, having no other means of escape, drew their knives and cut a way through a plaster wall into a neighbouring room.

A contemporary pamphleteer, who visited the ruins and wrote fresh from the first outburst of sympathy, says: "What ear without tingling can bear the doleful and confused cries of such a troop of men, women, and children, all falling suddenly in the same pit, and apprehending with one horror the same ruin? What eye can behold without inundation of tears such a spectacle of men overwhelmed with breaches of mighty timber, buried in rubbish and smothered with dust? What heart without evaporating in sighs can ponder the burden of deepest sorrows and lamentations of parents, children, husbands, wives, kinsmen, friends, for their dearest pledges and chiefest comforts? This world all bereft and swept away with one blast of the same dismal tempest."

The news of the accident fast echoing through London, Serjeant Finch, the Recorder, and the Lord Mayor and aldermen at once provided for the safety of the ambassador's family, who were naturally shaking in their shoes, and shutting up the gates to keep off the curious and thievish crowd, set guards at all the Blackfriars passages. Workmen were employed to remove the *débris* and rescue the sufferers who were still alive. The pamphleteer, again rousing himself to the occasion, and turning on his tears, says:—"At the opening hereof what a chaos! what fearful objects! what lamentable representations! Here some buried, some dismembered, some only parts of men; here some wounded and weltering in their own and others' blood; others putting forth their fainting hands and crying out for help. Here some gasping and panting for breath; others stifled for want of air. So the most of them being thus covered with dust, their death was a kind of burial." All that night and part of the next day the workmen spent in removing the bodies, and the inquest was then held. It was found that the main beams were only ten inches square, and had two mortise-holes, where the girders were inserted, facing each other, so that only three inches of solid timber were left. The main beam of the lower room, about thirteen inches square, without mortise-holes, broke obliquely near the end. No wall gave way, and the roof and ceiling of the garret remained entire. Father Drury perished, as did also Father Rudgate, who was in his own apartment, underneath. Lady Webb, of Southwark, Lady Blackstone's daughter, from Scroope's Court, Mr. Fowell, a Warwickshire gentleman, and many tradesmen, servants, and artisans—ninety-five in all—perished. Some of the escapes seemed almost miraculous. Mistress Lucie Penruddock fell between Lady Webb and a servant, who were both killed, yet was saved by her chair falling over her head. Lady Webb's daughter was found alive near her dead mother, and a girl named Elizabeth Sanders was also saved by the dead who fell and covered her. A Protestant scholar, though one of the very undermost, escaped by the timbers arching over him and some of them slanting against the wall. He tore a way out through the laths of the ceiling by main strength, then crept between two joists to a hole where he saw light, and was drawn through a door by one of the ambassador's family. He at once returned to rescue others. There was a girl of ten who cried to him, "Oh, my mother!—oh, my sister!—they are down under the timber." He told her to be patient, and by God's grace they would be quickly got forth. The child replied, "This will be a great scandal to our religion." One of the men that fell said to a fellow-sufferer, "Oh, what advantage our adversaries will take at this!" The other replied, "If it be God's will this should befall us, what can we say to it?" One gentleman was saved by keeping near the stairs, while his friend, who had pushed near the pulpit, perished.

Many of those who were saved died in a few hours after their extrication. The bodies of Lady

Webb, Mistress Udall, and Lady Blackstone's daughter, were carried to Ely House, Holborn, and there buried in the back courtyard. In the 'fore courtyard, by the French ambassador's house, a huge grave, eighteen feet long and twelve feet broad, was dug, and forty-four corpses piled within it. In another pit, twelve feet long and eight feet broad, in the ambassador's garden, they buried fifteen more. Others were interred in St. Andrew's, St. Bride's, and Blackfriars churches. The list of the killed and wounded is curious, from its topographical allusions. Amongst other entries, we find "John Halifax, a water-bearer" (in the old times of street conduits the water-bearer was an important person); "a son of Mr. Flood, the scrivener, in Holborn; a man of Sir Ives Pemberton; Thomas Brisket, his wife, son, and maid, in Montague Close; Richard Fitzgarret, of Gray's Inn, gentleman; Davie, an Irishman, in Angell Alley, Gray's Inn, gentleman; Sarah Watson, daughter of Master Watson, chirurgeon; Master Grimes, near the 'Horse Shoe' tavern, in Drury Lane; John Bevan, at the 'Seven Stars', in Drury Lane; Francis Man, Thieving Lane, Westminster," &c. As might have been expected, the fanatics of both parties had much to say about this terrible accident. The Catholics declared that the Protestants, knowing this to be a chief place of meeting for men of their faith, had secretly drawn out the pins, or sawn the supporting timbers partly asunder. The Protestants, on the other hand, lustily declared that the planks would not bear such a weight of Romish sin, and that God was displeased with their pulpits and altars, their doctrine and sacrifice. One zealot remembered that, at the return of Prince Charles from the madcap expedition to Spain, a Catholic had lamented, or was said to have lamented, the street bonfires, as there would be never a fagot left to burn the heretics. "If it had been a Protestant chapel," the Puritans cried, "the Jesuits would have called the calamity an omen of the speedy downfall of heresy." A Catholic writer replied "with a word of comfort," and pronounced the accident to be a presage of good fortune to Catholics and of the overthrow of error and heresy. This zealous, but not well-informed, writer compared Father Drury's death with that of Zuinglius, who fell in battle, and with that of Calvin, "who, being in despair, and calling upon the devil, gave up his wicked soul, swearing, cursing, and blaspheming." So intolerance, we see, is neither specially Protestant nor Catholic, but of every party. "The Fatal Vespers," as that terrible day at Blackfriars was afterwards called, were long remembered with a shudder by Catholic England.

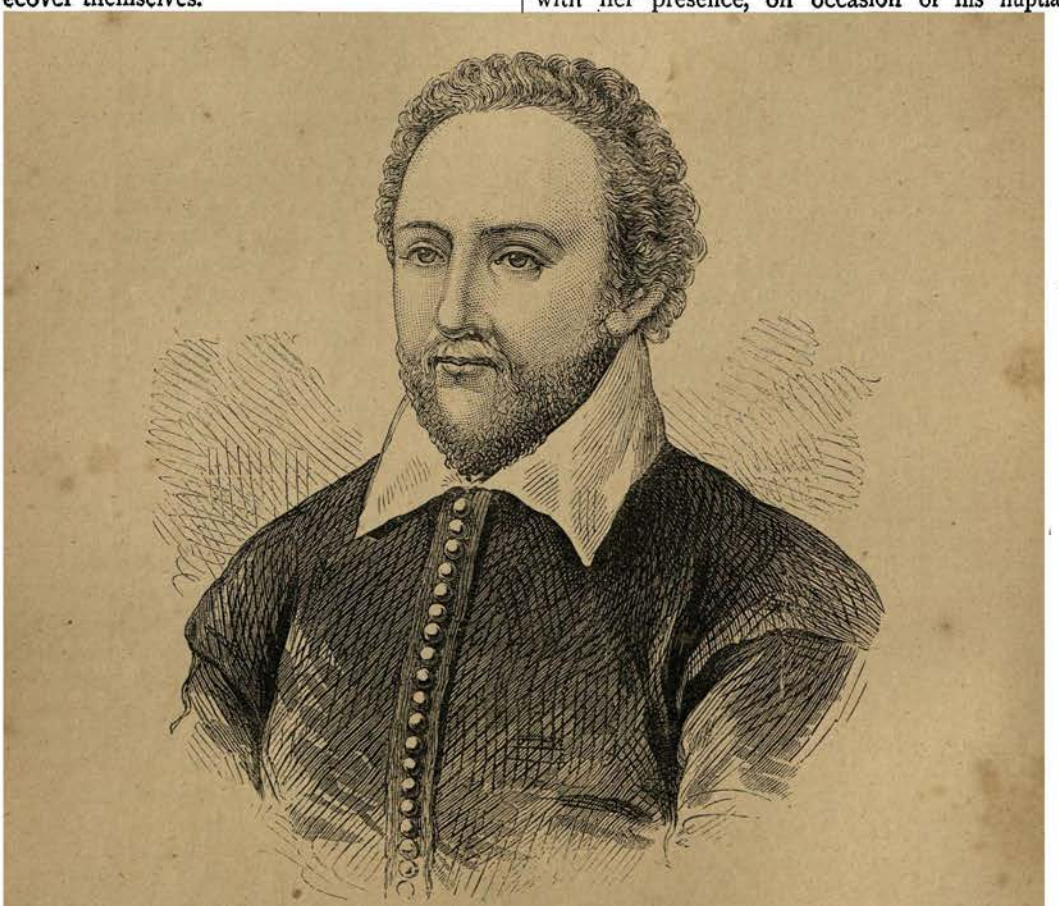
In a curious old pamphlet entitled "Something Written by Occasion of that Fatall and Memorable Accident in the Blacke-friers, on Sonday, being the 26th October, 1623, *stilo antiquo*, and the 5th November, *stilo novo*, or *Romano*," the author relates a singular escape of one of the listeners. "When all things were ready," he says, "and the prayer finished, the Jesuite tooke for his text the gospell of the day, being (as I take it) the 22nd Sunday after Trinity, and extracted out of the 18th of Matthew, beginning at the 21st verse, to the end. The story concerns forgiveness of sinnes, and describeth the wicked cruelty of the unjust steward, whom his maister remitted, though he owed him 10,000 talents, but he would not forgive his fellow a 100 pence, whereupon he was called to a new reckoning, and cast into prison, and then the particular words are, which he insisted upon, the 34th verse: 'So his master was wroth, and delivered him to the jaylor, till he should pay all that was due to him.' For the generall, he urged many good doctrines and cases; for the particular, he modelled out that fantasie of purgatory, which he followed with a full crie of pennance, satisfaction, paying of money, and such like.

"While this exercise was in hand, a gentleman brought up his friend to see the place, and bee partaker of the sermon, who all the time he was going up stairs cried out, 'Whither doe I goe? I protest my heart trembles;' and when he came into the roome, the priest being very loud, he whispered his friend in the eare that he was afraid, for, as he supposed, the room did shake under him; at which his friend, between smiling and anger, left him, and went close to the wall behind the preacher's chaire. The gentleman durst not stirre from the staires, and came not full two yards in the roome, when on a sudden there was a kinde of murmuring amongst the people, and some were heard to say, 'The roome shakes;' which words being taken up one of another, the whole company rose up with a strong suddainnesse, and some of the women screeched. I cannot compare it better than to many passengers in a boat in a tempest, who are commanded to sit still and let the waterman alone with managing the oares, but some unruly people rising overthrowes them all. So was this company served; for the people thus affrighted started up with extraordinary quicknesse, and at an instant the maine summer beame broke in sunder, being mortised in the wall some five foot from the same; and so the whole roofe or floore fell at once, with all the people that stood thronging on it, and with the violent impetuosity drove downe the nether roome quite to the ground, so that they fell

twenty-four foot high, and were most of them buried and bruised betweene the rubbish and the timber; and though some were questionlesse smothered, yet for the most part they were hurt and bled, and being taken forth the next day, and laid all along in the gallery, presented to the lookers-on a wofull spectacle of fourscore and seventeen dead persons, besides eight or nine which perished since, unable ecover themselves.

of a grand festivity at the house of Lord Herbert, which the Queen honoured by her attendance. The account is worth inserting, if only for the sake of a characteristic bit of temper which the Queen exhibited on the occasion.

"Lord Herbert, son of William, fourth Earl of Worcester," says Pennant, "had a house in Blackfriars, which Queen Elizabeth, in 1600, honoured with her presence, on occasion of his nuptials



RICHARD BURBAGE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT IN DULWICH COLLEGE (*see page* 201).

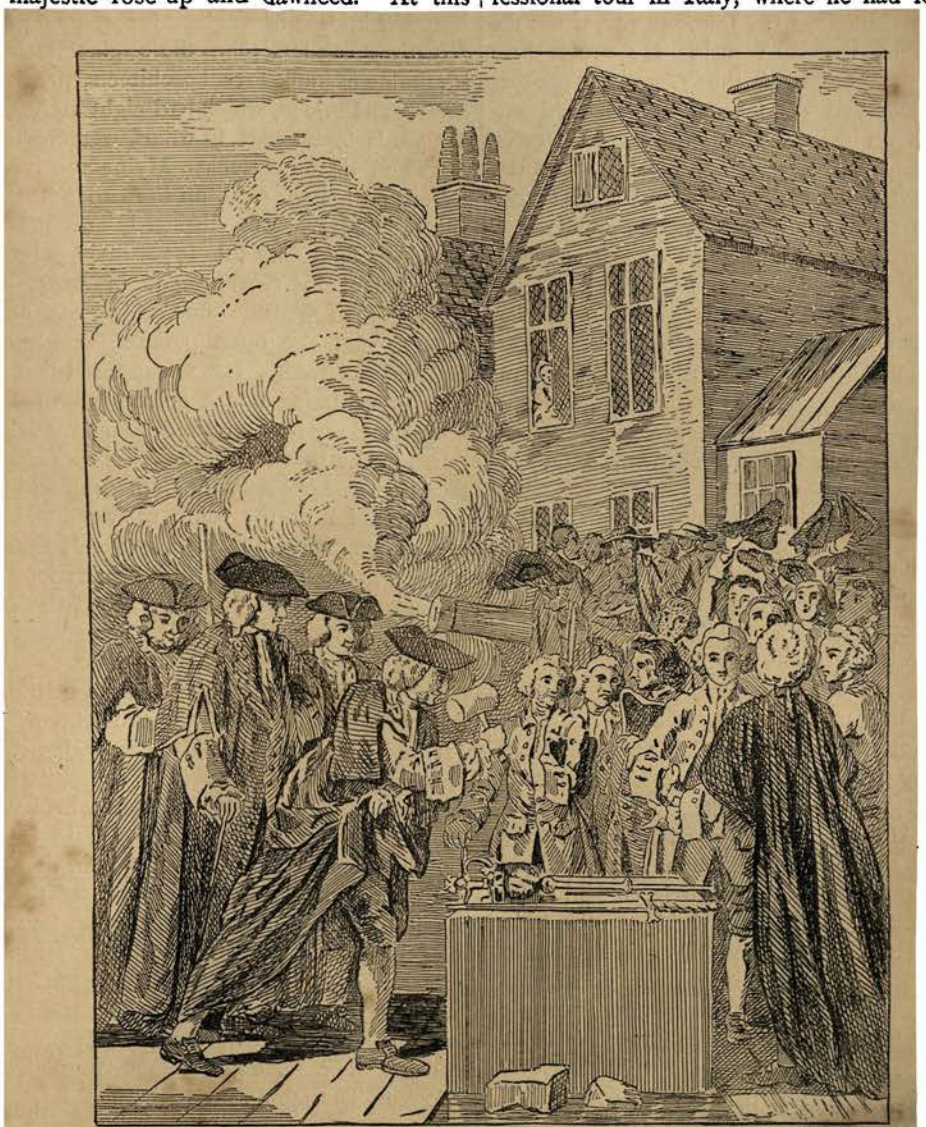
"They that kept themselves close to the walls, or remained by the windows, or held by the rafters, or settled themselves by the stayres, or were driven away by fear and suspition, sauved themselves without further hurt; but such as seemed more devoute, and thronged neere the preacher, perished in a moment with himselfe and other priests and Jesuites; and this was the summe of that unhappy disaster."

In earlier days Blackfriars had been a locality much inhabited by fashionable people, especially about the time of Queen Elizabeth. Pennant quotes from the *Sydney Papers* a curious account

with the daughter and heiress of John, Lord Russell, son of Francis, Earl of Bedford. The queen was met at the water-side by the bride, and carried to her house in a *lectica* by six knights. Her majesty dined there, and supped in the same neighbourhood with Lord Cobham, where there was 'a memorable maske of eight ladies, and a strange dawnce new invented. Their attire is this: each hath a skirt of cloth of silver, a mantell of coruscian taffete, cast under the arme, and their haire loose about their shoulders, curiously knotted and interlaced. Mrs. Fitton leade. These eight ladys maskers choose eight

ladies more to dawnce the measures. Mrs. Fitton went to the queen and woed her dawnce. Her majesty (the love of Essex rankling in her heart) asked what she was? "*Affection*," she said. "*Affection !*" said the queen; "*affection* is false; yet her majestie rose up and dawnced.' At this time the queen was sixty. Surely, as Mr. Walpole observed, it was at that period as natural for her as to be in love! I must not forget that in her passage from the bride's to Lord Cobham's she went through the house of Dr. Puddin, and was presented by the doctor with a fan."

Old Blackfriars Bridge, pulled down a few years since, was begun in 1760, and first opened on Sunday, November 19, 1769. It was built from the design of Robert Mylne, a clever young Scotch engineer, whose family had been master masons to the kings of Scotland for five hundred years. Mylne had just returned from a professional tour in Italy, where he had followed in the footsteps of Vitruvius, and gained the first prize at the Academy of St. Luke. He arrived in London friendless and unknown, and at once entered into competition with twenty other architects for the new bridge. Among these rivals was Smeaton, the great engineer (a *protégé* of Lord Bute's), and Dr. Johnson's friend, Gwynn, well known for his admirable work on London improve-



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, 1760, FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT (*see page* 206).

ments. The committee were, however, just enough to be unanimous in favouring the young unknown Scotchman, and he carried off the prize. Directly it was known that Mylne's arches were to be elliptical, every one unacquainted with the subject began to write in favour of the semi-circular arch. Among the champions Dr. Johnson was, if not the most ignorant, the most rash. He wrote three letters to the printer of the *Gazetteer*, praising Gwynn's plans and denouncing the Scotch conqueror. Gwynn had "coached" the learned Doctor in a very unsatisfactory way. In his early days the giant of Bolt Court had been accustomed to get up subjects rapidly, but the science of architecture was not so easily digested. The Doctor contended "that the first excellence of a bridge built for commerce over a large river is strength." So far so good; but he then went on to try and show that the pointed arch is necessarily weak, and here he himself broke down. He allowed that there was an elliptical bridge at Florence, but he said carts were not allowed to go over it, which proved its fragility. He also condemned a proposed cast-iron parapet, in imitation of one at Rome, as too poor and trifling for a great design. He allowed that a certain arch of Perault's was elliptical, but then he contended that it had to be held together by iron clamps. He allowed that Mr. Mylne had gained the prize at Rome, but the competitors, the arrogant despot of London clubs asserted, were only boys; and, moreover, architecture had sunk so low at Rome, that even the Pantheon had been deformed by petty decorations. In his third letter the Doctor grew more scientific, and even more confused. He was very angry with Mr. Mylne's friends for asserting that though a semi-ellipse might be weaker than a semicircle, it had quite strength enough to support a bridge. "I again venture to declare," he wrote—"I again venture to declare, in defiance of all this contemptuous superiority" (how arrogant men hate other people's arrogance!), "that a straight line will bear no weight. Not even the science of Vasari will make that form strong which the laws of nature have condemned to weakness. By the position that a straight line will bear nothing is meant that it receives no strength from straightness; for that many bodies laid in straight lines will support weight by the cohesion of their parts, every one has found who has seen dishes on a shelf, or a thief upon the gallows. It is not denied that stones may be so crushed together by enormous pressure on each side, that a heavy mass may be safely laid upon them; but the strength must be derived merely from the lateral resistance, and the line so loaded will be itself part of the load. The semi-elliptical arch has one recommendation yet unexamined. We are told that it is difficult of execution."

In the face of this noisy newspaper thunder, Mylne went on, and produced one of the most beautiful bridges in England for £152,640 3s. 10d., actually £163 less than the original estimate—an admirable example for all architects, present and to come. The bridge, which had eight arches, and was 995 yards from wharf to wharf, was erected in ten years and three quarters. Mylne received £500 a year and ten per cent. on the expenditure. His claims, however, were disputed, and not allowed by the grateful City till 1776. The bridge-tolls were bought by Government in 1785, and the passage then became free. It was afterwards lowered, and the open parapet, condemned by Johnson, removed. It was supposed that Mylne's mode of centreing was a secret, but in contempt of all quackery he deposited exact models of his system in the British Museum. He was afterwards made surveyor of St. Paul's Cathedral, and in 1811 was interred near the tomb of Wren. He was a despot amongst his workmen, and ruled them with a rod of iron. However, the foundations of this bridge were never safely built, and latterly the piers began visibly to subside. The semi-circular arches would have been far stronger.

The foundation-stone of Blackfriars Bridge was laid by Sir Thomas Chitty, Lord Mayor, on the 31st of October, 1760. Horace Walpole, always Whiggish, describing the event, says:—"The Lord Mayor laid the first stone of the new bridge yesterday. There is an inscription on it in honour of Mr. Pitt, which has a very Roman air, though very unclassically expressed. They talk of the contagion of his public spirit; I believe they had not got rid of their panic about mad dogs." Several gold, silver, and copper coins of the reign of George II. (just dead) were placed under the stone, with a silver medal presented to Mr. Mylne by the Academy of St. Luke's, and upon two plates of tin—Bonnel Thornton said they should have been lead—was engraved a very shaky Latin inscription, thus rendered into English:—

On the last day of October, in the year 1760,
And in the beginning of the most auspicious reign of
GEORGE the Third,
Sir THOMAS CHITTY, Knight, Lord Mayor,
laid the first stone of this Bridge,
undertaken by the Common Council of London
(amidst the rage of an extensive war)
for the public accommodation
and ornament of the City;
ROBERT MYLNE being the architect.

And that there might remain to posterity
a monument of this city's affection to the man
who, by the strength of his genius,
the steadiness of his mind,
and a certain kind of happy contagion of his
Probity and Spirit
(under the Divine favour
and fortunate auspices of GEORGE the Second)
recovered, augmented, and secured
the British Empire
in Asia, Africa, and America,
and restored the ancient reputation
and influence of his country
amongst the nations of Europe;
the citizens of London have unanimously voted this
Bridge to be inscribed with the name of
WILLIAM PITT.

On this pretentious and unlucky inscription, that reckless wit, Bonnel Thornton, instantly wrote a squib, under the obvious pseudonym of the "Rev. Busby Birch." In these critical and political remarks (which he entitled "City Latin") the gay scoffer professed in his preface to prove "almost every word and every letter to be erroneous and contrary to the practice of both ancients and moderns in this kind of writing," and appended a plan or pattern for a new inscription. The clever little lampoon soon ran to three editions. The ordinary of Newgate, my lord's chaplain, or the masters of Merchant Taylors', Paul's, or Charterhouse schools, who produced the wonderful pontine inscription, must have winced under the blows of this jester's bladderful of peas. Thornton laughed most at the awkward phrase implying that Mr. Pitt had caught the happy contagion of his own probity and spirit. He said that "Gulielmi Pitt" should have been "Gulielmi Fossæ." Lastly, he proposed, for a more curt and suitable inscription, the simple words—

"GUIL. FOSSÆ,
Patri Patriæ D.D.D. (*i.e.*, Datur, Dicatur, Dedicatur)."

Party feeling, as usual at those times, was rife. Mylne was a friend of Paterson, the City solicitor, an apt scribbler and a friend of Lord Bute, who no doubt favoured his young countryman. For, being a Scotchman, Johnson no doubt took pleasure in opposing him, and for the same reason Churchill, in his bitter poem on the Cock Lane ghost, after ridiculing Johnson's credulity, goes out of his way to sneer at Mylne :—

"What of that bridge which, void of sense,
But well supplied with impudence,
Englishmen, knowing not the Guild,
Thought they might have the claim to build;
Till Paterson, as white as milk,
As smooth as oil, as soft as silk,
In solemn manner had decreed
That, on the other side the Tweed,
Art, born and bred and fully grown,
Was with one Mylne, a man unknown?
But grace, preferment, and renown
Deserving, just arrived in town;
One Mylne, an artist, perfect quite,
Both in his own and country's right,
As fit to make a bridge as he,
With glorious Patavinity,
To build inscriptions, worthy found
To lie for ever underground."

In 1766 it was opened for foot passengers, the completed portion being connected with the shore by a temporary wooden structure; two years later it was made passable for horses, and in 1769 it was fully opened. An unpopular toll of one halfpenny on week-days for every person, and of one penny on Sundays, was exacted. The result of this was that while the Gordon Riots were raging, in 1780, the too zealous Protestants, forgetting for a time the poor tormented Papists, attacked and burned down the toll-gates, stole the money, and destroyed all the account-books. Several rascals' lives were lost, and one rioter, being struck with a bullet, ran howling for thirty or forty yards, and then dropped down dead. Nevertheless, the iniquitous toll continued until 1785, when it was redeemed by Government.

The bridge, according to the order of Common Council, was first named Pitt Bridge, and the adjacent streets (in honour of the great earl) Chatham Place, William Street, and Earl Street. But the first name of the bridge soon dropped off, and the monastic locality asserted its prior right. This is the more remarkable (as Mr. Timbs judiciously observes), because with another Thames bridge the reverse change took place. Waterloo Bridge was first called Strand Bridge, but it was soon dedicated by the people to the memory of the most famous of British victories.

The £152,640 that the bridge cost does not include the £5,830 spent in altering and filling up the Fleet Ditch, or the £2,167 the cost of the temporary wooden bridge. The piers, of bad Portland stone, were decorated by some columns of unequal sizes, and the line of parapet was low and curved. The approaches to the bridge were also designed by Mylne, who built himself a house at the corner of Little Bridge Street. The walls of the rooms were adorned with classical medallions, and on the exterior was the date (1780), with Mylne's crest, and the initials "R. M." Dr. Johnson became a friend of Mylne's, and dined with him at this residence at least on one occasion. The house afterwards became the "York Hotel," and, according to Mr. Timbs, was taken down in 1863.

The Bridge repairs (between 1833 and 1840), by

Walker and Burgess, engineers, at an expense of £74,000, produced a loss to the contractors; and the removal of the cornice and balustrade spoiled the bridge, from whence old Richard Wilson, the landscape-painter, used to come and admire the grand view of St. Paul's. The bridge seemed to be as unlucky as if it had incurred Dr. Johnson's curse. In 1843 the Chamberlain reported to the Common Council that the sum of £100,960 had been already expended in repairing Mylne's faulty work, besides the £800 spent in procuring a local Act (4 William IV.). According to a subsequent report, £10,200 had been spent in six years in repairing one arch alone. From 1851 to 1859 the expenditure had been at the rate of £600 a year. Boswell, indeed, with all his zealous partiality for the Scotch architect, had allowed that the best Portland stone belonged to Government quarries, and from this Parliamentary interest had debarred Mylne.

The tardy Common Council was at last forced, in common decency, to build a new bridge. The architect began by building a temporary structure of great strength. It consisted of two storeys—the lower for carriages, the upper for pedestrians—and stretching 990 feet from wharf to wharf. The lower piles were driven ten feet into the bed of the river, and braced with horizontal and diagonal bracings. The demolition began with vigour in 1864. In four months only, the navigators' brawny arms had removed twenty thousand tons of earth, stone, and rubble above the turning of the arches, and the pulling down those enemies of Dr. Johnson commenced by the removal of the key-stone of the second arch on the Surrey side. The masonry of the arches proved to be rather thinner than it appeared to be, and was stuffed with river ballast, mixed with bones and small old-fashioned pipes. The bridge had taken nearly ten years to build; it was entirely demolished in less than a year, and rebuilt in two. In some cases the work of removal and re-construction went on harmoniously and simultaneously side by side. Ingenious steam cranes travelled upon rails laid on the upper scaffold beams, and lifted the blocks of stone with playful ease and speed. In December, 1864, the men worked in the evenings, by the aid of naphtha lamps.

According to a report printed in the *Times*, Blackfriars Bridge had suffered from the removal of London Bridge, which served as a mill-dam, to restrain the speed and scour of the river.

Twelve designs had been sent in at the competition, and, singularly enough, among the competitors was a Mr. Mylne, grandson of Johnson's foe. The design of Mr. Page was first selected, as the handsomest and cheapest. It consisted of only three arches. Ultimately Mr. Joseph Cubitt won the prize. Cubitt's bridge has five arches, the centre one eighty-nine feet span; the style, Venetian Gothic; the cost, £265,000. The piers are grey, the columns red, granite; the bases and capitals are of carved Portland stone; the bases, balustrades, and roads of somewhat over-ornamented iron.

The *Quarterly Review*, of April, 1872, contains the following bitter criticisms of the new double bridge:—"With Blackfriars Bridge," says the writer, "we find the public thoroughly well pleased, though the design is really a wonder of depravity. Polished granite columns of amazing thickness, with carved capitals of stupendous weight, all made to give shop-room for an apple-woman, or a convenient platform for a suicide. The parapet is a fiddle-faddle of pretty cast-iron arcading, out of scale with the columns, incongruous with the capitals, and quite unsuited for a work that should be simply grand in its usefulness; and at each corner of the bridge is a huge block of masonry, *àpropos* of nothing, a well-known evidence of desperate imbecility."

Bridge Street is too new for many traditions. Its chief hero is that active-minded and somewhat shallow speculator, Sir Richard Phillips, the bookseller and projector. An interesting memoir by Mr. Timbs, his intimate friend, furnishes us with many curious facts, and shows how the publisher of Bridge Street impinged on many of the most illustrious of his contemporaries, and how in a way he pushed forward the good work which afterwards owed so much to Mr. Charles Knight. Phillips, born in London in 1767, was educated in Soho Square, and afterwards at Chiswick, where he remembered often seeing Hogarth's widow and Dr. Griffith, of the *Monthly Review* (Goldsmith's tyrant), attending church. He was brought up to be a brewer, but in 1788 settled as a schoolmaster, first at Chester and afterwards at Leicester. At Leicester he opened a bookseller's shop, started a newspaper (the *Leicester Herald*), and established a philosophical society. Obnoxious as a Radical, he was at last entrapped for selling Tom Paine's "Rights of Man," and was sent to gaol for eighteen months, where he was visited by Lord Moira, the Duke of Norfolk, and other advanced men of the day. His house being burned down, he removed to London, and projected a Sunday newspaper, but eventually Mr. Bell stole the idea and started the *Messenger*. In 1795 this restless and energetic man commenced the *Monthly Magazine*. Before this he had already been a hosier, a tutor, and a speculator in canals. The politico-literary magazine

was advertised by circulars sent to eminent men of the opposition in commercial parcels, to save the enormous postage of those unregenerate days. Dr. Aiken, the literary editor, afterwards started a rival magazine, called the *Athenæum*. The *Gentleman's Magazine* never rose to a circulation above 10,000, which soon sank to 3,000. Phillips's magazine sold about 3,750. With all these multifarious pursuits, Phillips was an antiquary—purchasing Wolsey's skull for a shilling, a portion of his stone coffin, that had been turned into a horse-trough at the "White Horse" inn, Leicester; and Rufus's stirrup, from a descendant of the charcoal-burner who drove the body of the slain king to Winchester.

As a pushing publisher Phillips soon distinguished himself, for the Liberals came to him, and he had quite enough sense to discover if a book was good. He produced many capital volumes of Ana, on the French system, and memoirs of Foote, Monk, Lewes, Wilkes, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. He published Holcroft's "Travels," Godwin's best novels, and Miss Owenson's (Lady Morgan's) first work, "The Novice of St. Dominick." In 1807, when he removed to New Bridge Street, he served the office of sheriff; was knighted on presenting an address, and effected many reforms in the prisons and lock-up houses. In his useful "Letter to the Livery of London" he computes the number of writs then annually issued at 24,000; the sheriffs' expenses at £2,000. He also did his best to repress the cruelties of the mob to poor wretches in the pillory. He was a steady friend of Alderman Waithman, and was with him in the carriage at the funeral of Queen Caroline, in 1821, when a bullet from a soldier's carbine passed through the carriage window near Hyde Park. In 1809 Phillips had some reverses, and breaking up his publishing-office in Bridge Street, devoted himself to the profitable reform of school-books, publishing them under the names of Goldsmith, Mavor, and Blair.

This active-minded man was the first to assert that Dr. Wilmot wrote "Junius," and to start the celebrated scandal about George III. and the young Quakeress, Hannah Lightfoot, daughter of a linendraper, at the corner of Market Street, St. James's. She afterwards, it is said, married a grocer, named Axford, on Ludgate Hill, was then carried off by the prince, and bore him three sons, who in time became generals. The story is perhaps traceable to Dr. Wilmot, whose daughter married the Duke of Cumberland. Phillips found time to attack the Newtonian theory of gravitation, to advocate a memorial to Shakespeare, to compile a book containing a million of facts, to write on Divine philosophy, and to suggest (as he asserted) to Mr. Brougham, in 1825, the first idea of the Society for Useful Knowledge. Almost ruined by the failures during the panic in 1826, he retired to Brighton, and there pushed forward his books and his interrogative system of education. Sir Richard's greatest mistakes, he used to say, had been the rejection of Byron's early poems, of "Waverley," of Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy," and O'Meara's "Napoleon in Exile." He always stoutly maintained his claim to the suggestion of the "Percy Anecdotes." Phillips died in 1840. Superficial as he was, and commercial as were his literary aims, we nevertheless cannot refuse him the praise awarded in his epitaph:—"He advocated civil liberty, general benevolence, ascendancy of justice, and the improvement of the human race."

The old monastic ground of the Black Friars seems to have been beloved by painters, for, as we have seen, Vandyke lived luxuriously here, and was frequently visited by Charles I. and his Court. Cornelius Jansen, the great portrait-painter of James's Court, arranged his black draperies and ground his fine carnations in the same locality; and at the same time Isaac Oliver, the exquisite Court miniature-painter, dwelt in the same place. It was to him Lady Ayres, to the rage of her jealous husband, came for a portrait of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, an imprudence that very nearly led to the assassination of the poet-lord, who believed himself so specially favoured of Heaven.

The king's printing-office for proclamations, &c., used to be in Printing-house Square, but was removed in 1770; and we must not forget that where a Norman fortress once rose to oppress the weak, to guard the spoils of robbers, and to protect the oppressor, the *Times* printing-office now stands, to diffuse its ceaseless floods of knowledge, to spread its resistless ægis over the poor and the oppressed, and ever to use its vast power to extend liberty and crush injustice, whatever shape the Proteus assumes, whether it sits upon a throne or lurks in a swindler's office.

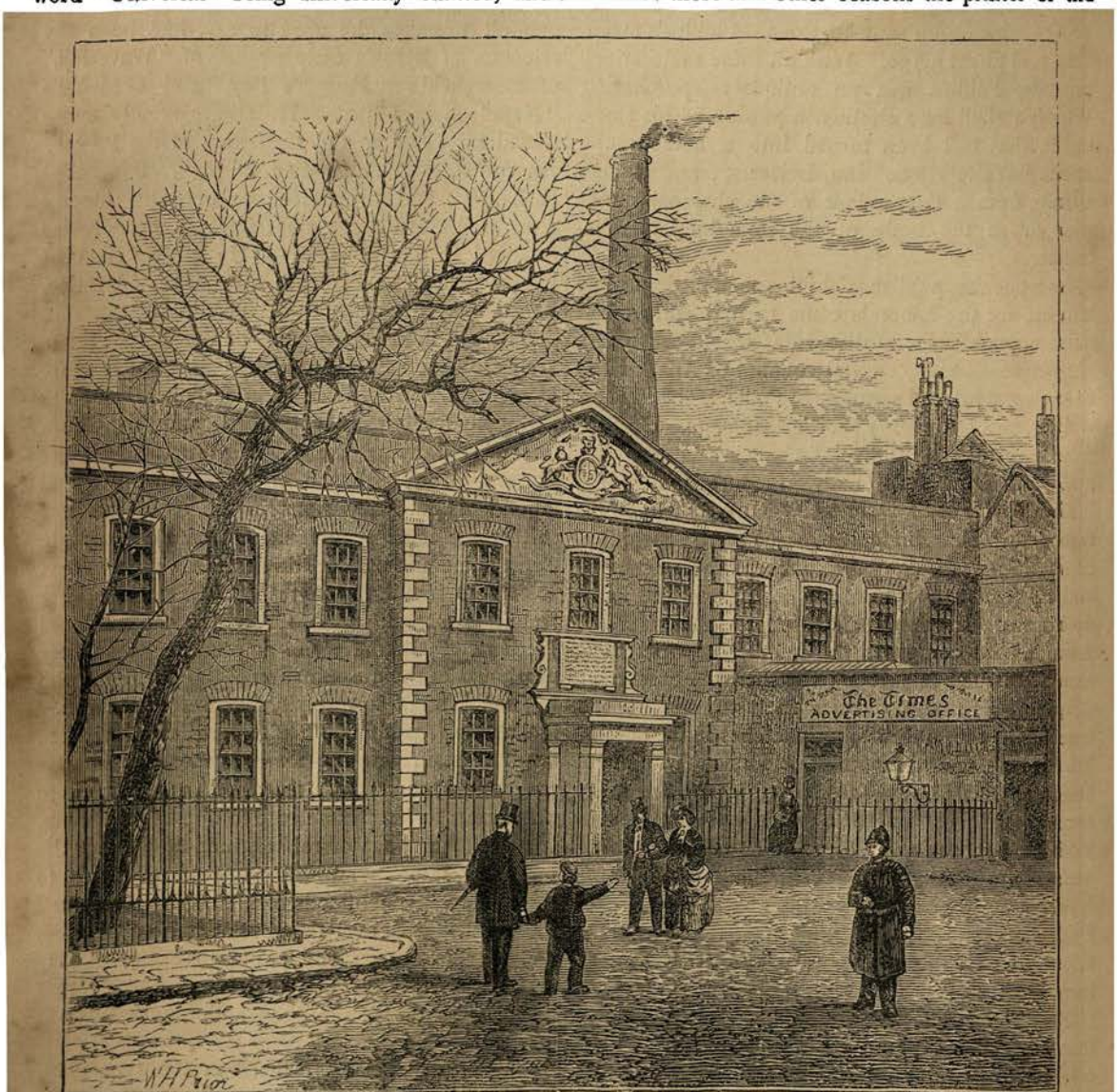
This great paper was started in the year 1785, by Mr. John Walter, under the name of the *Daily Universal Register*. It was first called the *Times*, January 1, 1788, when the following prospectus appeared:—

"The *Universal Register* has been a name as injurious to the logographic newspaper as Tristram was to Mr. Shandy's son; but old Shandy forgot he might have rectified by confirmation the mistake of the parson at baptism, and with the touch of a bishop changed Tristram into Trismegistus. The *Universal Register*, from the day of its first

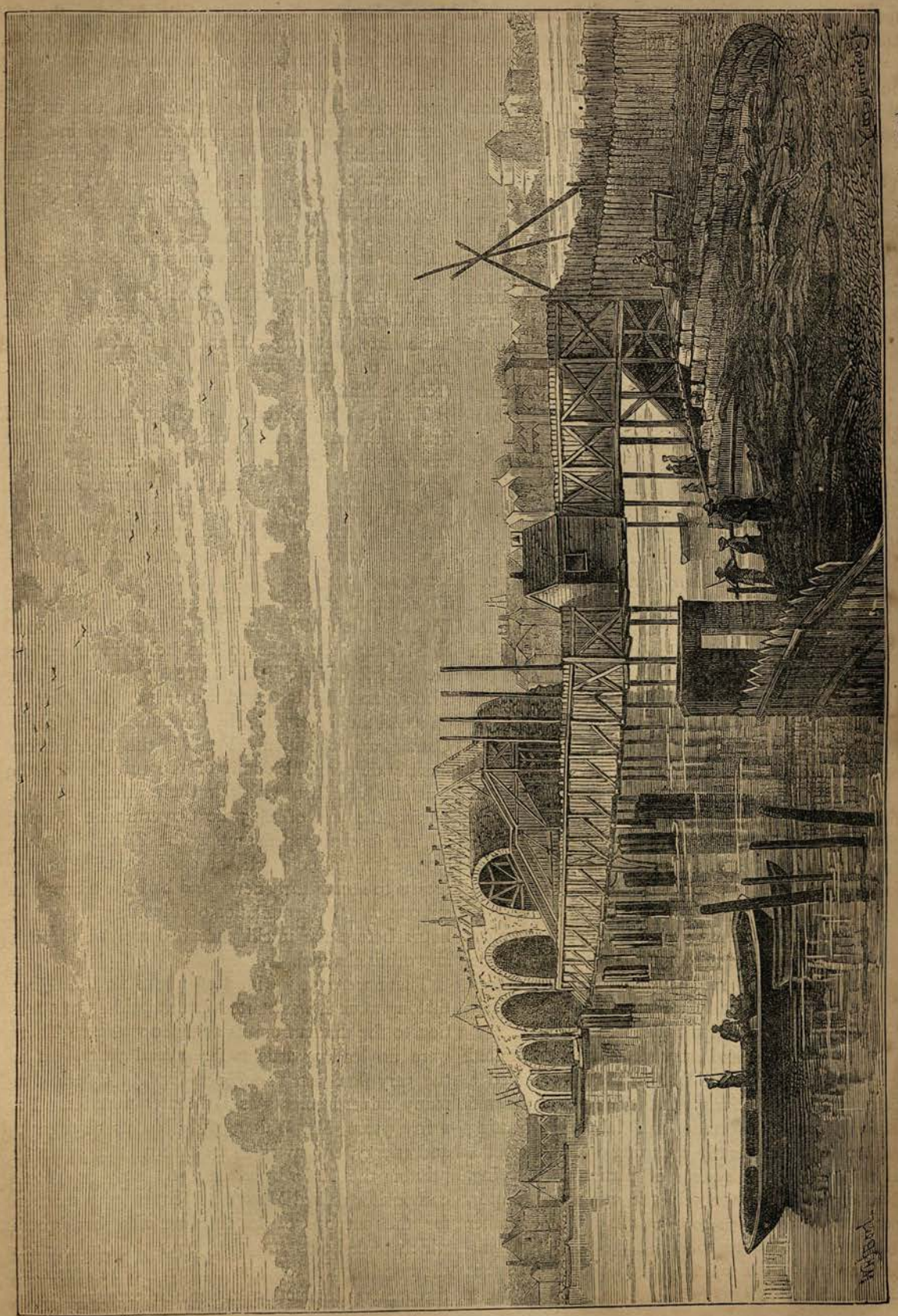
appearance to the day of its confirmation, had, like Tristram, suffered from innumerable casualties, both laughable and serious, arising from its name, which in its introduction was immediately curtailed of its fair proportions by all who called for it, the word 'Universal' being universally omitted, and the word 'Register' only retained. 'Boy, bring me the *Register*.' The waiter answers, 'Sir, we have no library; but you may see it in the "New Exchange" coffee-house.' 'Then I will see it there,' answers the disappointed politician; and he goes to the 'New Exchange' coffee-house, and calls for the *Register*, upon which the waiter tells him he cannot have it, as he is not a subscriber, or presents him with the *Court and City Register*, the *Old Annual Register*, or the *New Annual Register*, or, if the house be within the purlieus of Covent Garden or the hundreds of Drury, slips into the politician's hand *Harris's Register of Ladies*.

"For these and other reasons the printer of the *Universal Register* has added to its original name that of the *Times*, which, being a monosyllable, bids defiance to the corruptions and mutilations of the language.

"The *Times!* what a monstrous name! Granted—for the Times is a many-headed monster, that speaks with a hundred tongues, and displays a thousand characters; and in the course of its



PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE AND THE "TIMES" OFFICE (*see page* 209).



BLACKFRIARS OLD BRIDGE DURING ITS CONSTRUCTION, SHOWING THE TEMPORARY FOOT BRIDGE, FROM A PRINT OF 1775 (*see page* 207).

transitions in life, assumes innumerable shapes and humours.

"The critical reader will observe, we personify our new name; but as we give it no distinction of sex, and though it will be active in its vocation, yet we apply to it the neuter gender.

"The *Times*, being formed of and possessing qualities of opposite and heterogeneous natures, cannot be classed either in the animal or vegetable genus, but, like the polypus, is doubtful; and in the discussion, description, and illustration, will employ the pens of the most celebrated *literati*.

"The heads of the *Times*, as has already been said, are many; these will, however, not always appear at the same time, but casually, as public or private affairs may call them forth.

"The principal or leading heads are—the literary, political, commercial, philosophical, critical, theatrical, fashionable, humorous, witty, &c., each of which is supplied with a competent share of intellect for the pursuit of their several functions, an endowment which is not in all cases to be found, even in the heads of the State, the heads of the Church, the heads of the law, the heads of the navy, the heads of the army, and, though last not least, the great heads of the universities.

"The political head of the *Times*—like that of Janus, the Roman deity—is double-faced. With one countenance it will smile continually on the friends of Old England, and with the other will frown incessantly on her enemies.

"The alteration we have made in our paper is not without precedents. The *World* has parted with half its *caput mortuum* and a moiety of its brains; the *Herald* has cut off one half of its head and has lost its original humour; the *Post*, it is true, retains its whole head and its old features; and as to the other public prints, they appear as having neither heads nor tails.

"On the Parliamentary head, every communication that ability and industry can produce may be expected. To this great national object the *Times* will be most sedulously attentive, most accurately correct, and strictly impartial in its reports."

Both the *Times* and its predecessor were printed "logographically," Mr. Walter having obtained a patent for his peculiar system. The plan consisted in abridging the compositors' labour by casting all the more frequently recurring words in metal. It was, in fact, a system of partial stereotyping. The English language, said the sanguine inventor, contained above 90,000 words. This number Walter had reduced to about 5,000. The projector was assailed by the wits, who declared that his orders to the type-founders ran,—"Send me a hundredweight, in separate pounds, of *heat*, *cold*, *wet*, *dry*, *murder*, *fire*, *dreadful robbery*, *atrocious outrage*, *fearful calamity*, and *alarming explosion*." But nothing could daunt or stop Walter. One eccentricity of the *Daily Register* was that on red-letter days the title was printed in red ink, and the character of the day stated under the date-line. For instance, on Friday, August 11, 1786, there is a red heading, and underneath the words—

"Princess of Brunswick born.
Holiday at the Bank, Excise offices, and the Exchequer."

The first number of the *Times* is not so large as the *Morning Herald* or *Morning Chronicle* of the same date, but larger than the *London Chronicle*, and of the same size as the *Public Advertiser*. (Knight Hunt.)

The first Walter lived in rough times, and suffered from the political storms that then prevailed. He was several times imprisoned for articles against great people, and it has been asserted that he stood in the pillory in 1790 for a libel against the Duke of York. This is not, however, true; but it is a fact that he was sentenced to such a punishment, and remained sixteen months in Newgate, till released at the intercession of the Prince of Wales. The first Walter died in 1812. The second Mr. Walter, who came to the helm in 1803, was the real founder of the future greatness of the *Times;* and he, too, had his rubs. In 1804 he offended the Government by denouncing the foolish Catamaran expedition. For this the Government meanly deprived his family of the printing for the Customs, and also withdrew their advertisements. During the war of 1805 the Government stopped all the foreign papers sent to the *Times*. Walter, stopped by no obstacle, at once contrived other means to secure early news, and had the triumph of announcing the capitulation of Flushing forty-eight hours before the intelligence had arrived through any other channel.

There were no reviews of books in the *Times* till long after it was started, but it paid great attention to the drama from its commencement. There were no leading articles for several years, yet in the very first year the *Times* displays threefold as many advertisements as its contemporaries. For many years Mr. Walter, with his usual sagacity and energy, endeavoured to mature some plan for printing the *Times* by steam. As early as 1804 a compositor named Martyn had invented a machine for the purpose of superseding the hand-press, which took hours struggling over the three or four thousand copies of the *Times*. The pressmen threatened destruction to the new machine, and it

had to be smuggled piecemeal into the premises, while Martyn sheltered himself under various disguises to escape the vengeance of the workmen. On the eve of success, however, Walter's father lost courage, stopped the supplies, and the project was for the time abandoned. In 1814 Walter, however, returned to the charge. Kœnig and Barnes put their machinery in premises adjoining the *Times* office, to avoid the violence of the pressmen. At one time the two inventors are said to have abandoned their machinery in despair, but a clerical friend of Walter examined the difficulty and removed it. The night came at last when the great experiment was to be made. The unconscious pressmen were kept waiting in the next office for news from the Continent. At six o'clock in the morning Mr. Walter entered the press-room, with a wet paper in his hand, and astonished the men by telling them that the *Times* had just been printed by steam. If they attempted violence, he said, there was a force ready to suppress it; but if they were peaceable their wages should be continued until employment was found for them. He could now print 1,100 sheets an hour. By-and-by Kœnig's machine proved too complicated, and Messrs. Applegarth and Cowper invented a cylindrical one, that printed 8,000 an hour. Then came Hoe's process, which is now said to print at the rate of from 18,000 to 22,000 copies an hour (Grant). The various improvements in steam-printing have altogether cost the *Times*, according to general report, not less than £80,000.

About 1813 Dr. Stoddart, the brother-in-law of Hazlitt (afterwards Sir John Stoddart, a judge in Malta), edited the *Times* with ability, till his almost insane hatred of Bonaparte, "the Corsican fiend," as he called him, led to his secession in 1815 or 1816. Stoddart was the "Doctor Slop" whom Tom Moore derided in his gay little Whig lampoons. The next editor was Thomas Barnes, a better scholar and a far abler man. He had been a contemporary of Lamb at Christ's Hospital, and a rival of Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of London. While a student in the Temple he wrote the *Times* a series of political letters in the manner of "Junius," and was at once placed as a reporter in the gallery of the House. Under his editorship Walter secured some of his ablest contributors, including that Captain Stirling, "The Thunderer," whom Carlyle has sketched so happily. Stirling was an Irishman, who had fought with the Royal troops at Vinegar Hill, then joined the line, and afterwards turned gentleman farmer in the Isle of Bute. He began writing for the *Times* about 1815, and, it is said, eventually received £2,000 a year as a writer of dashing and effective leaders. Lord Brougham also, it is said, wrote occasional articles, Tom Moore was even offered £100 a month if he would contribute, and Southey declined an offer of £2,000 a year for editing the *Times*. Macaulay in his day wrote many brilliant squibs in the *Times;* amongst them one containing the line:

"Ye diners out, from whom we guard our spoons,"

and another on the subject of Wat Banks's candidateship for Cambridge. Barnes died in 1841. Horace Twiss, the biographer of Lord Eldon and nephew of Mrs. Siddons, also helped the *Times* forward by his admirable Parliamentary summaries, the first the *Times* had attempted. This able man died suddenly in 1848, while speaking at a meeting of the Rock Assurance Society at Radley's Hotel, Bridge Street.

One of the longest wars the *Times* ever carried on was that against Alderman Harmer. It was Harmer's turn, in due order of rotation, to become Lord Mayor. A strong feeling had arisen against Harmer because, as the avowed proprietor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, he inserted certain letters of the late Mr. Williams ("Publicola"), which were said to have had the effect of preventing Mr. Walter's return for Southwark (see page 59). The *Times* upon this wrote twelve powerful leaders against Harmer, which at once decided the question. This was a great assertion of power, and raised the *Times* in the estimation of all England. For these twelve articles, originally intended for letters, the writer (says Mr. Grant) received £200. But in 1841 the extraordinary social influence of this giant paper was even still more shown. Mr. O'Reilly, their Paris correspondent, obtained a clue to a vast scheme of fraud concocting in Paris by a gang of fourteen accomplished swindlers, who had already netted £10,700 of the million for which they had planned. At the risk of assassination, O'Reilly exposed the scheme in the *Times*, dating the *exposé* Brussels, in order to throw the swindlers on the wrong scent.

At a public meeting of merchants, bankers, and others held in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, October 1, 1841, the Lord Mayor (Thomas Johnson) in the chair, it was unanimously resolved to thank the proprietors of the *Times* for the services they had rendered in having exposed the most remarkable and extensively fraudulent conspiracy (the famous "Bogle" swindle) ever brought to light in the mercantile world, and to record in some substantial manner the sense of obligation conferred by the proprietors of the *Times* on the commercial world.

The proprietors of the *Times* declining to receive the £2,625 subscribed by the London merchants

to recompense them for doing their duty, it was resolved, in 1842, to set apart the funds for the endowment of two scholarships, one at Christ's Hospital, and one at the City of London School. In both schools a commemorative tablet was put up, as well as one at the Royal Exchange and the *Times* printing-office.

At various periods the *Times* has had to endure violent attacks in the House of Commons, and many strenuous efforts to restrain its vast powers. In 1819 John Payne Collier, one of their Parliamentary reporters, and better known as one of the greatest of Shakesperian critics, was committed into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms for a report in which he had attacked Canning. The *Times*, however, had some powerful friends in the House; and in 1821 we find Mr. Hume complaining that the Government advertisements were systematically withheld from the *Times*. In 1831 Sir R. H. Inglis complained that the *Times* had been guilty of a breach of privilege, in asserting that there were borough nominees and lackeys in the House. Sir Charles Wetherell, that titled, incomparable old Tory, joined in the attack, which Burdett chivalrously cantered forward to repel. Sir Henry Hardinge wanted the paper prosecuted, but Lord John Russell, Orator Hunt, and O'Connell, however, moved the previous question, and the great debate on the Reform Bill then proceeded. The same year the House of Lords flew at the great paper. The Earl of Limerick had been called "an absentee, and a thing with human pretensions." The Marquis of Londonderry joined in the attack. The next day Mr. Lawson, printer of the *Times*, was examined and worried by the House; and Lord Wynford moved that Mr. Lawson, as printer of a scandalous libel, should be fined £100, and committed to Newgate till the fine be paid. The next day Mr. Lawson handed in an apology, but Lord Brougham generously rose and denied the power of the House to imprison and fine without a trial by jury. The Tory lords spoke angrily; the Earl of Limerick called the press a tyrant that ruled all things, and crushed everything under its feet; and the Marquis of Londonderry complained of the coarse and virulent libels against Queen Adelaide, for her supposed opposition to Reform.

In 1833 O'Connell attributed dishonest motives to the London reporter who had suppressed his speeches, and the reporters in the *Times* expressed their resolution not to report any more of his speeches unless he retracted. O'Connell then moved in the House that the printer of the *Times* be summoned to the bar for printing their resolution, but his motion was rejected. In 1838 Mr. Lawson was fined £200 for accusing Sir John Conroy, treasurer of the household of the Duchess of Kent, of peculation. In 1840 an angry member brought a breach of privilege motion against the *Times*, and advised every one who was attacked in that paper to horsewhip the editor.

In January, 1829, the *Times* came out with a double sheet, consisting of eight pages, or forty-eight columns. In 1830 it paid £70,000 advertisement duty. In 1800 its sale had been below that of the *Morning Chronicle*, *Post*, *Herald*, and *Advertiser*.

The *Times*, according to Mr. Grant, in one day of 1870, received no less than £1,500 for advertisements. On June 22, 1862, it produced a paper containing no less than twenty-four pages, or 144 columns. In 1854 the *Times* had a circulation of 51,000 copies; in 1860, 60,000. For special numbers its sale is enormous. The biography of Prince Albert sold 90,000 copies; the marriage of the Prince of Wales, 110,000 copies. The income of the *Times* from advertisements alone has been calculated at £260,000. A writer in a Philadelphia paper of 1867 estimates the paper consumed weekly by the *Times* at seventy tons; the ink at two tons. There are employed in the office ten stereotypers, sixteen firemen and engineers, ninety machine-men, six men who prepare the paper for printing, and seven to transfer the papers to the news-agents. The new Walter press prints 22,000 to 24,000 impressions an hour, or 12,000 perfect sheets printed on both sides. It prints from a roll of paper three-quarters of a mile long, and cuts the sheets and piles them without help. It is a self-feeder, and requires only a man and two boys to guide its operations. A copy of the *Times* has been known to contain 4,000 advertisements; and for every daily copy it is computed that the compositors mass together not less than 2,500,000 separate types.

The number of persons engaged in daily working for the *Times* is put at nearly 350.

In the annals of this paper we must not forget the energy that, in 1834, established a system of home expresses, that enabled them to give the earliest intelligence before any other paper; and at an expense of £200 brought a report of Lord Durham's speech at Glasgow to London at the then unprecedented rate of fifteen miles an hour; nor should we forget their noble disinterestedness during the railway mania of 1845, when, although they were receiving more than £3,000 a week for railway advertisements, they warned the country unceasingly of the misery and ruin that must inevitably follow. The *Times* proprietors are known to pay the highest sums for articles, and to be

uniformly generous in pensioning men who have spent their lives in its service.

The late Mr. Walter, even when M.P. for Berkshire and Nottingham, never forgot Printing-house Square when the debate, however late, had closed. One afternoon, says Mr. Grant, he came to the office and found the compositors gone to dinner. Just at that moment a parcel, marked "immediate and important," arrived. It was news of vast importance. He at once slipped off his coat, and set up the news with his own hands; a pressman was at his post, and by the time the men returned a second edition was actually printed and published. But his foresight and energy was most conspicuously shown in 1845, when the jealousy of the French Government had thrown obstacles in the way of the *Times'* couriers, who brought their Indian despatches from Marseilles. What were seas and deserts to Walter? He at once took counsel with Lieutenant Waghorn, who had opened up the overland route to India, and proposed to try a new route by Trieste. The result was that Waghorn reached London two days before the regular mail—the usual mail aided by the French Government. The *Morning Herald* was at first forty-eight hours before the *Times*, but after that the *Times* got a fortnight ahead; and although the Trieste route was abandoned, the *Times*, eventually, was left alone as a troublesome and invincible adversary.

Apothecaries' Hall, the grave stone and brick building, in Water Lane, Blackfriars, was erected in 1670 (Charles II.), as the dispensary and hall of the Company of Apothecaries, incorporated by a charter of James I., at the suit of Gideon Delaune, the king's own apothecary. Drugs in the Middle Ages were sold by grocers and pepperers, or by the doctors themselves, who, early in James's reign, formed one company with the apothecaries; but the ill-assorted union lasted only eleven years, for the apothecaries were then fast becoming doctors themselves.

Garth, in his "Dispensary," describes, in the Hogarthian manner, the topographical position of Apothecaries' Hall:—

> "Nigh where Fleet Ditch descends in sable streams,
> To wash the sooty Naiads in the Thames,
> There stands a structure on a rising hill,
> Where tyros take their freedom out to kill."

Gradually the apothecaries, refusing to be merely "the doctors' tools," began to encroach more and more on the doctors' province, and to prescribe for and even cure the poor. In 1687 (James II.) open war broke out. First Dryden, then Pope, fought on the side of the doctors against the humbler men, whom they were taught to consider as mere greedy mechanics and empirics. Dryden first let fly his mighty shaft:—

> "The apothecary tribe is wholly blind;
> From files a random recipe they take,
> And many deaths from one prescription make.
> Garth, generous as his muse, prescribes and gives;
> The shopman sells, and by destruction lives."

Pope followed with a smaller but keener arrow:—

> "So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
> By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
> Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
> Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools."

The origin of the memorable affray between the College of Physicians and the Company of Apothecaries is admirably told by Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Book of Doctors." The younger physicians, impatient at beholding the increasing prosperity and influence of the apothecaries, and the older ones indignant at seeing a class of men they had despised creeping into their quarters, and craftily laying hold of a portion of their monopoly, concocted a scheme to reinstate themselves in public favour. Without a doubt, many of the physicians who countenanced this scheme gave it their support from purely charitable motives; but it cannot be questioned that, as a body, the dispensarians were only actuated in their humanitarian exertions by a desire to lower the apothecaries and raise themselves in the eyes of the world. In 1687 the physicians, at a college meeting, voted "that all members of the college, whether fellows, candidates, or licentiates, should give their advice gratis to all their sick neighbouring poor, when desired, within the city of London, or seven miles round." The poor folk carried their prescriptions to the apothecaries, to learn that the trade charge for dispensing them was beyond their means. The physicians asserted that the demands of the drug-vendors were extortionate, and were not reduced to meet the finances of the applicants, to the end that the undertakings of benevolence might prove abortive. This was, of course, absurd. The apothecaries knew their own interests better than to oppose a system which at least rendered drug-consuming fashionable with the lower orders. Perhaps they regarded the poor as their peculiar property as a field of practice, and felt insulted at having the same humble people for whom they had pompously prescribed, and put up boluses at twopence apiece, now entering their shops with papers dictating what the twopenny bolus was to be composed of. But the charge preferred against them was groundless. Indeed, a numerous body of the apothecaries expressly offered to sell medicines "to the poor within their respective parishes

at such rates as the committee of physicians should think reasonable."

But this would not suit the game of the physicians. "A proposal was started by a committee of the college that the college should furnish the medicines of the poor, and perfect alone that paring and delivering medicines at their intrinsic value."

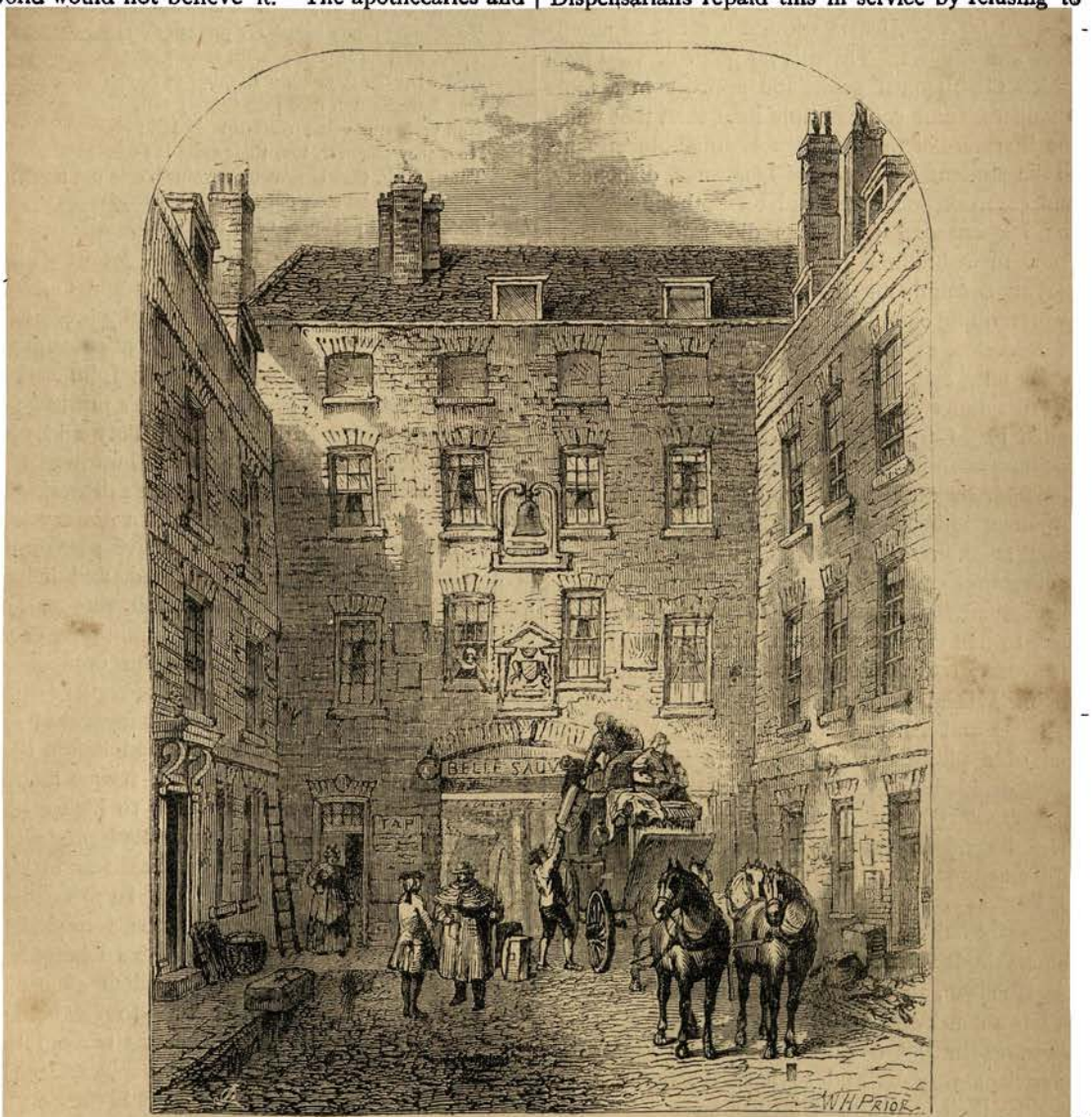
Such was the version of the affair given by the college apologists. The plan was acted upon, and a dispensary was eventually established (some nine years after the vote of 1687) at the College

THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, WARWICK LANE (*see page* 216).

charity which the apothecaries refused to concur in; and, after divers methods ineffectually tried, and much time wasted in endeavouring to bring the apothecaries to terms of reason in relation to the poor, an instrument was subscribed by divers charitably-disposed members of the college, now in numbers about fifty, wherein they obliged themselves to pay ten pounds apiece towards the pre-

of Physicians, Warwick Lane, where medicines were vended to the poor at cost price. This measure of the college was impolitic and unjustifiable. It was unjust to that important division of the trade who were ready to vend the medicines at rates to be paid by the college authorities, for it took altogether out of their hands the small amount of profit which they, as *dealers*, could have realised

on those terms. It was also an eminently unwise course. The College sank to the level of the Apothecaries' Hall, becoming an emporium for the sale of medicines. It was all very well to say that no profit was made on such sale, the censorious world would not believe it. The apothecaries and fees. They therefore joined in the cry against the dispensary. The profession was split up into two parties—Dispensarians and Anti-Dispensarians. The apothecaries combined, and agreed not to recommend the Dispensarians. The Anti-Dispensarians repaid this ill service by refusing to



OUTER COURT OF LA BELLE SAUVAGE IN 1828, FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN MR. GARDNER'S COLLECTION (*see page* 221).

their friends denied that such was the fact, and vowed that the benevolent dispensarians were bent only on underselling and ruining them.

Again, the movement introduced dissensions within the walls of the college. Many of the first physicians, with the conservatism of success, did not care to offend the apothecaries, who were continually calling them in and paying them meet Dispensarians in consultation. Sir Thomas Millington, the President of the College, Hans Sloane, John Woodward, Sir Edmund King, and Sir Samuel Garth, were amongst the latter. Of these the last named was the man who rendered the most efficient service to his party. For a time Garth's great poem, "The Dispensary," covered the apothecaries and Anti-Dispensarians with ridi-

cule. It rapidly passed through numerous editions. To say that of all the books, pamphlets, and broadsheets thrown out by the combatants on both sides, it is by far the one of the greatest merit, would be scant justice, when it might almost be said that it is the only one of them that can now be read by a gentleman without a sense of annoyance and disgust. There is no point of view from which the medical profession appears in a more humiliating and contemptible light than that which the literature of this memorable squabble presents to the student. Charges of ignorance, dishonesty, and extortion were preferred on both sides. And the Dispensarian physicians did not hesitate to taunt their brethren of the opposite camp with playing corruptly into the hands of the apothecaries —prescribing enormous and unnecessary quantities of medicine, so that the drug-vendors might make heavy bills, and, as a consequence, recommend in all directions such complacent superiors to be called in. Garth's, unfair and violent though it is, nowhere offends against decency. As a work of art it cannot be ranked high, and is now deservedly forgotten, although it has many good lines and some felicitous satire. Garth lived to see the apothecaries gradually emancipate themselves from the ignominious regulations to which they consented when their vocation was first separated from the grocery trade. Four years after his death they obtained legal acknowledgment of their right to dispense and sell medicines without the prescription of a physician; and six years later the law again decided in their favour with regard to the physicians' right of examining and condemning their drugs. In 1721, Mr. Rose, an apothecary, on being prosecuted by the college for prescribing as well as compounding medicines, carried the matter into the House of Lords, and obtained a favourable decision; and from 1727, in which year Mr. Goodwin, an apothecary, obtained in a court of law a considerable sum for an illegal seizure of his wares (by Drs. Arbuthnot, Bale, and Levit), the physicians may be said to have discontinued to exercise their privileges of inspection.

In his elaborate poem Garth cruelly caricatures the apothecaries of his day:—

"Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to prescribe, and busy to apply;
His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs,
With foreign trinkets and domestic toys.
Here mummies lay, most reverently stale,
And there the tortoise hung her coat of mail;
Not far from some huge shark's devouring head
The flying-fish their finny pinions spread.
Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were strung,
And near, a scaly alligator hung.
In this place drugs in musty heaps decay'd,
In that dried bladders and false teeth were laid.

An inner room receives the num'rous shoals
Of such as pay to be reputed fools;
Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary schemes amuse the eye.
The sage in velvet chair here lolls at ease,
To promise future health for present fees;
Then, as from tripod, solemn shams reveals,
And what the stars know nothing of foretells.
Our manufactures now they merely sell,
And their true value treacherously tell;
Nay, they discover, too, their spite is such,
That health, than crowns more valued, cost not much;
Whilst we must steer our conduct by these rules,
To cheat as tradesmen, or to starve as fools."

Before finally leaving Blackfriars, let us gather up a few reminiscences of the King's and Queen's printers who here first worked their inky presses.

Queen Anne, by patent in 1713, constituted Benjamin Tooke, of Fleet Street, and John Barber (afterwards Alderman Barber), Queen's printers for thirty years. This Barber, a high Tory and suspected Jacobite, was Swift's printer and warm friend. A remarkable story is told of Barber's dexterity in his profession. Being threatened with a prosecution by the House of Lords, for an offensive paragraph in a pamphlet which he had printed, and being warned of his danger by Lord Bolingbroke, he called in all the copies from the publishers, cancelled the leaf which contained the obnoxious passage, and returned them to the booksellers with a new paragraph supplied by Lord Bolingbroke; so that when the pamphlet was produced before the House, and the passage referred to, it was found unexceptionable. He added greatly to his wealth by the South Sea Scheme, which he had prudence enough to secure in time, and purchased an estate at East Sheen with part of his gain. In principles he was a Jacobite; and in his travels to Italy, whither he went for the recovery of his health, he was introduced to the Pretender, which exposed him to some danger on his return to England; for, immediately on his arrival, he was taken into custody by a King's messenger, but was released without punishment. After his success in the South Sea Scheme, he was elected Alderman of Castle Baynard Ward, 1722; sheriff, 1730; and, in 1732–3, Lord Mayor of London.

John Baskett subsequently purchased both shares of the patent, but his printing-offices in Blackfriars (now Printing House Square) were soon afterwards destroyed by fire. In 1739 George II. granted a fresh patent to Baskett for sixty years, with the privilege of supplying Parliament with stationery. Half this lease Baskett sold to Charles Eyre, who eventually appointed William Strahan his printer.

Strahan soon after brought in Mr. Eyre, and in 1770 erected extensive premises in Printer Street, New Street Square, between Gough Square and Fetter Lane, near the present offices of Mr. Spottiswoode, one of whose family married Mr. Strahan's daughter. Strahan died a year after his old friend, Dr. Johnson, at his house in New Street, leaving £1,000 to the Stationers' Company, which his son Andrew augmented with £2,000 more. This son died in 1831, aged eighty-three.

William Strahan, the son of a Scotch Custom-house officer, had come up to London a poor printers' boy, and worked his way to wealth and social distinction. He was associated with Cadell in the purchase of copyrights, on the death of Cadell's partner and former master, Andrew Millar, who died *circa* 1768. The names of Strahan and Cadell appeared on the title-pages of the great works of Gibbon, Robertson, Adam Smith, and Blackstone. In 1776 Hume wrote to Strahan, "There will be no books of reputation now to be printed in London, but through your hands and Mr. Cadell's." Gibbon's history was a vast success. The first edition of 1,000 went off in a few days. This produced £490, of which Gibbon received £326 13s. 4d. The great history was finished in 1788, by the publication of the fourth quarto volume. It appeared on the author's fifty-first birthday, and the double festival was celebrated by a dinner at Mr. Cadell's, when complimentary verses from that wretched poet, Hayley, made the great man with the button-hole mouth blush or feign to blush. That was a proud day for Gibbon, and a proud day for Messrs. Cadell and Strahan.

The first Strahan, Johnson's friend, was M.P. for Malmesbury and Wootton Bassett (1775-84), and his taking to a carriage was the subject of a recorded conversation between Boswell and Johnson, who gloried in his friend's success. It was Strahan who, with Johnston and Dodsley, purchased, in 1759, for £100, the first edition of Johnson's "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," that sententious story, which Johnson wrote in a week, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral.

Boswell has recorded several conversations between Dr. Johnson and Strahan. Strahan, at the doctor's return from the Hebrides, asked him, with a firm tone of voice, what he thought of his country. "That it is a very vile country, to be sure, sir," returned for answer Dr. Johnson. "Well, sir," replied the other, somewhat mortified, "God made it." "Certainly he did," answered Dr. Johnson again; "but we must always remember that he made it for Scotchmen, and — comparisons are odious, Mr. Strahan—but God made hell."

Boswell has also a pretty anecdote relating to one of the doctor's visits to Strahan's printing-office, which shows the "Great Bear" in a very amiable light, and the scene altogether is not unworthy of the artist's pencil.

"Mr. Strahan," says Boswell, "had taken a poor boy from the country as an apprentice, upon Johnson's recommendation. Johnson having inquired after him, said, 'Mr. Strahan, let me have five guineas on account, and I'll give this boy one. Nay, if a man recommends a boy, and does nothing for him, it is a sad work. Call him down.' I followed him into the court-yard, behind Mr. Strahan's house, and there I had a proof of what I heard him profess—that he talked alike to all. 'Some people will tell you that they let themselves down to the capacity of their hearers. I never do that. I speak uniformly in as intelligible a manner as I can.' 'Well, my boy, how do you go on?' 'Pretty well, sir; but they are afraid I'm not strong enough for some parts of the business.' Johnson: 'Why, I shall be sorry for it; for when you consider with how little mental power and corporal labour a printer can get a guinea a week, it is a very desirable occupation for you. Do you hear? Take all the pains you can; and if this does not do, we must think of some other way of life for you. There's a guinea.' Here was one of the many instances of his active benevolence. At the same time the slow and sonorous solemnity with which, while he bent himself down, he addressed a little thick, short-legged boy, contrasted with the boy's awkwardness and awe, could not but excite some ludicrous emotions."

In Ireland Yard, on the west side of St. Andrew's Hill, and in the parish of St. Anne, Blackfriars, stood the house which Shakespeare bought, in the year 1612, and which he bequeathed by will to his daughter, Susanna Hall. In the deed of conveyance to the poet, the house is described as "abutting upon a street leading down to Puddle Wharf, and now or late in the tenure or occupation of one William Ireland" (hence, we suppose, Ireland Yard), "part of which said tenement is erected over a great gate leading to a capital messuage, which some time was in the tenure of William Blackwell, Esq., deceased, and since that in the tenure or occupation of the Right Honourable Henry, now Earl of Northumberland." The original deed of conveyance is shown in the City of London Library, at Guildhall, under a handsome glass case.

The street leading down to Puddle Wharf is called St. Andrew's Hill, from the Church of St. Andrew's-in-the-Wardrobe. The proper name (says Cunningham) is Puddle Dock Hill.

CHAPTER XIX.

LUDGATE HILL.

An Ugly Bridge and "Ye Belle Savage"—A Radical Publisher—The Principal Gate of London—From a Fortress to a Prison—"Remember the Poor Prisoners"—Relics of Early Times—St. Martin's, Ludgate—The London Coffee House—Celebrated Goldsmiths on Ludgate Hill—Mrs. Rundell's Cookery Book—Stationers' Hall—Old Burgavenny House and its History—Early Days of the Stationers' Company—The Almanacks—An Awkward Misprint—The Hall and its Decorations—The St. Cecilia Festivals—Dryden's "St. Cecilia's Day" and "Alexander's Feast"—Handel's Setting of them—A Modest Poet—Funeral Feasts and Political Banquets—The Company's Plate—Their Charities—The Pictures at Stationers' Hall—The Company's Arms—Famous Masters.

Of all the eyesores of modern London, surely the most hideous is the Ludgate Hill Viaduct—that enormous flat iron that lies across the chest of Ludgate Hill like a bar of metal on the breast of a wretch in a torture-chamber. Let us hope that a time will come when all designs for City improvements will be compelled to endure the scrutiny and win the approval of a committee of taste. The useful and the beautiful must not for ever be divorced. The railway bridge lies flat across the street, only eighteen feet above the roadway, and is a miracle of clumsy and stubborn ugliness, entirely spoiling the approach to one of the finest buildings in London. The five girders of wrought iron cross the street, here only forty-two feet wide, and the span is sixty feet, in order to allow of future enlargement of the street. Absurd lattice-work, decorative brackets, bronze armorial medallions, and gas lanterns and standards, form a combination that only the unsettled and imitative art of the ruthless nineteenth century could have put together. Think of what the Egyptians in the times of the Pharaohs did with granite! and observe what we Englishmen of the present day do with iron. Observe this vulgar daubing of brown paint and barbaric gilding, and think of what the Moors did with colour in the courts of the Alhambra! A viaduct was necessary, we allow, but such a viaduct even the architect of the National Gallery would have shuddered at. The difficulties, we however allow, were great. The London, Chatham, and Dover, eager for dividends, was bent on wedding the Metropolitan Railway near Smithfield; but how could the hands of the affianced couple be joined? If there was no viaduct, there must be a tunnel. Now, the bank of the river being a very short distance from Smithfield, a very steep and dangerous gradient would have been required to effect the junction. Moreover, had the line been carried under Ludgate Hill, there must have been a slight detour to ease the ascent, the cost of which detour would have been enormous. The tunnel proposed would have involved the destruction of a few trifles—such, for instance, as Apothecaries' Hall, the churchyard adjoining, the *Times* printing office—besides doing injury to the foundations of St. Martin's Church, the Old Bailey Sessions House, and Newgate. Moreover, no station would have been possible between the Thames and Smithfield. The puzzled inhabitants, therefore, ended in despair by giving evidence in favour of the viaduct. The stolid hammermen went to work, and the iron nightmare was set up in all its Babylonian hideousness.

The enormous sum of upwards of £10,000 was awarded as the Metropolitan Board's quota for removing the hoarding, for widening the pavement a few feet under the railway bridge over Ludgate Hill, and for rounding off the corner.

An incredible quantity of ink has been shed about the origin of the sign of the "Belle Sauvage" inn, and even now the controversy is scarcely settled. Mr. Riley records that in 1380 (Richard II.) a certain William Lawton was sentenced to an uncomfortable hour in the pillory for trying to obtain, by means of a forged letter, twenty shillings from William Savage, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bridget. This at least shows that Savage was the name of a citizen of the locality. In 1453 (Henry VI.) a clause roll quoted by Mr. Lysons notices the bequest of John French to his mother, Joan French, widow, of "Savage's Inn," otherwise called the "Bell in the Hoop," in the parish of St. Bride's. Stow (Elizabeth) mentions a Mrs. Savage as having given the inn to the Cutlers' Company, which, however, the books of that company disprove. This, anyhow, is certain, that in 1568 (Elizabeth) a John Craythorne gave the reversion of the "Belle Sauvage" to the Cutlers' Company, on condition that two exhibitions to the university and certain sums to poor prisoners be paid by them out of the estate. A portrait of Craythorne's wife still hangs in Cutler's Hall. In 1584 the inn was described as "Ye Belle Savage." In 1648 and 1672 the landlords' tokens exhibited (says Mr. Noble) an Indian woman holding a bow and arrow. The sign in Queen Anne's time was a savage man standing by a bell. The question, therefore, is, whether the name of the inn was originally derived from Isabel (Bel) Savage, the land-

lady, or the sign of the bell and savage; or whether it was, as the *Spectator* cleverly suggests, from La Belle Sauvage, "the beautiful savage," which is a derivation very generally received. There is an old French romance formerly popular in this country, the heroine of which was known as La Belle Sauvage; and it is possible that Mrs. Isabel Savage, the ancient landlady, might have become in time confused with the heroine of the old romance.

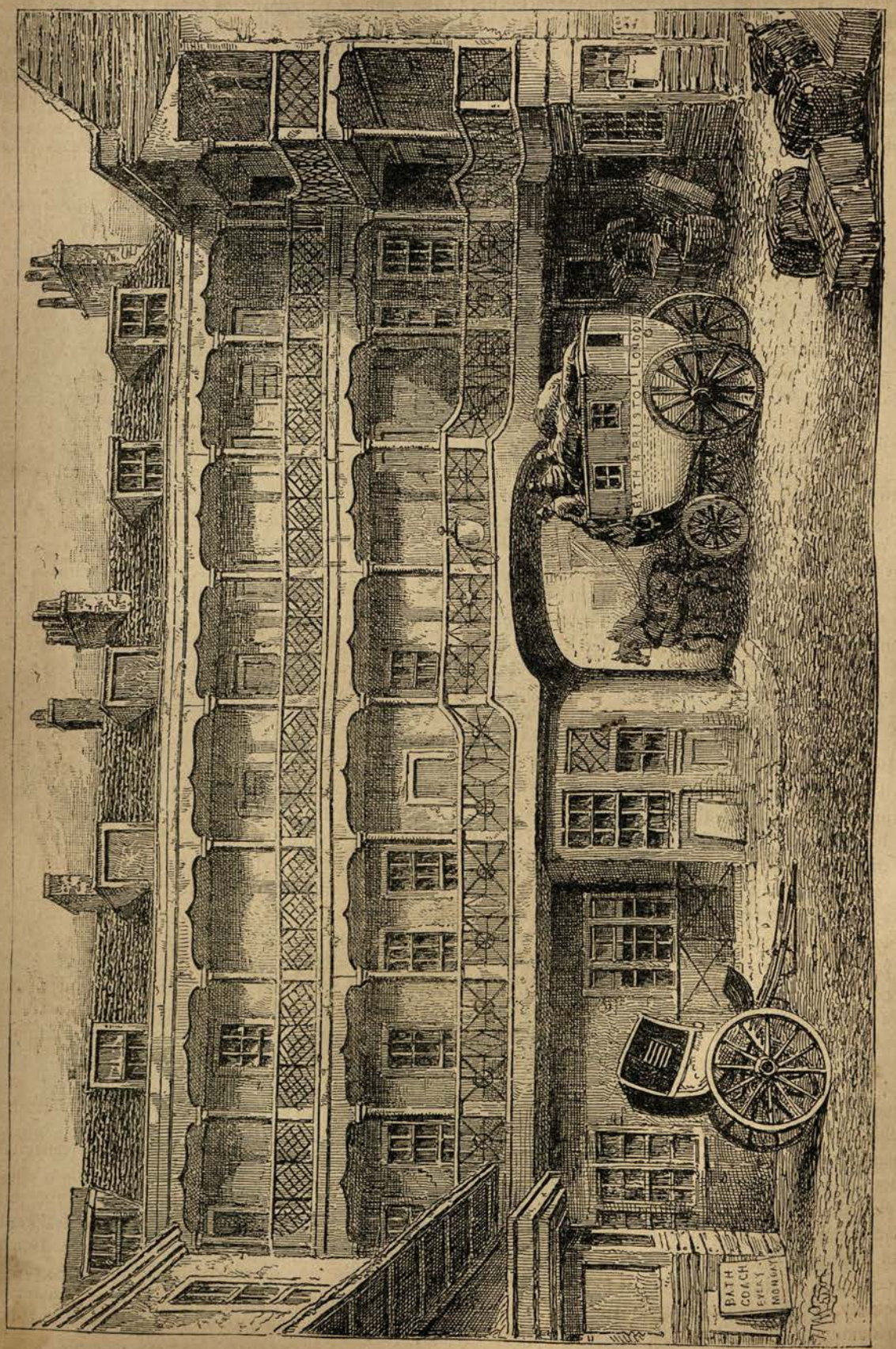
In the ante-Shakespearean days our early actors performed in inn-yards, the court-yard representing the pit, the upper and lower galleries the boxes and gallery of the modern theatre. The "Belle Sauvage," says Mr. Collier, was a favourite place for these performances. There was also a school of defence, or fencing school, here in Queen Elizabeth's time; so many a hot Tybalt and fiery Mercutio have here crossed rapiers, and many a silk button has been reft from gay doublets by the quick passadoes of the young swordsmen who ruffled it in the Strand. This quondam inn was also the place where Banks, the showman (so often mentioned by Nash and others in Elizabethan pamphlets and lampoons), exhibited his wonderful trained horse "Marocco," the animal which once ascended the tower of St. Paul's, and who on another occasion, at his master's bidding, delighted the mob by selecting Tarleton, the low comedian, as the greatest fool present. Banks eventually took his horse, which was shod with silver, to Rome, and the priests, frightened at the circus tricks, burnt both "Marocco" and his master for witchcraft. At No. 11 in this yard—now such a little world of industry, although it no longer rings with the stage-coach horn—lived in his obscurer days that great carver in wood, Grinling Gibbons, whose genius Evelyn first brought under the notice of Charles II. Horace Walpole says that, as a sort of advertisement, Gibbons carved an exquisite pot of flowers in wood, which stood on his window-sill, and shook surprisingly with the motion of the coaches that passed beneath. No man (says Walpole) before Gibbons had "ever given to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, or linked together the various productions of the elements with a free disorder natural to each species." His *chef d'œuvre* of skill was an imitation point-lace cravat, which he carved at Chatsworth for the Duke of Devonshire. Petworth is also garlanded with Gibbons' fruit, flowers, and dead game.

Belle Sauvage Yard no longer re-echoes with the guard's rejoicing horn, and the old coaching interest is now only represented by a railway parcel office huddled up in the left-hand corner. The old galleries are gone over which pretty chambermaids leant and waved their dusters in farewell greeting to the handsome guards or smart coachmen. Industries of a very different character have now turned the old yard into a busy hive. It is not for us to dilate upon the firm whose operations are carried on here, but it may interest the reader to know that the very sheet he is now perusing was printed on the site of the old coaching inn, and published very near the old tap-room of La Belle Sauvage; for where coach-wheels once rolled and clattered, only printing-press wheels now revolve.

The old inn-yard is now very much altered in plan from what it was in former days. Originally it consisted of two courts. Into the outer one of these the present archway from Ludgate Hill led. It at one period certainly had contained private houses, in one of which Grinling Gibbons had lived. The inn stood round an inner court, entered by a second archway which stood about half-way up the present yard. Over the archway facing the outer court was the sign of "The Bell," and all round the interior ran those covered galleries, so prominent a feature in old London inns.

Near the "Belle Sauvage" resided that proud cobbler mentioned by Steele, who has recorded his eccentricities. This man had bought a wooden figure of a beau of the period, who stood before him in a bending position, and humbly presented him with his awl, wax, bristles, or whatever else his tyrannical master chose to place in his hand.

To No. 45 (south side), Ludgate Hill, that strange, independent man, Lamb's friend, William Hone, the Radical publisher, came from Ship Court, Old Bailey, where he had published those blasphemous "Parodies," for which he was three times tried and acquitted, to the vexation of Lord Ellenborough. Here, having sown his seditious wild oats and broken free from the lawyers, Hone continued his occasional clever political satires, sometimes suggested by bitter Hazlitt and illustrated by George Cruikshank's inexhaustible fancy. Here Hone devised those delightful miscellanies, the "Every-Day Book" and "Year Book," into which Lamb and many young poets threw all their humour and power. The books were commercially not very successful, but they have delighted generations, and will delight generations to come. Mr. Timbs, who saw much of Hone, describes him as sitting in a second-floor back room, surrounded by rare books and black-letter volumes. His conversion from materialism to Christianity was apparently sudden, though the process of change had no doubt long been maturing. The story of his conversion is thus related by Mr. Timbs:—"Hone was once called to a house, in a certain street in a part of the world of London entirely unknown



THE INNER COURT OF THE BELLE SAUVAGE, FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN MR. CRACE'S COLLECTION.

to him. As he walked he reflected on the entirely unknown region. He arrived at the house, and was shown into a room to wait. All at once, on looking round, to his astonishment and almost horror, every object he saw seemed familiar to him. He said to himself, 'What is this? I was never here before, and yet I have seen all this before, and as a proof I have I now remember a very peculiar knot behind the shutters.' He opened the shutters, and found the very knot. 'Now, then,' he thought, 'here is something I cannot explain on any principle—there must be some power beyond matter.'" The argument that so happily convinced Hone does not seem to us in itself as very convincing. Hone's recognition of the room was but some confused memory of an analogous place. Knots are not uncommon in deal shutters, and the discovery of the knot in the particular place was a mere coincidence. But, considering that Hone was a self-educated man, and, like many sceptics, was incredulous only with regard to Christianity, and even believed he once saw an apparition in Ludgate Hill, who can be surprised?

At No. 7, opposite Hone's, "The Percy Anecdotes," that well-chosen and fortunate selection of every sort of story, were first published.

THE MUTILATED STATUES FROM LUD GATE, 1798 (*see page* 226).

Lud Gate, which Stow in his "Survey" designates the sixth and principal gate of London, taken down in 1760 at the solicitation of the chief inhabitants of Farringdon Without and Farringdon Within, stood between the present London Tavern and the church of St. Martin. According to old Geoffry of Monmouth's fabulous history of England, this entrance to London was first built

by King Lud, a British monarch, sixty-six years before Christ. Our later antiquaries, ruthless as to legends, however romantic, consider its original name to have been the Flood or Fleet Gate, which is far more feasible. Lud Gate was either repaired or rebuilt in the year 1215, when the armed barons, under Robert Fitzwalter, repulsed at Northampton, were welcomed to London, and there awaited King John's concession of the Magna Charta. While in the metropolis these greedy and fanatical barons spent their time in spoiling the houses of the rich Jews, and used the stones in strengthening the walls and gates of the City. That this tradition is true was proved in 1586, when (as Stow says) all the gate was rebuilt. Embedded among other stones was found one on which was engraved, in Hebrew characters, the words "This is the ward of Rabbi Moses, the son of the honourable Rabbi Isaac." This stone was probably the sign of one of the Jewish houses pulled down by Fitzwalter, Magnaville, and the Earl of Gloucester, perhaps for the express purpose of obtaining ready materials for strengthening the bulwarks of London. In 1260 (Henry III.) Lud Gate was repaired, and beautified with images of King Lud and other monarchs. In the reign of Edward VI. the citizens, zealous against everything that approached idolatry, smote off the heads of Lud and his family; but Queen Mary, partial to all images, afterwards replaced the heads on the old bodies.

In 1554 King Lud and his sons looked down on a street seething with angry men, and saw blood shed upon the hill leading to St. Paul's. Sir Thomas Wyat, a Kentish gentleman, urged by the Earl of Devon, and led on by the almost universal dread of Queen Mary's marriage with the bigoted Philip of Spain, assembled 1,500 armed men at Rochester Castle, and, aided by 500 Londoners, who deserted to him, raised the standard of insurrection. Five vessels of the fleet joined him, and with seven pieces of artillery, captured from the Duke of Norfolk, he marched upon London. Soon followed by 15,000 men, eager to save the Princess Elizabeth, Wyat marched through Dartford to Greenwich and Deptford. With a force now dwindled to 7,000 men, Wyat attacked London Bridge. Driven from there by the Tower guns, he marched to Kingston, crossed the river, resolving to beat back the Queen's troops at Brentford, and attempt to enter the City by Lud Gate, which some of the Protestant citizens had offered to throw open to him. The Queen, with true Tudor courage, refused to leave St. James's, and in a council of war it was agreed to throw a strong force into Lud Gate, and, permitting Wyat's advance up Fleet Street, to enclose him like a wild boar in the toils. At nine on a February morning, 1554, Wyat reached Hyde Park Corner, was cannonaded at Hay Hill, and further on towards Charing Cross he and some three or four hundred men were cut off from his other followers. Rushing on with a standard through Piccadilly, Wyat reached Lud Gate. There (says Stow) he knocked, calling out, "I am Wyat; the Queen has granted all my petitions."

But the only reply from the strongly-guarded gate was the rough, stern voice of Lord William Howard—"Avaunt, traitor; thou shalt have no entrance here."

No friends appearing, and the Royal troops closing upon him, Wyat said, "I have kept my promise," and retiring, silent and desponding, sat down to rest on a stall opposite the gate of the "Belle Sauvage." Roused by the shouts and sounds of fighting, he fought his way back, with forty of his staunchest followers, to Temple Bar, which was held by a squadron of horse. There the Norroy King-of-Arms exhorted him to spare blood and yield himself a prisoner. Wyat then surrendered himself to Sir Maurice Berkeley, who just then happened to ride by, ignorant of the affray, and, seated behind Sir Maurice, he was taken to St. James's. On April 11th Wyat perished on the scaffold at Tower Hill. This rash rebellion also led to the immediate execution of the innocent and unhappy Lady Jane Grey and her husband, Guilford Dudley, endangered the life of the Princess Elizabeth, and hastened the Queen's marriage with Philip, which took place at Winchester, July 25th of the same year.

In the reign of Elizabeth (1586), the old gate, being "sore decayed," was pulled down, and was newly built, with images of Lud and others on the east side, and a "picture of the lion-hearted queen" on the west, the cost of the whole being over £1,500.

Lud Gate became a free debtors' prison the first year of Richard II., and was enlarged in 1463 (Edward IV.) by that "well-disposed, blessed, and devout woman," the widow of Stephen Forster, fishmonger, Mayor of London in 1454. Of this benefactress of Lud Gate, Maitland (1739) has the following legend. Forster himself, according to this story, in his younger days had once been a pining prisoner in Lud Gate. Being one day at the begging grate, a rich widow asked how much would release him. He said, "Twenty pounds." She paid it, and took him into her service, where, by his indefatigable application to business, he so gained her affections that she married him, and he

earned so great riches by commerce that she concurred with him to make his former prison more commodious, and to endow a new chapel, where, on a wall, there was this inscription on a brass plate:—

"Devout souls that pass this way,
For Stephen Forster, late Lord Mayor, heartily pray,
And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God consecrate,
That of pity this house made for Londoners in Lud Gate;
So that for lodging and water prisoners here nought pay,
As their keepers shall all answer at dreadful doomsday."

This legend of Lud Gate is also the foundation of Rowley's comedy of *A Woman Never Vext; or, The Widow of Cornhill*, which has in our times been revived, with alterations, by Mr. Planché. In the first scene of the fifth act occurs the following passage:—

"*Mrs. S. Forster.* But why remove the prisoners from Ludgate?
"*Stephen Forster.* To take the prison down and build it new,
With leads to walk on, chambers large and fair;
For when myself lay there the noxious air
Choked up my spirits. None but captives, wife,
Can know what captives feel."

Stow, however, seems to deny this story, and suggests that it arose from some mistake. The stone with the inscription was preserved by Stow when the gate was rebuilt, together with Forster's arms, "three broad arrow-heads," and was fixed over the entry to the prison. The enlargement of the prison on the south-east side formed a quadrant thirty-eight feet long and twenty-nine feet wide. There were prisoners' rooms above it, with a leaden roof, where the debtors could walk, and both lodging and water were free of charge.

Strype says the prisoners in Ludgate were chiefly merchants and tradesmen, who had been driven to want by losses at sea. When King Philip came to London after his marriage with Mary in 1554 thirty prisoners in Lud Gate, who were in gaol for £10,000, compounded for at £2,000, presented the king a well-penned Latin speech, written by "the curious pen" of Roger Ascham, praying the king to redress their miseries, and by his royal generosity to free them, inasmuch as the place was not *sceleratorum carcer, sed miserorum custodia* (not a dungeon for the wicked, but a place of detention for the wretched).

Marmaduke Johnson, a poor debtor in Lud Gate the year before the Restoration, wrote a curious account of the prison, which Strype printed. The officials in "King Lud's House" seem to have been—1, a reader of Divine service; 2, the upper steward, called the master of the box; 3, the under steward; 4, seven assistants—that is, one for every day of the week; 5, a running assistant; 6, two churchwardens; 7, a scavenger; 8, a chamberlain; 9, a runner; 10, the cryers at the grate, six in number, who by turns kept up the ceaseless cry to the passers-by of "Remember the poor prisoners!" The officers' charge (says Johnson) for taking a debtor to Ludgate was sometimes three, four, or five shillings, though their just due is but twopence; for entering name and address, fourteen pence to the turnkey; a lodging is one penny, twopence, or threepence; for sheets to the chamberlain, eighteenpence; to chamber-fellows a garnish of four shillings (for non-payment of this his clothes were taken away, or "mobbed," as it was called, till he did pay); and the next day a due of sixteen pence to one of the stewards, which was called table money. At his discharge the several fees were as follows:—Two shillings the master's fee; fourteen pence for the turning of the key; twelve pence for every action that lay against him. For leave to go out with a keeper upon security (as formerly in the Queen's Bench) the prisoners paid for the first time four shillings and tenpence, and two shillings every day afterwards. The exorbitant prison fees of three shillings a day swallowed up all the prison bequests, and the miserable debtors had to rely on better means from the Lord Mayor's table, the light bread seized by the clerk of the markets, and presents of under-sized and illegal fish from the water-bailiffs.

A curious handbill of the year 1664, preserved by Mr. Collier, and containing the petition of 180 poor Ludgate prisoners, seems to have been a circular taken round by the alms-seekers of the prison, who perambulated the streets with baskets at their backs and a sealed money-box in their hands. "We most humbly beseech you," says the handbill, "even for God's cause, to relieve us with your charitable benevolence, and to put into this bearer's box—the same being sealed with the house seal, as it is figured upon this petition."

A quarto tract, entitled "Prison Thoughts," by Thomas Browning, citizen and cook of London, a prisoner in Lud Gate, "where poor citizens are confined and starve amidst copies of their freedom," was published in that prison, by the author, in 1682. It is written both in prose and verse, and probably gave origin to Dr. Dodd's more elaborate work on the same subject. The following is a specimen of the poetry:—

"ON PATIENCE.

"Patience is the poor man's walk,
Patience is the dumb man's talk,
Patience is the lame man's thighs,
Patience is the blind man's eyes,
Patience is the poor man's ditty,
Patience is the exil'd man's city,

Patience is the sick man's bed of down,
Patience is the wise man's crown,
Patience is the live man's story,
Patience is the dead man's glory.

When your troubles do controul,
In Patience then possess your soul."

In the *Spectator* (Queen Anne) a writer says: "Passing under Lud Gate the other day, I heard a voice bawling for charity which I thought I had heard somewhere before. Coming near to the grate, the prisoner called me by my name, and desired I would throw something into the box."

The prison at Lud Gate was gutted by the Great Fire of 1666, and in 1760, the year of George III.'s accession, the gate, impeding traffic, was taken down, and the materials sold for £148. The prisoners were removed to the London Workhouse, in Bishopsgate Street, a part whereof was fitted up for that purpose, and Lud Gate prisoners continued to be received there until the year 1794, when they were removed to the prison of Lud Gate, adjoining the compter in Giltspur Street.

When old Lud Gate was pulled down, Lud and his worthy sons were given by the City to Sir Francis Gosling, who intended to set them up at the east end of St. Dunstan's. Nevertheless the royal effigies, of very rude workmanship, were sent to end their days in the parish bone-house; a better fate, however, awaited them, for the late Marquis of Hertford eventually purchased them, and they are now, with St. Dunstan's clock, in Hertford Villa, Regent's Park. The statue of Elizabeth was placed in a niche in the outer wall of old St. Dunstan's Church, and it still adorns the new church, as we have before mentioned in our chapter on Fleet Street.

OLD LUD GATE, FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED ABOUT 1750 (*see page* 223).

In 1792 an interesting discovery was made in St. Martin's Court, Ludgate Hill. Workmen came upon the remains of a small barbican, or watch-tower, part of the old City wall of 1276; and in a line with the Old Bailey they found another outwork. A fragment of it in a court is now built up. A fire which took place on the premises of Messrs. Kay, Ludgate Hill, May 1, 1792, disclosed these interesting ruins, probably left by the builders after the fire of 1666 as a foundation for new buildings. The tower projected four feet from the wall into the City ditch, and measured twenty-two feet from top to bottom. The stones were of different sizes, the largest and the corner rudely squared. They had been bound together with cement of hot lime, so that wedges had to be used to split the blocks asunder. Small square holes in the sides of the tower seemed to have been used either to receive floor timbers, or as peep-holes for the sentries. The adjacent part of the City wall was about eight feet thick, and of rude workmanship, consisting of irregular-sized stones, chalk, and flint. The only bricks seen in this part of the wall were on the south side, bounding Stonecutters' Alley. On the east half of Chatham Place, Blackfriars Bridge, stood the tower built by order of Edward I., at the end of a continuation of the City wall, running from Lud Gate behind the houses in Fleet Ditch to the Thames. A rare plan of London, by Hollar (says Mr. J. T. Smith), marks this tower. Roman monuments have been so frequently dug up near St. Martin's Church, that there is no doubt that a Roman extra-mural cemetery once existed here; in the same locality, in 1800, a sepulchral monument was dug up, dedicated to Claudina Mertina, by her husband, a Roman soldier. A fragment of a statue of Hercules and a female head were also found, and were preserved at the "London" Coffee House.

Ludgate Hill and Street is probably the greatest thoroughfare in London. Through Ludgate Hill and Street there have passed in twelve hours 8,752 vehicles, 13,025 horses, and 105,352 persons.

St. Martin's, Ludgate, though one of Wren's

churches, is not a romantic building; yet it has its legends. Robert of Gloucester, a rhyming chronicler, describes it as built by Cadwallo, a British prince, in the seventh century :—

> " A chirch of Sent Martyn livying he let rere,
> In whyche yet man should Goddy's seruys do,
> And singe for his soule, and al Christine also."

The church seems to have been rebuilt in 1437 (Henry VI.). From the parish books, which commence in 1410, we find the old church to have had several chapels, and to have been well furnished with plate, paintings, and vestments, and to have had two projecting porches on the south side, next Ludgate Hill. The right of presentation to St. Martin's belonged to the Abbot of Westminster, but Queen Mary granted it to the Bishop of London. The following curious epitaph in St. Martin's, found also elsewhere, has been beautifully paraphrased by the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton :—

Earth goes to Earth treads on Earth as to Earth shall to	Earth,	As mold to mold, Glittering in gold, Return nere should, Goe ere he would.
Earth upon Earth goes to Earth though on Earth shall from	Earth,	Consider may, Naked away, Be stout and gay, Passe poore away.

Strype says of St. Martin's—" It is very comely, and ascended up by stone steps, well finished within; and hath a most curious spire steeple, of excellent workmanship, pleasant to behold." The new church stands farther back than the old. The little black spire that adorns the tower rises from a small bulb of a cupola, round which runs a light gallery. Between the street and the body of the church Wren, always ingenious, contrived an ambulatory the whole depth of the tower, to deaden the sound of passing traffic. The church is a cube, the length 57 feet, the breadth 66 feet; the spire, 168 feet high, is dwarfed by St. Paul's. The church cost in erection £5,378 18s. 8d.

The composite pillars, organ balcony, and oaken altar-piece are tasteless and pagan. The font was the gift of Thomas Morley, in 1673, and is encircled by a favourite old Greek palindrome, that is, a puzzle sentence that reads equally well backwards or forwards—

> " Tripson anomeema me monan opsin."
> (Cleanse thy sins, not merely thy outward self.)

This inscription, according to Mr. G. Godwin ("Churches of London"), is also found on the font in the basilica of St. Sophia, Constantinople. In the vestry-room, approached by a flight of stairs at the north-east angle of the church, there is a carved seat (date 1690) and several chests, covered with curious indented ornaments.

On this church, and other satellites of St. Paul's, a poet has written—

> " So, like a bishop upon dainties fed,
> St. Paul's lifts up his sacerdotal head;
> While his lean curates, slim and lank to view,
> Around him point their steeples to the blue."

Coleridge used to compare a Mr. H——, who was always putting himself forward to interpret Fox's sentiments, to the steeple of St. Martin's, which is constantly getting in the way when you wish to see the dome of St. Paul's.

One great man, at least, has been connected with this church, where the Knights Templars were put to trial, and that was good old Purchas, the editor and enlarger of "Hakluyt's Voyages." He was rector of this parish. Hakluyt was a prebendary of Westminster, who, with a passion for geographical research, though he himself never ventured farther than Paris, had devoted his life, encouraged by Drake and Raleigh, in collecting from old libraries and the lips of venturous merchants and sea-captains travels in various countries. The manuscript remains were bought by Purchas, who, with a veneration worthy of that heroic and chivalrous age, wove them into his "Pilgrims" (five vols., folio), which are a treasury of travel, exploit, and curious adventures. It has been said that Purchas ruined himself by this publication, and that he died in prison. This is not, however, true. He seems to have impoverished himself chiefly by taking upon himself the care and cost of his brother and brother-in-law's children. He appears to have been a single-minded man, with a thorough devotion to geographic study. Charles I. promised him a deanery, but Purchas did not live to enjoy it.

There is an architectural tradition that Wren purposely designed the spire of St. Martin's, Ludgate, small and slender, to give a greater dignity to the dome of St. Paul's.

The London Coffee House, 24 to 26, Ludgate Hill, a place of celebrity in its day, was first opened in May, 1731. The proprietor, James Ashley, in his advertisement announcing the opening, professes cheap prices, especially for punch. The usual price of a quart of arrack was then eight shillings, and six shillings for a quart of rum made into punch. This new punch house, Dorchester beer, and Welsh ale warehouse, on the contrary, professed to charge six shillings for a quart of arrack made into punch; while a quart of rum or brandy made into punch was to be four shillings, and half a quartern fourpence halfpenny, and gentlemen were

to have punch as quickly made as a gill of wine could be drawn. After Roney and Ellis, the house, according to Mr. Timbs, was taken by Messrs. Leech and Dallimore. Mr. Leech was the father of one of the most admirable caricaturists of modern times. Then came Mr. Lovegrove, from the "Horn," Doctors' Commons. In 1856 Mr. Robert Clarke took possession, and was the last tenant, the house being closed in 1867, and purchased by the Corporation for £38,000. Several lodges of Freemasons and sundry clubs were wont to assemble here periodically—among them "The Sons of Industry," to which many of the influential tradesmen of the wards of Farringdon have been long attached. Here, too, in the large hall, the juries from the Central Criminal Court were lodged during the night when important cases lasted more than one day. During the Exeter Hall May meetings the London Coffee House was frequently resorted to as a favourite place of meeting. It was also noted for its publishers' sales of stocks and copyrights. It was within the rules of the Fleet Prison. At the bar of the London Coffee House was sold Rowley's British Cephalic Snuff. A singular incident occurred here many years since. Mr. Brayley, the topographer, was present at a party, when Mr. Broadhurst, the famous tenor, by singing a high note caused a wine-glass on the table to break, the bowl being separated from the stem.

At No. 32 (north side) for many years Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, the celebrated goldsmiths and diamond merchants, carried on their business. Here Flaxman's *chef d'œuvre*, the Shield of Achilles, in silver gilt, was executed; also the crown worn by that august monarch, George IV. at his coronation, for the loan of the jewels of which £7,000 was charged, and among the elaborate luxuries a gigantic silver wine-cooler (now at Windsor), that took two years in chasing. Two men could be seated inside that great cup, and on grand occasions it has been filled with wine and served round to the guests. Two golden salmon, leaning against each other, was the sign of this old shop, now

RUINS OF THE BARBICAN ON LUDGATE HILL (*see page* 226).

removed. Mrs. Rundell met a great want of her day by writing her well-known book, "The Art of Cookery," published in 1806, and which has gone through countless editions. Up to 1833 she had received no remuneration for it, but she ultimately obtained 2,000 guineas. People had no idea of cooking in those days; and she laments in her preface the scarcity of good melted butter, good toast and water, and good coffee. Her directions were sensible and clear; and she studied economical cooking, which great cooks like Ude and Francatelli despised. It is not every one who can afford to prepare for a good dish by stewing down half-a-dozen hams.

INTERIOR OF STATIONERS' HALL (*see page* 230).

The hall of the Stationers' Company hides itself with the modesty of an author in Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill, close abutting on Paternoster Row, a congenial neighbourhood. This hall of the master, and keeper, and wardens, and commonalty of the mystery or art of the Stationers of the City of London stands on the site of Burgavenny House, which the Stationers modified and re-erected in the third and fourth years of Philip and Mary—the dangerous period when the company was first incorporated. The old house had been, in the reign of Edward III., the palace of John, Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond. It was afterwards occupied by the Earls of Pembroke. In Elizabeth's reign it belonged to Lord Abergavenny, whose daughter married Sir Thomas Vane. In 1611 (James I.) the Stationers' Company purchased it and took complete possession. The house was swept away in the Great Fire of 1666, when the Stationers — the greatest sufferers on that occasion — lost property to the amount of £200,000.

The fraternity of the Stationers of London (says Mr. John Gough Nichols, F.S.A., who has written a most valuable and interesting historical notice of the Worshipful Company) is first mentioned in the fourth year of Henry IV., when their bye-laws were approved by the City authorities, and they are then described as "writers (transcribers), lymners of books and dyverse things for the Church and other uses." In early times all special books were protected by special letters patent, so that the early registers of Stationers' Hall chiefly comprise books of entertainment, sermons, pamphlets, and ballads.

Mary originally incorporated the society in order to put a stop to heretical writings, and gave the Company power to search in any shop, house, chamber, or building of printer, binder, or seller, for books published contrary to statutes, acts, and proclamations. King James, in the first year of his reign, by letters-patent, granted the Stationers' Company the exclusive privilege of printing Almanacs, Primers, Psalters, the A B C, the "Little Catechism," and Nowell's Catechism.

The Stationers' Company, for two important centuries in English history (says Mr. Cunningham), had pretty well the monopoly of learning. Printers were obliged to serve their time to a member of the Company; and almost every publication, from a Bible to a ballad, was required to be "entered at Stationers' Hall." The service is now unnecessary, but Parliament still requires, under the recent Copyright Act, that the proprietor of every published work should register his claim in the books of the Stationers' Company, and pay a fee of five shillings. The number of the freemen of the Company is between 1,000 and 1,100, and of the livery, or leading persons, about 450. The capital of the Company amounts to upwards of £40,000, divided into shares, varying in value from £40 to £400 each. The great treasure of the Stationers' Company is its series of registers of works entered for publication. This valuable collection of entries commences in 1557, and, though often consulted and quoted, was never properly understood till Mr. J. Payne Collier published two carefully-edited volumes of extracts from its earlier pages.

The celebrated Bible of the year 1632, with the important word "not" omitted in the seventh commandment—"Thou shalt *not* commit adultery"—was printed by the Stationers' Company. Archbishop Laud made a Star-Chamber matter of the omission, and a heavy fine was laid upon the Company for their neglect. And in another later edition, in Psalm xiv. the text ran, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is a God." For the omission of the important word "no" the printer was fined £3,000. Several other errors have occurred, but the wonder is that they have not been more frequent.

The only publications which the Company continues to issue are a Latin gradus and almanacks, of which it had at one time the entire monopoly. Almanack-day at Stationers' Hall (every 22nd of November, at three o'clock) is a sight worth seeing, from the bustle of the porters anxious to get off with early supplies. The Stationers' Company's almanacks are now by no means the best of the day. Mr. Charles Knight, who worked so strenuously and so successfully for the spread of popular education, first struck a blow at the absurd monopoly of almanack printing. So much behind the age is this privileged Company, that it actually still continues to publish Moore's quack almanack, with the nonsensical old astrological tables, describing the moon's influence on various parts of the human body. One year it is said they had the courage to leave out this farrago, with the hieroglyphics originally stolen by Lilly from monkish manuscripts, and from Lilly stolen by Moore. The result was that most of the copies were returned on their hands. They have not since dared to oppose the stolid force of vulgar ignorance. They still publish Wing's sheet almanack, though Wing was an impostor and fortune-teller, who died eight years after the Restoration. All this is very unworthy of a privileged company, with an invested capital of £40,000, and does not much help forward the enlightenment of the poorer classes. This Company is entitled, for the supposed security of the copyright, to two copies of every work, however costly, published in the United Kingdom, a mischievous tax, which restrains the publication of many valuable but expensive works.

The first Stationers' Hall was in Milk Street. In 1553 they removed to St. Peter's College, near St. Paul's Deanery, where the chantry priests of St. Paul's had previously resided. The present hall closely resembles the hall at Bridewell, having a row of oval windows above the lower range, which were fitted up by Mr. Mylne in 1800, when the chamber was cased with Portland stone and the lower windows lengthened.

The great window at the upper end of the hall was erected in 1801, at the expense of Mr. Alderman Cadell. It includes some older glass blazoned with the arms and crest of the company, the two emblematic figures of Religion and Learning being designed by Smirke. Like most ancient halls, it has a raised dais, or haut place, which is occupied by the Court table at the two great dinners in August and November. On the wall, above the wainscoting that has glowed red with the reflection of many a bumper of generous wine, are hung in decorous state the pavises or shields of arms of members of the court, which in civic processions are usually borne by a body of pensioners, the number of whom, when the Lord Mayor is a member of the Company, corresponds with the years of that august dignitary's age. In the old water-show these escutcheons decorated the sides of the Company's barge when they accompanied the Lord Mayor to Westminster, and called at the landing of Lambeth Palace to pay their respects to the representative of

their former ecclesiastical censors. On this occasion the Archbishop usually sent out the thirsty Stationers a hamper of wine, while the rowers of the barge had bread and cheese and ale to their hearts' content. It is still the custom (says Mr. Nichols) to forward the Archbishop annually a set of the Company's almanacks, and some also to the Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls. Formerly the twelve judges and various other persons received the same compliment. Alas for the mutation of other things than almanacs, however; for in 1850 the Company's barge, being sold, was taken to Oxford, where it may still be seen on the Isis, the property of one of the College boat clubs. At the upper end of the hall is a court cupboard or buffet for the display of the Company's plate, and at the lower end, on either side of the doorway, is a similar recess. The entrance-screen of the hall, guarded by allegorical figures, and crowned by the royal arms (with the inescutcheon of Nassau—William III.), is richly adorned with carvings.

Stationers' Hall was in 1677 used for Divine service by the parish of St. Martin's, Ludgate, and towards the end of the seventeenth century an annual musical festival was instituted on the 22nd of November, in commemoration of Saint Cecilia, and as an excuse for some good music. A splendid entertainment was provided in the hall, preceded by a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music, which was attended by people of the first rank. The special attraction was always an ode to Saint Cecilia, set by Purcell, Blow, or some other eminent composer of the day. Dryden's and Pope's odes are almost too well known to need mention; but Addison, Yalden, Shadwell, and even D'Urfey, tried their hands on praises of the same musical saint.

After several odes by the mediocre satirist, Oldham, and that poor verse-maker, Nahum Tate, who scribbled upon King David's tomb, came Dryden. The music to the first ode, says Scott, was first written by Percival Clarke, who killed himself in a fit of lovers' melancholy in 1707. It was then reset by Draghi, the Italian composer, and in 1711 was again set by Clayton for one of Sir Richard Steele's public concerts. The first ode (1687) contains those fine lines:—

"From harmony, rom heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man."

Of the composition of this ode, for which Dryden received £40, and which was afterwards eclipsed by the glories of its successor, the following interesting anecdote is told:—

"Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in an unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On inquiring the cause, 'I have been up all night,' replied the old bard. 'My musical friends made me promise to write them an ode for their feast of St. Cecilia. I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it. Here it is, finished at one sitting.' And immediately he showed him the ode."

Dryden's second ode, "Alexander's Feast; or, the Power of Music," was written for the St. Cecilian Feast at Stationers' Hall in 1697. This ode ends with those fine and often-quoted lines on the fair saint:—

"Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

Handel, in 1736, set this ode, and reproduced it at Covent Garden, with deserved success. Not often do such a poet and such a musician meet at the same anvil. The great German also set the former ode, which is known as "The Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." Dryden himself told Tonson that he thought with the town that this ode was the best of all his poetry; and he said to a young flatterer at Will's, with honest pride—"You are right, young gentleman; a nobler never was produced, nor ever will."

Many magnificent funerals have been marshalled in the Stationers' Hall; it has also been used for several great political banquets. In September, 1831, the Reform members of the House of Commons gave a dinner to the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lord Althorp) and to Lord John Russell—Mr. Abercromby (afterwards Speaker) presiding. In May, 1842, the Duke of Wellington presided over a dinner for the Infant Orphan Asylum, and in June, 1847, a dinner for the King's College Hospital was given under Sir Robert Peel's presidency. In the great kitchen below the hall, Mr. Nichols, who is an honorary member of the Company, says there have been sometimes seen at the same time as many as eighteen haunches of venison, besides a dozen necks and other joints; for these companies are as hospitable as they are rich.

The funeral feast of Thomas Sutton, of the Charterhouse, was given May 28th, 1612, in Stationers' Hall, the procession having started

from Doctor Law's, in Paternoster Row. For the repast were provided "32 neats' tongues, 40 stone of beef, 24 marrow-bones, 1 lamb, 46 capons, 32 geese, 4 pheasants, 12 pheasants' pullets, 12 godwits, 24 rabbits, 6 hearnshaws, 43 turkey-chickens, 48 roast chickens, 18 house pigeons, 72 field pigeons, 36 quails, 48 ducklings, 160 eggs, 3 salmon, 4 congers, 10 turbots, 2 dories, 24 lobsters, 4 mullets, a firkin and keg of sturgeon, 3 barrels of pickled oysters, 6 gammon of bacon, 4 Westphalia gammons, 16 fried tongues, 16 chicken pies, 16 pasties, 16 made dishes of rice, 16 neats'-tongue pies, 16 custards, 16 dishes of bait, 16 mince pies, 16 orange pies, 16 gooseberry tarts, 8 redcare pies, 6 dishes of whitebait, and 6 grand salads."

To the west of the hall is the handsome court-room, where the meetings of the Company are held. The wainscoting, &c., were renewed in the year 1757, and an octagonal card-room was added by Mr. Mylne in 1828. On the opposite side of the hall is the stock-room, adorned by beautiful carvings of the school of Grinling Gibbons. Here the commercial committees of the Company usually meet.

The nine painted storeys which stood in the old hall, above the wainscot in the council parlour, probably crackled to dust in the Great Fire, which also rolled up and took away the portraits of John Cawood, printer to Philip and Mary, and his master, John Raynes. This same John Cawood seems to have been specially munificent in his donations to the Company, for he gave two new stained-glass windows to the hall; also a hearse-cover, of cloth and gold, powdered with blue velvet and bordered with black velvet, embroidered and stained with blue, yellow, red, and green, besides considerable plate.

The Company's curious collection of plate is carefully described by Mr. Nichols. In 1581 it seems every master on quitting the chair was required to give a piece of plate, weighing fourteen ounces at least; and every upper or under warden a piece of plate of at least three ounces. In this accumulative manner the Worshipful Company soon became possessed of a glittering store of "salts," gilt bowls, college pots, snuffers, cups, and flagons. Their greatest trophy seems to have been a large silver-gilt bowl, given in 1626 by a Mr. Hulet (Owlett), weighing sixty ounces, and shaped like an owl, in allusion to the donor's name. In the early Civil War, when the Company had to pledge their plate to meet the heavy loans exacted by Charles the Martyr from a good many of his unfortunate subjects, the cherished Owlett was specially excepted. Among other memorials in the possession of the Company was a silver college cup bought in memory of Mr. John Sweeting, who, dying in 1659 (the year before the Restoration), founded by will the pleasant annual venison dinner of the Company in August.

It is supposed that all the great cupboards of plate were lost in the fire of 1666, for there is no piece now existing (says Mr. Nichols) of an earlier date than 1676. It has been the custom also from time to time to melt down obsolete plate into newer forms and more useful vessels. Thus salvers and salt-cellars were in 1720–21 turned into monteaths, or bowls, filled with water, to keep the wine-glasses cool; and in 1844 a handsome rose-water dish was made out of a silver bowl, and an old tea-urn and coffee-urn. This custom is rather too much like Saturn devouring his own children, and has led to the destruction of many curious old relics. The massive old plate now remaining is chiefly of the reign of Charles II. High among these presents tower the quaint silver candlesticks bequeathed by Mr. Richard Royston, twice Master of the Stationers' Company, who died in 1686, and had been bookseller to three kings—James I., Charles I., and Charles II. The ponderous snuffers and snuffer-box are gone. There were also three other pairs of candlesticks, given by Mr. Nathanael Cole, who had been clerk of the Company, at his death in 1760. A small two-handled cup was bequeathed in 1771 by that worthy old printer, William Bowyer, as a memorial of the Company's munificence to his father after his loss by fire in 1712–13.

The Stationers are very charitable. Their funds spring chiefly from £1,150 bequeathed to them by Mr. John Norton, the printer to the learned Queen Elizabeth in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, alderman of London in the reign of James I., and thrice Master of this Company. The money laid out by Norton's wish in the purchase of estates in fee-simple in Wood Street has grown and grown. One hundred and fifty pounds out of this bequest the old printer left to the minister and church-wardens of St. Faith, in order to have distributed weekly to twelve poor persons—six appointed by the parish, and six by the Stationers' Company—twopence each and a penny loaf, the vantage loaf (the thirteenth allowed by the baker) to be the clerk's; ten shillings to be paid for an annual sermon on Ash Wednesday at St. Faith's; the residue to be laid out in cakes, wine, and ale for the Company of Stationers, either before or after the sermon. The liverymen still (according to Mr. Nichols) enjoy this annual dole of well-spiced and substantial buns. The sum of £1,000 was left for

the generous purpose of advancing small loans to struggling young men in business. In 1861, however, the Company, under the direction of the Court of Chancery, devoted the sum to the founding of a commercial school in Bolt Court for the sons of liverymen and freemen of the Company, and £8,500 were spent in purchasing Mr. Bensley's premises and Dr. Johnson's old house. The doctor's usual sitting-room is now occupied by the head master. The school itself is built on the site formerly occupied by Johnson's garden. The boys pay a quarterage not exceeding £2. The school has four exhibitions.

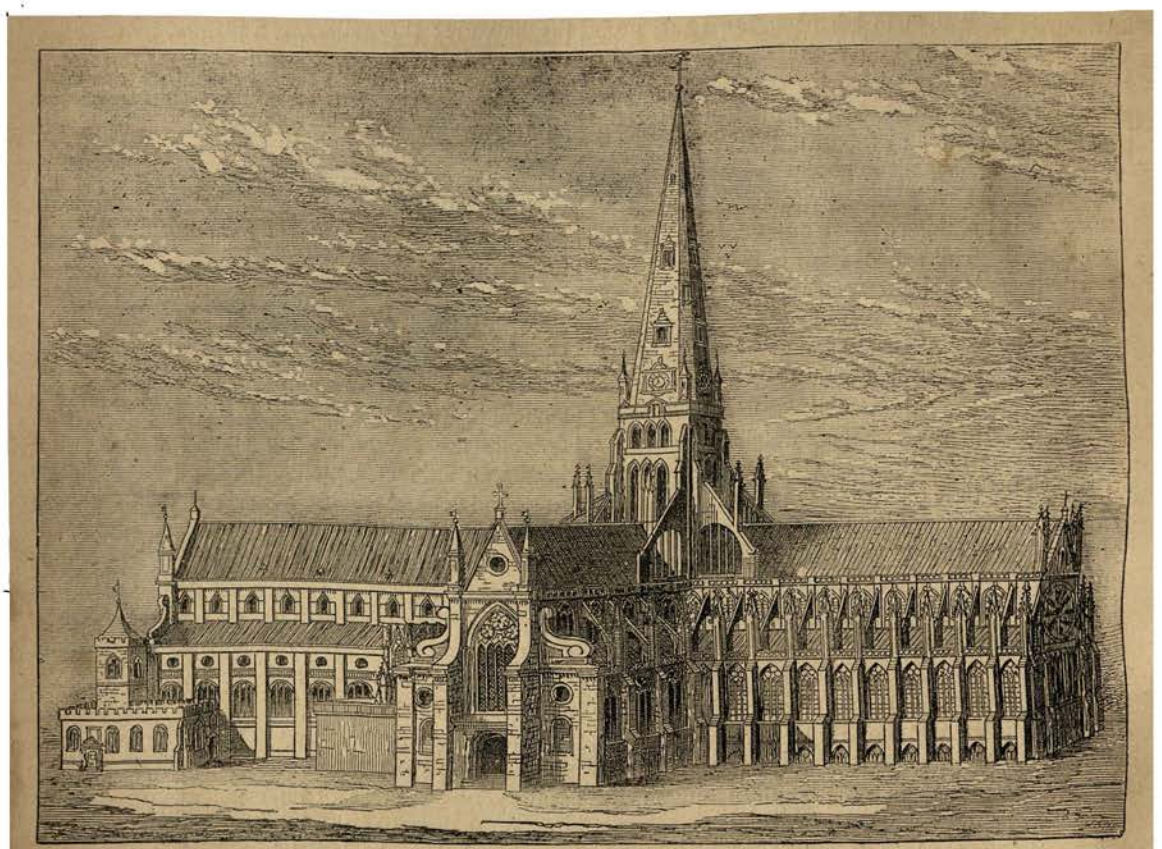
The pictures at Stationers' Hall are worthy of mention. In the stock-room are portraits, after Kneller, of Prior and Steele, which formerly belonged to Harley, Earl of Oxford, Swift's great patron. The best picture in the room is a portrait by an unknown painter of Tycho Wing, the astronomer, holding a celestial globe. Tycho was the son of Vincent Wing, the first author of the almanacks still published under his name, and who died in 1668. There are also portraits of that worthy old printer, Samuel Richardson and his wife; Archbishop Tillotson, by Kneller; Bishop Hoadley, prelate of the Order of the Garter; Robert Nelson, the author of the "Fasts and Festivals," who died in 1714–15, by Kneller; and one of William Bowyer, the Whitefriars printer, with a posthumous bust beneath it of his son, the printer of the votes of the House of Commons. There was formerly a brass plate beneath this bust expressing the son's gratitude to the Company for their munificence to his father after the fire which destroyed his printing-office.

In the court-room hangs a portrait of John Boydell, who was Lord Mayor of London in the year 1791. This picture, by Graham, was formerly surrounded by allegorical figures of Justice, Prudence, Industry, and Commerce; but they have been cut out to reduce the canvas to Kit-cat size. There is a portrait, by Owen, of Lord Mayor Domville, Master of the Stationers' Company, in the actual robe he wore when he rode before the Prince Regent and the Allies in 1814 to the Guildhall banquet and the Peace thanksgiving. In the card-room is an early picture, by West, of King Alfred dividing his loaf with the pilgrim—a representation, by the way, of a purely imaginary occurrence—in fact, the old legend is that it was really St. Cuthbert who executed this generous partition. There are also portraits of the two Strahans, Masters in 1774 and 1816; one of Alderman Cadell, Master in 1798, by Sir William Beechey; and one of John Nicholls, Master of the Company in 1804, after a portrait by Jackson. In the hall, over the gallery, is a picture, by Graham, of Mary Queen of Scots escaping from the Castle of Lochleven. It was engraved by Dawe, afterwards a Royal Academician, when he was only fourteen years of age.

The arms of the Company appear from a Herald visitation of 1634 to have been azure on a chevron, an eagle volant, with a diadem between two red roses, with leaves vert, between three books clasped gold; in chief, issuing out of a cloud, the sunbeams gold, a holy spirit, the wings displayed silver, with a diadem gold. In later times the books have been blazoned as Bibles. In a "tricking" in the volume before mentioned, in the College of Arms, St. John the Evangelist stands behind the shield in the attitude of benediction, and bearing in his left hand a cross with a serpent rising from it (much more suitable for the scriveners or law writers, by the bye). On one side of the shield stands the Evangelist's emblematic eagle, holding an inkhorn in his beak. The Company never received any grant of arms or supporters, but about the year 1790 two angels seem to have been used as supporters. About 1788 the motto "Verbum Domini manet in eternum" (The word of the Lord endureth for ever) began to be adopted, and in the same year the crest of an eagle was used. On the silver badge of the Company's porter the supporters are naked winged boys, and the eagle on the chevron is turned into a dove holding an olive-branch. Some of the buildings of the present hall are still let to Paternoster Row booksellers as warehouses.

The list of masters of this Company includes Sir John Key, Bart. ("Don Key"), Lord Mayor in 1831–1832. In 1712 Thomas Parkhurst, who had been Master of the Worshipful Company in 1683, left £37 to purchase Bibles and Psalters, to be annually given to the poor; hence the old custom of giving Bibles to apprentices bound at Stationers' Hall.

This is the first of the many City companies of which we shall have by turns to make mention in the course of this work. Though no longer useful as a guild to protect a trade which now needs no fostering, we have seen that it still retains some of its mediæval virtues. It is hospitable and charitable as ever, if not so given to grand funeral services and ecclesiastical ceremonials. Its privileges have grown out of date and obsolete, but they harm no one but authors, and to the wrongs of authors both Governments and Parliaments have been from time immemorial systematically indifferent.



OLD ST. PAUL'S, FROM A VIEW BY HOLLAR.

CHAPTER XX.

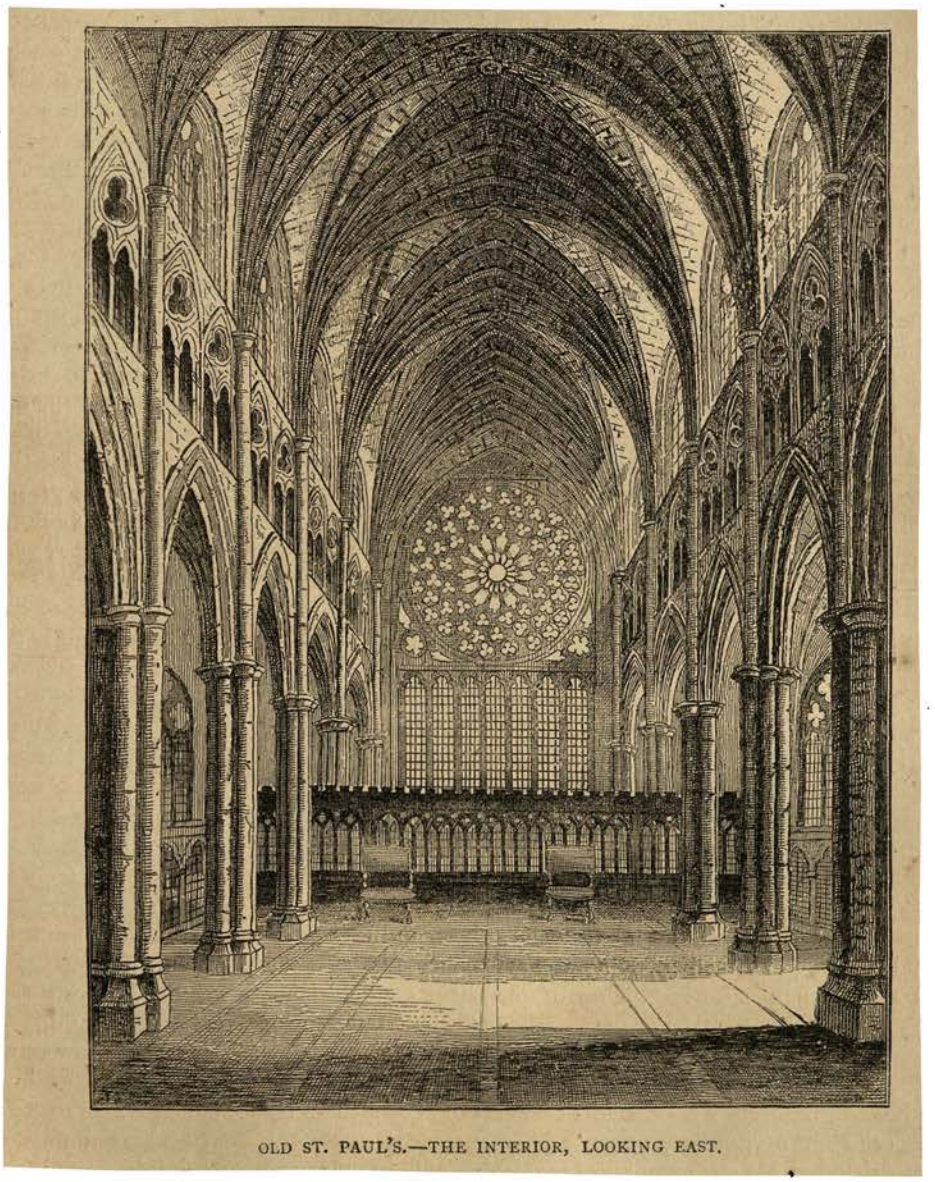
ST. PAUL'S.

London's chief Sanctuary of Religion—The Site of St. Paul's—The Earliest authenticated Church there—The Shrine of Erkenwald—St. Paul's Burnt and Rebuilt—It becomes the Scene of a Strange Incident—Important Political Meeting within its Walls—The Great Charter published there—St. Paul's and Papal Power in England—Turmoils around the Grand Cathedral—Relics and Chantry Chapels in St. Paul's—Royal Visits to St. Paul's—Richard, Duke of York, and Henry VI.—A Fruitless Reconciliation—Jane Shore's Penance—A Tragedy of the Lollards' Tower—A Royal Marriage—Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey at St. Paul's—"Peter of Westminster"—A Bonfire of Bibles—The Cathedral Clergy Fined—A Miraculous Rood—St. Paul's under Edward VI. and Bishop Ridley—A Protestant Tumult at Paul's Cross—Strange Ceremonials—Queen Elizabeth's Munificence—The Burning of the Spire—Desecration of the Nave—Elizabeth and Dean Nowell—Thanksgiving for the Armada—The "Children of Paul's"—Government Lotteries—Executions in the Churchyard—Inigo Jones's Restorations and the Puritan Parliament—The Great Fire of 1666—Burning of Old St. Paul's, and Destruction of its Monuments—Evelyn's Description of the Fire—Sir Christopher Wren called in.

STOOPING under the flat iron bar that lies like a bone in the mouth of Ludgate Hill, we pass up the gentle ascent between shops hung with gold chains, brimming with wealth, or crowded with all the luxuries that civilisation has turned into necessities; and once past the impertinent black spire of St. Martin's, we come full-butt upon the great grey dome. The finest building in London, with the worst approach; the shrine of heroes; the model of grace; the *chef-d'œuvre* of a great genius, rises before us, and between its sable Corinthian pillars we have now to thread our way in search of the old legends of St. Paul's.

The old associations rise around us as we pass across the paved area that surrounds Queen Anne's mean and sooty statue. From the times of the Saxons to the present day, London's chief sanctuary of religion has stood here above the river, a landmark to the ships of all nations that have floated on the welcoming waters of the Thames. That

great dome, circled with its coronet of gold, is the first object the pilgrim traveller sees, whether he approach by river or by land; the sparkle of that golden cross is seen from many a distant hill and plain. St. Paul's is the central object—the very palladium—of modern London.



OLD ST. PAUL'S.—THE INTERIOR, LOOKING EAST.

Camden, the Elizabethan historian, revived an old tradition that a Roman temple to Diana once stood where St. Paul's was afterwards built; and he asserts that in the reign of Edward III. an incredible quantity of ox-skulls, stag-horns, and boars' tusks, together with some sacrificial vessels, were exhumed on this site. Selden, a better Orientalist than Celtic scholar (Charles I.), derived the name of London from two Welsh words, "Llan-den"—church of Diana. Dugdale, to confirm these traditions, drags a legend out of an obscure monkish chronicle, to the effect that during the Diocletian persecution, in which St. Alban, a centurion, was martyred, the Romans demolished a church standing on the site of St. Paul's, and raised a temple to Diana on its ruins, while in Thorny Island, Westminster, St. Peter, in the like manner, gave way to Apollo. These myths are, however, more than doubtful.

Sir Christopher Wren's excavations for the foundation of modern St. Paul's entirely refuted these confused stories; to which the learned and

the credulous had paid too much deference. He dug down to the river-level, and found neither ox-bone nor stag-horn. What he did find, however, was curious. It was this:—1. Below the mediæval graves Saxon stone coffins and Saxon tombs, lined with slabs of chalk. 2. Lower still, British graves, and in the earth around the ivory and box-wood skewers that had fastened the Saxons' woollen shrouds. 3. At the same level with the Saxon graves, and also deeper, Roman funeral urns. These were discovered as deep as eighteen feet. Roman lamps, tear vessels, and fragments of sacrificial vessels of Samian ware were met with chiefly towards the Cheapside corner of the churchyard.

There had evidently been a Roman cemetery outside this Prætorian camp, and beyond the ancient walls of London, the wise nation, by the laws of the Twelve Tables, forbidding the interment of the dead within the walls of a city. There may have been a British or a Saxon temple here; for the Church tried hard to conquer and consecrate places where idolatry had once triumphed. But the Temple of Diana was moonshine from the beginning, and moonshine it will ever remain. The antiquaries were, however, angry with Wren for the logical refutation of their belief. Dr. Woodward (the "Martinus Scriblerus" of Pope and his set) was especially vehement at the slaying of his hobby, and produced a small brass votive image of Diana, that had been found between the Deanery and Blackfriars. Wren, who could be contemptuous, disdained a reply, and so the matter remained till 1830, when the discovery of a rude stone altar, with an image of Diana, under the foundation of the new Goldsmith's Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside, revived the old dispute, yet did not help a whit to prove the existence of the supposed temple to the goddess of moonshine.

The earliest authenticated church of St. Paul's was built and endowed by Ethelbert, King of East Kent, with the sanction of Sebert, King of the East Angles; and the first bishop who preached within its walls was Mellitus, the companion of St. Augustine, the first Christian missionary who visited the heathen Saxons. The visit of St. Paul to England in the time of Boadicea's war, and that of Joseph of Arimathea, are mere monkish legends. The Londoners again became pagan, and for thirty-eight years there was no bishop at St. Paul's, till a brother of St. Chad of Lichfield came and set his foot on the images of Thor and Wodin. With the fourth successor of Mellitus, Saint Erkenwald, wealth and splendour returned to St. Paul's. This zealous man worked miracles both before and after his death. He used to be driven about in a cart, and one legend says that he often preached to the woodmen in the wild forests that lay to the north of London. On a certain day one of the cart-wheels came off in a slough. The worthy confessor was in a dilemma. The congregation under the oaks might have waited for ever, but the one wheel left was equal to the occasion, for it suddenly grew invested with special powers of balancing, and went on as steadily as a velocipede with the smiling saint. This was pretty well, but still nothing to what happened after the good man's death.

St. Erkenwald departed at last in the odour of sanctity at his sister's convent at Barking. Eager to get hold of so valuable a body, the Chertsey monks instantly made a dash for it, pursued by the equally eager clergy of St. Paul's, who were fully alive to the value of their dead bishop, whose shrine would become a money-box for pilgrim's offerings. The London priests, by a forced march, got first to Barking and bore off the body; but the monks of Chertsey and the nuns of Barking followed, wringing their hands and loudly protesting against the theft. The river Lea, sympathising with their prayers, rose in a flood. There was no boat, no bridge, and a fight for the body seemed imminent. A pious man present, however, exhorted the monks to peace, and begged them to leave the matter to heavenly decision. The clergy of St. Paul's then broke forth into a litany. The Lea at once subsided, the cavalcade crossed at Stratford, the sun cast down its benediction, and the clergy passed on to St. Paul's with their holy spoil. From that time the shrine of Erkenwald became a source of wealth and power to the cathedral.

The Saxon kings, according to Dean Milman, were munificent to St. Paul's. The clergy claimed Tillingham, in Essex, as a grant from King Ethelbert, and that place still contributes to the maintenance of the cathedral. The charters of Athelstane are questionable, but the places mentioned in them certainly belonged to St. Paul's till the Ecclesiastical Commissioners broke in upon that wealth; and the charter of Canute, still preserved, and no doubt authentic, ratifies the donations of his Saxon predecessors.

William the Conqueror's Norman Bishop of London was a good, peace-loving man, who interceded with the stern monarch, and recovered the forfeited privileges of the refractory London citizens. For centuries—indeed, even up to the end of Queen Mary's reign—the mayor, aldermen, and crafts used to make an annual procession to St. Paul's, to visit the tomb of good Bishop William in the nave. In 1622 the Lord Mayor, Edward

Barkham, caused these quaint lines to be carved on the bishop's tomb :—

> Walkers, whosoe'er ye bee,
> If it prove you chance to see,
> Upon a solemn scarlet day,
> The City senate pass this way,
> Their grateful memory for to show,
> Which they the reverent ashes owe
> Of Bishop Norman here inhumed,
> By whom this city has assumed
> Large privileges ; those obtained
> By him when Conqueror William reigned.
> This being by Barkham's thankful mind renewed,
> Call it the monument of gratitude."

The ruthless Conqueror granted valuable privileges to St. Paul's. He freed the church from the payment of Danegeld, and all services to the Crown. His words (if they are authentic) are—"Some lands I give to God and the church of St. Paul's, in London, and special franchises, because I wish that this church may be free in all things, as I wish my soul to be on the day of judgment." In this same reign the Primate Lanfranc held a great council at St. Paul's—a council which Milman calls "the first full Ecclesiastical Parliament of England." Twelve years after (1087), the year the Conqueror died, fire, that persistent enemy of St. Paul's, almost entirely consumed the cathedral.

Bishop Maurice set to work to erect a more splendid building, with a vast crypt, in which the valuable remains of St. Erkenwald were enshrined. William of Malmesbury ranked it among the great buildings of his time. One of the last acts of the Conqueror was to give the stone of a Palatine tower (on the subsequent site of Blackfriars) for the building. The next bishop, De Balmeis, is said to have devoted the whole of his revenues for twenty years to this pious work. Fierce Rufus—no friend of monks—did little ; but the milder monarch, Henry I., granted exemption of toll to all vessels, laden with stone for St. Paul's, that entered the Fleet.

To enlarge the area of the church, King Henry gave part of the Palatine Tower estate, which was turned into a churchyard and encircled with a wall, which ran along Carter Lane to Creed Lane, and was freed of buildings. The bishop, on his part, contributed to the service of the altar the rents of Paul's Wharf, and for a school gave the house of Durandus, at the corner of Bell Court. On the bishop's death, the Crown seized his wealth, and the bishop's boots were carried to the Exchequer full of gold and silver. St. Bernard, however, praises him, and says : "It was not wonderful that Master Gilbert should be a bishop; but that the Bishop of London should live like a poor man, that was magnificent."

In the reign of Stephen a dreadful fire broke out and raged from London Bridge to St. Clement Danes. In this fire St. Paul's was partially destroyed. The Bishop, in his appeals for contributions to the church, pleaded that this was the only London church specially dedicated to St. Paul. The citizens of London were staunch advocates of King Stephen against the Empress Maud, and at their folkmote, held at the Cheapside end of St. Paul's, claimed the privilege of naming a monarch.

In the reign of Henry II. St. Paul's was the scene of a strange incident connected with the quarrel between the King and that ambitious Churchman, the Primate Becket. Gilbert Foliot, the learned and austere Bishop of London, had sided with the King and provoked the bitter hatred of Becket. During the celebration of mass a daring emissary of Becket had the boldness to thrust a roll, bearing the dreaded sentence of excommunication against Foliot, into the hands of the officiating priest, and at the same time to cry aloud—"Know all men that Gilbert, Bishop of London, is excommunicated by Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury!" Foliot for a time defied the interdict, but at last bowed to his enemy's authority, and refrained from entering the Church of St. Paul's.

The reign of Richard I. was an eventful one to St. Paul's. In 1191, when Cœur de Lion was in Palestine, Prince John and all the bishops met in the nave of St. Paul's to arraign William de Longchamp, one of the King's regents, of many acts of tyranny. In the reign of their absentee monarch the Londoners grew mutinous, and their leader, William Fitzosbert, or Longbeard, denounced their oppressors from Paul's Cross. These disturbances ended in the siege of Bow Church, where Fitzosbert had fortified himself, and by the burning alive of him and other ringleaders. It was at this period that Dean Radulph de Diceto, a monkish chronicler of learning, built the Deanery, "inhabited," says Milman, "after him, by many men of letters;" before the Reformation, by the admirable Colet; after the Reformation by Alexander Nowell, Donne, Sancroft (who rebuilt the mansion after the Great Fire), Stillingfleet, Tillotson, W. Sherlock, Butler, Secker, Newton, Van Mildert, Copleston, and Milman.

St. Paul's was also the scene of one of those great meetings of prelates, abbots, deans, priors, and barons that finally led to King John's concession of Magna Charta. On this solemn occasion—so

important for the progress of England—the Primate Langton displayed the old charter of Henry I. to the chief barons, and made them sacredly pledge themselves to stand up for Magna Charta and the liberties of England.

One of the first acts of King Henry III. was to hold a council in St. Paul's, and there publish the Great Charter. Twelve years after, when a Papal Legate enthroned himself in St. Paul's, he was there openly resisted by Cantelupe, Bishop of Worcester.

Papal power in this reign attained its greatest height in England. On the death of Bishop Roger, an opponent of these inroads, the King gave orders that out of the episcopal revenue 1,500 poor should be feasted on the day of the conversion of St. Paul, and 1,500 lights offered in the church. The country was filled with Italian prelates. An Italian Archbishop of Canterbury, coming to St. Paul's, with a cuirass under his robes, to demand first-fruits from the Bishop, found the doors closed in his face; and two canons of the Papal party, endeavouring to install themselves at St. Paul's, were in 1259 killed by the angry populace.

In the reign of this weak king several folkmotes of the London citizens were held at Paul's Cross, in the churchyard. On one occasion the king himself, and his brother, the King of Almayne, were present. All citizens, even to the age of twelve, were sworn to allegiance, for a great outbreak for liberty was then imminent. The inventory of the goods of Bishop Richard de Gravesend, Bishop of London for twenty-five years of this reign, is still preserved in the archives of St. Paul's. It is a roll twenty-eight feet long. The value of the whole property was nearly £3,000, and this sum (says Milman) must be multiplied by about fifteen to bring it to its present value.

When the citizens of London justly ranged themselves on the side of Simon de Montfort, who stood up for their liberties, the great bell of St. Paul's was the tocsin that summoned the burghers to arms, especially on that memorable occasion when Queen Eleanor tried to escape by water from the Tower to Windsor, where her husband was, and the people who detested her tried to sink her barge as it passed London Bridge.

In the equally troublous reign of Edward II. St. Paul's was again splashed with blood. The citizens, detesting the king's foreign favourites, rose against the Bishop of Exeter, Edward's regent in London. A letter from the queen, appealing to them, was affixed to the cross in Cheapside. The bishop demanded the City keys of the Lord Mayor, and the people sprang to arms, with cries of "Death to the queen's enemies!" They cut off the head of a servant of the De Spensers, burst open the gates of the Bishop of Exeter's palace (Essex Street, Strand), and plundered, sacked, and destroyed everything. The bishop, at the time riding in the Islington fields, hearing the danger, dashed home, and made straight for sanctuary in St. Paul's. At the north door, however, the mob thickening, tore him from his horse, and, hurrying him into Cheapside, proclaimed him a traitor, and beheaded him there, with two of his servants. They then dragged his body back to his palace, and flung the corpse into the river.

In the inglorious close of the glorious reign of Edward III., Courtenay, Bishop of London, an inflexible prelate, did his best to induce some of the London rabble to plunder the Florentines, at that time the great bankers and money-lenders of the metropolis, by reading at Paul's Cross the interdict Gregory XI. had launched against them; but on this occasion the Lord Mayor, leading the principal Florentine merchants into the presence of the aged king, obtained the royal protection for them.

Wycliffe and his adherents (amongst whom figured John of Gaunt—"old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster"—Chaucer's patron) soon brewed more trouble in St. Paul's for the proud bishop. The great reformer being summoned to an ecclesiastical council at St. Paul's, was accompanied by his friends, John of Gaunt and the Earl Marshal, Lord Percy. When in the lady chapel Percy demanded a soft seat for Wycliffe. The bishop said it was law and reason that a cited man should stand before the ordinary. Angry words ensued, and the Duke of Lancaster taunted Courtenay with his pride. The bishop answered, "I trust not in man, but in God alone, who will give me boldness to speak the truth." A rumour was spread that John of Gaunt had threatened to drag the bishop out of the church by the hair, and that he had vowed to abolish the title of Lord Mayor. A tumult began. All through the City the billmen and bowmen gathered. The Savoy, John of Gaunt's palace, would have been burned but for the intercession of the bishop. A priest mistaken for Percy was murdered. The duke fled to Kensington, and joined the Princess of Wales.

Richard II., that dissolute, rash, and unfortunate monarch, once only (alive) came to St. Paul's in great pomp, his robes hung with bells, and afterwards feasted at the house of his favourite, Sir Nicholas Brember, who was eventually put to death.

The Lollards were now making way, and Archbishop Courtenay had a great barefooted procession to St. Paul's to hear a famous Carmelite preacher inveigh against the Wycliffe doctrines. A Lollard, indeed, had the courage to nail to the doors of St. Paul's twelve articles of the new creed denouncing the mischievous celibacy of the clergy, transubstantiation, prayers for the dead, pilgrimages, and other mistaken and idolatrous usages. When Henry Bolingbroke (not yet crowned Henry IV.) came to St. Paul's to offer prayer for the dethronement of his ill-fated cousin, Richard, he paused at the north side of the altar to shed tears over the grave of his father, John of Gaunt, interred early that very year in the Cathedral. Not long after the shrunken body of the dead king, on its way to the Abbey, was exposed in St. Paul's, to prove to the populace that Richard was not still alive. Hardynge, in his chronicles (quoted by Milman), says that the usurping king and his nobles spread—some seven, some nine—cloths of gold on the bier of the murdered king.

Bishop Braybroke, in the reign of Edward IV., was strenuous in denouncing ecclesiastical abuses. Edward III. himself had denounced the resort of mechanics to the refectory, the personal vices of the priests, and the pilfering of sacred vessels. He restored the communion-table, and insisted on daily alms-giving. But Braybroke also condemned worse abuses. He issued a prohibition at Paul's Cross against barbers shaving on Sundays; he forbade the buying and selling in the Cathedral, the flinging stones and shooting arrows at the pigeons and jackdaws nestling in the walls of the church, and the playing at ball, both within and without the church, a practice which led to the breaking of many beautiful and costly painted windows.

But here we stop awhile in our history of St. Paul's, on the eve of the sanguinary wars of the Roses, to describe mediæval St. Paul's, its structure, and internal government. Foremost among the relics were two arms of St. Mellitus (miraculously enough, of quite different sizes). Behind the high altar—what Dean Milman justly calls "the pride, glory, and fountain of wealth" to St. Paul's—was the body of St. Erkenwald, covered with a shrine which three London goldsmiths had spent a whole year in chiselling; and this shrine was covered with a grate of tinned iron. The very dust of the chapel floor, mingled with water, was said to work instantaneous cures. On the anniversary of St. Erkenwald the whole clergy of the diocese attended in procession in their copes. When King John of France was made captive at Poictiers, and paid his orisons at St. Paul's, he presented four golden basins to the high altar, and twenty-two nobles at the shrine of St. Erkenwald. Milman calculates that in 1344 the oblation-box alone at St. Paul's produced an annual sum to the dean and chapter of £9,000. Among other relics that were milch cows to the monks were a knife of our Lord, some hair of Mary Magdalen, blood of St. Paul, milk of the Virgin, the hand of St. John, pieces of the mischievous skull of Thomas à Becket, and the head and jaw of King Ethelbert. These were all preserved in jewelled cases. One hundred and eleven anniversary masses were celebrated. The chantry chapels in the Cathedral were very numerous, and they were served by an army of idle and often dissolute mass priests. There was one chantry in Pardon Churchyard, on the north side of St. Paul's, east of the bishop's chapel, where St. Thomas Becket's ancestors were buried. The grandest was one near the nave, built by Bishop Kemp, to pray for himself and his royal master, Edward IV. Another was founded by Henry IV. for the souls of his father, John of Gaunt, and his mother, Blanche of Castile. A third was built by Lord Mayor Pulteney, who was buried in St. Lawrence Pulteney, so called from him. The revenues of these chantries were vast.

But to return to our historical sequence. During the ruthless Wars of the Roses St. Paul's became the scene of many curious ceremonials, on which Shakespeare himself has touched, in his early historical plays. It was on a platform at the cathedral door that Roger Bolingbroke, the spurious necromancer who was supposed to have aided the ambitious designs of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, was exhibited. The Duchess's penance for the same offence, according to Milman's opinion, commenced or closed near the cathedral, in that shameful journey when she was led through the streets wrapped in a sheet, and carrying a lighted taper in her hand. The duke, her husband, was eventually buried at St. Paul's, where his tomb became the haunt of needy men about town, whence the well-known proverb of "dining with Duke Humphrey."

Henry VI.'s first peaceful visit to St. Paul's is quaintly sketched by that dull old poet, Lydgate, who describes "the bishops *in pontificalibus*, the Dean of Paules and canons, every one who conveyed the king"

> "Up into the church, with full devout singing;
> And when he had made his offering,
> The mayor, the citizens, bowed and left him."

While all the dark troubles still were pending, we find the Duke of York taking a solemn oath

on the host of fealty to King Henry. Six years later, after the battle of St. Albans, the Yorkists and Lancastrians met again at the altar of St. Paul's in feigned unity. The poor weak monarch was crowned, and had sceptre in hand, and his proud brilliant queen followed him in smiling converse with the Duke of York. Again the city poet broke into rejoicing at the final peace :—

"At Paul's in London, with great renown,
On Lady Day in Lent, this peace was wrought;
The King, the Queen, with lords many an one,
To worship the Virgin as they ought,
Went in procession, and spared right nought
In sight of all the commonalty;
In token this love was in heart and thought,
Rejoice England in concord and unity."

THE CHURCH OF ST. FAITH, THE CRYPT OF OLD ST. PAUL'S, FROM A VIEW BY HOLLAR.

Alas for such reconciliations! Four years later more blood had been shed, more battle-fields strewn with dead. The king was a captive, had disinherited his own son, and granted the succession to the Duke of York, whose right a Parliament had acknowledged. His proud queen was in the North rallying the scattered Lancastrians. York and Warwick, Henry's deadly enemies, knelt before the primate, and swore allegiance to the king; and the duke's two sons, March and Rutland, took the same oath.

Within a few months Wakefield was fought; Richard was slain, and the duke's head, adorned with a mocking paper crown, was sent, by the she-wolf of a queen, to adorn the walls of York.

The next year, however, fortune forsook Henry for ever, and St. Paul's welcomed Edward IV. and the redoubtable "king-maker," who had won the crown for him at the battle of Mortimer's Cross; and no Lancastrian dared show his face on that triumphant day. Ten years later Warwick, veering to the downfallen king, was slain at Barnet, and the body of the old warrior, and that of his brother, were exposed, barefaced, for three days in St. Paul's, to the delight of all true Yorkists. Those were terrible times, and the generosity of the old chivalry seemed now despised and forgotten. The next month there was even a sadder sight, for the body of King Henry himself was displayed in the Cathedral. Broken-hearted, said the Yorkists, but the Lancastrian belief (favoured by Shakespeare) was that Richard Duke of Gloucester, the wicked Crook-

back, stabbed him with his own hand in the Tower, and it was said that blood poured from the body when it lay in the Cathedral. Again St. Paul's was profaned at the death of Edward IV., when Richard came to pay his ostentatious orisons in the Cathedral, while he was already planning the removal of the princes to the Tower. Always anxious to please the London citizens, it was to St. Paul's Cross that Richard sent Dr. Shaw to accuse Clarence of illegitimacy. At St. Paul's, too, according to Shakespeare, who in his historic plays often follows traditions now forgotten, or chronicles that have perished, the charges against Hastings were publicly read. Jane Shore, the mistress, and supposed accomplice of Hastings in bewitching Richard, did penance in St. Paul's. She was the wife of a London goldsmith, and had been mistress of Edward IV. Her beauty, as she walked downcast with shame, is said to have moved every heart to pity. On his accession, King Richard, nervously fingering his dagger, as was his wont to do according to the chronicles, rode to St. Paul's, and was received by procession, amid great congratulation and acclamation from the fickle people. Kemp, who was the Yorkist bishop during all these dreadful times, rebuilt St. Paul's Cross, which then became one of the chief ornaments of London.

Richard's crown was presently beaten into a hawthorn bush on Bosworth Field, and his defaced, mangled, and ill-shaped body thrown, like carrion, across a pack-horse and driven off to Leicester, and Henry VII., the astute, the wily, the thrifty, reigned in his stead. After Henry's victory over Simnel he came two successive days to St. Paul's to offer his thanksgiving, and Simnel (afterwards a scullion in the royal kitchen) rode humbly at his conqueror's side.

The last ceremonial of the reign of Henry VII. that took place at St. Paul's was the ill-fated marriage of Prince Arthur (a mere boy, who died six months after) with Katherine of Arragon. The whole church was hung with tapestry, and there was a huge scaffold, with seats round it, reaching from the west door to the choir. On this platform the ceremony was performed. All day, at several places in the city, and at the west door of the Cathedral, the conduits ran for the delighted people with red and white wine. The wedded children were lodged in the bishop's palace, and three days later returned by water to Westminster. When Henry VII. died, his body lay in state in St. Paul's, and from thence it was taken to Windsor, to remain there till the beautiful chapel he had endowed at Westminster was ready for his reception. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's were among the trustees for the endowment he left, and the Cathedral still possesses the royal testament.

A Venetian ambassador who was present has

ST. PAUL'S AFTER THE FALL OF THE SPIRE, FROM A VIEW BY HOLLAR (*see page* 244).

left a graphic description of one of the earliest ceremonies (1514) which Henry VIII. witnessed at St. Paul's. The Pope (Leo X.) had sent the young and chivalrous king a sword and cap of maintenance, as a special mark of honour. The cap was of purple satin, covered with embroidery and pearls, and decked with ermine. The king rode from the bishop's palace to the cathedral on a beautiful black palfrey, the nobility walking before him in pairs. At the high altar the king donned the cap, and was girt with the sword. The procession then made the entire circuit of the church. The king wore a gown of purple satin and gold in chequer, and a jewelled collar; his cap of purple velvet had two jewelled rosettes, and his doublet was of gold brocade. The nobles wore massive chains of gold, and their chequered silk gowns were lined with sables, lynx-fur, and swansdown.

In the same reign Richard Fitz James, the fanatical Bishop of London, persecuted the Lollards, and burned two of the most obstinate at Smithfield. It is indeed, doubtful, even now, if Fitz James, in his hatred of the reformers, stopped short of murder. In 1514, Richard Hunn, a citizen who had disputed the jurisdiction of the obnoxious Ecclesiastical Court, was thrown into the Lollard's Tower (the bishop's prison, at the south-west corner of the Cathedral). A Wycliffe Bible had been found in his house; he was adjudged a heretic, and one night this obstinate man was found hung in his cell. The clergy called it suicide, but the coroner brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the Bishop's Chancellor, the sumner, and the bell-ringer of the Cathedral. The king, however, pardoned them all on their paying £1,500 to Hunn's family. The bishop, still furious, burned Hunn's body sixteen days after, as that of a heretic, in Smithfield. This fanatical bishop was the ceaseless persecutor of Dean Colet, that excellent and enlightened man, who founded St. Paul's School, and was the untiring friend of Erasmus, whom he accompanied on his memorable visit to Becket's shrine at Canterbury.

In 1518 Wolsey, proud and portly, appears upon the scene, coming to St. Paul's to sing mass and celebrate eternal peace between France, England, and Spain, and the betrothal of the beautiful Princess Mary to the Dauphin of France. The large chapel and the choir were hung with gold brocade, blazoned with the king's arms. Near the altar was the king's pew, formed of cloth of gold, and in front of it a small altar covered with silver-gilt images, with a gold cross in the centre. Two low masses were said at this before the king, while high mass was being sung to the rest. On the opposite side of the altar, on a raised and canopied chair, sat Wolsey; further off stood the legate Campeggio. The twelve bishops and six abbots present all wore their jewelled mitres, while the king himself shone out in a tunic of purple velvet, "powdered" with pearls and rubies, sapphires and diamonds. His collar was studded with carbuncles as large as walnuts. A year later Charles V. was proclaimed emperor by the heralds at St. Paul's. Wolsey gave the benediction, no doubt with full hope of the Pope's tiara.

In 1521, but a little later, Wolsey, "Cardinal of St. Cecilia and Archbishop of York," was welcomed by Dean Pace to St. Paul's. He had come to sit near Paul's Cross, to hear Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, by the Pope's command, denounce "Martinus Eleutherius" and his accursed works, many of which were burned in the churchyard during the sermon, no doubt to the infinite alarm of all heretical booksellers in the neighbouring street. Wolsey had always an eye to the emperor's helping him to the papacy; and when Charles V. came to England to visit Henry, in 1522, Wolsey said mass, censed by more than twenty obsequious prelates. It was Wolsey who first, as papal legate, removed the convocation entirely from St. Paul's to Westminster, to be near his house at Whitehall. His ribald enemy, Skelton, then hiding from the cardinal's wrath in the Sanctuary at Westminster, wrote the following rough distich on the arbitrary removal:—

> "Gentle Paul, lay down thy sword,
> For Peter of Westminster hath shaven thy beard."

On the startling news of the battle of Pavia, when Francis I. was taken prisoner by his great rival of Spain, a huge bonfire illumined the west front of St. Paul's, and hogsheads of claret were broached at the Cathedral door, to celebrate the welcome tidings. On the Sunday after, the bluff king, the queen, and both houses of Parliament, attended a solemn "Te Deum" at the cathedral; while on St. Matthew's Day there was a great procession of all the religious orders in London, and Wolsey, with his obsequious bishops, performed service at the high altar. Two years later Wolsey came again, to lament or rejoice over the sack of Rome by the Constable Bourbon, and the captivity of the Pope.

Singularly enough, the fire lighted by Wolsey in St. Paul's Churchyard had failed to totally burn up Luther and all his works; and on Shrove Tuesday, 1527, Wolsey made another attempt to reduce the new-formed Bible to ashes. In the great procession that came on this day to St. Paul's there

were six Lutherans in penitential dresses, carrying terribly symbolical fagots and huge lighted tapers. On a platform in the nave sat the portly and proud cardinal, supported by thirty-six zealous bishops, abbots, and priests. At the foot of the great rood over the northern door the heretical tracts and Testaments were thrown into a fire. The prisoners, on their knees, begged pardon of God and the Catholic Church, and were then led three times round the fire, which they fed with the fagots they had carried.

Four years later, after Wolsey's fall, the London clergy were summoned to St. Paul's Chapter-house (near the south side). The king, offended at the Church having yielded to Wolsey's claims as a papal legate, by which the penalty of præmunire had been incurred, had demanded from it the alarming fine of £100,000. Immediately six hundred clergy of all ranks thronged riotously to the chapter-house, to resist this outrageous tax. The bishop was all for concession; their goods and lands were forfeit, their bodies liable to imprisonment. The humble clergy cried out, "We have never meddled in the cardinal's business. Let the bishops and abbots, who have offended, pay." Blows were struck, and eventually fifteen priests and four laymen were condemned to terms of imprisonment in the Fleet and Tower, for their resistance to despotic power.

In 1535 nineteen German Anabaptists were examined in St. Paul's, and fourteen of them sent to the stake. Then came plain signs that the Reformation had commenced. The Pope's authority had been denied at Paul's Cross in 1534. A miraculous rood from Kent was brought to St. Paul's, and the machinery that moved the eyes and lips was shown to the populace, after which it was thrown down and broken amid contemptuous laughter. Nor would this chapter be complete if we did not mention a great civic procession at the close of the reign of Henry VIII. On Whit Sunday, 1546, the children of Paul's School, with parsons and vicars of every London church, in their copes, went from St. Paul's to St. Peter's, Cornhill, Bishop Bonner bearing the sacrament under a canopy; and at the Cross, before the mayor, aldermen, and all the crafts, heralds proclaimed perpetual peace between England, France, and the Emperor. Two months after, the ex-bishop of Rochester preached a sermon at Paul's Cross recanting his heresy, four of his late fellow-prisoners in Newgate having obstinately perished at the stake.

In the reign of Edward VI. St. Paul's witnessed far different scenes. The year of the accession of the child-king, funeral service was read to the memory of Francis I., Latin dirges were chanted, and eight mitred bishops sang a requiem to the monarch lately deceased. At the coronation, while the guilds were marshalled along Cheapside, and tapestries hung from every window, an acrobat descended by a cable from St. Paul's steeple to the anchor of a ship near the Deanery door. In November of the next year, at night, the crucifixes and images in St. Paul's were pulled down and removed, to the horror of the faithful, and all obits and chantreys were confiscated, and the vestments and altar cloths were sold. The early reformers were backed by greedy partisans. The Protector Somerset, who was desirous of building rapidly a sumptuous palace in the Strand, pulled down the chapel and charnel-house in the Pardon churchyard, and carted off the stones of St. Paul's cloister. When the good Ridley was installed Bishop of London, he would not enter the choir until the lights on the altar were extinguished. Very soon a table was substituted for the altar, and there was an attempt made to remove the organ. The altar, and chapel, and tombs (all but John of Gaunt's) were then ruthlessly destroyed.

During the Lady Jane Grey rebellion, Ridley denounced Mary and Elizabeth as bastards. The accession of gloomy Queen Mary soon turned the tables. As the Queen passed to her coronation, a daring Dutchman stood on the cross of St. Paul's waving a long streamer, and shifting from foot to foot as he shook two torches which he held over his head.

But the citizens were Protestants at heart. At the first sermon preached at St. Paul's Cross, Dr. Bourne, a rash Essex clergyman, prayed for the dead, praised Bonner, and denounced Ridley. The mob, inflamed to madness, shouted, "He preaches damnation! Pull him down! pull him down!" A dagger, thrown at the preacher, stuck quivering in a side-post of the pulpit. With difficulty two good men dragged the rash zealot safely into St. Paul's School. For this riot several persons were sent to the Tower, and a priest and a barber had their ears nailed to the pillory at St. Paul's Cross. The crosses were raised again in St. Paul's, and the old ceremonies and superstitions revived. On St. Katherine's Day (in honour of the queen's mother's patron saint) there was a procession with lights, and the image of St. Katherine, round St. Paul's steeple, and the bells rang. Yet not long after this, when a Dr. Pendleton preached old doctrines at St. Paul's Cross, a gun was fired at him. When Bonner was released from the Marshalsea and

restored to his see, the people shouted, "Welcome home;" and a woman ran forward and kissed him. We are told that he knelt in prayer on the Cathedral steps.

In 1554, at the reception in St. Paul's of Cardinal Pole, King Philip attended with English, Spanish, and German guards, and a great retinue of nobles. Bishop Gardiner preached on the widening heresy till the audience groaned and wept. Of the cruel persecutions of the Protestants in this reign St. Paul's was now and then a witness, and likewise of the preparations for the execution of Protestants, which Bonner's party called "trials." Thus we find Master Cardmaker, vicar of St. Bride's, and Warne, an upholsterer in Walbrook, both arraigned at St. Paul's before the bishop for heresy, and carried back from there to Newgate, to be shortly after burned alive in Smithfield.

In the midst of these horrors, a strange ceremony took place at St. Paul's, more worthy, indeed, of the supposititious temple of Diana than of a Christian cathedral, did it not remind us that Popery was always strangely intermingled with fragments of old paganism. In June, 1557 (St. Paul's Day, says Machyn, an undertaker and chronicler of Mary's reign), a fat buck was presented to the dean and chapter, according to an annual grant made by Sir Walter le Baud, an Essex knight, in the reign of Edward I. A priest from each London parish attended in his cope, and the Bishop of London wore his mitre, while behind the burly, bullying, persecutor Bonner came a fat buck, his head with his horns borne upon a pole; forty huntsmen's horns blowing a rejoicing chorus.

The last event of this blood-stained reign was the celebration at St. Paul's of the victory over the French at the battle of St. Quintin by Philip and the Spaniards. A sermon was preached to the city at Paul's Cross, bells were rung, and bonfires blazed in every street.

At Elizabeth's accession its new mistress soon purged St. Paul's of all its images: copes and shaven crowns disappeared. The first ceremony of the new reign was the performance of the obsequies of Henry II. of France. The empty hearse was hung with cloth of gold, the choir draped in black, the clergy appearing in plain black gowns and caps. And now, what the Catholics called a great judgment fell on the old Cathedral. During a great storm in 1561, St. Martin's Church, Ludgate, was struck by lightning; immediately after, the wooden steeple of St. Paul's started into a flame. The fire burned downwards furiously for four hours, the bells melted, the lead poured in torrents; the roof fell in, and the whole Cathedral became for a time a ruin. Soon after, at the Cross, Dean Nowell rebuked the Papists for crying out "a judgment." In papal times the church had also suffered. In Richard I.'s reign an earthquake shook down the spire, and in Stephen's time fire had also brought destruction. The Crown and City were roused by this misfortune. Thrifty Elizabeth gave 1,000 marks in gold, and 1,000 marks' worth of timber; the City gave a great benevolence, and the clergy subscribed £1,410. In one month a false roof was erected, and by the end of the year the aisles were leaded in. On the 1st of November, the same year, the mayor, aldermen, and crafts, with eighty torch-bearers, went to attend service at St. Paul's. The steeple, however, was never re-erected, in spite of Queen Elizabeth's angry remonstrances.

In the first year of Philip and Mary, the Common Council of London passed an act which shows the degradation into which St. Paul's had sunk even before the fire. It forbade the carrying of beer-casks, or baskets of bread, fish, flesh, or fruit, or leading mules or horses through the Cathedral, under pain of fines and imprisonment. Elizabeth also issued a proclamation to a similar effect, forbidding a fray, drawing of swords in the church, or shooting with hand-gun or dagg within the church or churchyard, under pain of two months' imprisonment. Neither were agreements to be made for the payment of money within the church. Soon after the fire, a man that had provoked a fray in the church was set in the pillory in the churchyard, and had his ears nailed to a post, and then cut off. These proclamations, however, led to no reform. Cheats, gulls, assassins, and thieves thronged the middle aisle of St. Paul's; advertisements of all kinds covered the walls, the worst class of servants came there to be hired; worthless rascals and disreputable flaunting women met there by appointment. Parasites, hunting for a dinner, hung about a monument of the Beauchamps, foolishly believed to be the tomb of the good Duke Humphrey. Shakespeare makes Falstaff hire red-nosed Bardolph in St. Paul's, and Ben Jonson lays the third act of his *Every Man in his Humour* in the middle aisle. Bishop Earle, in his "Microcosmography," describes the noise of the crowd of idlers in Paul's "as that of bees, a strange hum mixed of walking tongues and feet, a kind of still roar or loud whisper." He describes the crowd of young curates, copper captains, thieves, and dinnerless adventurers and gossip-mongers. Bishop Corbet, that jolly prelate, speaks of

> "The walk,
> Where all our British sinners swear and talk,
> Old hardy ruffians, bankrupts, soothsayers,
> And youths whose cousenage is old as theirs."

On the eve of the election of Sandys as Bishop of London, May, 1570, all London was roused by a papal bull against Elizabeth being found nailed on the gates of the bishop's palace. It declared her crown forfeited and her people absolved from their oaths of allegiance. The fanatic maniac, Felton, was soon discovered, and hung on a gallows at the bishop's gates.

One or two anecdotes of interest specially connect Elizabeth with St. Paul's. On one occasion Dean Nowell placed in the queen's closet (pew) a splendid prayer-book, full of German scriptural engravings, richly illuminated. The zealous queen was furious; the book seemed to her of Catholic tendencies.

"Who placed this book on my cushion? You know I have an aversion to idolatry. The cuts resemble angels and saints—nay, even grosser absurdities."

The frightened dean pleaded innocence of all evil intentions. The queen prayed God to grant him more wisdom for the future, and asked him where they came from. When told Germany, she replied, "It is well it was a stranger. Had it been one of my subjects, we should have questioned the matter."

Once again Dean Nowell vexed the queen—this time from being too Puritan. On Ash Wednesday, 1572, the dean preaching before her, he denounced certain popish superstitions in a book recently dedicated to her majesty. He specially denounced the use of the sign of the cross. Suddenly a harsh voice was heard in the royal closet. It was Elizabeth's. She chidingly bade Mr. Dean return from his ungodly digression and revert to his text. The next day the frightened dean wrote a most abject apology to the high-spirited queen.

The victory over the Armada was, of course, not forgotten at St. Paul's. When the thanksgiving sermon was preached at Paul's Cross, eleven Spanish ensigns waved over the cathedral battlements, and one idolatrous streamer with an image of the Virgin fluttered over the preacher. That was in September; the Queen herself came in November, drawn by four white horses, and with the privy council and all the nobility. Elizabeth heard a sermon, and dined at the bishop's palace.

The "children of Paul's," whom Shakespeare, in *Hamlet*, mentions with the jealousy of a rival manager, were, as Dean Milman has proved, the chorister-boys of St. Paul's. They acted, it is supposed, in their singing-school. The play began at four p.m., after prayers, and the price of admission was 4d. They are known at a later period to have acted some of Lily's Euphuistic plays, and one of Middleton's.

In this reign lotteries for Government purposes were held at the west door of St. Paul's, where a wooden shed was erected for drawing the prizes, which were first plate and then suits of armour. In the first lottery (1569) there were 40,000 lots at 10s. a lot, and the profits were applied to repairing the harbours of England.

In the reign of James I. blood was again shed before St. Paul's. Years before a bishop had been murdered at the north door; now, before the west entrance (in January, 1605–6), four of the desperate Gunpowder Plot conspirators (Sir Everard Digby, Winter, Grant, and Bates) were there hung, drawn, and quartered. Their attempt to restore the old religion by one blow ended in the hangman's strangling rope and the executioner's cruel knife. In the May following a man of less-proven guilt (Garnet, the Jesuit) suffered the same fate in St. Paul's Churchyard; and zealots of his faith affirmed that on straws saved from the scaffold miraculous portraits of their martyr were discovered.

The ruinous state of the great cathedral, still without a tower, now aroused the theological king. He first tried to saddle the bishop and chapter, but Lord Southampton, Shakespeare's friend, interposed to save them. Then the matter went to sleep for twelve years. In 1620 the king again awoke, and came in state with all his lords on horseback, to hear a sermon at the Cross and to view the church. A royal commission followed, Inigo Jones, the king's *protégé*, whom James had brought from Denmark, being one of the commissioners. The sum required was estimated at £22,536. The king's zeal ended here; and his favourite, Buckingham, borrowed the stone collected for St. Paul's for his Strand palace, and from parts of it was raised that fine water-gate still existing in the Thames Embankment gardens.

When Charles I. made that narrow-minded churchman, Laud, Bishop of London, one of Laud's first endeavours was to restore St. Paul's. Charles I. was a man of taste, and patronised painting and architecture. Inigo Jones was already building the Banqueting House at Whitehall. The king was so pleased with Inigo's design for the new portico of St. Paul's, that he proposed to pay for that himself. Laud gave £1,200. The fines of the obnoxious and illegal High Commission Court were set apart for the same object. The small sheds and houses round the west front were ruthlessly cleared away. All shops in Cheapside and Lombard Street, except goldsmiths, were to be shut up, that the eastern approach to St. Paul's

might appear more splendid. The church of St. Gregory, at the south-west wing of the cathedral, was removed and rebuilt. Inigo Jones cut away all the decayed stone and crumbling Gothic work of the Cathedral, and on the west portico expended all the knowledge he had acquired in his visit to Rome. The result was a pagan composite, beautiful but incongruous. The front, 161 feet long and 162 feet high, was supported by fourteen Corinthian columns. On the parapet above the pillars Inigo proposed that there should stand ten statues of

THE CHAPTER HOUSE OF OLD ST. PAUL'S, FROM A VIEW BY HOLLAR (*see page* 243).

princely benefactors of St. Paul's. At each angle of the west front there was a tower. The portico was intended for a Paul's Walk, to drain off the profanation from within.

Nor were the London citizens backward. One most large-hearted man, Sir Paul Pindar, a Turkey merchant who had been ambassador at Constantinople, and whose house is still to be seen in Bishopsgate Street, contributed £10,000 towards the screen and south transept. The statues of James and Charles were set up over the portico, and the steeple was begun, when the storm arose that soon whistled off the king's unlucky head. The coming troubles cast shadows around St. Paul's. In March, 1639, a paper was found in the yard of the deanery, before Laud's house, inscribed—"Laud, look to thyself. Be assured that thy life is sought, as thou art the fountain of all wickedness;" and in October, 1640, the High Commission sitting at St. Paul's, nearly 2,000 Puritans made a tumult, tore down the benches in the consistory, and shouted, "We will have no bishops and no High Commission."

The Parliament made short work with St. Paul's, of Laud's projects, and Inigo Jones's classicalisms. They at once seized the £17,000 or so left of the subscription. To Colonel Jephson's regiment, in arrears for pay, £1,746, they gave the scaffolding round St. Paul's tower, and in pulling it to pieces down came part of St. Paul's south transept. The copes in St. Paul's were burnt (to extract the gold), and the money sent to the persecuted Protestant poor in Ireland. The silver vessels were sold to buy artillery for Cromwell. There was a story current that Cromwell intended to sell St. Paul's to the Jews for a synagogue. The east end of the church was walled in for a Puritan lecturer; the graves were desecrated; the choir became a cavalry barracks; the portico was let out to sempsters and hucksters, who lodged in rooms above; James and Charles

DR. BOURNE PREACHING AT PAUL'S CROSS (*see page* 243).

were toppled from the portico; while the pulpit and cross were entirely destroyed. The dragoons in St. Paul's became so troublesome to the inhabitants by their noisy brawling games and their rough interruption of passengers, that in 1651 we find them forbidden to play at ninepins from six a.m. to nine p.m.

When the Restoration came, sunshine again fell upon the ruins. Wren, that great genius, was called in. His report was not very favourable. The pillars were giving way; the whole work had been from the beginning ill designed and ill built; the tower was leaning. He proposed to have a rotunda, with cupola and lantern, to give the church light, "and incomparable more grace" than the lean shaft of a steeple could possibly afford. He closed his report by a eulogy on the portico of Inigo Jones, as "an absolute piece in itself." Some of the stone collected for St. Paul's went, it is said, to build Lord Clarendon's house (site of Albemarle Street). On August 27, 1661, good Mr. Evelyn, one of the commissioners, describes going with Wren, the Bishop and Dean of St. Paul's, &c., and resolving finally on a new foundation. On Sunday, September 2, the Great Fire drew a red cancelling line over Wren's half-drawn plans. The old cathedral passed away, like Elijah, in flames. The fire broke out about ten o'clock on Saturday night at a bake-house in Pudding Lane, near East Smithfield. Sunday afternoon Pepys found all the goods carried that morning to Cannon Street now removing to Lombard Street. At St. Paul's Wharf he takes water, follows the king's party, and lands at Bankside. "In corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the city, a most horrid, bloody, malicious flame, not like the flame of an ordinary fire." On the 7th, he saw St. Paul's Church with all the roof off, and the body of the quire fallen into St. Faith's.

On Monday, the 3rd, Mr. Evelyn describes the whole north of the City on fire, the sky light for ten miles round, and the scaffolds round St. Paul's catching. On the 4th he saw the stones of St. Paul's flying like grenades, the melting lead running in streams down the streets, the very pavements too hot for the feet, and the approaches too blocked for any help to be applied. A Westminster boy named Taswell (quoted by Dean Milman from "Camden's Miscellany," vol. ii., p. 12) has also sketched the scene. On Monday, the 3rd, from Westminster he saw, about eight o'clock, the fire burst forth, and before nine he could read by the blaze a 16mo "Terence" which he had with him. The boy at once set out for St. Paul's, resting by the way upon Fleet Bridge, being almost faint with the intense heat of the air. The bells were melting, and vast avalanches of stones were pouring from the walls. Near the east end he found the body of an old woman, who had cowered there, burned to a coal. Taswell also relates that the ashes of the books kept in St. Faith's were blown as far as Eton.

On the 7th (Friday) Evelyn again visited St. Paul's. The portico he found rent in pieces, the vast stones split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription on the architrave, not one letter of which was injured. Six acres of lead on the roof were all melted. The roof of St. Faith's had fallen in, and all the magazines and books from Paternoster Row were consumed, burning for a week together. Singularly enough, the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the monuments the body of one bishop (Braybroke—Richard II.) remained entire. The old tombs nearly all perished; amongst them those of two Saxon kings, John of Gaunt, his wife Constance of Castile, poor St. Erkenwald, and scores of bishops, good and bad; Sir Nicholas Bacon, Elizabeth's Lord Keeper, and father of the great philosopher; the last of the true knights, the gallant Sir Philip Sidney; and Walsingham, that astute counsellor of Elizabeth. Then there was Sir Christopher Hatton, the dancing chancellor, whose proud monument crowded back Walsingham and Sidney's. According to the old scoffing distich,

> "Philip and Francis they have no tomb,
> For great Christopher takes all the room."

Men of letters in old St. Paul's (says Dean Milman) there were few. The chief were Lily, the grammarian, second master of St. Paul's; and Linacre, the physician, the friend of Colet and Erasmus. Of artists there was at least one great man—Vandyck, who was buried near John of Gaunt. Among citizens, the chief was Sir William Hewet, whose daughter married Osborne, an apprentice, who saved her from drowning, and who was the ancestor of the Dukes of Leeds.

After the fire, Bishop Sancroft preached in a patched-up part of the west end of the ruins. All hopes of restoration were soon abandoned, as Wren had, with his instinctive genius, at once predicted. Sancroft at once wrote to the great architect, "What you last whispered in my ear is now come to pass." A pillar has fallen, and the rest threatens to follow." The letter concludes thus: "You are so absolutely necessary to us, that we can do nothing, resolve on nothing, without you." There was plenty of zeal in London still; but, nevertheless, after all, nothing was done to the rebuilding till the year 1673.

CHAPTER XXI.

ST. PAUL'S (*continued*).

The Rebuilding of St. Paul's—Ill Treatment of its Architect—Cost of the Present Fabric—Royal Visitors—The First Grave in St. Paul's—Monuments in St. Paul's—Nelson's Funeral—Military Heroes in St. Paul's—The Duke of Wellington's Funeral—Other Great Men in St. Paul's—Proposals for the Completion and Decoration of the Building—Dimensions of St. Paul's—Plan of Construction—The Dome, Ball, and Cross—Mr. Horner and his Observatory—Two Narrow Escapes—Sir James Thornhill—Peregrine Falcons on St. Paul's—Nooks and Corners of the Cathedral—The Library, Model Room, and Clock—The Great Bell—A Lucky Error—Curious Story of a Monomaniac—The Poets and the Cathedral—The Festivals of the Charity Schools and of the Sons of the Clergy.

TOWARDS the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral, Charles II., generous as usual in promises, offered an annual contribution of £1,000; but this, however, never seems to have been paid. It, no doubt, went to pay Nell Gwynne's losses at the gambling-table, or to feed the Duchess of Portsmouth's lap-dogs. Some £1,700 in fines, however, were set apart for the new building. The Primate Sheldon gave £2,000. Many of the bishops contributed largely, and there were parochial collections all over England. But the bulk of the money was obtained from the City duty on coals, which (as Dean Milman remarks) in time had their revenge in destroying the stonework of the Cathedral. It was only by a fortunate accident that Wren became the builder; for Charles II., whose tastes and vices were all French, had in vain invited over Perrault, the designer of one of the fronts of the Louvre.

The great architect, Wren, was the son of a Dean of Windsor, and nephew of a Bishop of Norwich whom Cromwell had imprisoned for his Romish tendencies. From a boy Wren had shown a genius for scientific discovery. He distinguished himself in almost every branch of knowledge, and to his fruitful brain we are indebted for some fifty-two suggestive discoveries. He now hoped to rebuild London on a magnificent scale; but it was not to be. Even in the plans for the new cathedral Wren was from the beginning thwarted and impeded. Ignorance, envy, jealousy, and selfishness met him at every line he drew. He made two designs—the first a Greek, the second a Latin cross. The Greek cross the clergy considered as unsuitable for a cathedral. The model for it was long preserved in the Trophy Room of St. Paul's, where, either from neglect or the zeal of relic-hunters, the western portico was lost. It is now at South Kensington, and is still imperfect. The interior of the first design is by many considered superior to the present interior. The present recesses along the aisles of the nave, tradition says, were insisted on by James II., who thought they would be useful as side chapels when masses were once more introduced.

The first stone was laid by Wren on the 21st June, 1675, but there was no public ceremonial. Soon after the great geometrician had drawn the circle for the beautiful dome, he sent a workman for a stone to mark the exact centre. The man returned with a fragment of a tombstone, on which was the one ominous word (as every one observed) "Resurgam!" The ruins of old St. Paul's were stubborn. In trying to blow up the tower, a passer-by was killed, and Wren, with his usual ingenuity, resorted successfully to the old Roman battering-ram, which soon cleared a way. "I build for eternity," said Wren, with the true confidence of genius, as he searched for a firm foundation. Below the Norman, Saxon, and Roman graves he dug and probed till he could find the most reliable stratum. Below the loam was sand; under the sand a layer of fresh-water shells; under these were sand, gravel, and London clay. At the north-east corner of the dome Wren was vexed by coming upon a pit dug by the Roman potters in search of clay. He, however, began from the solid earth a strong pier of masonry, and above turned a short arch to the former foundation. He also slanted the new building more to the north-east than its predecessor, in order to widen the street south of St. Paul's.

Well begun is half done. The Cathedral grew fast, and in two-and-twenty years from the laying of the first stone the choir was opened for Divine service. The master mason who helped to lay the first stone assisted in fixing the last in the lantern. A great day was chosen for the opening of St. Paul's. December 2nd, 1697, was the thanksgiving day for the Peace of Ryswick—the treaty which humbled France, and seated William firmly and permanently on the English throne. The king, much against his will, was persuaded to stay at home by his courtiers, who dreaded armed Jacobites among the 300,000 people who would throng the streets. Worthy Bishop Compton, who, dressed as a trooper, had guarded the Princess Anne in her flight from her father, preached that inspiring day on the text, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." From then till now the daily voice of prayer and praise has never ceased in St. Paul's.

Queen Anne, during her eventful reign, went seven times to St. Paul's in solemn procession, to commemorate victories over France or Spain. The first of these (1702) was a jubilee for Marlborough's triumph in the Low Countries, and Rooke's destruction of the Spanish fleet at Vigo. The Queen sat on a raised and canopied throne; the Duke of Marlborough, as Groom of the Stole, on a stool behind her. The Lords and Commons, who had arrived in procession, were arranged in the choir. The brave old Whig Bishop of Exeter, Sir Jonathan Trelawney ("and shall Trelawney die?"), preached the sermon. Guns at the Tower, on the river, and in St. James's Park, fired off the Te Deum, and when the Queen started and returned. In 1704, the victory of Blenheim was celebrated; in 1705, the forcing of the French lines at Tirlemont; in 1706, the battle of Ramillies and Lord Peterborough's successes in Spain; in 1707, more triumphs; in 1708, the battle of Oudenarde; and last of all, in 1713, the Peace of Utrecht, when the Queen was unable to attend. On this last day the charity children of London (4,000 in number) first attended outside the church.

St. Paul's was already, to all intents and purposes, completed. The dome was ringed with its golden gallery, and crowned with its glittering cross. In 1710, Wren's son and the body of Freemasons had laid the highest stone of the lantern of the cupola, and now commenced the bitterest mortifications of Wren's life. The commissioners had dwindled down to Dean Godolphin and six or seven civilians from Doctors' Commons. Wren's old friends were dead. His foes compelled him to pile the organ on the screen, though he had intended it to be under the north-east arch of the choir, where it now is. Wren wished to use mosaic for internal decoration; they pronounced it too costly, and they took the painting of the cupola out of Wren's hands and gave it to Hogarth's father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill. They complained of wilful delay in the work, and accused Wren or his assistant of corruption; they also withheld part of his salary till the work was completed. Wren covered the cupola with lead, at a cost of £2,500; the committee were for copper, at £3,050. About the iron railing for the churchyard there was also wrangling. Wren wished a low fence, to leave the vestibule and the steps free and open. The commissioners thought Wren's design mean and weak, and chose the present heavy and cumbrous iron-work, which breaks up the view of the west front.

The new organ, by Father Bernard Smith, which cost £2,000, was shorn of its full size by Wren, perhaps in vexation at its misplacement. The paltry statue of Queen Anne, in the churchyard, was by Bird, and cost £1,130, exclusive of the marble, which the Queen provided. The carvings in the choir, by Grinling Gibbons, cost £1,337 7s. 5d. On some of the exterior sculpture Cibber worked.

In 1718 a violent pamphlet appeared, written, it was supposed, by one of the commissioners. It accused Wren's head workmen of pilfering timber and cracking the bells. Wren proved the charges to be malicious and untrue. The commissioners now insisted on adding a stone balustrade all round St. Paul's, in spite of Wren's protests. He condemned the addition as "contrary to the principles of architecture, and as breaking into the harmony of the whole design;" but, he said, "ladies think nothing well without an edging."

The next year, the commissioners went a step further. Wren, then eighty-six years old, and in the forty-ninth year of office, was dismissed without apology from his post of Surveyor of Public Works. The German Court, hostile to all who had served the Stuarts, appointed in his place a poor pretender, named Benson. This charlatan—now only remembered by a line in the "Dunciad," which ridicules the singular vanity of a man who erected a monument to Milton, in Westminster Abbey, and crowded the marble with his own titles—was afterwards dismissed from his surveyorship with ignominy, but had yet influence enough at Court to escape prosecution and obtain several valuable sinecures. Wren retired to his house at Hampton Court, and there sought consolation in philosophical and religious studies. Once a year, says Horace Walpole, the good old man was carried to St. Paul's, to contemplate the glorious *chef-d'œuvre* of his genius. Steele, in the *Tatler*, refers to Wren's vexations, and attributes them to his modesty and bashfulness.

The total sum expended on the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, according to Dean Milman, was £736,752 2s. 3¼d.; a small residue from the coal duty was all that was left for future repairs. To this Dean Clark added about £500, part of the profits arising from an Essex estate (the gift of an old Saxon king), leased from the Dean and Chapter. The charge of the fabric was vested not in the Dean and Chapter, but in the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Lord Mayor for the time being. These trustees elect the surveyor and audit the accounts.

On the accession of George I. (1715), the new king, princes, and princesses went in state to St. Paul's. Seventy years elapsed before an English king again entered Wren's cathedral. In April.

1789, George III. came to thank God for his temporary recovery from insanity. Queen Charlotte, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York were present, and both Houses of Parliament. Bishop Porteous preached the sermon, and 6,000 charity children joined in the service. In 1797, King George came again to attend a thanksgiving for Lord Duncan's and Lord Howe's naval victories; French, Spanish, and Dutch flags waved above the procession, and Sir Horatio Nelson was there among other heroes.

The first grave sunk in St. Paul's was fittingly that of Wren, its builder. He lies in the place of honour, the extreme east of the crypt. The black marble slab is railed in, and the light from a small window-grating falls upon the venerated name. Sir Christopher died in 1723, aged ninety-one. The fine inscription, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice," written probably by his son, or Mylne, the builder of Blackfriars Bridge, was formerly in front of the organ-gallery, but is now placed over the north-western entrance.

The clergy of St. Paul's were for a long time jealous of allowing any monument in the cathedral. Dean Newton wished for a tomb, but it was afterwards erected in St. Mary-le-Bow. A better man than the vain, place-hunting dean was the first honoured. The earliest statue admitted was that of the benevolent Howard, who had mitigated suffering and sorrow in all the prisons of Europe; he stands at the corner of the dome facing that half-stripped athlete, Dr. Johnson, and the two are generally taken by country visitors for St. Peter and St. Paul. He who with Goldsmith had wandered through the Abbey, wondering if one day their names might not be recorded there, found a grave in Westminster, and, thanks to Reynolds, the first place of honour. Sir Joshua himself, as one of our greatest painters, took the third place, that Hogarth should have occupied; and the fourth was awarded to that great Oriental scholar, Sir William Jones. The clerical opposition was now broken through, for the world felt that the Abbey was full enough, and that St. Paul's required adorning.

Henceforward St. Paul's was chiefly set apart for naval and military heroes whom the city could best appreciate, while the poets, great writers, and statesmen were honoured in the Abbey, and laid among the old historic dead. From the beginning our sculptors resorted to pagan emblems and pagan allegorical figures; the result is that St. Paul's resembles a Pantheon of the Lower Empire, and is a hospital of third-rate art. The first naval conqueror so honoured was Rodney; Rossi received £6,000 for his cold and clumsy design; Lord Howe's statue followed; and next that of Lord Duncan, the hero of Camperdown. It is a simple statue by Westmacott, with a seaman and his wife and child on the pedestal. For Earl St. Vincent, Bailey produced a colossal statue and the usual scribbling, History and a trumpeting Victory.

Then came Nelson's brothers in arms—men of lesser mark; but the nation was grateful, and the Government was anxious to justify its wars by its victories. St. Paul's was growing less particular, and now opened its arms to the best men it could get. Many of Nelson's captains preceded him on the red road to death—Westcott, who fell at Aboukir; Mosse and Riou, who fell before Copenhagen (a far from stainless victory). Riou was the brave man whom Campbell immortalised in his fiery "Battle of the Baltic." Riou lies

> "Full many a fathom deep,
> By thy wild and stormy steep,
> Elsinore."

Then at last, in 1806, came a hero worthy, indeed, of such a cathedral—Nelson himself. At what a moment had Nelson expired! At the close of a victory that had annihilated the fleets of France and Spain, and secured to Britain the empire of the seas. The whole nation that day shed tears of "pride and of sorrow." The Prince of Wales and all his brothers led the procession of nearly 8,000 soldiers, and the chief mourner was Admiral Parker (the Mutiny of the Nore Parker). Nelson's coffin was formed out of a mast of the *L'Orient*—a vessel blown up at the battle of the Nile, and presented to Nelson by his friend, the captain of the *Swiftsure*. The sarcophagus, singularly enough, had been designed by Michael Angelo's contemporary, Torreguiano, for Wolsey, in the days of his most insatiable pride, and had remained ever since in Wolsey's chapel at Windsor; Nelson's flag was to have been placed over the coffin, but as it was about to be lowered, the sailors who had borne it, as if by an irresistible impulse, stepped forward and tore it in pieces, for relics. Dean Milman, who, as a youth, was present, says, "I heard, or fancied I heard, the low wail of the sailors who encircled the remains of their admiral." Nelson's trusty companion, Lord Collingwood, who led the vanguard at Trafalgar, sleeps near his old captain, and Lord Northesk, who led the rear-guard, is buried opposite. A brass plate on the pavement under the dome marks the spot of Nelson's tomb. The monument to Nelson, inconveniently placed at the opening of the choir, is by one of our greatest sculptors—Flaxman. It is hardly worthy of the occasion, and the figures on the pedestal are puerile. Lord

Lyons is the last admiral whose monument has been erected in St. Paul's.

The military heroes have been contributed by various wars, just and unjust, successful and the reverse. There is that tough old veteran, Lord Heathfield, who drove off two angry nations from the scorched rock of Gibraltar; Sir Isaac Brock, who fell near Niagara; Sir Ralph Abercromby, who perished in Egypt; and Sir John Moore, who played so well a losing game at Corunna. Cohorts of Wellington's soldiers too lie in St. Paul's—brave men, who sacrificed their lives at Talavera, Vimiera, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Bayonne. Nor has our proud and just nation disdained to honour even equally gallant men who were defeated. There are monuments in St. Paul's to the vanquished at Bergen-op-Zoom, New Orleans, and Baltimore.

That climax of victory, Waterloo, brought Ponsonby and Picton to St. Paul's. Picton lies in the vestibule of the Wellington chapel. Thirty-seven years after Waterloo, in the fulness of his years, Wellington was deservedly honoured by a tomb in St. Paul's. It was impossible to lay him beside Nelson, so the eastern chapel of the crypt was appropriated for his sarcophagus. From 12,000 to 15,000 persons were present. The impressive funeral procession, with the representatives of the various regiments, and the solemn bursts of the "Dead March of Saul" at measured intervals, can never be forgotten by those who were present. The pall was borne by the general officers who had fought by the side of Wellington, and the cathedral was illuminated for the occasion. The service was read by Dean Milman, who had been, as we have before mentioned, a spectator of Nelson's funeral. So perfectly adapted for sound is St. Paul's, that though the walls were muffled with black cloth, the Dean's voice could be heard distinctly, even up in the western gallery. The sarcophagus which holds Wellington's ashes is of massive and imperishable Cornish porphyry, grand from its perfect simplicity, and worthy of the man who, without gasconade or theatrical display, trod stedfastly the path of duty.

After Nelson and Wellington, the lesser names seem to dwindle down. Yet among the great, pure, and good, we may mention, there are some Crimean memorials. There also is the monument of Cornwallis, that good Governor-General of India; those of the two Napiers, the historian and the conqueror of Scinde, true knights both; that

THE REBUILDING OF ST. PAUL'S. FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF J. G. CRACE, ESQ.

of Elphinstone, who twice refused the dignity of Governor-General of India; and that of the saviour of our Indian empire, Sir Henry Lawrence. Nor should we forget the monuments of two Indian bishops—the scholarly Middleton, and the excellent and lovable Heber. There is an unsatisfactory monument in such a place, is the historian Hallam, a calm, sometimes cold, but always impartial writer.

In the crypt near Wren lie many of our most celebrated English artists. Sir Joshua Reynolds died in 1792. His pall was borne by peers, and upwards of a hundred carriages followed his hearse.

THE CHOIR OF ST. PAUL'S BEFORE THE REMOVAL OF THE SCREEN, *from an engraving published in* 1754.

statue of Turner, by Bailey; and monuments to Dr. Babington, a London physician, and Sir Astley Cooper, the great surgeon. The ambitious monument to Viscount Melbourne, the Queen's first prime minister, by Baron Marochetti, stands in one of the alcoves of the nave; great gates of black marble represent the entrance to a tomb, guarded by two angels of white marble at the portals. More worthy than the gay Melbourne of the honour of a Near him lies his successor as president, West, the Quaker painter; courtly Lawrence; Barry, whom Reynolds detested; rough, clever Opie; Dance; and eccentric Fuseli. In this goodly company, also, sleeps a greater than all of these—Joseph Mallord William Turner, the first landscape painter of the world. He had requested, when dying, to be buried as near to his old master, Reynolds, as possible. It is said that Turner, soured with the world, had

threatened to make his shroud out of his grand picture of "The Building of Carthage." In this consecrated spot also rests Robert Mylne, the builder of Blackfriars Bridge, and Mr. Charles Robert Cockerell, the eminent architect.

Only one robbery has occurred in modern times in St. Paul's. In December, 1810, the plate repository of the cathedral was broken open by thieves, with the connivance of, as is supposed, some official, and 1,761 ounces of plate, valued at above £2,000, were stolen. The thieves broke open nine doors to get at the treasure, which was never afterwards heard of. The spoil included the chased silver-gilt covers of the large (1640) Bible, chalices, plates, tankards, and candlesticks.

The cathedral, left colourless and blank by Wren, has never yet been finished. The Protestant choir remains in one corner, like a dry, shrivelled nut in a large shell. Like the proud snail in the fable, that took possession of the lobster-shell and starved there, we remained for more than a century complacently content with our unfurnished house. At length our tardy zeal awoke. In 1858 the Bishop of London wrote to the Dean and Chapter, urging a series of Sunday evening services, for the benefit of the floating masses of Londoners. Dean Milman replied, at once warming to the proposal, and suggested the decoration and completion of St. Paul's. The earnest appeal for "the noblest church, in its style, of Christian Europe, the masterpiece of Wren, the glory and pride of London," was at once responded to. A committee of the leading merchants and bankers was formed, including those great authorities, Sir Charles Barry, Mr. Cockerell, Mr. Tite, and Mr. Penrose. They at once resolved to gladden the eye with colour, without disturbing the solemn and harmonious simplicity. Paintings, mosaics, marble and gilding were requisite; the dome was to be relieved of Thornhill's lifeless *grisailles;* and above all, stained-glass windows were pronounced indispensable.

The dome had originally been filled by Thornhill with eight scenes from the life of St. Paul. He received for them the not very munificent but quite adequate sum of 40s. per square yard. They soon began to show symptoms of decay, and Mr. Parris, the painter, invented an apparatus by which they could easily be repaired, but no funds could then be found; yet when the paintings fell off in flakes, much money and labour was expended on the restoration, which has now proved useless. Mr. Penrose has shown that so ignorant was Sir James of perspective, that his painted architecture has actually the effect of making Wren's thirty-two pilasters seem to lean forward.

Much has already been done in St. Paul's. Two out of the eight large spandrel pictures round the dome are already executed. There are eventually to be four evangelists and four major prophets. Above the gilt rails of the whispering gallery an inscription on a mosaic and gold ground has been placed. A marble memorial pulpit has been put up. The screen has been removed, and the organ, greatly enlarged and improved, has been divided into two parts, which have been placed on either side of the choir, above the stalls; the dome is lighted with gas; the golden gallery, ball, and cross have been re-gilt. The great baldachino is still wanting, but nine stained-glass windows have been erected, and among the donors have been the Drapers' and Goldsmiths' Companies; there are also memorial windows to the late Bishop Blomfield and W. Cotton, Esq. The Grocers', Merchant Taylors', Goldsmiths', Mercers, and Fishmongers' Companies have generously gilt the vaults of the choir and the arches adjoining the dome. Some fifty or more windows still require stained glass. The wall panels are to be in various places adorned with inlaid marbles. It is not intended that St. Paul's should try to rival St. Peter's at Rome in exuberance of ornament, but it still requires a good deal of clothing. The great army of sable martyrs in marble have been at last washed white, and the fire-engines might now advantageously be used upon the exterior.

A few figures about the dimensions of St. Paul's will not be uninteresting. The cathedral is 2,292 feet in circumference, and the height from the nave pavement to the top of the cross is 365 feet. The height of St. Peter's at Rome being 432 feet, St. Paul's could stand inside St. Peter's. The western towers are 220 feet high. From east to west, St. Paul's is 500 feet long, while St. Peter's is 669 feet. The cupola is considered by many as more graceful than that of St. Peter's, "though in its connection with the church by an order higher than that below it there is a violation of the laws of the art." The external appearance of St. Paul's rivals, if not excels, that of St. Peter's, but the inside is much inferior. The double portico of St. Paul's has been greatly censured. The commissioners insisted on twelve columns, as emblematical of the twelve apostles, and Wren could not obtain stones of sufficient size; but (as Mr. Gwilt observes) it would have been better to have had joined pillars rather than a Composite heaped on a Corinthian portico. In the tympanum is the Conversion of St. Paul, sculptured in high relief by Bird; on the apex is a colossal figure of St. Paul, and on the right and left are St. Peter and St.

James. Over the southern portico is sculptured the Phœnix; over the north are the royal arms and regalia, while on each side stand on guard five statues of the apostles. The ascent to the whispering gallery is by 260 steps, to the outer and highest golden gallery 560 steps, and to the ball 616 steps. The outer golden gallery is at the summit of the dome. The inner golden gallery is at the base of the lantern. Through this the ascent is by ladders to the small dome, immediately below the inverted consoles which support the ball and cross. Ascending through the cross iron-work in the centre, you look into the dark ball, which is said to weigh 5,600 pounds; thence to the cross, which weighs 3,360 pounds, and is 30 feet high. In 1821–2 Mr. Cockerell removed for a time the ball and cross.

From the haunches of the dome, says Mr. Gwilt, 200 feet above the pavement of the church, another cone of brickwork commences, 85 feet high and 94 feet diameter at the bottom. This cone is pierced with apertures, as well for the purpose of diminishing its weight as for distributing the light between it and the outer dome. At the top it is gathered into a dome in the form of a hyperboloid, pierced near the vertex with an aperture 12 feet in diameter. The top of this cone is 285 feet from the pavement, and carries a lantern 55 feet high, terminating in a dome whereon a ball and (Aveline) cross is raised. The last-named cone is provided with corbels, sufficient in number to receive the hammer-beams of the external dome, which is of oak, and its base 220 feet from the pavement, its summit being level with the top of the cone. In form it is nearly hemispherical, and generated by radii 57 feet in length, whose centres are in a horizontal diameter passing through its base. The cone and the interior dome are restrained in their lateral thrust on the supports by four tiers of strong iron chains (weighing 95 cwt. 3 qrs. 23 lbs.), placed in grooves prepared for their reception, and run with lead. The lowest of these is inserted in masonry round their common base, and the other three at different heights on the exterior of the cone. Over the intersection of the nave and transepts for the external work, and for a height of 25 feet above the roof of the church, a cylindrical wall rises, whose diameter is 146 feet. Between it and the lower conical wall is a space, but at intervals they are connected by cross-walls. This cylinder is quite plain, but perforated by two courses of rectangular apertures. On it stands a peristyle of thirty columns of the Corinthian order, 40 feet high, including bases and capitals, with a plain entablature crowned by a balustrade. In this peristyle every fourth intercolumniation is filled up solid, with a niche, and connection is provided between it and the wall of the lower cone. Vertically over the base of that cone, above the peristyle, rises another cylindrical wall, appearing above the balustrade. It is ornamented with pilasters, between which are two tiers of rectangular windows. From this wall the external dome springs. The lantern receives no support from it. It is merely ornamental, differing entirely, in that respect, from the dome of St. Peter's.

In 1822 Mr. Horner passed the summer in the lantern, sketching the metropolis; he afterwards erected an observatory several feet higher than the cross, and made sketches for a panorama on a surface of 1,680 feet of drawing paper. From these sheets was painted a panorama of London and the environs, first exhibited at the Colosseum, in Regent's Park, in 1829. The view from St. Paul's extends for twenty miles round. On the south the horizon is bounded by Leith Hill. In high winds the scaffold used to creak and whistle like a ship labouring in a storm, and once the observatory was torn from its lashings and turned partly over on the edge of the platform. The sight and sounds of awaking London are said to have much impressed the artist.

On entering the cathedral, says Mr. Horner, at three in the morning, the stillness which then prevailed in the streets of this populous city, contrasted with their midday bustle, was only surpassed by the more solemn and sepulchral stillness of the cathedral itself. But not less impressive was the development at that early hour of the immense scene from its lofty summit, whence was frequently beheld "the forest of London," without any indication of animated existence. It was interesting to mark the gradual symptoms of returning life, until the rising sun vivified the whole into activity, bustle, and business. On one occasion the night was passed in the observatory, for the purpose of meeting the first glimpse of day; but the cold was so intense as to preclude any wish to repeat the experiment.

Mr. Horner, in his narrative, mentions a narrow escape of Mr. Gwyn, while engaged in measuring the top of the dome for a sectional drawing he was making of the cathedral. While absorbed in his work Mr. Gwyn slipped down the globular surface of the dome till his foot stopped on a projecting lump of lead. In this awful situation, like a man hanging to the moon, he remained till one of his assistants providentially saw and rescued him.

The following was, if possible, an even narrower escape:—When Sir James Thornhill was painting

the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral, a gentleman of his acquaintance was one day with him on the scaffolding, which, though wide, was not railed; he had just finished the head of one of the apostles, and running back, as is usual with painters, to observe the effect, had almost reached the extremity; the gentleman, seeing his danger, and not having time for words, snatched up a large brush and smeared the face. Sir James ran hastily forward, crying out, "Bless my soul, what have you done?" "I have only saved your life!" responded his friend.

Sir James Thornhill was the son of a reduced Dorsetshire gentleman. His uncle, the well-known physician, Dr. Sydenham, helped to educate him. He travelled to see the old masters, and on his return Queen Anne appointed him to paint the dome of St. Paul's. He was considered to have executed the work, in the eight panels, "in a noble manner." "He afterwards," says Pilkington, "executed several public works—painting, at Hampton Court, the Queen and Prince George of Denmark, allegorically; and in the chapel of All Souls, Oxford, the portrait of the founder, over the altar the ceiling, and figures between the windows. His masterpiece is the refectory and saloon at Greenwich Hospital. He was knighted by George II. He died May 4, 1734, leaving a son, John, who became serjeant painter to the king, and a daughter, who married Hogarth. He was a well-made and pleasant man, and sat in Parliament for some years."

The cathedral was artificially secured from lightning, according to the suggestion of the Royal Society, in 1769. The seven iron scrolls supporting the ball and cross are connected with other rods (used merely as conductors), which unite them with several large bars descending obliquely to the stone-work of the lantern, and connected by an iron ring with four other iron bars to the lead covering of the great cupola, a distance of forty-eight feet; thence the communication is continued by the rain-water pipes, which pass into the earth, thus completing the entire communication from the cross to the ground, partly through iron and partly through lead. On the clock-tower a bar of iron connects the pine-apple on the top with the iron staircase, and thence with the lead on the roof of the church. The bell-tower is similarly protected. By these means the metal used in the building is made available as conductors, the metal employed merely for that purpose being exceedingly small in quantity.

In 1841 the exterior of the dome was repaired by workmen resting upon a shifting iron frame. In 1848 a scaffold and observatory, as shown on page 258, were raised round the cross, and in three months some four thousand observations were made for a new trigonometrical survey of London.

Harting, in his "Birds of Middlesex," mentions the peregrine falcons of St, Paul's. "A pair of these birds," he says, "for many years frequented the top of St. Paul's, where it was supposed they had a nest; and a gentleman with whom I am acquainted has assured me that a friend of his once saw a peregrine strike down a pigeon in London, his attention having been first attracted by seeing a crowd of persons gazing upwards at the hawk as it sailed in circles over the houses." A pair frequenting the buildings at Westminster is referred to in "Annals of an Eventful Life," by G. W. Dasent, D.C.L.

A few nooks and corners of the cathedral have still escaped us. The library in the gallery over the southern aisle was formed by Bishop Compton, and consists of some 7,000 volumes, including some manuscripts from old St. Paul's. The room contains some loosely hung flowers, exquisitely carved in wood by Grinling Gibbons, and the floor is composed of 2,300 pieces of oak, inlaid without nails or pegs. At the end of the gallery is a geometrical staircase of 110 steps, which was constructed by Wren to furnish a private access to the library. In crossing thence to the northern gallery, there is a fine view of the entire vista of the cathedral. The model-room used to contain Wren's first design, and some tattered flags once hung beneath the dome. Wren's noble model, we regret to learn, is "a ruin, after one hundred and forty years of neglect," the funds being insufficient for its repair. A staircase from the southern gallery leads to the south-western campanile tower, in which is the clock-room. The clock, which cost £300, was made by Langley Bradley in 1708. The minute-hands are 9 feet 8 inches long, and weigh 75 pounds each. The pendulum is 16 feet long, and the bob weighs 180 pounds, and yet is suspended by a spring no thicker than a shilling. The clock goes eight days, and strikes the hours on the great bell, the clapper of which weighs 180 pounds. Below the great bell are two smaller bells, on which the clock strikes the quarters. In the northern tower is the bell that tolls for prayers. Mr. E. B. Denison pronounced the St. Paul's bell, although the smallest, as by far the best of the four large bells of England—York, Lincoln, and Oxford being the other three.

The great bell of St. Paul's (about five tons) has a diameter of nine feet, and weighs 11,474 pounds. It was cast from the metal of Great Tom (Ton), a bell that once hung in a clock tower opposite

Westminster Hall. It was given away in 1698 by William III., and bought for St. Paul's for £385 17s. 6d. It was re-cast in 1716. The key-note (tonic) or sound of this bell is A flat—perhaps A natural—of the old pitch. It is never tolled but at the death or funeral of any of the Royal Family, the Bishop of London, the Dean, or the Lord Mayor, should he die during his mayoralty.

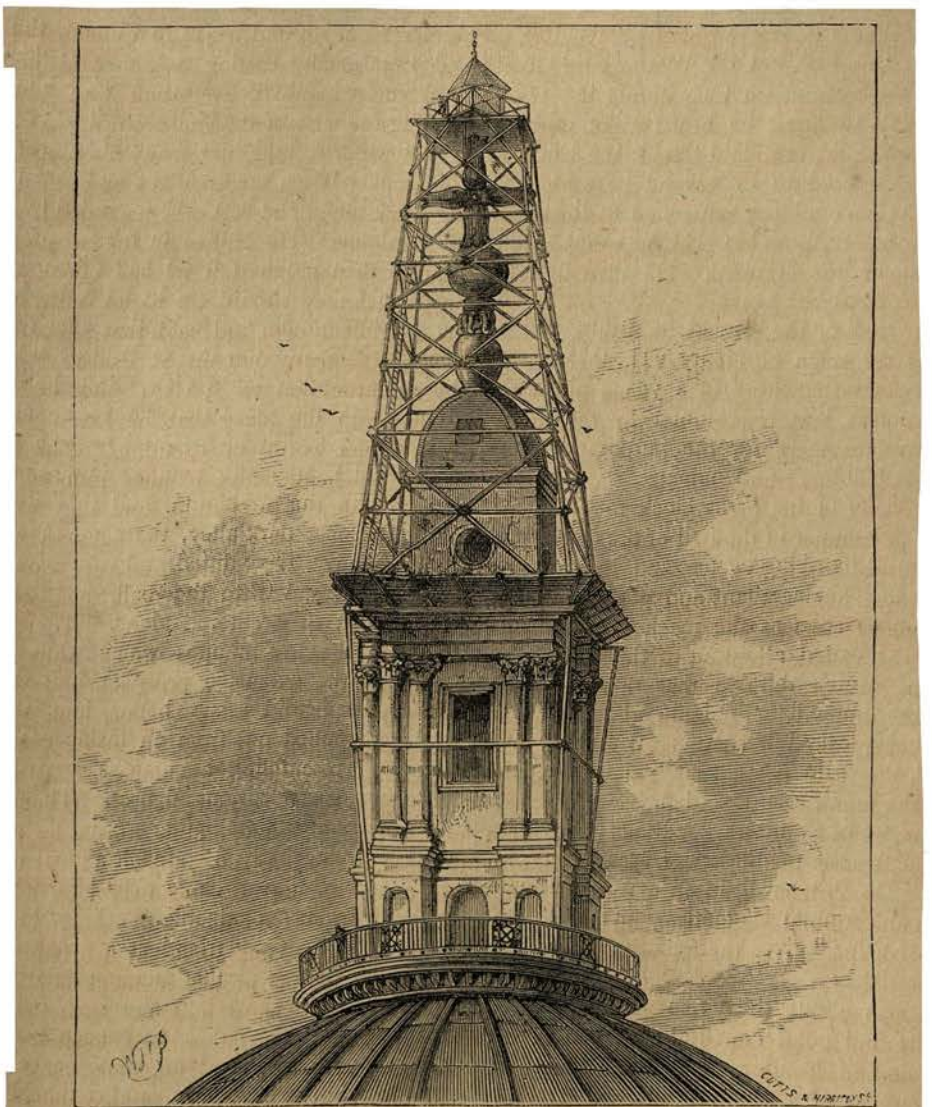
It was not this bell, but the Westminster Great Tom, which the sentinel on duty during the reign of William III. declared he heard strike thirteen instead of twelve at midnight; and the truth of the fact was deposed to by several persons, and the life of the poor soldier, sentenced to death for having fallen asleep upon his post, was thus saved. The man's name was Hatfield. He died in 1770 in Aldersgate, aged 102 years.

Before the time of the present St. Paul's, and as long ago as the reign of Henry VII., there is on record a well-attested story of a young girl who, going to confess, was importuned by the monk then on his turn there for the purpose of confession in the building; and quickly escaping from him up the stairs of the great clock tower, raised the clapper or hammer of the bell of the clock, just as it had finished striking twelve, and, by means of the roof, eluded her assailant and got away. On accusing him, as soon as she reached her friends and home, she called attention to the fact of the clock having struck thirteen that time; and on those in the immediate neighbourhood of the cathedral being asked if so unusual a thing had been heard, they said it was so. This proved the story, and the monk was degraded.

And here we must insert a curious story of a monomaniac whose madness was associated with St. Paul's. Dr. Pritchard, in an essay on "Somnambulism and Animal Magnetism," in the "Cyclopædia of Medicine," gives the following remarkable case of ecstasis:—

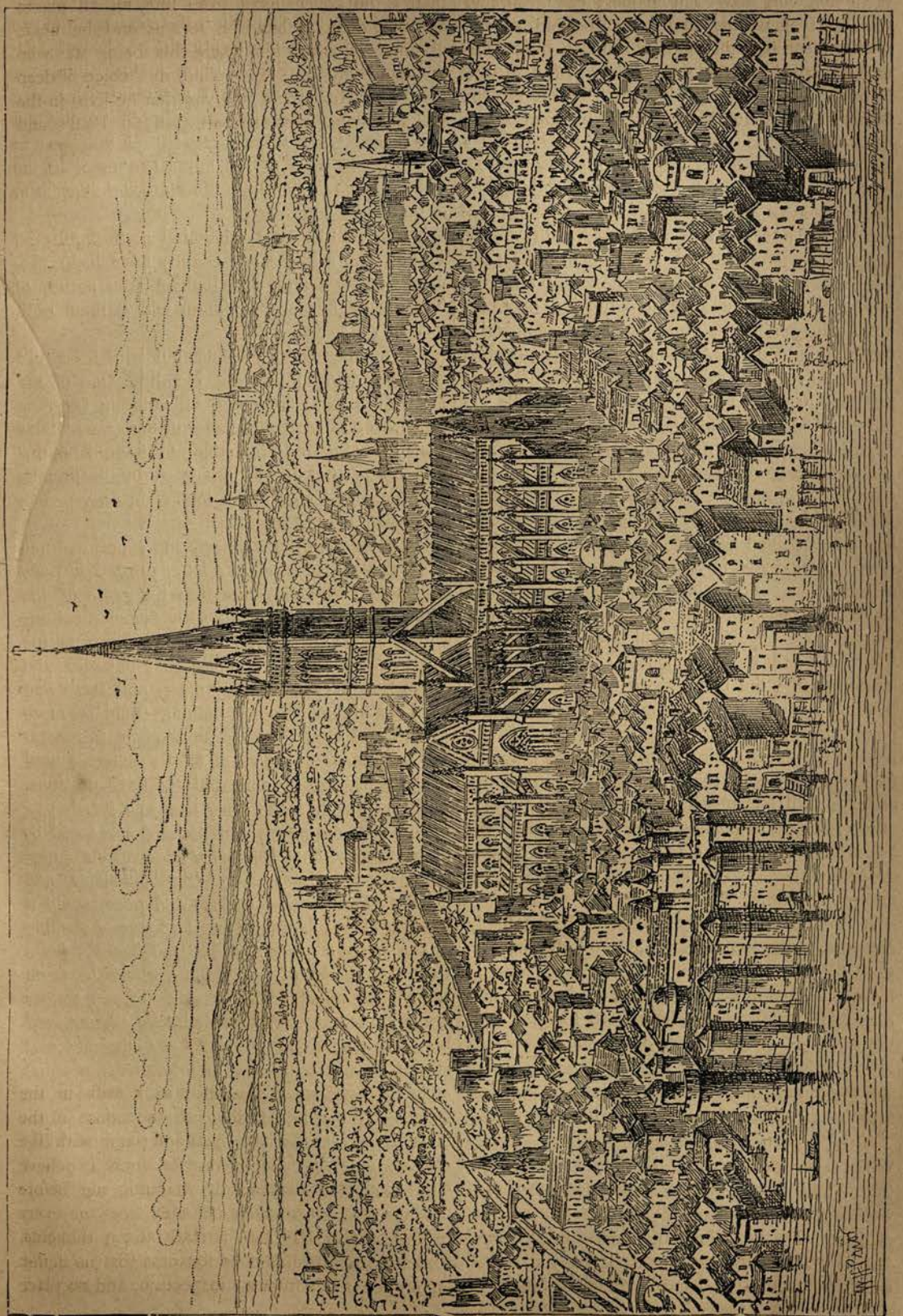
A gentleman about thirty-five years of age, of active habits and good constitution, living in the neighbourhood of London, had complained for about five weeks of a slight headache. He was feverish, inattentive to his occupation, and negligent of his family. He had been cupped, and taken some purgative medicine, when he was visited by Dr. Arnould, of Camberwell. By that gentleman's advice, he was sent to a private asylum, where he remained about two years. His delusions very gradually subsided, and he was afterwards restored to his family. The account which he gave of himself was, almost *verbatim*, as follows:—One afternoon in the month of May, feeling himself a little unsettled, and not inclined to business, he thought he would take a walk into the City to amuse his mind; and having strolled into St. Paul's Churchyard, he stopped at the shop-window of Carrington and Bowles, and looked at the pictures, among which was one of the cathedral. He had not been long there before a short, grave-looking, elderly gentleman, dressed in dark brown clothes, came up and began to examine the prints, and, occasionally casting a glance at him, very soon entered into conversation with him; and, praising the view of St. Paul's which was exhibited at the window, told him many anecdotes of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, and asked him at the same time if he had ever ascended to the top of the dome. He replied in the negative. The stranger then inquired if he had dined, and proposed that they should go to an eating-house in the neighbourhood, and said that after dinner he would accompany him up St. Paul's. "It was a glorious afternoon for a view, and he was so familiar with the place that he could point out every object worthy of attention." The kindness of the old gentleman's manner induced him to comply with the invitation, and they went to a tavern in some dark alley, the name of which he did not know. They dined, and very soon left the table and ascended to the ball, just below the cross, which they entered alone. They had not been there many minutes when, while he was gazing on the extensive prospect, and delighted with the splendid scene below him, the grave gentleman pulled out from an inside coat-pocket something resembling a compass, having round the edges some curious figures. Then, having muttered some unintelligible words, he placed it in the centre of the ball. He felt a great trembling and a sort of horror come over him, which was increased by his companion asking him if he should like to see any friend at a distance, and to know what he was at that moment doing, for if so the latter could show him any such person. It happened that his father had been for a long time in bad health, and for some weeks past he had not visited him. A sudden thought came into his mind, so powerful that it overcame his terror, that he should like to see his father. He had no sooner expressed the wish than the exact person of his father was immediately presented to his sight in the mirror, reclining in his arm-chair and taking his afternoon sleep. Not having fully believed in the power of the stranger to make good his offer, he became overwhelmed with terror at the clearness and truth of the vision presented to him, and he entreated his mysterious companion that they might immediately descend,

as he felt very ill. The request was complied with, and on parting under the portico of the northern entrance the stranger said to him, "Remember, you are the slave of the Man of the Mirror!" He returned in the evening to his home, he does not know exactly at what hour; there is no concealment from him, for all places are alike open to him; he sees us and he hears us now.' I asked him where this being was who saw and heard us. He replied, in a voice of deep agitation, 'Have I not told you that he lives in the ball below the cross on the top of St. Paul's, and



THE SCAFFOLDING AND OBSERVATORY ON ST. PAUL'S IN 1848 (*see page* 256).

felt himself unquiet, depressed, gloomy, apprehensive, and haunted with thoughts of the stranger. For the last three months he has been conscious of the power of the latter over him. Dr. Arnould adds:—"I inquired in what way his power was exercised. He cast on me a look of suspicion, mingled with confidence, took my arm, and after leading me through two or three rooms, and then into the garden, exclaimed, 'It is of no use; that he only comes down to take a walk in the churchyard and get his dinner at the house in the dark alley? Since that fatal interview with the necromancer,' he continued, 'for such I believe him to be, he is continually dragging me before him on his mirror, and he not only sees me every moment of the day, but he reads all my thoughts, and I have a dreadful consciousness that no action of my life is free from his inspection, and no place



ST. PAUL'S AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD IN 1540.

From a Copy, in the possession of T. G. Crace, Esq., of the earliest known view of London, taken by Van der Wyngarde for Philip II. of Spain.

can afford me security from his power.' On my replying that the darkness of the night would afford him protection from these machinations, he said, 'I know what you mean, but you are quite mistaken. I have only told you of the mirror; but in some part of the building which we passed in coming away, he showed me what he called a great bell, and I heard sounds which came from it, and which went to it—sounds of laughter, and of anger, and of pain. There was a dreadful confusion of sounds, and as I listened, with wonder and affright, he said, 'This is my organ of hearing; this great bell is in communication with all other bells within the circle of hieroglyphics, by which every word spoken by those under my command is made audible to me.' Seeing me look surprised at him, he said, 'I have not yet told you all, for he practises his spells by hieroglyphics on walls and houses, and wields his power, like a detestable tyrant, as he is, over the minds of those whom he has enchanted, and who are the objects of his constant spite, within the circle of the hieroglyphics.' I asked him what these hieroglyphics were, and how he perceived them. He replied, 'Signs and symbols which you, in your ignorance of their true meaning, have taken for letters and words, and read, as you have thought, "Day and Martin's and Warren's blacking."' 'Oh! that is all nonsense!' 'They are only the mysterious characters which he traces to mark the boundary of his dominion, and by which he prevents all escape from his tremendous power. How have I toiled and laboured to get beyond the limit of his influence! Once I walked for three days and three nights, till I fell down under a wall, exhausted by fatigue, and dropped asleep; but on awakening I saw the dreadful signs before mine eyes, and I felt myself as completely under his infernal spells at the end as at the beginning of my journey.'"

It is probable that this gentleman had actually ascended to the top of St. Paul's, and that impressions there received, being afterwards renewed in his mind when in a state of vivid excitement, in a dream of ecstatic reverie, became so blended with the creations of fancy as to form one mysterious vision, in which the true and the imaginary were afterwards inseparable. Such, at least, is the best explanation of the phenomena which occurs to us.

In 1855 the fees for seeing St. Paul's completely were 4s. 4d. each person. In 1847 the mere twopences paid to see the forty monuments produced the four vergers the sum of £430 3s. 8d. These exorbitant fees originated in the "stairs-foot money" started by Jennings, the carpenter, in 1707, as a fund for the injured during the building of the cathedral.

The staff of the cathedral consists of the dean, the precentor, the chancellor, the treasurer, the five archdeacons of London, Middlesex, Essex, Colchester, and St. Albans, thirty major canons or prebendaries (four of whom are resident), twelve minor canons, and six vicars-choral, besides the choristers. One of the vicars-choral officiates as organist, and three of the minor canons hold the appointments of sub-dean, librarian, and succentor, or under-precentor.

Three of the most celebrated men connected with St. Paul's in the last century have been Milman, Sydney Smith, and Barham (the author of "Ingoldsby Legends"). Smith and Barham both died in 1845.

Of Sydney Smith's connection with St. Paul's we have many interesting records. One of the first things Lord Grey said on entering Downing Street, to a relation who was with him, was, "Now I shall be able to do something for Sydney Smith," and shortly after he was appointed by the Premier to a prebendal stall at St. Paul's, in exchange for the one he held at Bristol.

Mr. Cockerell, the architect, and superintendent of St. Paul's Cathedral, in a letter printed in Lady Holland's "Memoir," describes the *gesta* of the canon residentiary; how his early communications with himself (Mr. C.) and all the officers of the chapter were extremely unpleasant; but when the canon had investigated the matter, and there had been "a little collision," nothing could be more candid and kind than his subsequent treatment. He examined the prices of all the materials used in the repairs of the cathedral—as Portland stone, putty, and white lead; every item was taxed, payments were examined, and nothing new could be undertaken without his survey and personal superintendence. He surveyed the pinnacles and heights of the sacred edifice; and once, when it was feared he might stick fast in a narrow opening of the western towers, he declared that "if there were six inches of space there would be room enough for him." The insurance of the magnificent cathedral, Mr. Cockerell tells us, engaged his early attention; St. Paul's was speedily and effectually insured in some of the most substantial offices in London. Not satisfied with this security, he advised the introduction of the mains of the New River into the lower parts of the fabric, and cisterns and movable engines in the roof; and quite justifiable was his joke, that "he would reproduce the Deluge in our cathedral."

He had also the library heated by a stove, so as to be more comfortable to the studious; and the bindings of the books were repaired. Lastly, Mr.

Smith materially assisted the progress of a suit in Chancery, by the successful result of which a considerable addition was made to the fabric fund.

It is very gratifying to read these circumstantial records of the practical qualities of Mr. Sydney Smith, as applied to the preservation of our magnificent metropolitan cathedral.

Before we leave Mr. Smith we may record an odd story of Lady B. calling the vergers "virgins." She asked Mr. Smith, one day, if it was true that he walked down St. Paul's with three virgins holding silver pokers before him. He shook his head and looked very grave, and bade her come and see. "Some enemy of the Church," he said, "some Dissenter, had clearly been misleading her."

Let us recapitulate a few of the English poets who have made special allusions to St. Paul's in their writings. Denham says of the restoration of St. Paul's, began by Charles I. :—

"First salutes the place,
Crowned with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain or descending cloud.
Paul's, the late theme of such a muse, whose flight
Has bravely reached and soared above thy height,
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire;
Secure, while thee the best of poets sings,
Preserved from ruin by the best of kings."

Byron, in the Tenth Canto of "Don Juan," treats St. Paul's contemptuously—sneering, as was his affectation, at everything, human or divine :—

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dim cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London Town!"

Among other English poets who have sung of St. Paul's, we must not forget Tom Hood, with his delightfully absurd ode, written on the cross, and full of most wise folly :—

"The man that pays his pence and goes
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul's,
Looks over London's naked nose,
Women and men;
The world is all beneath his ken;
He sits above the ball,
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On mortal crowds.

"Seen from these skies,
How small those emmets in our eyes!
Some carry little sticks, and one
His eggs, to warm them in the sun;
Dear, what a hustle
And bustle!
And there's my aunt! I know her by her waist,
So long and thin,
And so pinch'd in,
Just in the pismire taste.

"Oh, what are men! Beings so small
That, should I fall,
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust.

"And what is life and all its ages!
There's seven stages!
Turnham Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!
Brentford and Kew!
And Tooting, too!
And, oh, what very little nags to pull 'em!
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em!
Although, like Cinderella's breed,
They're mice at bottom.
Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross;
Since he would be, as near the sky,
Fourteen hands high.

"What is this world with London in its lap?
Mogg's map.
The Thames that ebbs and flows in its broad channel?
A *tidy* kennel!
The bridges stretching from its banks?
Stone planks.
Oh, me! Hence could I read an admonition
To mad Ambition!
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross, and *bawl!*"

We can hardly close our account of St. Paul's without referring to that most beautiful and touching of all London sights, the anniversary of the charity schools on the first Thursday in June. About 8,000 children are generally present, ranged in a vast amphitheatre under the dome. Blake, the true but unrecognised predecessor of Wordsworth, has written an exquisite little poem on the scene, and well it deserves it. Such nosegays of little rosy faces can be seen on no other day. Very grand and overwhelming are the beadles of St. Mary Axe and St. Margaret Moses on this tremendous morning, and no young ensign ever bore his colours prouder than do these good-natured dignitaries their maces, staves, and ponderous badges. In endless ranks pour in the children, clothed in all sorts of quaint dresses. Boys in the knee-breeches of Hogarth's school-days, bearing glittering pewter badges on their coats; girls in blue and orange, with quaint little mob-caps white as snow, and long white gloves covering all their little arms. See, at a given signal of an extraordinary

fugleman, how they all rise; at another signal how they hustle down. Then at last, when the "Old Hundredth" begins, all the little voices unite as the blending of many waters. Such fresh, happy voices, singing with such innocent, heedful tenderness as would bring tears to the eyes of even stony-hearted old Malthus, bring to the most irreligious thoughts of Him who bade little children come to Him, and would not have them repulsed.

Blake's poem begins--

"'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
Came children walking two and two, in red and blue and green;
Grey-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow.

"Oh, what a multitude they seemed, those flowers of London town;
Seated in companies they were, with radiance all their own;
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls, raising their innocent hands.

"Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among;
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor;
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door."

The anniversary Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, in the middle of May, when the choirs of Westminster and the Chapel Royal sing selections from Handel and other great masters, is also a day not easily to be forgotten, for St. Paul's is excellent for sound, and the fine music rises like incense to the dome, and lingers there as "loth to die," arousing thoughts that, as Wordsworth beautifully says, are in themselves proofs of our immortality. It is on such occasions we feel how great a genius reared St. Paul's, and cry out with the poet—

"He thought not of a perishable home
Who thus could build."

CHAPTER XXII.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

St. Paul's Churchyard and Literature—Queen Anne's Statue—Execution of a Jesuit in St. Paul's Churchyard—Miracle of the "Face in the Straw"—Wilkinson's Story—Newbery the Bookseller—Paul's Chain—"Cocker"—Chapter House of St. Paul's—St. Paul's Coffee House—Child's Coffee House and the Clergy—Garrick's Club at the "Queen's Arms," and the Company there—"Sir Benjamin" Figgins—Johnson the Bookseller—Hunter and his Guests—Fuseli—Bonnycastle—Kinnaird—Musical Associations of the Churchyard—Jeremiah Clark and his Works—Handel at Meares' Shop—Young the Violin-maker—The "Castle" Concerts—An Old Advertisement—Wren at the "Goose and Gridiron"—St. Paul's School—Famous Paulines—Pepys visiting his Old School—Milton at St. Paul's.

THE shape of St. Paul's Churchyard has been compared to that of a bow and a string. The south side is the bow, the north the string. The booksellers overflowing from Fleet Street mustered strong here, till the Fire scared them off to Little Britain, from whence they regurgitated to the Row. At the sign of the "White Greyhound" the first editions of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece," the first-fruits of a great harvest, were published by John Harrison. At the "Flower de Luce" and the "Crown" appeared the *Merry Wives of Windsor;* at the "Green Dragon," in the same locality, the *Merchant of Venice;* at the "Fox," *Richard II.;* at the "Angel," *Richard III.;* at the "Gun," *Titus Andronicus;* and at the "Red Bull," that masterpiece, *King Lear.* So that in this area near the Row the great poet must have paced with his first proofs in his doublet-pocket, wondering whether he should ever rival Spenser, or become immortal, like Chaucer. Here he must have come smiling over Falstaff's perils, and here have walked with the ripened certainty of greatness and of fame stirring at his heart.

The ground-plot of the Cathedral is 2 acres 16 perches 70 feet. The western area of the churchyard marks the site of St. Gregory's Church. On the mean statue of Queen Anne a scurrilous epigram was once written by some ribald Jacobite, who spoke of the queen—

"With her face to the brandy-shop and her back to the church."

The precinct wall of St. Paul's first ran from Ave Maria Lane eastward along Paternoster Row to the old Exchange, Cheapside, and then southwards to Carter Lane, at the end of which it turned to Ludgate Archway. In the reign of Edward II. the Dean and Chapter, finding the precinct a resort of thieves and courtesans, rebuilt and purified it. Within, at the north-west corner, stood the bishop's palace, beyond which, eastward, was Pardon Churchyard and Becket Chapel, rebuilt with a stately

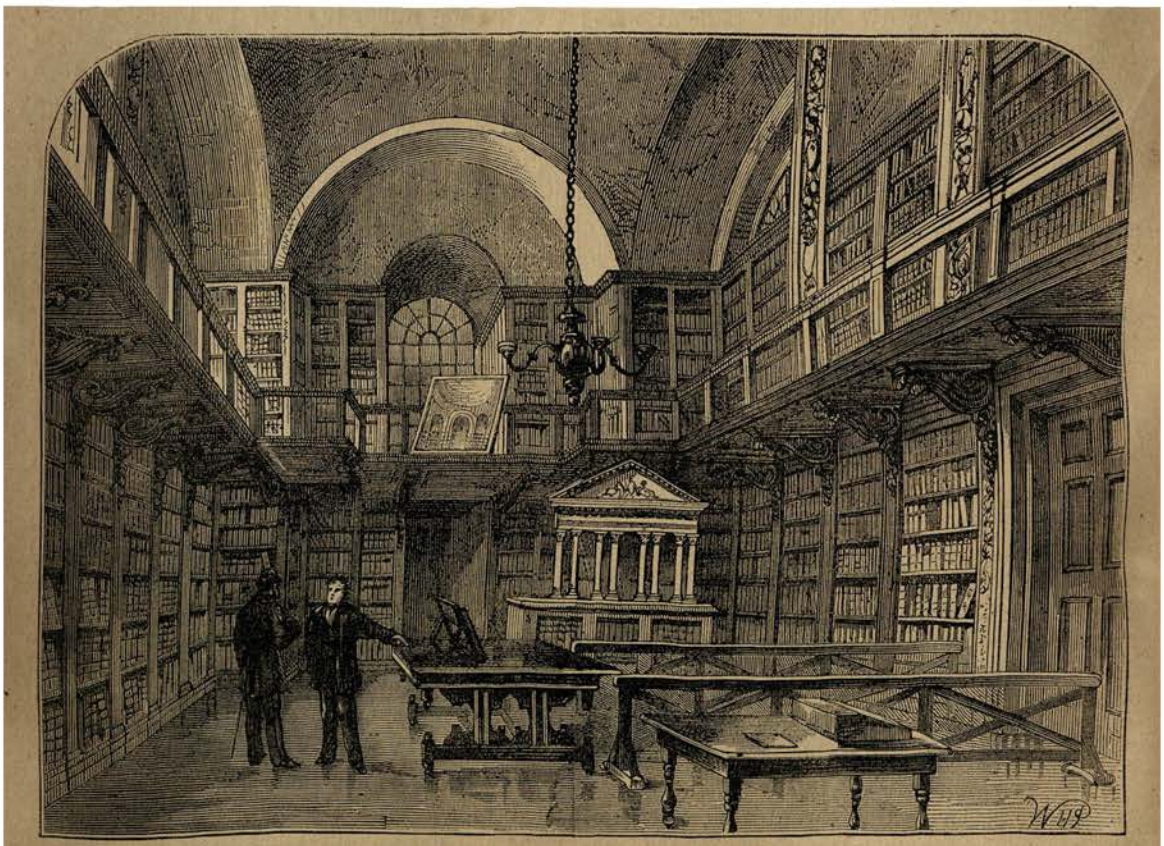
cloister in the reign of Henry V. On the walls of this cloister, pulled down by the greedy Protector Somerset (Edward VI.), was painted one of those grim Dances of Death which Holbein at last carried to perfection. The cloister was full of monuments, and above was a library. In an enclosure east of this stood the College of Minor Canons; and at Canon Alley, east, was a burial chapel called the Charnel, from whence Somerset sent cart-loads of bones to Finsbury Fields. East of Canon Alley stood Paul's Cross, where open-air sermons were preached to the citizens, and often to the reigning monarch. East of it rose St. Paul's School and a belfrey tower, in which hung the famous Jesus bells, won at dice by Sir Giles Partridge from that Ahab of England, Henry VIII. On the south side stood the Dean and Chapter's garden, dormitory, refectory, kitchen, slaughterhouse, and brewery. These eventually yielded to a cloister, near which, abutting on the cathedral wall, stood the chapter-house and the Church of St. Gregory. Westward were the houses of the residentiaries; and the deanery, according to Milman, an excellent authority, stood on its present site. The precinct had six gates—the first and chief in Ludgate Street; the second in Paul's Alley, leading to Paternoster Row; the third in Canon Alley, leading to the north door; the fourth, a little gate leading to Cheapside; the fifth, the Augustine gate, leading to Watling Street; the sixth, on the south side, by Paul's Chain. On the south tower of the west front was the Lollard's Tower, a bishop's prison for ecclesiastical offenders.

The 2,500 railings of the churchyard and the seven ornamental gates, weighing altogether two hundred tons, were cast in Kent, and cost 6d. a pound. The whole cost £11,202 os. 6d.

In 1606 St. Paul's Churchyard was the scene of the execution of Father Garnet, one of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators—the only execution, as far as we know, that ever desecrated that spot. It is very doubtful, after all, whether Garnet was cognizant that the plot was really to be carried out, though he may have strongly suspected some dangerous and deadly conspiracy, and the Roman Catholics were prepared to see miracles wrought at his death.

On the 3rd day of May, 1606 (to condense Dr. Abbott's account), Garnet was drawn upon a hurdle, according to the usual practice, to his place of execution. The Recorder of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, and the Dean of Winchester were present, by command of the King—the former in the King's name, and the two latter in the name of God and Christ, to assist Garnet with such advice as suited the condition of a dying man. As soon as he had ascended the scaffold, which was much elevated in order that the people might behold the spectacle, Garnet saluted the Recorder somewhat familiarly, who told him that "it was expected from him that he should publicly deliver his real opinion respecting the conspiracy and treason; that it was now of no use to dissemble, as all was clearly and manifestly proved; but that if, in the true spirit of repentance, he was willing to satisfy the Christian world by declaring his hearty compunction, he might freely state what he pleased." The deans then told him that they were present on that occasion by authority, in order to suggest to him such matters as might be useful for his soul; that they desired to do this without offence, and exhorted him to prepare and settle himself for another world, and to commence his reconciliation with God by a sincere and saving repentance. To this exhortation Garnet replied "that he had already done so, and that he had before satisfied himself in this respect." The clergymen then suggested "that he would do well to declare his mind to the people." Then Garnet said to those near him, "I always disapproved of tumults and seditions against the king, and if this crime of the powder treason had been completed I should have abhorred it with my whole soul and conscience." They then advised him to declare as much to the people. "I am very weak," said he, "and my voice fails me. If I should speak to the people, I cannot make them hear me; it is impossible that they should hear me." Then said Mr. Recorder, "Mr. Garnet, if you will come with me, I will take care that they shall hear you," and, going before him, led him to the western end of the scaffold. He still hesitated to address the people, but the Recorder urged him to speak his mind freely, promising to repeat his words aloud to the multitude. Garnet then addressed the crowd as follows:—"My good fellow-citizens,—I am come hither, on the morrow of the invention of the Holy Cross, to see an end of all my pains and troubles in this world. I here declare before you all that I consider the late treason and conspiracy against the State to be cruel and detestable; and, for my part, all designs and endeavours against the king were ever misliked by me; and if this attempt had been perfected, as it was designed, I think it would have been altogether damnable; and I pray for all prosperity to the king, the queen, and the royal family." Here he paused, and the Recorder reminded him to ask pardon of the King for that which he had attempted. "I do so," said Garnet, "as far as I have sinned

against him—namely, in that I did not reveal that whereof I had a general knowledge from Mr. Catesby, but not otherwise." Then said the Dean of Winchester, "Mr. Garnet, I pray you deal clearly in the matter: you were certainly privy to the whole business." "God forbid!" said Garnet; "I never understood anything of the design of blowing up the Parliament House." "Nay," responded the Dean of Winchester, "it is manifest that all the particulars were known to you, and



THE LIBRARY OF ST. PAUL'S (*see page* 256).

you have declared under your own hand that Greenaway told you all the circumstances in Essex." "That," said Garnet, "was in secret confession, which I could by no means reveal." Then said the Dean, "You have yourself, Mr. Garnet, almost acknowledged that this was only a pretence, for you have openly confessed that Greenaway told you not in a confession, but by way of a confession, and that he came of purpose to you with the design of making a confession; but you answered that it was not necessary you should know the full extent of his knowledge." The dean further reminded him that he had affirmed under his own hand that this was not told him by way of confessing a sin, but by way of conference and consultation; and that Greenaway and Catesby both came to confer with him upon that business, and that as often as he saw Greenaway he would ask him about that business because it troubled him. "Most certainly," said Garnet; "I did so in order to prevent it, for I always misliked it." Then said the Dean, "You only withheld your approbation until the Pope had given his opinion." "But I was well persuaded," said Garnet, "that the Pope would never approve the design." "Your intention," said the Dean of Winchester, "was clear from those two breves which you received from Rome for the exclusion of the King." "That," said Garnet, "was before the King came in." "But if you knew nothing of the particulars of the business," said the Dean, "why did you send Baynham to inform the Pope? for this also you have confessed in your examinations." Garnet replied, "I have already answered to all these matters on my trial, and I acknowledge everything that is contained in my written confessions."

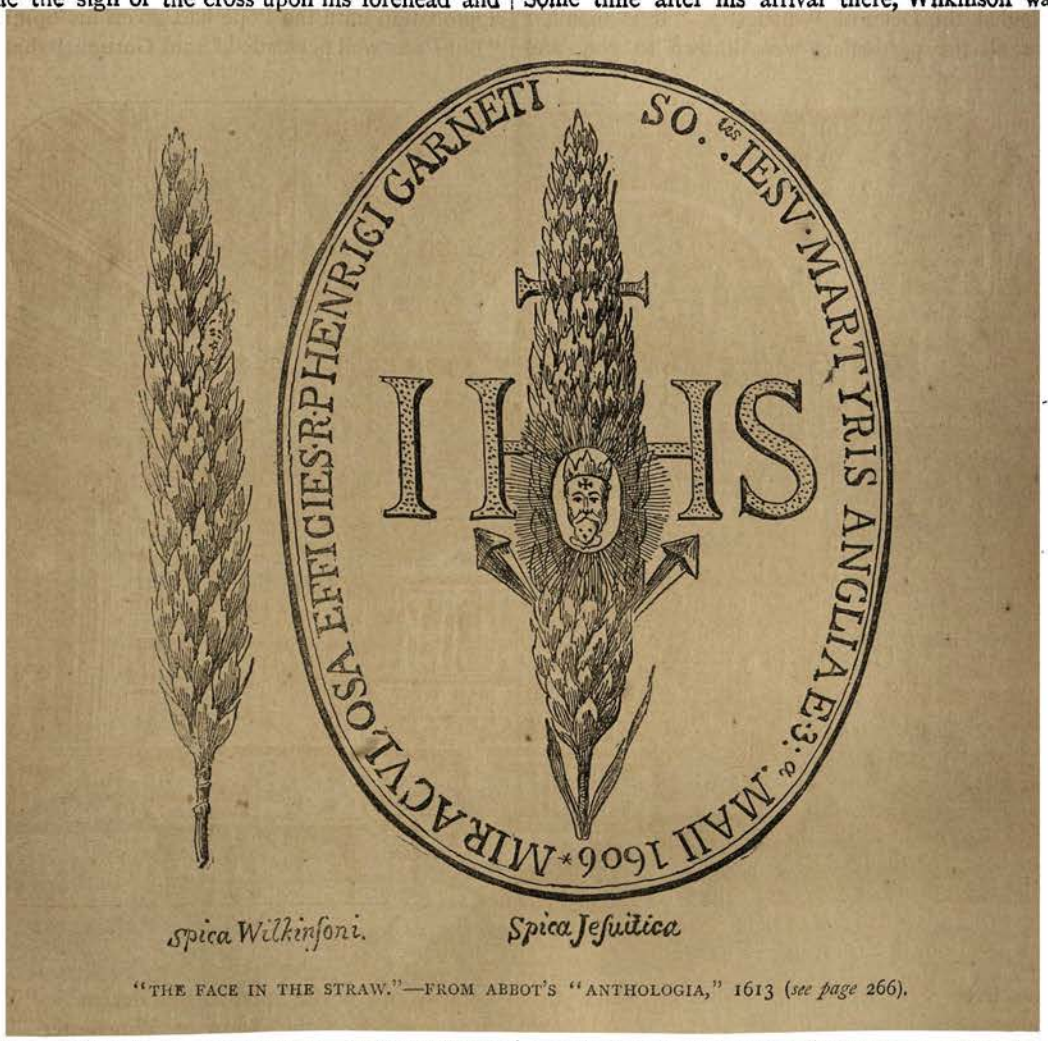
Then, turning his discourse again to the people, at the instance of the Recorder, he proceeded to

the same effect as before, declaring "that he wholly misliked that cruel and inhuman design, and that he had never sanctioned or approved of any such attempts against the King and State, and that this project, if it had succeeded, would have been in his mind most damnable."

Having thus spoken, he raised his hands, and made the sign of the cross upon his forehead and breast, saying, "*In nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti! Jesus Maria! Maria, mater gratiæ! Mater misericordiæ! Tu me ab hoste protege, et hora mortis suscipe!*" Then he said, "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, quia tu redemisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis!*" Then, again crossing himself, he said, "*Per crucis hoc signum fugiat procul omne malignum! Infige crucem tuam, Domine, in corde meo;*" and again, "*Jesus Maria! Maria, mater gratiæ!*" In the midst of these prayers the ladder was drawn away, and, by the express command of the King, he remained hanging from the gallows until he was quite dead.

The "face in the straw" was a miracle said to be performed at Garnet's death.

The original fabricator of the miracle of the straw was one John Wilkinson, a young Roman Catholic, who at the time of Garnet's trial and execution was about to pass over into France, to commence his studies at the Jesuits' College at St. Omer's. Some time after his arrival there, Wilkinson was attacked by a dangerous disease, from which there was no hope of his recovery; and while in this state he gave utterance to the story, which Endæmon-Joannes relates in his own words, as follows:—"The day before Father Garnet's execution my mind was suddenly impressed (as by some external impulse) with a strong desire to witness his death, and bring home with me some relic of him. I had at that time conceived so certain a persuasion that my design would be gratified, that I did not for a moment doubt that I should witness some immediate testimony from God in favour of the innocence of his saint; though as often as the idea occurred



"THE FACE IN THE STRAW."—FROM ABBOT'S "ANTHOLOGIA," 1613 (*see page* 266).

to my mind, I endeavoured to drive it away, that I might not vainly appear to tempt Providence by looking for a miracle where it was not necessarily to be expected. Early the next morning I betook myself to the place of execution, and, arriving there before any other person, stationed myself close to the scaffold, though I was afterwards somewhat forced from my position as the crowd increased." Having then described the details of the execution, he proceeds thus:—"Garnet's limbs having been divided into four parts, and placed, together with the head, in a basket, in order that they might be exhibited, according to law, in some conspicuous place, the crowd began to disperse. I then again approached close to the scaffold, and stood between the cart and place of execution; and as I lingered in that situation, still burning with the desire of bearing away some relic, that miraculous ear of straw, since so highly celebrated, came, I know not how, into my hand. A considerable quantity of dry straw had been thrown with Garnet's head and quarters into the basket, but whether this ear came into my hand from the scaffold or from the basket I cannot venture to affirm; this only I can truly say, that a straw of this kind was thrown towards me before it had touched the ground. This straw I afterwards delivered to Mrs. N——, a matron of singular Catholic piety, who inclosed it in a bottle, which being rather shorter than the straw, it became slightly bent. A few days afterwards Mrs. N—— showed the straw in a bottle to a certain noble person, her intimate acquaintance, who, looking at it attentively, at length said, 'I can see nothing in it but a man's face." Mrs. N—— and myself being astonished at this unexpected exclamation, again and again examined the ear of the straw, and distinctly perceived in it a human countenance, which others also, coming in as casual spectators, or expressly called by us as witnesses, likewise beheld at that time. This is, as God knoweth, the true history of Father Garnet's straw." The engraving upon the preceding page is taken from Abbot's "Anthologia," published in *1613*, in which a full account of the "miracle" is given.

At 65, St. Paul's Churchyard, north-west corner, lived the worthy predecessor of Messrs. Grant and Griffith, Goldsmith's friend and employer, Mr. John Newbery, that good-natured man with the red-pimpled face, who, as the philanthropic bookseller, figures pleasantly in the "Vicar of Wakefield;" always in haste to be gone, he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Thomas Trip. "The friend of all *mankind*," Dr. Primrose calls him. "The honestest man in the nation," as Goldsmith said of him in a doggerel riddle which he wrote. Newbery's nephew printed the "Vicar of Wakefield" for Goldsmith, and the elder Newbury published the "Traveller," the corner-stone of Goldsmith's fame. It was the elder Newbery who unearthed the poet at his miserable lodgings in Green Arbour Court, and employed him to write his "Citizens of the World," at a guinea each, for his daily newspaper, the *Public Ledger* (1760). The Newberys seem to have been worthy, prudent tradesmen, constantly vexed and irritated at Goldsmith's extravagance, carelessness, and ceaseless cry for money; and so it went on till the hare-brained, delightful fellow died, when Francis Newbery wrote a violent defence of the fever medicine, an excess of which had killed Goldsmith.

The office of the Registrar of the High Court of Admiralty occupied the site of the old cathedral bakehouse. Paul's Chain is so called from a chain that used to be drawn across the carriage-way of the churchyard, to preserve silence during divine service. The northern barrier of St. Paul's is of wood. Opposite the Chain, in 1660 (the Restoration), lived that king of writing and arithmetic masters, the man whose name has grown into a proverb—Edward Cocker—who wrote "The Pen's Transcendancy," an extraordinary proof of true eye and clever hand.

In the Chapter House of St. Paul's, which Mr. Peter Cunningham not too severely calls "a shabby, dingy-looking building," on the north side of the churchyard, was performed the unjust ceremony of degrading Samuel Johnson, the chaplain to William Lord Russell, the martyr of the party of liberty. The divines present, in compassion, and with a prescient eye for the future, purposely omitted to strip off his cassock, which rendered the ceremony imperfect, and afterwards saved the worthy man his benefice.

St. Paul's Coffee House stood at the corner of the archway of Doctors' Commons, on the site of "Paul's Brew House" and the "Paul's Head" tavern. Here, in 1721, the books of the great collector, Dr. Rawlinson, were sold, "after dinner;" and they sold well.

Child's Coffee House, in St. Paul's Churchyard, was a quiet place, much frequented by the clergy of Queen Anne's reign, and by proctors from Doctors' Commons. Addison used to look in there, to smoke a pipe and listen, behind his paper, to the conversation. In the *Spectator*, No. 609, he smiles at a country gentleman who mistook all persons in scarves for doctors of divinity. This was at a time when clergymen always wore their black gowns in

public. "Only a scarf of the first magnitude," he says, "entitles one to the appellation of 'doctor' from the landlady and the boy at 'Child's.'"

"Child's" was the resort of Dr. Mead, and other professional men of eminence. The Fellows of the Royal Society came here. Whiston relates that Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Halley, and he were once at "Child's," when Dr. Halley asked him (Whiston) why he was not a member of the Royal Society? Whiston answered, "Because they durst not choose a heretic." Upon which Dr. Halley said, if Sir Hans Sloane would propose him, he (Dr. Halley) would second it, which was done accordingly.

Garrick, who kept up his interest with different coteries, carefully cultivated the City men, by attending a club held at the "Queen's Arms" tavern, in St. Paul's Churchyard. Here he used to meet Mr. Sharpe, a surgeon; Mr. Paterson, the City Solicitor; Mr. Draper, a bookseller, and Mr. Clutterbuck, a mercer; and these quiet cool men were his standing council in theatrical affairs, and his gauge of the city taste. They were none of them drinkers, and in order to make a reckoning, called only for French wine. Here Dr. Johnson started a City club, and was particular the members should not be "patriotic." Boswell, who went with him to the "Queen's Arms" club, found the members "very sensible, well-behaved men." Brasbridge, the silversmith of Fleet Street, who wrote his memoirs, has described a sixpenny card club held here at a later date. Among the members was that generous and hospitable man, Henry Baldwin, who, under the auspices of Garrick, the elder Colman, and Bonnell Thornton, started the *St. James's Chronicle*, the most popular evening paper of the day.

"I belonged," says Brasbridge, "to a sixpenny card club, at the 'Queen's Arms,' in St. Paul's Churchyard; it consisted of about twenty members, of whom I am the sole survivor. Among them was Mr. Goodwin, of St. Paul's Churchyard, a woollen draper, whose constant salutation, when he first came down-stairs in the morning, was to his shop, in these words, 'Good morrow, Mr. Shop; you'll take care of me, Mr. Shop, and I'll take care of you.' Another was Mr. Curtis, a respectable stationer, who from very small beginnings left his son £90,000 in one line, besides an estate of near £300 a year."

"The 'Free and Easy under the Rose' was another society which I frequented. It was founded sixty years ago, at the 'Queen's Arms,' in St. Paul's Churchyard, and was afterwards removed to the 'Horn' tavern. It was originally kept by Bates, who was never so happy as when standing behind a chair with a napkin under his arm; but arriving at the dignity of alderman, tucking in his callipash and calipee himself, instead of handing it round to the company, soon did his business. My excellent friend Briskett, the Marshal of the High Court of Admiralty, was president of this society for many years, and I was constantly in attendance as his vice. It consisted of some thousand members, and I never heard of any one of them that ever incurred any serious punishment. Our great fault was sitting too late; in this respect, according to the principle of Franklin, that 'time is money,' we were most unwary spendthrifts; in other instances, our conduct was orderly and correct."

One of the members in Brasbridge's time was Mr. Hawkins, a worthy but ill-educated spatterdash maker, of Chancery Lane, who daily murdered the king's English. He called an invalid an "individual," and said our troops in America had been "*manured*" to hardship. Another oddity was a Mr. Darwin, a Radical, who one night brought to the club-room a caricature of the head of George III. in a basket; and whom Brasbridge nearly frightened out of his wits by pretending to send one of the waiters for the City Marshal. Darwin was the great chum of Mr. Figgins, a wax-chandler in the Poultry; and as they always entered the room together, Brasbridge gave them the nick-name of "Liver and Gizzard." Miss Boydell, when her uncle was Lord Mayor, conferred sham knighthood on Figgins, with a tap of her fan, and he was henceforward known as "Sir Benjamin."

The Churchyard publisher of Cowper's first volume of poems, "Table Talk," and also of "The Task," was a very worthy, liberal man — Joseph Johnson, who also published the "Olney Hymns" for Newton, the scientific writings of the persecuted Priestley, and the smooth, vapid verses of Darwin. Johnson encouraged Fuseli to paint a Milton Gallery, for an edition of the poet to be edited by Cowper. Johnson was imprisoned nine months in the King's Bench, for selling the political writings of Gilbert Wakefield. He, however, bore the oppression of the majority philosophically, and rented the marshal's house, where he gave dinners to his distinguished literary friends.

"Another set of my acquaintances," says Leigh Hunt in his autobiography, "used to assemble on Fridays at the hospitable table of Mr. Hunter, the bookseller, in St. Paul's Churchyard. They were the survivors of the literary party that were accustomed to dine with his predecessor, Mr. Johnson. The most regular were Fuseli and Bonnycastle. Now and then Godwin was present; oftener Mr. Kinnaird, the magistrate, a great lover of Horace.

"Fuseli was a small man, with energetic features and a white head of hair. Our host's daughter, then a little girl, used to call him the white-headed lion. He combed his hair up from the forehead, and as his whiskers were large his face was set in a kind of hairy frame, which, in addition to the fierceness of his look, really gave him an aspect of that sort. Otherwise his features were rather sharp than round. He would have looked much like an old military officer if his face, besides its real energy, had not affected more. There was the same defect in it as in his pictures. Conscious of not having all the strength he wished, he endeavoured to make up for it by violence and pretension. He carried this so far as to look fiercer than usual when he sat for his picture. His friend and engraver, Mr. Houghton, drew an admirable likeness of him in this state of dignified extravagance. He is sitting back in his chair, leaning on his hand, but looking ready to pounce withal. His notion of repose was like that of Pistol.

"A student reading in a garden is all over intensity of muscle, and the quiet tea-table scene in Cowper he has turned into a preposterous conspiracy of huge men and women, all bent on showing their thews and postures, with dresses as fantastic as their minds. One gentleman, of the existence of whose trousers you are not aware till you see the terminating line at the ankle, is sitting and looking grim on a sofa, with his hat on and no waistcoat.

"Fuseli was lively and interesting in conversation, but not without his usual faults of violence and pretension. Nor was he always as decorous as an old man ought to be, especially one whose turn of mind is not of the lighter and more pleasurable cast. The licences he took were coarse, and had not sufficient regard to his company. Certainly they went a great deal beyond his friend Armstrong, to whose account, I believe, Fuseli's passion for swearing was laid. The poet condescended to be a great swearer, and Fuseli thought it energetic to swear like him. His friendship with Bonnycastle had something childlike and agreeable in it. They came and went away together for years, like a couple of old schoolboys. They also like boys rallied one another, and sometimes made a singular display of it—Fuseli, at least, for it was he who was the aggressor.

"Bonnycastle was a good fellow. He was a tall, gaunt, long-headed man, with large features and spectacles, and a deep internal voice, with a twang of rusticity in it; and he goggled over his plate like a horse. I often thought that a bag of corn would have hung well on him. His laugh was equine, and showed his teeth upwards at the sides. Wordsworth, who notices similar mysterious manifestations on the part of donkeys, would have thought it ominous. Bonnycastle was extremely fond of quoting Shakespeare and telling stories, and if the *Edinburgh Review* had just come out, would have given us all the jokes in it. He had once a hypochondriacal disorder of long duration, and he told us that he should never forget the comfortable sensation given him one night during this disorder by his knocking a landlord that was insolent to him down the man's staircase. On the strength of this piece of energy (having first ascertained that the offender was not killed) he went to bed, and had a sleep of unusual soundness.

"It was delightful one day to hear him speak with complacency of a translation which had appeared in Arabic, and which began by saying, on the part of the translator, that it pleased God, for the advancement of human knowledge, to raise us up a Bonnycastle.

"Kinnaird, the magistrate, was a sanguine man, under the middle height, with a fine lamping black eye, lively to the last, and a body that 'had increased, was increasing, and ought to have been diminished,' which is by no means what he thought of the prerogative. Next to his bottle, he was fond of his Horace, and, in the intervals of business at the police office, would enjoy both in his arm-chair. Between the vulgar calls of this kind of magistracy and the perusal of the urbane Horace there must have been a quota of contradiction, which the bottle, perhaps, was required to render quite palatable."

Mr. Charles Knight's pleasant book, "Shadows of the Old Booksellers," also reminds us of another of the great Churchyard booksellers, John Rivington and Sons, at the "Bible and Crown." They published, in 1737, an early sermon of Whitefield's, before he left the Church, and were booksellers to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and to this shop country clergymen invariably went to buy their theology, or to publish their own sermons.

In St. Paul's Churchyard (says Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music") were formerly many shops where music and musical instruments were sold, for which, at this time, no better reason can be given than that the service at the Cathedral drew together, twice a day, all the lovers of music in London—not to mention that the choirmen were wont to assemble there, and were met by their friends and acquaintances.

Jeremiah Clark, a composer of sacred music, who shot himself in his house in St. Paul's Churchyard, was educated in the Royal Chapel, under Dr. Blow, who entertained so great a friendship for him as to resign in his favour his place of Master of the Children and Almoner of St. Paul's, Clark being appointed his successor, in 1693, and shortly afterwards he became organist of the cathedral. "In July, 1700," says Sir John Hawkins, "he and his fellow pupils were appointed Gentlemen Extraordinary of the Royal Chapel; and in 1704 they were jointly admitted to the place of organist thereof, in the room of Mr. Francis Piggot. Clark had the misfortune to entertain a hopeless passion for a very beautiful lady, in a station of life far above him; his despair of success threw him into a deep melancholy; in short, he grew weary of his life, and on the first day of December, 1707, shot himself. He was determined upon this method of putting an end to his life by an event which, strange as it may seem, is attested by the late Mr. Samuel Weeley, one of the lay-vicars of St. Paul's, who was very intimate with him, and had heard him relate it. Being at the house of a friend in the country, he took an abrupt resolution to return to London; this friend having observed in his behaviour marks of great dejection, furnished him with a horse and a servant. Riding along the road, a fit of melancholy seized him, upon which he alighted, and giving the servant his horse to hold, went into a field, in a corner whereof was a pond, and also trees, and began a debate with himself whether he should then end his days by hanging or drowning. Not being able to resolve on either, he thought of making what he looked upon as chance the umpire, and drew out of his pocket a piece of money, and tossing it into the air, it came down on its edge, and stuck in the clay. Though the determination answered not his wish, it was far from ambiguous, as it seemed to forbid both methods of destruction, and would have given unspeakable comfort to a mind less disordered than his was. Being thus interrupted in his purpose, he returned, and mounting his horse, rode on to London, and in a short time after shot himself. He dwelt in a house in St. Paul's Churchyard, situate on the place where the Chapter-house now stands. Old Mr. Reading was passing by at the instant the pistol went off, and entering the house, found his friend in the agonies of death.

"The compositions of Clark are few. His anthems are remarkably pathetic, at the same time that they preserve the dignity and majesty of the church style. The most celebrated of them are 'I will love thee,' printed in the second book of the 'Harmonia Sacra;' 'Bow down thine ear,' and 'Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem.'

"The only works of Clark published by himself are lessons for the harpsichord and sundry songs, which are to be found in the collections of that day, particularly in the 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' but they are there printed without the basses. He also composed for D'Urfey's comedy of 'The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Sisters,' that sweet ballad air, 'The bonny grey-eyed Morn,' which Mr. Gay has introduced into 'The Beggar's Opera,' and is sung to the words, ''Tis woman that seduces all mankind.'"

"Mattheson, of Hamburg," says Hawkins, "had sent over to England, in order to their being published here, two collections of lessons for the harpsichord, and they were accordingly engraved on copper, and printed for Richard Meares, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and published in the year 1714. Handel was at this time in London, and in the afternoon was used to frequent St. Paul's Church for the sake of hearing the service, and of playing on the organ after it was over; from whence he and some of the gentlemen of the choir would frequently adjourn to the 'Queen's Arms' tavern, in St. Paul's Churchyard, where was a harpsichord. It happened one afternoon, when they were thus met together, Mr. Weeley, a gentleman of the choir, came in and informed them that Mr. Mattheson's lessons were then to be had at Mr. Meares's shop; upon which Mr. Handel ordered them immediately to be sent for, and upon their being brought, played them all over without rising from the instrument."

"There dwelt," says Sir John Hawkins, "at the west corner of London House Yard, in St. Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the 'Dolphin and Crown,' one John Young, a maker of violins and other musical instruments. This man had a son, whose Christian name was Talbot, who had been brought up with Greene in St. Paul's choir, and had attained to great proficiency on the violin, as Greene had on the harpsichord. The merits of the two Youngs, father and son, are celebrated in the following quibbling verses, which were set to music in the form of a catch, printed in the pleasant 'Musical Companion,' published in 1726:—

" 'You scrapers that want a good fiddle well strung,
You must go to the man that is old while he's young;
But if this same fiddle you fain would play bold,
You must go to his son, who'll be young when he's old.
There's old Young and young Young, both men of renown,
Old sells and young plays the best fiddle in town.
Young and old live together, and may they live long,
Young to play an old fiddle, old to sell a new song.'

"This young man, Talbot Young, together with

EXECUTION OF FATHER GARNET (see page 265).

Greene and several persons, had weekly meetings at his father's house, for practice of music. The fame of this performance spread far and wide; and in a few winters the resort of gentlemen performers was greater than the house would admit of; a small subscription was set on foot, and they removed to the 'Queen's Head' tavern, in Paternoster Row. Here they were joined by Mr. Woolaston and his friends, and also by a Mr. Franckville, a fine performer on the viol de Gamba. And after a few winters, being grown rich enough to hire additional performers, they removed, in the year 1724, to the 'Castle,' in Paternoster Row, which was adorned with a picture of Mr. Young, painted by Woolaston.

"The 'Castle' concerts continuing to flourish for many years, auditors as well as performers were admitted subscribers, and tickets were delivered out to the members in rotation for the admission of ladies. Their fund enabling them, they hired second-rate singers from the operas, and many young persons of professions and trades that depended upon a numerous acquaintance, were induced by motives of interest to become members of the 'Castle' concert.

"Mr. Young continued to perform in this society till the declining state of his health obliged him to quit it; after which time Prospero Castrucci and other eminent performers in succession continued to lead the band. About the year 1744, at the

OLD ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL (*see page* 272).

instance of an alderman of London, now deservedly forgotten, the subscription was raised from two guineas to five, for the purpose of performing oratorios. From the 'Castle' this society removed to Haberdashers' Hall, where they continued for fifteen or sixteen years; from thence they removed to the 'King's Arms,' in Cornhill."

A curious old advertisement of 1681 relates to St. Paul's Alley:—"Whereas the yearly meeting of the name of Adam hath of late, through the deficiency of the last stewards, been neglected, these are to give notice to all gentlemen and others that are of that name that at William Adam's, commonly called the 'Northern Ale-house,' in St. Paul's Alley, in St. Paul's Churchyard, there will be a weekly meeting, every Monday night, of our namesakes, between the hours of six and eight of the clock in the evening, in order to choose stewards to revive our antient and annual feast."—*Domestic Intelligence*, 1681.

During the building of St. Paul's, Wren was the zealous Master of the St. Paul's Freemason's Lodge, which assembled at the "Goose and Gridiron," one of the most ancient lodges in London. He presided regularly at its meetings for upwards of eighteen years. He presented the lodge with three beautifully carved mahogany candlesticks, and the trowel and mallet which he used in laying the first stone of the great cathedral in 1675. In 1688 Wren was elected Grand Master of the order, and he nominated his old fellow-workers at St. Paul's, Cibber, the sculptor, and Strong, the master mason, Grand Wardens. In Queen Anne's reign there were 129 lodges—eighty-six in London, thirty-six in provincial cities, and seven abroad. Many of the oldest lodges in London are in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's.

"At the 'Apple Tree' Tavern," say Messrs. Hotten and Larwood, in their history of "Inn and Tavern Signs," "in Charles Street, Covent Garden, in 1716, four of the leading London Freemasons' lodges, considering themselves neglected by Sir Christopher Wren, met and chose a Grand Master, *pro tem.*, until they should be able to place a noble brother at the head, which they did the year following, electing the Duke of Montague. Sir Christopher had been chosen in 1698. The three lodges that joined with the 'Apple Tree' lodge used to meet respectively at the 'Goose and Gridiron,' St. Paul's Churchyard; the 'Crown,' Parker's Lane; and at the 'Rummer and Grapes' Tavern, Westminster. The 'Goose and Gridiron' occurs at Woodhall, Lincolnshire, and in a few other localities. It is said to owe its origin to the following circumstances:—The 'Mitre' was a celebrated music-house in London House Yard, at the north-west end of St. Paul's. When it ceased to be a music-house, the succeeding landlord, to ridicule its former destiny, chose for his sign a goose striking the bars of a gridiron with his foot, in ridicule of the 'Swan and Harp,' a common sign for the early music-houses. Such an origin does the *Tatler* give; but it may also be a vernacular reading of the coat of arms of the Company of Musicians, suspended probably at the door of the 'Mitre' when it was a music-house. These arms are a swan with his wings expanded, within a double tressure, counter, flory, argent. This double tressure might have suggested a gridiron to unsophisticated passers-by.

"The celebrated 'Mitre,' near the west end of St. Paul's, was the first music-house in London. The name of the master was Robert Herbert, *alias* Farges. Like many brother publicans, he was, besides being a lover of music, also a collector of natural curiosities, as appears by his 'Catalogue *of* many natural rarities, collected with great industrie, cost, and thirty years' travel into foreign countries, collected by Robert Herbert, *alias* Farges, gent., and sworn servant to his Majesty; to be seen at the place called the Music-house, *at the Mitre*, near the west end of S. Paul's Church, 1664.' This collection, or, at least, a great part of it, was bought by Sir Hans Sloane. It is conjectured that the 'Mitre' was situated in London House Yard, at the north-west end of St. Paul's, on the spot where afterwards stood the house known by the sign of the 'Goose and Gridiron.'"

St. Paul's School, known to cathedral visitors chiefly by that murky, barred-in, purgatorial playground opposite the east end of Wren's great edifice, is of considerable antiquity, for it was founded in 1512 by that zealous patron of learning, and friend of Erasmus, Dean Colet. This liberal-minded man was the eldest of twenty-two children, all of whom he survived. His father was a City mercer, who was twice Lord Mayor of London. Colet became Dean of St. Paul's in 1505, and soon afterwards (as Latimer tells us) narrowly escaped burning for his opposition to image-worship. Having no near relatives, Colet, in 1509, began to found St. Paul's School, adapted to receive 153 poor boys (the number of fishes taken by Peter in the miraculous draught). The building is said to have cost £4,500, and was endowed with lands in Buckinghamshire estimated by Stow, in 1598, as of the yearly value of £120 or better, and now worth £12,000, with a certainty of rising.

No children were to be admitted into the school but such as could say their catechism, and read and write competently. Each child was required

to pay fourpence on his first admission to the school, which sum was to be given to the "poor scholar" who swept the school and kept the seats clean. The hours of study were to be from seven till eleven in the morning, and from one to five in the afternoon, with prayers in the morning, at noon, and in the evening. It was expressly stipulated that the pupils should never use tallow candles, but only wax, and those "at the cost of their friends." The most remarkable statute of the school is that by which the scholars were bound on Christmas-day to attend at St. Paul's Church and hear the child-bishop sermon, and after be at the high mass, and each of them offer one penny to the child-bishop. When Dean Colet was asked why he had left his foundation in trust to laymen (the Mercers' Company), as tenants of his father, rather than to an ecclesiastical foundation, he answered, "that there was no absolute certainty in human affairs, but, for his part, he found less corruption in such a body of citizens than in any other order or degree of mankind."

Erasmus, after describing the foundation and the school, which he calls "a magnificent structure, to which were attached two dwelling-houses for the masters," proceeds to say, "He divided the school into four chambers. The first—namely, the porch and entrance—in which the chaplain teaches, where no child is to be admitted who cannot read and write; the second apartment is for those who are taught by the under-master; the third is for the boys of the upper form, taught by the high master. These two parts of the school are divided by a curtain, to be drawn at will. Over the head-master's chair is an image of the boy Jesus, a beautiful work, in the gesture of teaching, whom all the scholars, going and departing, salute with a hymn. There is a representation of God the Father, also, saying, 'Hear ye him,' which words were written at my suggestion."

"The last apartment is a little chapel for divine service. In the whole school there are no corners or hiding-places; neither a dining nor a sleeping place. Each boy has his own place, one above another. Every class or form contains sixteen boys, and he that is at the head of a class has a little seat, by way of pre-eminence."

Erasmus, who took a great interest in St. Paul's School, drew up a grammar, and other elementary books of value, for his friend Colet, who had for one of his masters William Lily, "the model of grammarians." Colet's masters were always to be married men.

The school thus described shared in the Great Fire of 1666, and was rebuilt by the Mercers' Company in 1670. This second structure was superseded by the present edifice, designed and erected by George Smith, Esq., the architect of the Mercers' Company. It has the advantage of two additional masters' houses, and a large cloister for a playground underneath the school.

On occasions of the sovereigns of England, or other royal or distinguished persons, going in state through the City, a balcony is erected in front of this building, whence addresses from the school are presented to the illustrious visitors by the head boys. The origin of this right or custom of the Paulines is not known, but it is of some antiquity. Addresses were so presented to Charles V. and Henry VIII., in 1522; to Queen Elizabeth, 1558; and to Queen Victoria, when the Royal Exchange was opened, in 1844. Her Majesty, however, preferred to receive the address at the next levee; and this precedent was followed when the multitudes of London rushed to welcome the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra, in 1863.

The ancient school-room was on a level with the street, the modern one is built over the cloister. It is a finely-proportioned apartment, and has several new class-rooms adjoining, erected upon a plan proposed by Dr. Kynaston, the present head-master. At the south end of this noble room, above the master's chair, is a bust of the founder by Roubiliac. Over the seat is inscribed, "Intendas animum studiis et rebus honestis," and over the entrance to the room is the quaint and appropriate injunction found at Winchester and other public schools—"Doce, disce, aut discede."

St. Paul's School has an excellent library immediately adjoining the school-room, to which the eighth class have access out of school-hours, the six seniors occupying places in it in school-time.

In 1602 the masters' stipends were enlarged, and the surplus money set apart for college exhibitions. The head master receives £900 a year, the second master £400. The education is entirely gratuitous. The presentations to the school are in the gift of the Master of the Mercers' Company, which company has undoubtedly much limited Dean Colet's generous intentions. The school is rich in prizes and exhibitions. The latest chronicler of the Paulines says:—

"Few public schools can claim to have educated more men who figure prominently in English history than St. Paul's School. Sir Edward North, founder of the noble family of that name; Sir William Paget, who from being the son of a serjeant-at-mace became privy councillor to four successive sovereigns, and acquired the title now held by his descendant, the owner of Beaudesert; and John

Leland, the celebrated archæologist; William Whitaker, one of the earliest and most prominent chaplains of the Reformation; William Camden, antiquarian and herald; the immortal John Milton; Samuel Pepys; Robert Nelson, author of the 'Companion to the Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England;' Dr. Benjamin Calamy; Sir John Trevor, Master of the Rolls and Speaker of the House of Commons; John, the great Duke of Marlborough; Halley, the great astronomer; the gallant but unfortunate Major André; Sir Philip Francis; Sir Charles Wetherell; Sir Frederick Pollock, the late Lord Chief Baron; Lord Chancellor Truro; and the distinguished Greek Professor at Oxford, Benjamin Jowett."

Pepys seems to have been very fond of his old school. In 1659, he goes on Apposition Day to hear his brother John deliver his speech, which he had corrected; and on another occasion, meeting his old second master, Crumbun—a dogmatic old pedagogue, as he calls him—at a bookseller's in the Churchyard, he gives the school a fine copy of Stephens' "Thesaurus." In 1661, going to the Mercers' Hall in the Lord Admiral's coach, we find him expressing pleasure at going in state to the place where as a boy he had himself humbly pleaded for an exhibition to St. Paul's School.

According to Dugdale, an ancient cathedral school existed at St. Paul's. Bishop Balmeis (Henry I.) bestowed on it "the house of Durandus, near the Bell Tower;" and no one could keep a school in London without the licence of the master of Paul's, except the masters of St. Mary-le-Bow and St. Martin's-le-Grand.

The old laws of Dean Colet, containing many curious provisions and restrictions, among other things forbad cock-fighting "and other pageantry" in the school. It was ordered that the second master and chaplain were to reside in Old Change. There was a bust of good Dean Colet over the head-master's throne. Strype, speaking of the original dedication of the school to the child Jesus, says, "but the saint robbed his Master of the title." In early days there used to be great war between the "Paul's pigeons," as they were called, and the boys of St. Anthony's Free School, Threadneedle Street, whom the Paulines nicknamed "Anthony's pigs." The Anthony's boys were great carriers off of prizes for logic and grammar.

Of Milton's school-days Mr. Masson, in his voluminous life of the poet, says, "Milton was at St. Paul's, as far as we can calculate, from 1620, when he passed his eleventh year, to 1624–5, when he had passed his sixteenth."

CHAPTER XXIII.

PATERNOSTER ROW.

Its Successions of Traders—The House of Longman—Goldsmith at Fault—Tarleton, Actor, Host, and Wit—Ordinaries around St. Paul's: their Rules and Customs—The "Castle"—"Dolly's"—The "Chapter" and its Frequenters—Chatterton and Goldsmith—Dr. Buchan and his Prescriptions—Dr. Gower—Dr. Fordyce—The "Wittinagemot" at the "Chapter"—The "Printing Conger"—Mrs. Turner, the Poisoner—The Church of St. Michael "ad Bladum"—The Boy in Panier Alley.

PATERNOSTER ROW, that crowded defile north of the Cathedral, lying between the old Grey Friars and the Blackfriars, was once entirely ecclesiastical in its character, and, according to Stow, was so called from the stationers and text-writers who dwelt there and sold religious and educational books, alphabets, paternosters, aves, creeds, and graces. It then became famous for its spurriers, and afterwards for eminent mercers, silkmen, and lacemen; so that the coaches of the "quality" often blocked up the whole street. After the fire these trades mostly removed to Bedford Street, King Street, and Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. In 1720 (says Strype) there were stationers and booksellers who came here in Queen Anne's reign from Little Britain, and a good many tire-women, who sold commodes, top-knots, and other dressings for the female head. By degrees, however, learning ousted vanity, chattering died into studious silence, and the despots of literature ruled supreme. Many a groan has gone up from authors in this gloomy thoroughfare.

One only, and that the most ancient, of the Paternoster Row book-firms, will our space permit us to chronicle. The house of Longman is part and parcel of the Row. The first Longman, born in Bristol in 1699, was the son of a soap and sugar merchant. Apprenticed in London, he purchased (*circa* 1724) the business of Mr. Taylor, the publisher of "Robinson Crusoe," for £2,282 9s. 6d., and his first venture was the works of Boyle. This patriarch died in 1755, and was succeeded by a nephew, Thomas Longman, who ventured much trade in America and "the plantations." He was

succeeded by his son, Mr. T. L. Longman, a plain man of the old citizen style, who took as partner Mr. Owen Rees, a Bristol bookseller, a man of industry and acumen.

Before the close of the eighteenth century the house of Longman and Rees had become one of the largest in the City, both as publishers and book-merchants. When there was talk of an additional paper-duty, the ministers consulted, according to West, the new firm, and on their protest desisted; a reverse course, according to the same authority, would have checked operations on the part of that one firm alone of £100,000. Before the opening of the nineteenth century they had become possessed of some new and valuable copyrights—notably, the "Grammar" of Lindley Murray, of New York. This was in 1799.

The "lake poets" proved a valuable acquisition. Wordsworth came first to them, then Coleridge, and lastly Southey. In 1802 the Longmans commenced the issue of Rees' "Cyclopædia," reconstructed from the old Chambers', and about the same time the *Annual Review*, edited by Aikin, which for the nine years of its existence Southey and Taylor of Norwich mainly supported. The catalogue of the firm for 1803 is divided into no less than twenty-two classes. Among their books we note Paley's "Natural Theology," Sharon Turner's "Anglo-Saxon History," Adolphus's "History of King George III.," Pinkerton's "Geography," Fosbrooke's "British Monachism," Cowper's "Homer," Gifford's "Juvenal," Sotheby's "Oberon," and novels and romances not a few. At this time Mr. Longman used to have Saturday evening receptions in Paternoster Row.

Sir Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering," "The Monastery," and "The Abbot," were published by Longmans. "Lalla Rookh," by Tom Moore, was published by them, and they gave £3,000 for it.

In 1811 Mr. Brown, who had entered the house as an apprentice in 1792, and was the son of an old servant, became partner. Then came in Mr. Orme, a faithful clerk of the house—for the house required several heads, the old book trade alone being an important department. In 1826, when Constable of Edinburgh came down in the commercial crash, and brought poor Sir Walter Scott to the ground with him, the Longman firm succeeded to the *Edinburgh Review*, which is still their property. Mr. Green became a partner in 1824, and in 1856 Mr. Roberts was admitted. In 1829 the firm ventured on Lardner's "Cyclopædia," contributed to by Scott, Tom Moore, Mackintosh, &c., and which ended in 1846 with the 133rd volume. In 1860 Mr. Thomas Longman became a partner.

Thomas Norton Longman, says a writer in the *Critic*, resided for many years at Mount Grove, Hampstead, where he entertained many wits and scholars. He died there in 1842, leaving £200,000 personalty. In 1839 Mr. William Longman entered the firm as a partner. "Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts" became the style of the great publishing house, the founder of which commenced business one hundred and forty-four years ago, at the house which became afterwards No. 39, Paternoster Row.

In 1773, a year before Goldsmith's death, Dr. Kenrick, a vulgar satirist of the day, wrote an anonymous letter in an evening paper called *The London Packet*, sneering at the poet's vanity, and calling "The Traveller" a flimsy poem, denying the "Deserted Village" genius, fancy, or fire, and calling "She Stoops to Conquer" the merest pantomime. Goldsmith's Irish blood fired at an allusion to Miss Horneck and his supposed rejection by her. Supposing Evans, of Paternoster Row, to be the editor of the *Packet*, Goldsmith resolved to chastise him. Evans, a brutal fellow, who turned his son out in the streets and separated from his wife because she took her son's part, denied all knowledge of the matter. As he turned his back to look for the libel, Goldsmith struck him sharply across the shoulders. Evans, a sturdy, hot Welshman, returned the blow with interest, and in the scuffle a lamp overhead was broken and covered the combatants with fish-oil. Dr. Kenrick then stepped from an adjoining room, interposed between the combatants, and sent poor Goldsmith home, bruised and disfigured, in a coach. Evans subsequently indicted Goldsmith for the assault, but the affair was compromised by Goldsmith paying £50 towards a Welsh charity. The friend who accompanied Goldsmith to this chivalrous but unsuccessful attack is said to have been Captain Horneck, but it seems more probable that it was Captain Higgins, an Irish friend mentioned in "The Haunch of Venison."

Near the site of the present Dolly's Chop House stood the "Castle," an ordinary kept by Shakespeare's friend and fellow actor, Richard Tarleton, the low comedian of Queen Elizabeth's reign. It was this humorous, ugly actor who no doubt suggested to the great manager many of his jesters, fools, and simpletons, and we know that the tag songs—such as that at the end of *All's Well that Ends Well*, "When that I was a little tiny boy"—were expressly written for Tarleton, and were danced by that comedian to the tune

of a pipe and a tabor which he himself played. The part which Tarleton had to play as host and wit is well shown in his "Book of Jests:"—

"Tarleton keeping an ordinary in Paternoster Row, and sitting with gentlemen to make them merry, would approve mustard standing before them to have wit. 'How so?' saies one. 'It is like a witty scold meeting another scold, knowing that scold will scold, begins to scold first. So,' says he, 'the mustard being lickt up, and knowing that you will bite it, begins to bite you first.' 'I'll try that,' saies a gull by, and the mustard so tickled him that his eyes watered. 'How now?' saies Tarleton; 'does my jest savour?' 'I,' saies the gull, 'and bite too.' 'If you had had better wit,' saies Tarleton, 'you would have bit first; so, then, conclude with me, that dumbe unfeeling mustard hath more wit than a talking, unfeeling foole, as you are.' Some were pleased, and some were not; but all Tarleton's care was taken, for his resolution was ever, before he talkt any jest, to measure his opponent."

RICHARD TARLETON, THE ACTOR (*copied from an old wood engraving*) [*see page* 275].

A modern antiquary has with great care culled from the "Gull's Horn Book" and other sources a sketch of the sort of company that might be met with at such an ordinary. It was the custom for men of fashion in the reign of Elizabeth and James to pace in St. Paul's till dinner-time, and after the ordinary again till the hour when the theatres opened. The author of "Shakespeare's England" says:—

"There were ordinaries of all ranks, the *table-d'hôte* being the almost universal mode of dining among those who were visitors to London during the season, or term-time, as it was then called. There was the twelvepenny ordinary, where you might meet justices of the peace and young knights; and the threepenny ordinary, which was frequented by poor lieutenants and thrifty attorneys. At the one the rules of high society were maintained, and the large silver salt-cellar indicated the rank of the guests. At the other the diners were silent and unsociable, or the conversation, if any, was so full of 'amercements and feoffments' that a mere countryman would have thought the people were conjuring.

"If a gallant entered the ordinary at about half-past eleven, or even a little earlier, he would find the room full of fashion-mongers, waiting for the meat to be served. There are men of all classes: titled men, who live cheap that they may spend more at Court; stingy men, who want to save the charges of house-keeping; courtiers, who come there for society and news; adventurers, who have no home; Templars, who dine there daily; and men about town, who dine at whatever place is nearest to their hunger. Lords, citizens, concealed Papists, spies, prodigal 'prentices, precisians, aldermen, foreigners, officers, and country gentlemen, all are here. Some have come on foot, some on horseback, and some in those new caroches the poets laugh at."

"The well-bred courtier, on entering the room, saluted those of his acquaintances who were in winter gathered round the fire, in summer round the window, first throwing his cloak to his page and hanging up his hat and sword. The parvenu would single out a friend, and walk up and down uneasily with the scorn and carelessness of a gentleman usher, laughing rudely and nervously, or obtruding himself into groups of gentlemen gathered round a wit or poet. Quarrelsome men pace about fretfully, fingering their sword-hilts and maintaining as sour a face as that Puritan moping in a corner, pent up by a group of young swaggerers, who are disputing over a card at gleek. Vain men, not caring whether it was Paul's, the Tennis Court, or the play-house, *published* their clothes, and talked

as loud as they could, in order to appear at ease, and laughed over the Water Poet's last epigram or the last pamphlet of Marprelate. The soldiers bragged of nothing but of their employment in Ireland and the Low Countries—how they helped Drake to burn St. Domingo, or grave Maurice to hold out Breda. Tom Coryatt, or such weak-pated travellers, would babble of the Rialto and Prester John, and exhibit specimens of unicorns' horns or palm-leaves from the river Nilus. The courtier talked of the fair lady who gave him the glove which he wore in his hat as a favour; the poet of the last satire of Marston or Ben Jonson, or volunteered to read a trifle thrown off of late by 'Faith, a learned gentleman, a very worthy friend,' though if we were to enquire, this varlet poet might turn out, after all, to be the mere decoy duck of the hostess, paid to draw gulls and fools thither. The mere dullard sat silent, playing with his glove or discussing at what apothecary's the best tobacco was to be bought.

"The dishes seemed to have been served up at these hot luncheons or early dinners in much the same order as at the present day—meat, poultry, game, and pastry. 'To be at your woodcocks' implied that you had nearly finished dinner. The more unabashable, rapid adventurer, though but a beggarly captain, would often attack the capon while his neighbour, the knight, was still encumbered with his stewed beef; and when the justice of the peace opposite, who has just pledged him in sack, is knuckle-deep in the goose, he falls stoutly on the long-billed game; while at supper, if one of the college of critics, our gallant praised the last play or put his approving stamp upon the new poem.

DOLLY'S COFFEE-HOUSE (*see page* 278).

"Primero and a 'pair' of cards followed the wine. Here the practised player learnt to lose with endurance, and neither to tear the cards nor crush the dice with his heel. Perhaps the jest may be true, and that men sometimes played till they sold even their beards to cram tennis-balls or stuff cushions. The patron often paid for the wine or disbursed for the whole dinner. Then the drawer came round with his wooden knife, and scraped off the crusts and crumbs, or cleared off the parings of fruit and cheese into his basket. The torn cards were thrown into the fire, the guests rose, rapiers were re-hung, and belts buckled on. The post news was heard, and the reckonings paid. The French lackey and Irish footboy led out the

hobby horses, and some rode off to the play, others to the river-stairs to take a pair of oars to the Surrey side."

The "Castle," where Tarleton has so often talked of Shakespeare and his wit, perished in the Great Fire; but was afterwards rebuilt, and here "The Castle Society of Music" gave their performances," no doubt aided by many of the St. Paul's Choir. Part of the old premises were subsequently (says Mr. Timbs) the Oxford Bible Warehouse, destroyed by fire in 1822, and since rebuilt. "Dolly's Tavern," which stood near the "Castle," derived its name from Dolly, an old cook of the establishment, whose portrait Gainsborough painted. Bonnell Thornton mentions the beefsteaks and gill ale at "Dolly's." The coffee-room, with its projecting fire-places, is as old as Queen Anne. The head of that queen is painted on a window at "Dolly's," and the entrance in Queen's Head Passage is christened from this painting.

The old taverns of London are to be found in the strangest nooks and corners, hiding away behind shops, or secreting themselves up alleys. Unlike the Paris *café*, which delights in the free sunshine of the boulevard, and displays its harmless revellers to the passers-by, the London tavern aims at cosiness, quiet, and privacy. It partitions and curtains off its guests as if they were conspirators and the wine they drank was forbidden by the law. Of such taverns the "Chapter" is a good example.

The "Chapter Coffee House," at the corner of Chapter House Court, was in the last century famous for its punch, its pamphlets, and its newspapers. As lawyers and authors frequented the Fleet Street taverns, so booksellers haunted the "Chapter." Bonnell Thornton, in the *Connoisseur*, Jan., 1754, says:—"The conversation here naturally turns upon the newest publications, but their criticisms are somewhat singular. When they say a *good* book they do not mean to praise the style or sentiment, but the quick and extensive sale of it. That book is best which sells most."

In 1770 Chatterton, in one of those apparently hopeful letters he wrote home while in reality his proud heart was breaking, says:—"I am quite familiar at the 'Chapter Coffee House,' and know all the geniuses there." He desires a friend to send him whatever he has published, to be left at the "Chapter." So, again, writing from the King's Bench, he says a gentleman whom he met at the "Chapter" had promised to introduce him as a travelling tutor to the young Duke of Northumberland; "but, alas! I spoke no tongue but my own."

Perhaps that very day Chatterton came, half starved, and listened with eager ears to great authors talking. Oliver Goldsmith dined there, with Lloyd, that reckless friend of still more reckless Churchill, and some Grub Street cronies, and had to pay for the lot, Lloyd having quite forgotten the important fact that he was moneyless. Goldsmith's favourite seat at the "Chapter" became a seat of honour, and was pointed out to visitors. Leather tokens of the coffee-house are still in existence.

Mrs. Gaskell has sketched the "Chapter" in 1848, with its low heavy-beamed ceilings, wainscoted rooms, and its broad, dark, shallow staircase. She describes it as formerly frequented by university men, country clergymen, and country booksellers, who, friendless in London, liked to hear the literary chat. Few persons slept there, and in a long, low, dingy room up-stairs the periodical meetings of the trade were held. "The high, narrow windows looked into the gloomy Row." Nothing of motion or of change could be seen in the grim, dark houses opposite, so near and close, although the whole width of the Row was between. The mighty roar of London ran round like the sound of an unseen ocean, yet every footfall on the pavement below might be heard distinctly in that unfrequented street.

The frequenters of the "Chapter Coffee House" (1797—1805) have been carefully described by Sir Richard Phillips. Alexander Stevens, editor of the "Annual Biography and Obituary," was one of the choice spirits who met nightly in the "Wittinagemot," as it was called, or the north-east corner box in the coffee-room. The neighbours, who dropped in directly the morning papers arrived, and before they were dried by the waiter, were called the Wet Paper Club, and another set intercepted the wet evening papers. Dr. Buchan, author of that murderous book, "Domestic Medicine," which teaches a man how to kill himself and family cheaply, generally acted as moderator. He was a handsome, white-haired man, a Tory, a good-humoured companion, and a *bon vivant*. If any one began to complain, or appear hypochondriacal, he used to say—

"Now let me prescribe for you, without a fee. Here, John, bring a glass of punch for Mr. ——, unless he likes brandy and water better. Now, take that, sir, and I'll warrant you'll soon be well. You're a peg too low; you want stimulus; and if one glass won't do, call for a second."

Dr. Gower, the urbane and able physician of the Middlesex Hospital, was another frequent visitor, as also that great eater and worker, Dr. Fordyce, whose balance no potations could disturb.

Fordyce had fashionable practice, and brought rare news and much sound information on general subjects. He came to the "Chapter" from his wine, stayed about an hour, and sipped a glass of brandy and water. He then took another glass at the "London Coffee House," and a third at the "Oxford," then wound home to his house in Essex Street, Strand. The three doctors seldom agreed on medical subjects, and laughed loudly at each other's theories. They all, however, agreed in regarding the "Chapter" punch as an infallible and safe remedy for all ills.

The standing men in the box were Hammond and Murray. Hammond, a Coventry manufacturer, had scarcely missed an evening at the "Chapter" for forty-five years. His strictures on the events of the day were thought severe but able, and as a friend of liberty he had argued all through the times of Wilkes and the French and American wars. His Socratic arguments were very amusing. Mr. Murray, the great referee of the Wittinagemot, was a Scotch minister, who generally sat at the "Chapter" reading papers from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. He was known to have read straight through every morning and evening paper published in London for thirty years. His memory was so good that he was always appealed to for dates and matters of fact, but his mind was not remarkable for general lucidity. Other friends of Stevens's were Dr. Birdmore, the Master of the Charterhouse, who abounded in anecdote; Walker, the rhetorician and dictionary-maker, a most intelligent man, with a fine enunciation, and Dr. Towers, a political writer, who over his half-pint of Lisbon grew sarcastic and lively. Also a grumbling man named Dobson, who between asthmatic paroxysms vented his spleen on all sides. Dobson was an author and paradox-monger, but so devoid of principle that he was deserted by all his friends, and would have died from want, if Dr. Garthshore had not placed him as a patient in an empty fever hospital. Robinson, "the king of booksellers," and his sensible brother John were also frequenters of the "Chapter," as well as Joseph Johnson, the friend of Priestley, Paine, Cowper, and Fuseli, from St. Paul's Churchyard. Phillips, the speculative bookseller, then commencing his *Monthly Magazine*, came to the "Chapter" to look out for recruits, and with his pockets well lined with guineas to enlist them. He used to describe all the odd characters at this coffee-house, from the glutton in politics, who waited at daylight for the morning papers, to the moping and disconsolate bachelor, who sat till the fire was raked out by the sleepy waiter at half-past twelve at night. These strange figures succeeded each other regularly, like the figures in a magic lantern.

Alexander Chalmers, editor of many works, enlivened the Wittinagemot by many sallies of wit and humour. He took great pains not to be mistaken for a namesake of his, who, he used to say, carried "the leaden mace." Other *habitués* were the two Parrys, of the *Courier* and *Jacobite* papers, and Captain Skinner, a man of elegant manners, who represented England in the absurd procession of all nations, devised by that German revolutionary fanatic, Anacharsis Clootz, in Paris in 1793. Baker, an ex-Spitalfields manufacturer, a great talker and eater, joined the coterie regularly, till he shot himself at his lodgings in Kirby Street. It was discovered that his only meal in the day had been the nightly supper at the "Chapter," at the fixed price of a shilling, with a supplementary pint of porter. When the shilling could no longer be found for the supper, he killed himself.

Among other members of these pleasant coteries were Lowndes, the electrician; Dr. Busby, the musician; Cooke, the well-bred writer of conversation; and Macfarlane, the author of "The History of George III.," who was eventually killed by a blow from the pole of a coach during an election procession of Sir Francis Burdett at Brentford. Another celebrity was a young man named Wilson, called Langton, from his stories of the *haut ton*. He ran up a score of £40, and then disappeared, to the vexation of Mrs. Brown, the landlady, who would willingly have welcomed him, even though he never paid, as a means of amusing and detaining customers. Waithman, the Common Councilman, was always clear-headed and agreeable. There was also Mr. Paterson, a long-headed, speculative North Briton, who had taught Pitt mathematics. But such coteries are like empires; they have their rise and their fall. Dr. Buchan died; some pert young sparks offended the Nestor, Hammond, who gave up the place, after forty-five years' attendance, and before 1820 the "Chapter" grew silent and dull.

The fourth edition of Dr. ——ell's "Antient and Modern Geography," says Nicholls, was published by an association of respectable booksellers, who about the year 1719 entered into an especial partnership, for the purpose of printing some expensive works, and styled themselves "the Printing Conger." The term "Conger" was supposed to have been at first applied to them invidiously, alluding to the conger eel, which is said to swallow the smaller fry; or it may possibly have been taken from *congeries*. The "Conger" met at the "Chapter."

The "Chapter" closed as a coffee-house in 1854, and was altered into a tavern.

One tragic memory, and one alone, as far as we know, attaches to Paternoster Row. It was here, in the reign of James I., that Mrs. Anne Turner lived, at whose house the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury was planned. It was here that Viscount Rochester met the infamous Countess of Essex; and it was Overbury's violent opposition to this shameful intrigue that led to his death from arsenic and diamond-dust, administered in the Tower by Weston, a servant of Mrs. Turner's, who received £180 for his trouble. Rochester and the Countess were disgraced, but their lives were spared. The Earl of Northampton, an accomplice of the countess, died before Overbury succumbed to his three months of torture.

"Mrs. Turner," says Sir Simonds d'Ewes, had "first brought up that vain and foolish use of yellow starch, coming herself to her trial in a yellow band and cuffs; and therefore, when she was afterwards executed at Tyburn, the hangman had his band and cuffs of the same colour, which made many after that day, of either sex, to forbear the use of that coloured starch, till at last it grew generally to be detested and disused."

In a curious old print of West Chepe, date 1585, in the vestry-room of St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, we see St. Michael's, on the north side of Paternoster Row. It is a plain dull building, with a low square tower and pointed-headed windows. It was chiefly remarkable as the burial-place of that indefatigable antiquary, John Leland. This laborious man, educated at St. Paul's School, was one of the earliest Greek scholars in England, and one of the deepest students of Welsh and Saxon. Henry VIII. made him one of his chaplains, bestowed on him several benefices, and gave him a roving commission to visit the ruins of England and Wales and inspect the records of collegiate and cathedral libraries. He spent six years in this search, and collected a vast mass of material, then retired to his house in the parish of St. Michael-le-Quern to note and arrange his treasures. His mind, however, broke down under the load: he became insane, and died in that dreadful darkness of the soul, 1552. His great work, "The Itinerary of Great Britain," was not published till after his death. His large collections relating to London antiquities were, unfortunately for us, lost. The old church of "St. Michael ad Bladum," says Strype, "or 'at the Corn' (corruptly called the 'Quern') was so called because in place thereof was some time a corn-market, stretching up west to the shambles. It seemeth that this church was first builded about the reign of Edward III. Thomas Newton, first parson there, was buried in the quire, in the year 1361, which was the 35th of Edward III. At the east end of this church stood an old cross called the Old Cross in West-cheap, which was taken down in the 13th Richard II.; since the which time the said parish church was also taken down, but new builded and enlarged in the year 1430; the 8th Henry VI., William Eastfield, mayor, and the commonalty, granting of the common soil of the City three foot and a half in breadth on the north part, and four foot in breadth towards the east, for the inlarging thereof. This church was repaired, and with all things either for use or beauty, richly supplied and furnished, at the sole cost and charge of the parishioners, in 1617. This church was burnt down in the Great Fire, and remains unbuilt, and laid into the street, but the conduit which was formerly at the east end of the church still remains. The parish is united to St. Vedast, Foster Lane. At the east end of this church, in place of the old cross, is now a water-conduit placed. William Eastfield, maior, the 9th Henry VI., at the request of divers common councels, granted it so to be. Whereupon, in the 19th of the said Henry, 1,000 marks was granted by a common councel towards the works of this conduit, and the reparation of others. This is called the Little Conduit in West Cheap, by Paul's Gate. At the west end of this parish church is a small passage for people on foot, thorow the same church; and west from the same church, some distance, is another passage out of Paternoster Row, and is called (of such a sign) Panyer Alley, which cometh out into the north, over against St. Martin's Lane.

'When you have sought the city round,
Yet still this is the highest ground.
August 27, 1688.'

This is writ upon a stone raised, about the middle of this Panier Alley, having the figure of a panier, with a boy sitting upon it, with a bunch of grapes, as it seems to be, held between his naked foot and hand, in token, perhaps, of plenty."

At the end of a somewhat long Latin epitaph to Marcus Erington in this church occurred the following lines:—

"Vita bonos, sed pœna malos, æterna capessit,
Vitæ bonis, sed pœna malis, per secula crescit.
His mors, his vita, perpetuatur ita."

John Bankes, mercer and squire, who was interred here, had a long epitaph, adorned with the following verses:—

"Imbalmed in pious arts, wrapt in a shroud
Of white, innocuous charity, who vowed,
Having enough, the world should understand
No need of money might escape his hand:

Bankes here is laid asleepe—this place did breed him—
A precedent to all that shall succeed him.
Note both his life and immitable end;
Not he th' unrighteous mammon made his friend;
Expressing by his talents' rich increase
Service that gain'd him praise and lasting peace.
Much was to him committed, much he gave,
Ent'ring his treasure there whence all shall have
Returne with use: what to the poore is given
Claims a just promise of reward in heaven.
Even such a banke *Bankes* left behind at last,
Riches stor'd up, which age nor time can waste."

On part of the site of the church of this parish, after the fire of London in 1666, was erected a conduit for supplying the neighbourhood with water; but the same being found unnecessary, it was, with others, pulled down anno 1727.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BAYNARD'S CASTLE, DOCTORS' COMMONS, AND HERALDS' COLLEGE.

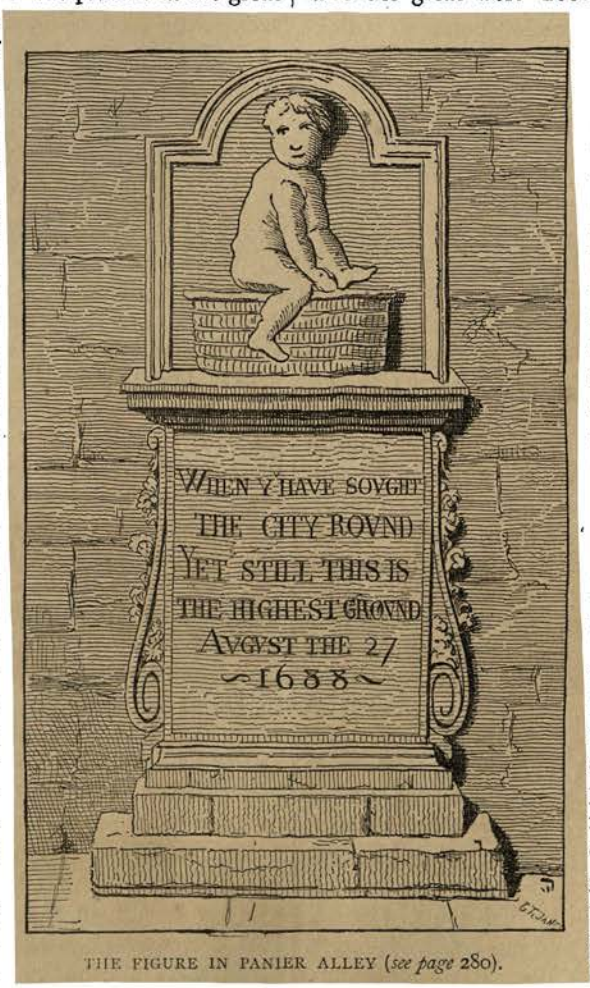
Baron Fitzwalter and King John—The Duties of the Chief Bannerer of London—An Old-fashioned Punishment for Treason—Shakespearian Allusions to Baynard's Castle—Doctors' Commons and its Five Courts—The Court of Probate Act, 1857—The Court of Arches—The Will Office—Business of the Court—Prerogative Court—Faculty Office—Lord Stowell, the Admiralty Judge—Stories of Him—His Marriage—Sir Herbert Jenner Fust—The Court "Rising"—Dr. Lushington—Marriage Licenses—Old Weller and the "Touters"—Doctors' Commons at the Present Day.

WE have already made passing mention of Baynard's Castle, the grim fortress near Blackfriars Bridge, immediately below St. Paul's, where for several centuries after the Conquest, Norman barons held their state, and behind its stone ramparts maintained their petty sovereignty.

This castle took its name from Ralph Baynard, one of those greedy and warlike Normans who came over with the Conqueror, who bestowed on him many marks of favour, among others the substantial gift of the barony of Little Dunmow, in Essex. This chieftain built the castle, which derived its name from him, and, dying in the reign of Rufus, the castle descended to his grandson, Henry Baynard, who in 1111, however, forfeited it to the Crown for taking part with Helias, Earl of Mayne, who endeavoured to wrest his Norman possessions from Henry I. The angry king bestowed the barony and castle of Baynard, with all its honours, on Robert Fitzgerald, son of Gilbert, Earl of Clare, his steward and cup-bearer. Robert's son, Walter, adhered to William de Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, against John, Earl of Moreton, brother of Richard Cœur de Lion. He, however, kept tight hold of the river-side castle, which duly descended to Robert, his son, who in 1213 became castellan and standard-bearer of the city, On this same banneret, in the midst of his pride and prosperity, there fell a great sorrow. The licentious tyrant, John, who spared none who crossed his passions, fell in love with Matilda, Fitz-Walter's fair daughter, and finding neither father nor daughter compliant to his will, John accused the castellan of abetting the discontented barons, and attempted his arrest. But the river-side fortress was convenient for escape, and Fitz-Walter flew to France. Tradition says that in 1214 King John invaded France, but that after a time a truce was made between the two nations for five years. There was a river, or arm of the sea, flowing between the French and English tents, and across this flood an English knight, hungry for a fight, called out to the soldiers of the Fleur de Lis to come over and try a joust or two with him. At once Robert Fitz-Walter, with his visor down, ferried over alone with his barbed horse, and mounted ready for the fray. At the first course he struck John's knight so fiercely with his great spear, that both man and steed came rolling in a clashing heap to the ground. Never was spear better broken; and when the squires had gathered up their discomfited master, and the supposed French knight had recrossed the ferry, King John, who delighted in a well-ridden course, cried out, with his usual oath, "By God's sooth, he were a king indeed who had such a knight!" Then the friends of the banished man seized their opportunity, and came running to the usurper, and knelt down and said, "O king, he is your knight; it was Robert Fitz-Walter who ran that joust." Whereupon John, who could be generous when he could gain anything by it, sent the next day for the good knight, and restored him to his favour, allowed him to rebuild Baynard's Castle, which had been demolished by royal order, and made him, moreover, governor of the Castle of Hertford.

But Fitz-Walter could not forget the grave of his daughter, still green at Dunmow (for Matilda, indomitable in her chastity, had been poisoned by a messenger of John's, who sprinkled a deadly

powder over a poached egg—at least, so the legend runs), and soon placed himself at the head of those brave barons who the next year forced the tyrant to sign Magna Charta at Runnymede. He was afterwards chosen general of the barons' army, to keep John to his word, and styled "Marshal of the Army of God and of the Church." He then (not having had knocks enough in England) joined the Crusaders, and was present at the great siege of Damietta. In 1216 (the first year of Henry III.) Fitz-Walter again appears to the front, watchful of English liberty, for his Castle of Hertford having been delivered to Louis of France, the dangerous ally of the barons, he required of the French to leave the same, "because the keeping thereof did by ancient right and title pertain to him." On which Louis, says Stow, prematurely showing his claws, replied scornfully "that Englishmen were not worthy to have such holds in keeping, because they did betray their own lord;" but Louis not long after left England rather suddenly, accelerated no doubt by certain movements of Fitz-Walter and his brother barons.



THE FIGURE IN PANIER ALLEY (*see page* 280).

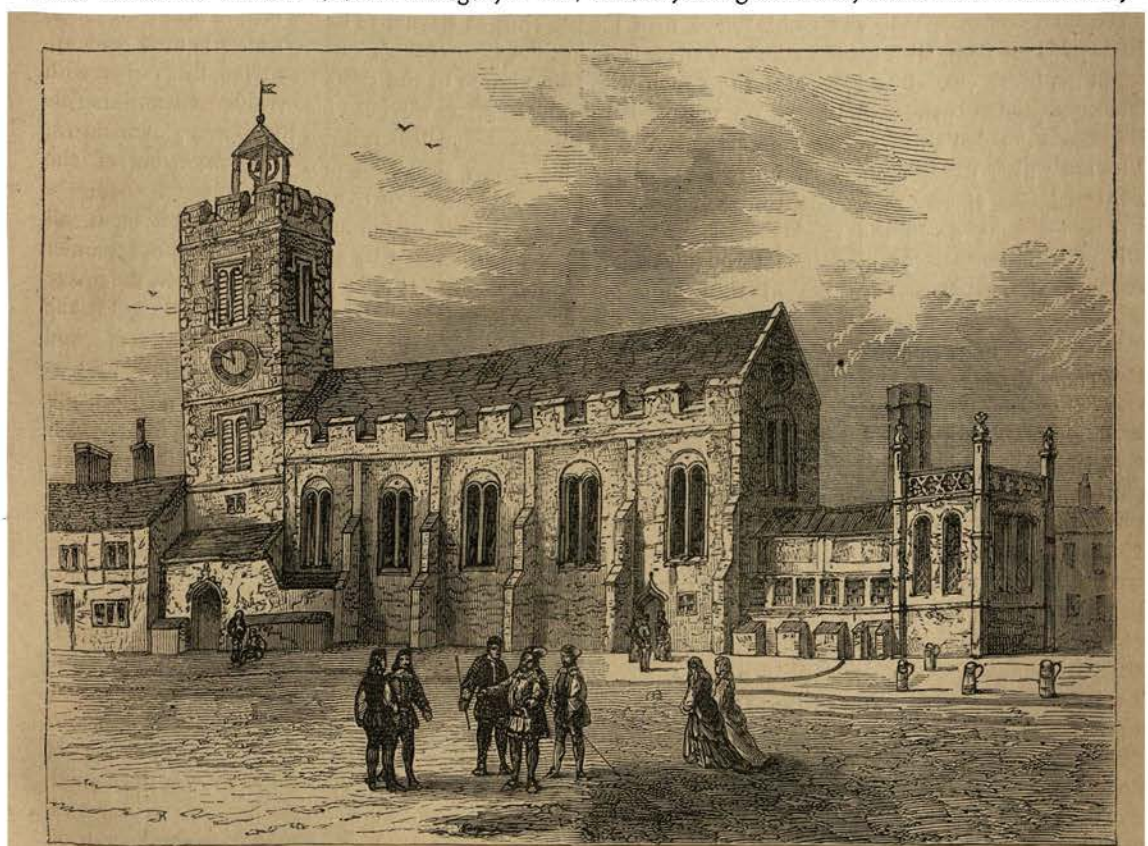
Fitz-Walter dying, and being buried at Dunmow, the scene of his joys and sorrows, was succeeded by his son Walter, who was summoned to Chester in the forty-third year of Henry III., to repel the fierce and half-savage Welsh from the English frontier. After Walter's death the barony of Baynard was in the wardship of Henry III. during the minority of Robert Fitz-Walter, who in 1303 claimed his right as castellan and banner-bearer of the City of London before John Blandon, or Blount, Mayor of London. The old formularies on which Fitz-Walter founded his claims are quoted by Stow from an old record which is singularly quaint and picturesque. The chief clauses run thus:—

"The said Robert and his heirs are and ought to be chief bannerets of London in fee, for the chastiliary which he and his ancestors had by Castle Baynard in the said city. In time of war the said Robert and his heirs ought to serve the city in manner as followeth—that is, the said Robert ought to come, he being the twentieth man of arms, on horseback, covered with cloth or armour, unto the great west door of St. Paul's, with his banner displayed before him, and when he is so come, mounted and apparelled, the mayor, with his aldermen and sheriffs armed with their arms, shall come out of the said church with a banner in his hand, all on foot, which banner shall be gules, the image of St. Paul gold, the face, hands, feet, and sword of silver; and as soon as the earl seeth the mayor come on foot out of the church, bearing such a banner, he shall alight from his horse and salute the mayor, saying unto him, 'Sir mayor, I am come to do my service which I owe to the city.' And the mayor and aldermen shall reply, 'We give to you as our banneret of fee in this city the banner of this city, to bear and govern, to the honour of this city to your power;' and the earl, taking the banner in his hands, shall go on foot out of the gate; and the mayor and his company following to the door, shall bring a horse to the said Robert, value twenty pounds, which horse shall be saddled with a saddle of the arms of the said earl, and shall be covered with sindals of the said arms. Also, they shall present him a purse of twenty pounds, delivering it to his chamberlain, for his charges that day."

The record goes on to say that when Robert is mounted on his £20 horse, banner in hand, he shall require the mayor to appoint a City Marshal (we have all seen him with his cocked hat and subdued

commander-in-chief manner), "and the commons shall then assemble under the banner of St. Paul, Robert bearing the banner to Aldgate, and then delivering it up to some fit person. And if the army have to go out of the city, Robert shall choose two sage persons out of every ward to keep the city in the absence of the army." And these guardians were to be chosen in the priory of the Trinity, near Aldgate. And for every town or castle which the Lord of London besieged, if the siege continued a whole year, the said Robert was to receive for every siege, of the commonalty, one hundred shillings and no more. These were Robert Fitz-Walter's rights in times of war; in times of peace his rights were also clearly defined. His sok or ward in the City began at a wall of St. Paul's canonry, which led down by the brewhouse of St. Paul's to the river Thames, and so to the side of a wall, which was in the water coming down from Fleet Bridge. The ward went on by London Wall, behind the house of the Black Friars, to Ludgate, and it included all the parish of St. Andrew. Any of his sokemen indicted at the Guildhall of any offence not touching the body of the mayor or sheriff, was to be tried in the court of the said Robert.

"If any, therefore, be taken in his sokemanry, he must have his stocks and imprisonment in his soken, and he shall be brought before the mayor and judgment given him, but it must not be published till he come into the court of the said earl, and in his liberty; and if he have deserved death by treason, he is to be tied to a post in the Thames, at a good wharf, where boats are fastened, two ebbings and two flowings of the water (!) And if he be condemned for a common theft, he ought to be led to the elms, and there suffer his judgment as other thieves. And so the said earl hath honour, that he holdeth a great franchise within the city, that the mayor must do him right; and when he holdeth a great council, he ought to call the said Robert, who should be sworn thereof, against all people, saving the king and his heirs. And when he cometh to the hustings at Guildhall, the mayor ought to rise against him, and sit down near him, so long as he remaineth, all judgments being given by his mouth, according to the records of the said Guildhall; and the waifes that come while he



THE CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL AD BLADUM (*see page* 280).

stayeth, he ought to give them to the town bailiff, or to whom he will, by the counsel of the mayor."

This old record seems to us especially quaint and picturesque. The right of banner-bearer to the City of London was evidently a privilege not to be despised by even the proudest Norman baron, however numerous were his men-at-arms, however thick the forest of lances that followed at his back. At the gates of many a refractory Essex or Hertfordshire castle, no doubt, the Fitz-Walters flaunted that great banner, that was emblazoned with the image of St. Paul, with golden face and silver feet; and the horse valued at £20, and the pouch with twenty golden pieces, must by no means have lessened the zeal and pride of the City castellan as he led on his trusty archers, or urged forward the half-stripped, sinewy men, who toiled at the catapult, or bent down the mighty springs of the terrible mangonel. Many a time through Aldgate must the castellan have passed with glittering armour and flaunting plume, eager to earn his hundred shillings by the siege of a rebellious town.

Then Robert was knighted by Edward I., and the family continued in high honour and reputation through many troubles and public calamities. In the reign of Henry VI., when the male branch died out, Anne, the heiress, married into the Ratcliffe family, who revived the title of Fitz-Walter.

It is not known how this castle came to the Crown, but certain it is that on its being consumed by fire in 1428 (Henry VI.), it was rebuilt by Humphrey, the good duke of Gloucester. On his death it was made a royal residence by Henry VI., and by him granted to the Duke of York, his luckless rival, who lodged here with his factious retainers during the lulls in the wars of York and Lancaster. In the year 1460, the Earl of March, lodging in Castle Baynard, was informed that his army and the Earl of Warwick had declared that Henry VI. was no longer worthy to reign, and had chosen him for their king. The earl coquetted, as usurpers often do, with these offers of the crown, declaring his insufficiency for so great a charge, till yielding to the exhortations of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Exeter, he at last consented. On the next day he went to St. Paul's in procession, to hear the *Te Deum*, and was then conveyed in state to Westminster, and there, in the Hall, invested with the sceptre by the confessor.

At Baynard's Castle, too, that cruel usurper, Richard III., practised the same arts as his predecessor. Shakespeare, who has darkened Richard almost to caricature, has left him the greatest wretch existing in fiction. At Baynard's Castle our great poet makes Richard receive his accomplice Buckingham, who had come from the Guildhall with the Lord Mayor and aldermen to press him to accept the crown; Richard is found by the credulous citizens with a book of prayer in his hand, standing between two bishops. This man, who was already planning the murder of Hastings and the two princes in the Tower, affected religious scruples, and with well-feigned reluctance accepted "the golden yoke of sovereignty."

Thus at Baynard's Castle begins that darker part of the Crookback's career, which led on by crime after crime to the desperate struggle at Bosworth, when, after slaying his rival's standard-bearer, Richard was beaten down by swords and axes, and his crown struck off into a hawthorn bush. The defaced corpse of the usurper, stripped and gory, was, as the old chroniclers tell us, thrown over a horse and carried by a faithful herald to be buried at Leicester. It is in vain that modern writers try to prove that Richard was gentle and accomplished, that this murder attributed to him was profitless and impossible; his name will still remain in history blackened and accursed by charges that the great poet has turned into truth, and which, indeed, are difficult to refute. That Richard might have become a great, and wise, and powerful king, is possible; but that he hesitated to commit crimes to clear his way to the throne, which had so long been struggled for by the Houses of York and Lancaster, truth forbids us for a moment to doubt. He seems to have been one of those dark, wily natures that do not trust even their most intimate accomplices, and to have worked in such darkness that only the angels know what blows he struck, or what murders he planned. One thing is certain, that Henry, Clarence, Hastings, and the princes died in terribly quick succession, and at most convenient moments.

Henry VIII. expended large sums in turning Baynard's Castle from a fortress into a palace. He frequently lodged there in burly majesty, and entertained there the King of Castile, who was driven to England by a tempest. The castle then became the property of the Pembroke family, and here, in July, 1553, the council was held in which it was resolved to proclaim Mary Queen of England, which was at once done at the Cheapside Cross by sound of trumpet.

Queen Elizabeth, who delighted to honour her special favourites, once supped at Baynard's Castle with the earl, and afterwards went on the river to show herself to her loyal subjects. It is particularly mentioned that the queen returned to her palace at ten o'clock.

The Earls of Shrewsbury afterwards occupied the castle, and resided there till it was burnt in the Great Fire. On its site stand the Carron works and the wharf of the Castle Baynard Copper Company.

Adjoining Baynard's Castle once stood a tower built by King Edward II., and bestowed by him on William de Ross, for a rose yearly, paid in lieu of all other services. The tower was in later times called "the Legates' Tower." Westward of this stood Montfichet Castle, and eastward of Baynard's Castle the Tower Royal and the Tower of London, so that the Thames was well guarded from Ludgate to the citadel. All round this neighbourhood, in the Middle Ages, great families clustered. There was Beaumont Inn, near Paul's Wharf, which, on the attainder of Lord Bardolf, Edward IV. bestowed on his favourite, Lord Hastings, whose death Richard III. (as we have seen) planned at his very door. It was afterwards Huntingdon House. Near Trigg Stairs the Abbot of Chertsey had a mansion, afterwards the residence of Lord Sandys. West of Paul's Wharf (Henry VI.) was Scroope's Inn, and near that a house belonging to the Abbey of Fescamp, given by Edward III. to Sir Thomas Burley. In Carter Lane was the mansion of the Priors of Okeborne, in Wiltshire, and not far from the present Puddle Dock was the great mansion of the Lords of Berkley, where, in the reign of Henry VI., the king-making Earl of Warwick kept tremendous state, with a thousand swords ready to fly out if he even raised a finger.

And now, leaving barons, usurpers, and plotters, we come to the Dean's Court archway of Doctors' Commons, the portal guarded by ambiguous touters for licences, men in white aprons, who look half like confectioners, and half like disbanded watermen. Here is the college of Doctors of Law, provided for the ecclesiastical lawyers in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign by Master Henry Harvey, Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, Prebendary of Ely, and Dean of the Arches; according to Sir George Howes, "a reverend, learned, and good man." The house had been inhabited by Lord Mountjoy, and Dr. Harvey obtained a lease of it for one hundred years of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, for the annual rent of five marks. Before this the civilians and canonists had lodged in a small inconvenient house in Paternoster Row, afterwards the "Queen's Head Tavern." Cardinal Wolsey, always magnificent in his schemes, had planned a "fair college of stone" for the ecclesiastical lawyers, the plan of which Sir Robert Cotton possessed. In this college, in 1631, says Buc, the Master of the Revels, lived in commons with the Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, being a doctor of civil law, the Dean of the Arches, the Judges of the Court of Delegates, the Vicar-General, and the Master or Custos of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

Doctors' Commons, says Strype, "consists of five courts—three appertaining to the see of Canterbury, one to the see of London, and one to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralties." The functions of these several courts he thus defines:—

"Here are the courts kept for the practice of civil or ecclesiastical causes. Several offices are also here kept; as the Registrary of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Registrary of the Bishop of London.

"The causes whereof the civil and ecclesiastical law take cognisance are those that follow, as they are enumerated in the 'Present State of England:'—Blasphemy, apostacy from Christianity, heresy, schism, ordinations, institutions of clerks to benefices, celebration of Divine service, matrimony, divorces, bastardy, tythes, oblations, obventions, mortuaries, dilapidations, reparation of churches, probate of wills, administrations, simony, incests, fornications, adulteries, solicitation of chastity; pensions, procurations, commutation of penance, right of pews, and other such like, reducible to those matters.

"The courts belonging to the civil and ecclesiastical laws are divers.

"First, the Court of *Arches*, which is the highest court belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was a court formerly kept in Bow Church in Cheapside; and the church and tower thereof being arched, the court was from thence called *The Arches*, and so still is called. Hither are all appeals directed in ecclesiastical matters within the province of Canterbury. To this court belongs a judge who is called *The Dean of the Arches*, so styled because he hath a jurisdiction over a deanery in London, consisting of thirteen parishes exempt from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London. This court hath (besides this judge) a registrar or examiner, an actuary, a beadle or crier, and an apparitor; besides advocates and procurators or proctors. These, after they be once admitted by warrant and commission directed from the Archbishop, and by the Dean of the Arches, may then (and not before) exercise as advocates and proctors there, and in any other courts.

"Secondly, the Court of *Audience*. This was a court likewise of the Archbishop's, which he used to hold in his own house, where he received causes, complaints, and appeals, and had learned civilians

living with him, that were auditors of the said causes before the Archbishop gave sentence. This court was kept in later times in St. Paul's. The judge belonging to this court was stiled '*Causarum*, negotiorumque Cantuarien, auditor officialis.' It had also other officers, as the other courts.

"Thirdly, the next court for civil causes belonging to the Archbishop is the *Prerogative* Court, wherein wills and testaments are proved, and all administrations taken, which belongs to the Archbishop by his prerogative, that is, by a special pre-eminence that this see hath in certain causes above ordinary bishops within his province; this takes place where the deceased hath goods to the value of £5 out of the diocese, and being of the diocese of London, to the value of £10. If any contention grow, touching any such wills or administrations, the causes are debated and decided in this court.

"Fourthly, the Court of *Faculties and Dispensations*, whereby a privilege or special power is granted to a person by favour and indulgence to do that which by law otherwise he could not: as, to marry, without banns first asked in the church three several Sundays or holy days; the son to succeed his father in his benefice; for one to have two or more benefices incompatible; for non-residence, and in other such like cases.

"Fifthly, the Court of *Admiralty*, which was erected in the reign of Edward III. This court belongs to the Lord High Admiral of England, a high officer that hath the government of the king's navy, and the hearing of all causes relating to merchants and mariners. He takes cognisance of the death or mayhem of any man committed in the great ships riding in great rivers, beneath the bridges of the same next the sea. Also he hath power to arrest ships in great streams for the use of the king, or his wars. And in these things this court is concerned.

"To these I will add the Court of *Delegates;* to which high court appeals do lie from any of the former courts. This is the highest court for civil causes. It was established by an Act in the 25th Henry VIII., cap. 19, wherein it was enacted, 'That it should be lawful, for lack of justice at or in any of the Archbishop's courts, for the parties grieved to appeal to the King's Majesty in his Court of Chancery; and that, upon any such appeal, a commission under the Great Seal should be directed to such persons as should be named by the king's highness (like as in case of appeal from the Admiralty Court), to determine such appeals, and the cases concerning the same. And no further appeals to be had or made from the said commissioners for the same.' These commissioners are appointed judges only for that turn; and they are commonly of the spiritualty, or bishops; of the common law, as judges of Westminster Hall; as well as those of the civil law. And these are mixed one with another, according to the nature of the cause.

"Lastly, sometimes a Commission of *Review* is granted by the king under the Broad Seal, to consider and judge again what was decreed in the Court of Delegates. But this is but seldom, and upon great, and such as shall be judged just, causes by the Lord Keeper or High Chancellor. And this done purely by the king's prerogative, since by the Act for Delegates no further appeals were to be laid or made from those commissioners, as was mentioned before."

The Act 20 & 21 Vict., cap. 77, called "The Court of Probate Act, 1857," received the royal assent on the 25th of August, 1857. This is the great act which established the Court of Probate, and abolished the jurisdiction of the courts ecclesiastical.

The following, says Mr. Forster, are some of the benefits resulting from the reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts:—

That reform has reduced the depositaries for wills in this country from nearly 400 to 40.

It has brought complicated testamentary proceedings into a system governed by one vigilant court.

It has relieved the public anxiety respecting "the doom of English wills" by placing them in the custody of responsible men.

It has thrown open the courts of law to the entire legal profession.

It has given the public the right to prove wills or obtain letters of administration without professional assistance.

It has given to literary men an interesting field for research.

It has provided that which ancient Rome is said to have possessed, but which London did not possess—viz., a place of deposit for the wills of living persons.

It has extended the English favourite mode of trial—viz., trial by jury—by admitting jurors to try the validity of wills and questions of divorce.

It has made divorce not a matter of wealth but of justice: the wealthy and the poor alike now only require a clear case and "no collusion."

It has enabled the humblest wife to obtain a "protection order" for her property against an unprincipled husband.

It has afforded persons wanting to establish legitimacy, the validity of marriages, and the right to be deemed natural born subjects, the means of so doing.

Amongst its minor benefits it has enabled persons needing copies of wills which have been proved since January, 1858, in any part of the country, to obtain them from the principal registry of the Court of Probate in Doctors' Commons.

Sir Cresswell Cresswell was appointed Judge of the Probate Court at its commencement. He was likewise the first Judge of the Divorce Court.

The College property—the freehold portion, subject to a yearly rent-charge of £105, and to an

annual payment of 5s. 4d., both payable to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's—was put up for sale by auction, in one lot, on November 28, 1862. The place has now been demolished, and the materials have been sold, the site being required in forming the new thoroughfare from Earl Street, Blackfriars, to the Mansion House; the roadway passes directly through the College garden.

Chaucer, in his "Canterbury Tales," gives an unfavourable picture of the old sompnour (or apparitor to the Ecclesiastical Court) :—

> "A sompnour was ther with us in that place,
> Thad hadde a fire-red cherubimes face;
> For sauseſleme he was, with eyen narwe.
> As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
> With scalled browes blake, and pilled berd;
> Of his visage children were sore aferd.
> Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
> Boras, ceruse, ne oile of Tartre non,
> Ne oinement that wolde clense or bite,
> That him might helpen of his whelkes white,
> Ne of the nobbes sitting on his chekes.
> Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
> And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.
> Than wold he speke, and crie as he were wood.
> And when that he wel dronken had the win,
> Than wold he speken no word but Latin.
> A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
> That he had lerned out of some decree;
> No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
> And eke ye knowen wel, how that a jay
> Can clepen watte, as well as can the pope.
> But who so wolde in other thing him grope,
> Than hadde he spent all his philosophie,
> Ay, *Questio quid juris* wold he crie."

In 1585 there were but sixteen or seventeen doctors; in 1694 that swarm had increased to forty-four. In 1595 there were but five proctors; in 1694 there were forty-three. Yet even in Henry VIII.'s time the proctors were complained of, for being so numerous and clamorous that neither judges nor advocates could be heard. Cranmer, to remedy this evil, attempted to gradually reduce the number to ten, which was petitioned against as insufficient and tending to "delays and prolix suits."

"Doctors' Commons," says Defoe, "was a name very well known in Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, because all ships that were taken during the last wars, belonging to those nations, on suspicion of trading with France, were brought to trial here; which occasioned that sarcastic saying abroad that we have often heard in conversation, that England was a fine country, but a man called Doctors' Commons was a devil, for there was no getting out of his clutches, let one's cause be never so good, without paying a great deal of money."

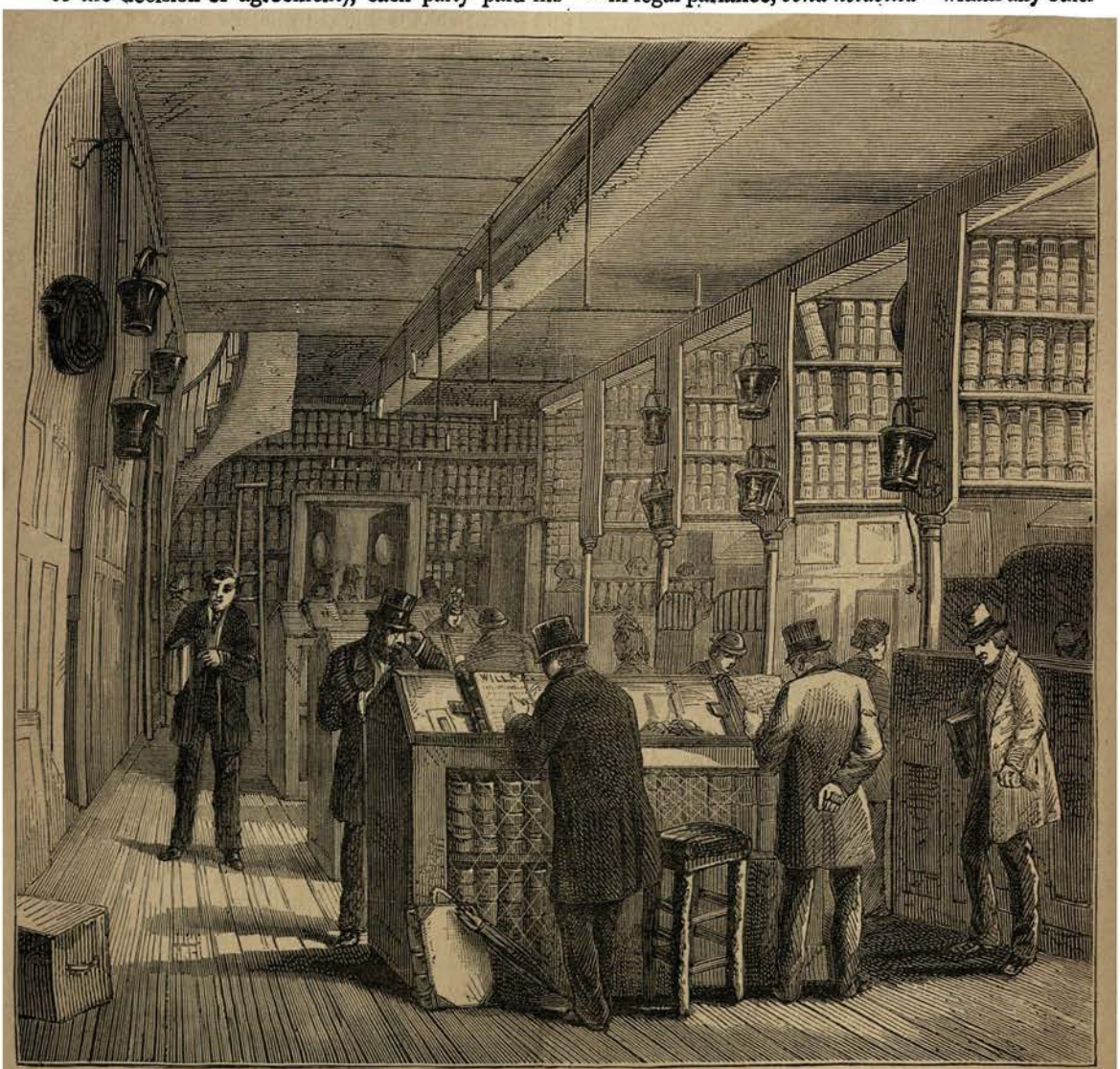
A writer in Knight's "London" (1843) gives a pleasant sketch of the Court of Arches in that year. The Common Hall, where the Court of Arches, the Prerogative Court, the Consistory Court, and the Admiralty Court all held their sittings, was a comfortable place, with dark polished wainscoting reaching high up the walls, while above hung the richly emblazoned arms of learned doctors dead and gone; the fire burned cheerily in the central stove. The dresses of the unengaged advocates in scarlet and ermine, and of the proctors in ermine and black, were picturesque. The opposing advocates sat in high galleries, and the absence of prisoner's dock and jury-box—nay, even of a public—impressed the stranger with a sense of agreeable novelty.

Apropos of the Court of Arches once held in Bow Church. "The Commissary Court of Surrey," says Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Book about the Clergy," "still holds sittings in the Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark; and any of my London readers, who are at the small pains to visit that noble church during a sitting of the Commissary's Court, may ascertain for himself that, notwithstanding our reverence for consecrated places, we can still use them as chambers of justice. The court, of course, is a spiritual court, but the great, perhaps the greater, part of the business transacted at its sittings is of an essentially secular kind."

The nature of the business in the Court of Arches may be best shown by the brief summary given in the report for three years—1827, 1828, and 1829. There were 21 matrimonial cases; 1 of defamation; 4 of brawling; 5 church-smiting; 1 church-rate; 1 legacy; 1 tithes; 4 correction. Of these 17 were appeals from the courts, and 21 original suits.

The cases in the Court of Arches were often very trivial. "There was a case," says Dr. Nicholls, "in which the cause had originally commenced in the Archdeacon's Court at Totnes, and thence there had been an appeal to the Court at Exeter, thence to the Arches, and thence to the Delegates; after all, the issue having been simply, which of two persons had the right of hanging his hat on a particular peg." The other is of a sadder cast, and calculated to arouse a just indignation. Our authority is Mr. T. W. Sweet (Report on Eccles. Courts), who states: "In one instance, many years since, a suit was instituted which I thought produced a great deal of inconvenience and distress. It was the case of a person of the name of Russell, whose wife was supposed to have had her character impugned at Yarmouth by a Mr. Bentham. He had no remedy at law for the attack upon the lady's character, and a suit for defamation was insti-

tuted in the Commons. It was supposed the suit would be attended with very little expense, but I believe in the end it greatly contributed to ruin the party who instituted it; I think he said his proctor's bill would be £700. It went through several courts, and ultimately, I believe (according to the decision or agreement), each party paid his own costs." It appears from the evidence subsequently given by the proctor, that he very humanely declined pressing him for payment, and never was paid; and yet the case, through the continued anxiety and loss of time incurred for six or seven years (for the suit lasted that time), mainly contributed, it appears, to the party's ruin.



THE PREROGATIVE OFFICE, DOCTORS' COMMONS.

As the law once stood, says a writer in Knight's "London," if a person died possessed of property lying entirely within the diocese where he died, probate or proof of the will is made, or administration taken out, before the bishop or ordinary of that diocese; but if there were goods and chattels only to the amount of £5 (except in the diocese of London, where the amount is £10) —in legal parlance, *bona notabilia*—within any other diocese, and which is generally the case, then the jurisdiction lies in the Prerogative Court of the Archbishop of the province—that is, either at York or at Doctors' Commons; the latter, we need hardly say, being the Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The two Prerogative Courts therefore engross the great proportion of the business of this kind through the country, for although the Ecclesiastical Courts have no power over the bequests of or suc-

cession to unmixed real property, if such were left, cases of that nature seldom or never occur. And, as between the two provinces, not only is that of Canterbury much more important and extensive, but since the introduction of the funding system, and the extensive diffusion of such property, nearly all wills of importance belonging even to the Province of York are also proved in Doctors' Commons, on account of the rule of the Bank of England to

ST. PAUL'S AND NEIGHBOURHOOD. (*From Aggas' Plan*, 1563.)

acknowledge no probate of wills but from thence. To this cause, amongst others, may be attributed the striking fact that the business of this court between the three years ending with 1789, and the three years ending with 1829, had been doubled. Of the vast number of persons affected, or at least interested in this business, we see not only from the crowded rooms, but also from the statement given in the report of the select committee on the Admiralty and other Courts of Doctors' Commons in 1833, where it appears that in one year (1829) the number of searches amounted to 30,000. In the same year extracts were taken from wills in 6,414 cases.

On the south side is the entry to the Prerogative Court, and at No. 10 the Faculty Office. They have no marriage licences at the Faculty Office of an earlier date than October, 1632, and up to 1695 they are only imperfectly preserved. There is a MS. index to the licences prior to 1695, for which the charge for a search is 4s. 6d. Since 1695 the licences have been regularly kept, and the fee for searching is a shilling.

The great Admiralty judge of the early part of this century was Dr. Johnson's friend, Lord Stowell, the brother of Lord Eldon.

According to Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, Lord Stowell's decisions during the war have since formed a code of international law, almost universally recognised. In one year alone (1806) he pronounced 2,206 decrees. Lord Stowell (then Dr. Scott) was made Advocate-General in Doctors' Commons in 1788, and Vicar-General or official principal for the

Archbishop of Canterbury. Soon after he became Master of the Faculties, and in 1798 was nominated Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, the highest dignity of the Doctors' Commons Courts. During the great French war, it is said Dr. Scott sometimes received as much as £1,000 a case for fees and perquisites in a prize cause. He left at his death personal property exceeding £200,000. He used to say that he admired above all other investments "the sweet simplicity of the Three per Cents.," and when purchasing estate after estate, observed "he liked plenty of elbow-room."

"It was," says Warton, "by visiting Sir Robert Chambers, when a fellow of University, that Johnson became acquainted with Lord Stowell; and when Chambers went to India, Lord Stowell, as he expressed it to me, seemed to succeed to his place in Johnson's friendship."

"Sir William Scott (Lord Stowell)," says Boswell, "told me that when he complained of a headache in the post-chaise, as they were travelling together to Scotland, Johnson treated him in a rough manner —'At your age, sir, I had no headache.'

"Mr. Scott's amiable manners and attachment to our Socrates," says Boswell in Edinburgh, "at once united me to him. He told me that before I came in the doctor had unluckily had a bad specimen of Scottish cleanliness. He then drank no fermented liquor. He asked to have his lemonade made sweeter; upon which the waiter, with his greasy fingers, lifted a lump of sugar and put it into it. The doctor, in indignation, threw it out. Scott said he was afraid he would have knocked the waiter down."

Again Boswell says :—"We dined together with Mr. Scott, now Sir William Scott, his Majesty's Advocate-General, at his chambers in the Temple —nobody else there. The company being so small, Johnson was not in such high spirits as he had been the preceding day, and for a considerable time little was said. At last he burst forth—'Subordination is sadly broken down in this age. No man, now, has the same authority which his father had—except a gaoler. No master has it over his servants; it is diminished in our colleges; nay, in our grammar schools.'"

"Sir William Scott informs me that on the death of the late Lord Lichfield, who was Chancellor of the University of Oxford, he said to Johnson, 'What a pity it is, sir, that you did not follow the profession of the law! You might have been Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and attained to the dignity of the peerage; and now that the title of Lichfield, your native city, is extinct, you might have had it.' Johnson upon this seemed much agitated, and in an angry tone exclaimed, 'Why will you vex me by suggesting this when it is too late?'"

The strange marriage of Lord Stowell and the Marchioness of Sligo has been excellently described by Mr. Jeaffreson in his "Book of Lawyers."

"On April 10, 1813," says our author, "the decorous Sir William Scott, and Louisa Catherine, widow of John, Marquis of Sligo, and daughter of Admiral Lord Howe, were united in the bonds of holy wedlock, to the infinite amusement of the world of fashion, and to the speedy humiliation of the bridegroom. So incensed was Lord Eldon at his brother's folly that he refused to appear at the wedding; and certainly the chancellor's displeasure was not without reason, for the notorious absurdity of the affair brought ridicule on the whole of the Scott family connection. The happy couple met for the first time in the Old Bailey, when Sir William Scott and Lord Ellenborough presided at the trial of the marchioness's son, the young Marquis of Sligo, who had incurred the anger of the law by luring into his yacht, in Mediterranean waters, two of the king's seamen. Throughout the hearing of that *cause célèbre*, the Marchioness sat in the fetid court of the Old Bailey, in the hope that her presence might rouse amongst the jury or in the bench feelings favourable to her son. This hope was disappointed. The verdict having been given against the young peer, he was ordered to pay a fine of £5,000, and undergo four months' incarceration in Newgate, and—worse than fine and imprisonment — was compelled to listen to a parental address, from Sir William Scott, on the duties and responsibilities of men of high station. Either under the influence of sincere admiration for the judge, or impelled by desire of vengeance on the man who had presumed to lecture her son in a court of justice, the marchioness wrote a few hasty words of thanks to Sir William Scott, for his salutary exhortation to her boy. She even went so far as to say that she wished the erring marquis could always have so wise a counsellor at his side. This communication was made upon a slip of paper, which the writer sent to the judge by an usher of the court. Sir William read the note as he sat on the bench, and having looked towards the fair scribe, he received from her a glance and a smile that were fruitful of much misery to him. Within four months the courteous Sir William Scott was tied fast to a beautiful, shrill, voluble termagant, who exercised marvellous ingenuity in rendering him wretched and contemptible. Reared in a stately school of old-world politeness, the unhappy man was a model of decorum and urbanity. He took

reasonable pride in the perfection of his tone and manner, and the marchioness—whose malice did not lack cleverness—was never more happy than when she was gravely expostulating with him, in the presence of numerous auditors, on his lamentable want of style and gentlemanlike bearing. It is said that, like Coke and Holt under similar circumstances, Sir William preferred the quietude of his chambers to the society of an unruly wife, and that in the cellar of his inn he sought compensation for the indignities and sufferings which he endured at home."

"Sir William Scott," says Mr. Surtees, then "removed from Doctors' Commons to his wife's house in Grafton Street, and, ever economical in his domestic expenses, brought with him his own door-plate, and placed it under the pre-existing plate of Lady Sligo, instead of getting a new door-plate for them both. Immediately after the marriage, Mr. Jekyll, so well known in the earliest part of this century for his puns and humour, happening to observe the position of these plates, condoled with Sir William on having to 'knock under.' There was too much truth in the joke for it to be inwardly relished, and Sir William ordered the plates to be transposed. A few weeks later Jekyll accompanied his friend Scott as far as the door, when the latter observed, 'You see I don't knock under now.' 'Not now,' was the answer received by the antiquated bridegroom; '*now* you knock up.'"

There is a good story current of Lord Stowell in Newcastle, that, when advanced in age and rank, he visited the school of his boyhood. An old woman, whose business was to clean out and keep the key of the school-room, conducted him. She knew the name and station of the personage whom she accompanied. She naturally expected some recompense—half-a-crown perhaps—perhaps, since he was so great a man, five shillings. But he lingered over the books, and asked a thousand questions about the fate of his old school-fellows; and as he talked her expectation rose—half-a-guinea—a guinea—nay, possibly (since she had been so long connected with the school in which the great man took so deep an interest) some little annuity! He wished her good-bye kindly, called her a good woman, and slipped a piece of money into her hand—it was a sixpence!

"Lord Stowell," says Mr. Surtees, "was a great eater. As Lord Eldon had for his favourite dish liver and bacon, so his brother had a favourite quite as homely, with which his intimate friends, when he dined with them, would treat him. It was a rich pie, compounded of beef steaks and layers of oysters. Yet the feats which Lord Stowell performed with the knife and fork were eclipsed by those which he would afterwards display with the bottle, and two bottles of port formed with him no uncommon potation. By wine, however, he was never, in advanced life at any rate, seen to be affected. His mode of living suited and improved his constitution, and his strength long increased with his years.

At the western end of Holborn there was a room generally let for exhibitions. At the entrance Lord Stowell presented himself, eager to see the "green monster serpent," which had lately issued cards of invitation to the public. As he was pulling out his purse to pay for his admission, a sharp but honest north-country lad, whose business it was to take the money, recognised him as an old customer, and, knowing his name, thus addressed him: "We can't take your shilling, my lord; 'tis t' old serpent, which you have seen six times before, in other colours; but ye can go in and see her." He entered, saved his money, and enjoyed his seventh visit to the "real original old sea-sarpint."

Of Lord Stowell it has been said by Lord Brougham that "his vast superiority was apparent when, as from an eminence, he was called to survey the whole field of dispute, and to unravel the variegated facts, disentangle the intricate mazes, and array the conflicting reasons, which were calculated to distract or suspend men's judgment." And Brougham adds that "if ever the praise of being luminous could be bestowed upon human compositions, it was upon his."

It would be impossible with the space at our command to give anything like a tithe of the good stories of this celebrated judge. We must pass on to other famous men who have sat on the judicial bench in Doctors' Commons.

Of Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, one of the great ecclesiastical judges of modern times, Mr. Jeaffreson tells a good story:—

"In old Sir Herbert's later days it was no mere pleasantry, or bold figure of speech, to say that the court had risen, for he used to be lifted from his chair and carried bodily from the chamber of justice by two brawny footmen. Of course, as soon as the judge was about to be elevated by his bearers, the bar rose; and, also as a matter of course, the bar continued to stand until the strong porters had conveyed their weighty and venerable burden along the platform behind one of the rows of advocates and out of sight. As the trio worked their laborious way along the platform, there seemed to be some danger that they might blunder and fall through one of the windows into the space behind the court; and at a time when Sir Herbert and

Dr. —— were at open variance, that waspish advocate had, on one occasion, the bad taste to keep his seat at the rising of the court, and with characteristic malevolence of expression say to the footmen, 'Mind, my men, and take care of that judge of yours; or, by Jove, you'll pitch him out of the window.' It is needless to say that this brutal speech did not raise the speaker in the opinion of the hearers."

Dr. Lushington, recently deceased, aged ninety-one, is another ecclesiastical judge deserving notice. He entered Parliament in 1807, and retired in 1841. He began his political career when the Portland Administration (Perceval, Castlereagh, and Canning) ruled, and was always a steadfast reformer through good and evil report. He was one of the counsel for Queen Caroline, and aided Brougham and Denman in the popular triumph. He worked hard against slavery and for Parliamentary reform, and had not only heard many of Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell's earliest speeches, but also those of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. "Though it seemed," says the *Daily News*, "a little incongruous that questions of faith and ritual in the Church, and those of seizures or accidents at sea, should be adjudicated on by the same person, it was always felt that his decisions were based on ample knowledge of the law and diligent attention to the special circumstances of the individual case. As Dean of Arches he was called to pronounce judgment in some of the most exciting ecclesiastical suits of modern times. When the first prosecutions were directed against the Ritualistic innovators, as they were then called, of St. Barnabas, both sides congratulated themselves that the judgment would be given by so venerable and experienced a judge; and perhaps the dissatisfaction of both sides with the judgment proved its justice. In the prosecution of the Rev. H. B. Wilson and Dr. Rowland Williams, Dr. Lushington again pronounced a judgment which, contrary to popular expectation, was reversed on appeal by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council."

But how can we leave Doctors' Commons without remembering—as we see the touters for licences, who look like half pie-men, half watermen—Sam Weller's inimitable description of the trap into which his father fell?

"Paul's Church-yard, sir," says Sam to Jingle; "a low archway on the carriage-side; bookseller's at one corner, hot-el on the other, and two porters in the middle as touts for licences."

"Touts for licences!" said the gentleman.

"Touts for licences," replied Sam. "Two coves in white aprons, touches their hats when you walk in—'Licence, sir, licence?' Queer sort them, and their mas'rs, too, sir—Old Bailey proctors—and no mistake."

"What do they do?" inquired the gentleman.

"Do! *you*, sir! That ain't the worst on't, neither. They puts things into old gen'lm'n's heads as they never dreamed of. My father, sir, was a coachman, a widower he wos, and fat enough for anything—uncommon fat, to be sure. His missus dies, and leaves him four hundred pound. Down he goes to the Commons to see the lawyer, and draw the blunt—very smart—top-boots on—nosegay in his button-hole—broad-brimmed tile—green shawl—quite the gen'lm'n. Goes through the archway, thinking how he should inwest the money; up comes the touter, touches his hat—'Licence, sir, licence?' 'What's that?' says my father. 'Licence, sir,' says he. 'What licence,' says my father. 'Marriage licence,' says the touter. 'Dash my weskit,' says my father, 'I never thought o' that.' 'I thinks you want one, sir,' says the touter. My father pulls up and thinks a bit. 'No,' says he, 'damme, I'm too old, b'sides I'm a many sizes too large,' says he. 'Not a bit on it, sir,' says the touter. 'Think not?' says my father. 'I'm sure not,' says he; 'we married a gen'lm'n twice your size last Monday.' 'Did you, though?' said my father. 'To be sure we did,' says the touter, 'you're a babby to him—this way, sir—this way!' And sure enough my father walks arter him, like a tame monkey behind a horgan, into a little back office, vere a feller sat among dirty papers, and tin boxes, making believe he was busy. 'Pray take a seat, vile I makes out the affidavit, sir,' says the lawyer. 'Thankee, sir,' says my father, and down he sat, and stared with all his eyes, and his mouth wide open, at the names on the boxes. 'What's your name, sir?' says the lawyer. 'Tony Weller,' says my father. 'Parish?' says the lawyer. 'Belle Savage,' says my father; for he stopped there wen he drove up, and he know'd nothing about parishes, *he* didn't. 'And what's the lady's name?' says the lawyer. My father was struck all of a heap. 'Blessed if I know,' says he. 'Not know!' says the lawyer. 'No more nor you do,' says my father; 'can't I put that in arterwards?' 'Impossible!' says the lawyer. 'Wery well,' says my father, after he'd thought a moment, 'put down Mrs. Clarke.' 'What Clarke?' says the lawyer, dipping his pen in the ink. 'Susan Clarke, Markis o' Granby, Dorking,' says my father; 'she'll have me if I ask, I dessay—I never said nothing to her; but she'll have me, I know.' The licence was made out, and she *did* have him, and what's more she's got him now; and

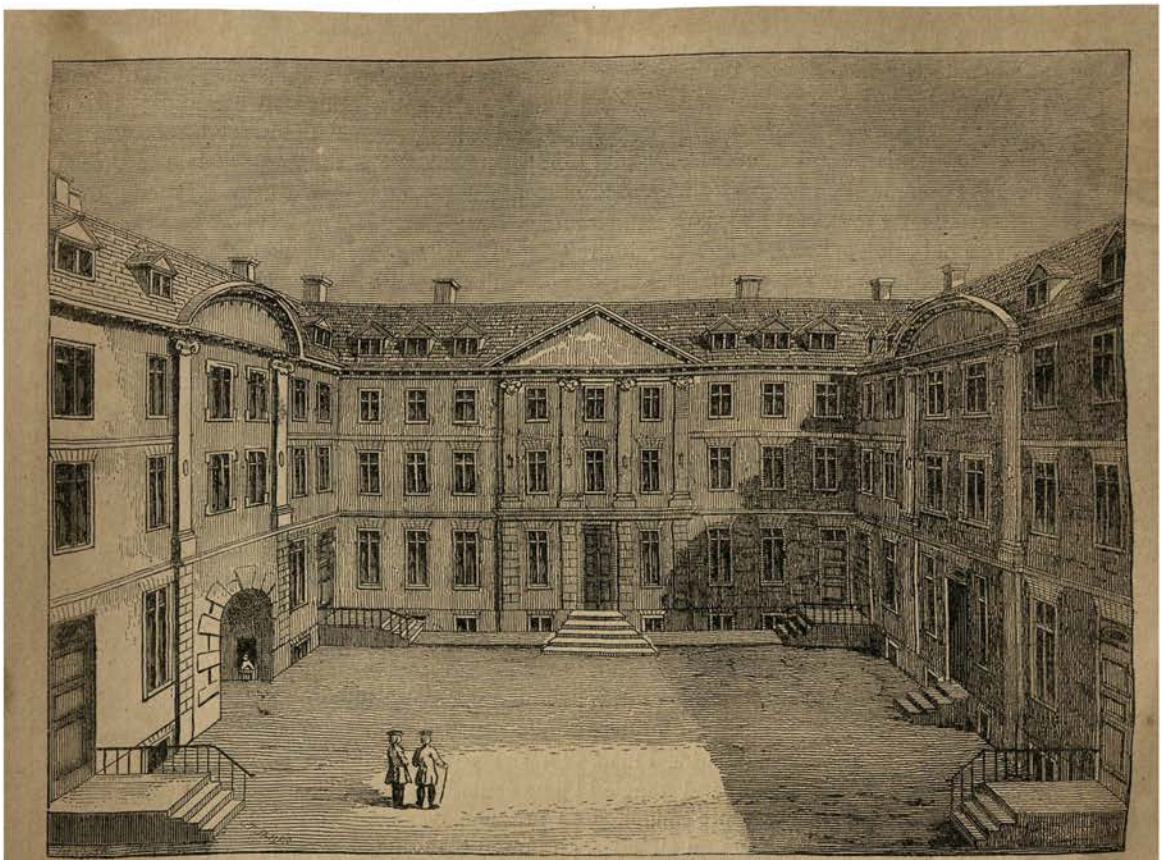
I never had any of the four hundred pound, worse luck. Beg your pardon, sir," said Sam, when he had concluded, "but when I gets on this here grievance, I runs on like a new barrow with the wheel greased.'"

Doctors' Commons is now a ruin. The spider builds where the proctor once wove his sticky web. The college, rebuilt after the Great Fire, is described by Elmes as an old brick building in the Carolean style, the interior consisting of two quadrangles once occupied by the doctors, a hall for the hearing of causes, a spacious library, a refectory, and other useful apartments. In 1867, when Doctors' Commons was deserted by the proctors, a clever London essayist sketched the ruins very graphically, at the time when the Metropolitan Fire Brigade occupied the lawyers' deserted town:—

"A deserted justice-hall, with dirty mouldering walls, broken doors and windows, shattered floor, and crumbling ceiling. The dust and fog of long-forgotten causes lowering everywhere, making the small leaden-framed panes of glass opaque, the dark wainscot grey, coating the dark rafters with a heavy dingy fur, and lading the atmosphere with a close unwholesome smell. Time and neglect have made the once-white ceiling like a huge map, in which black and swollen rivers and tangled mountain ranges are struggling for pre-eminence. Melancholy, decay, and desolation are on all sides. The holy of holies, where the profane vulgar could not tread, but which was sacred to the venerable gowned figures who cozily took it in turns to dispense justice and to plead, is now open to any passer-by. Where the public were permitted to listen is bare and shabby as a well-plucked client. The inner door of long-discoloured baize flaps listlessly on its hinges, and the true law-court little entrance-box it half shuts in is a mere nest for spiders. A large red shaft, with the word 'broken' rudely scrawled on it in chalk, stands where the judgment-seat was formerly; long rows of ugly piping, like so many shiny dirty serpents, occupy the seats of honour round it; staring red vehicles, with odd brass fittings: buckets, helmets, axes, and old uniforms fill up the remainder of the space. A very few years ago this was the snuggest little law-nest in the world; now it is a hospital and store-room for the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. For we are in Doctors' Commons, and lawyers themselves will be startled to learn that the old Arches Court, the old Admiralty Court, the old Prerogative Court, the old Consistory Court, the old harbour for delegates, chancellors, vicars-general, commissaries, prothonotaries, cursitors, seal-keepers, serjeants-at-mace, doctors, deans, apparitors, proctors, and what not, is being applied to such useful purposes now. Let the reader leave the bustle of St. Paul's Churchyard, and, turning under the archway where a noble army of white-aproned touters formerly stood, cross Knightrider Street and enter the Commons. The square itself is a memorial of the mutability of human affairs. Its big sombre houses are closed. The well-known names of the learned doctors who formerly practised in the adjacent courts are still on the doors, but have, in each instance, 'All letters and parcels to be addressed' Belgravia, or to one of the western inns of court, as their accompaniment. The one court in which ecclesiastical, testamentary, and maritime law was tried alternately, and which, as we have seen, is now ending its days shabbily, but usefully, is through the further archway to the left. Here the smack *Henry and Betsy* would bring its action for salvage against the schooner *Mary Jane;* here a favoured gentleman was occasionally 'admitted a proctor exercent by virtue of a rescript;' here, as we learnt with awe, proceedings for divorce were 'carried on in pœnam,' and 'the learned judge, without entering into the facts, declared himself quite satisfied with the evidence, and pronounced for the separation;' and here the Dean of Peculiars settled his differences with the eccentrics who, I presume, were under his charge, and to whom he owed his title."

Such are the changes that take place in our Protean city! Already we have seen a palace in Blackfriars turn into a prison, and the old courts of Fleet Street, once mansions of the rich and great, now filled with struggling poor. The great synagogue in the Old Jewry became a tavern; the palace of the Savoy a barracks. These changes it is our special province to record, as to trace them is our peculiar function.

The Prerogative Will Office contains many last wills and testaments of great interest. There is a will written in short-hand, and one on a bed-post; but what are these to that of Shakspeare, three folio sheets, and his signature to each sheet? Why he left only his best bed to his wife long puzzled the antiquaries, but has since been explained. There is (or rather was, for it has now gone to Paris) the will of Napoleon abusing "the oligarch" Wellington, and leaving 10,000 francs to the French officer Cantello, who was accused of a desire to assassinate the "Iron Duke." There are also the wills of Vandyke the painter, who died close by; Inigo Jones, Ben Jonson's rival in the Court masques of James and Charles; Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Johnson, good old Izaak Walton, and indeed almost everybody who had property in the south.



HERALDS' COLLEGE. (*From an old Print.*)

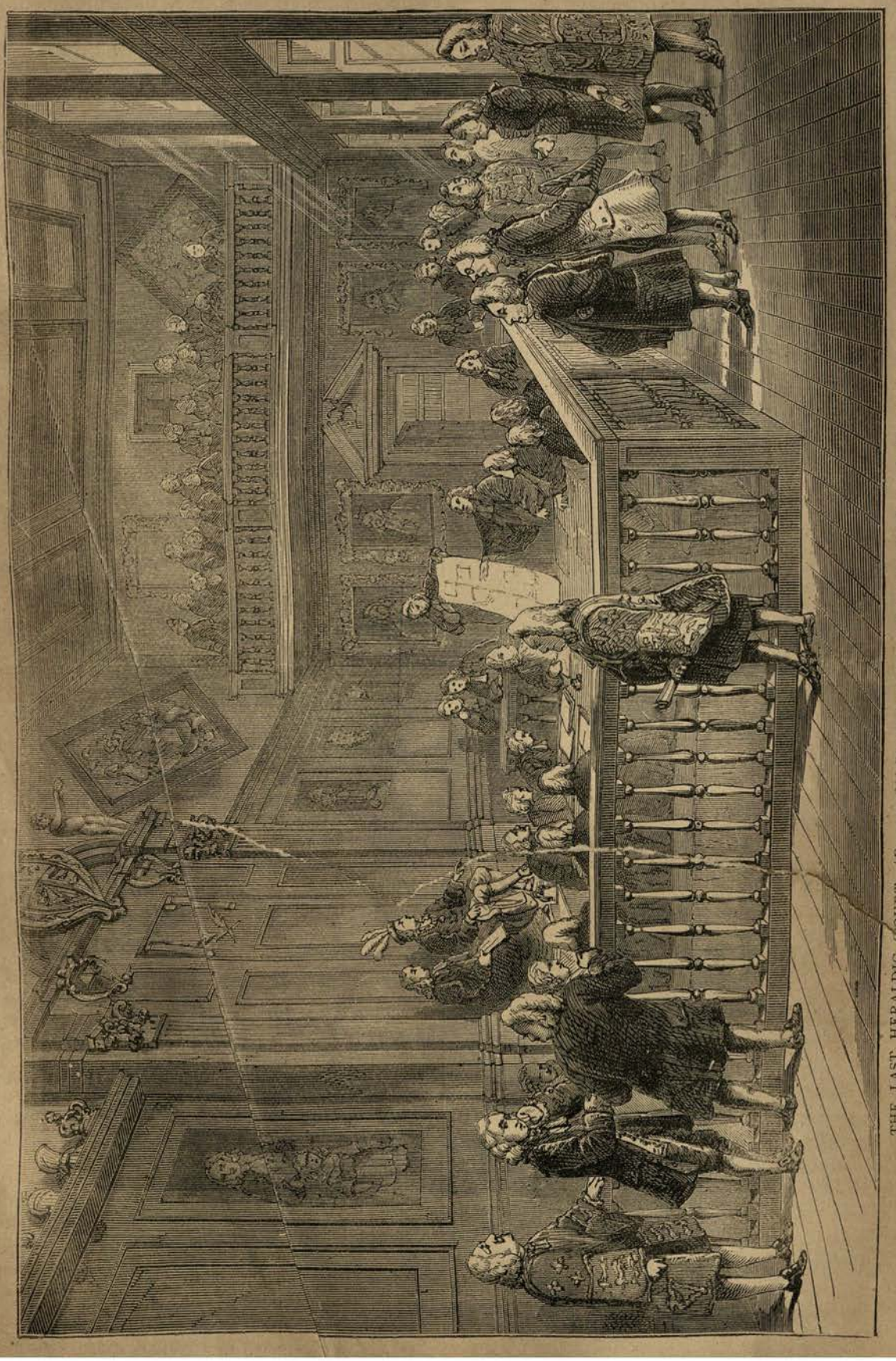
CHAPTER XXV.

HERALDS' COLLEGE.

Early Homes of the Heralds—The Constitution of the Herald's College—Garter King at Arms—Clarencieux and Norroy—The Pursuivants—Duties and Privileges of Heralds—Good, Bad, and Jovial Heralds—A Notable Norroy King at Arms—The Tragic End of Two Famous Heralds—The College of Arms' Library.

TURNING from the black dome of St. Pauls, and the mean archway of Dean's Court, into a region of gorgeous blazonments, we come to that quiet and grave house, like an old nobleman's, that stands aside from the new street from the Embankment, like an aristocrat shrinking from a crowd. The original Heralds' College, Cold Harbour House, founded by Richard II., stood in Poultney Lane, but the heralds were turned out by Henry VII., who gave their mansion to Bishop Tunstal, whom he had driven from Durham Place. The heralds then retired to Ronceval Priory, at Charing Cross (afterwards Northumberland Place). Queen Mary, however, in 1555 gave Gilbert Dethick, Garter King of Arms, and the other heralds and pursuivants, their present college, formerly Derby House, which had belonged to the first Earl of Derby, who married Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother to King Henry VII. The grant specified that there the heralds might dwell together, and "at meet times congregate, speak, confer, and agree among themselves, for the good government of the faculty."

The College of Arms, on the east side of St. Bennet's Hill, was swept before the Great Fire of 1666; but all the records and books, except one or two, were preserved. The estimate for the rebuilding was only £5,000, but the City being drained of money, it was attempted to raise the money by subscription; only £700 was so raised, the rest was paid from office fees, Sir William Dugdale building the north-west corner at his own charge,



THE LAST HERALDIC COURT. (*From an Old Picture in the Heralds' College; the Figures by Rowlandson, Architecture by Wash.*)

and Sir Henry St. George, Clarencieux, giving £530. This handsome and dignified brick building, completed in 1683, is ornamented with Ionic pilasters, that support an angular pediment, and the "hollow arch of the gateway" was formerly considered a curiosity. The central wainscoted hall is where the Courts of Sessions were at one time held; to the left is the library and search-room, round the top of which runs a gallery; on either side are the apartments of the kings, heralds, and pursuivants.

"This corporation," we are told, "consists of thirteen members—viz., three kings at arms, six heralds at arms, and four pursuivants at arms; they are nominated by the Earl Marshal of England, as ministers subordinate to him in the execution of their offices, and hold their places patent during their good behaviour. They are thus distinguished:—

Kings at Arms.	*Heralds.*	*Pursuivants.*
Garter.	Somerset.	Rouge Dragon.
Clarencieux.	Richmond.	Blue Mantle.
Norroy.	Lancaster.	Portcullis.
	Windsor.	Rouge Croix.
	Chester.	
	York.	

"However ancient the offices of heralds may be, we have hardly any memory of their titles or names before Edward III. In his reign military glory and heraldry were in high esteem, and the patents of the King of Arms at this day refer to the reign of King Edward III. The king created the two provincials by the titles of Clarencieux and Norroy; he instituted Windsor and Chester heralds, and Blue Mantle pursuivant, beside several others by foreign titles. From this time we find the officers of arms employed at home and abroad, both in military and civil affairs: military, with our kings and generals in the army, carrying defiances and making truces, or attending tilts, tournaments, and duels; as civil officers, in negotiations, and attending our ambassadors in foreign Courts; at home, waiting upon the king at Court and Parliament, and directing public ceremonies.

"In the fifth year of King Henry V. armorial bearings were put under regulations, and it was declared that no persons should bear coat arms that could not justify their right thereto by prescription or grant; and from this time they were communicated to persons as *insignia, gentilitia*, and hereditary marks of *noblesse*. About the same time, or soon after, this victorious prince instituted the office of Garter King of Arms; and at a Chapter of the Kings and Heralds, held at the siege of Rouen in Normandy, on the 5th of January, 1420, they formed themselves into a regular society, with a common seal, receiving Garter as their chief.

"The office of Garter King at Arms was instituted for the service of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; and, for the dignity of that order, he was made sovereign within the office of arms, over all the other officers, subject to the Crown of England, by the name of Garter King at Arms of England. By the constitution of his office he must be a native of England, and a gentleman bearing arms. To him belongs the correction of arms, and all ensigns of arms, usurped or borne unjustly, and the power of granting arms to deserving persons, and supporters to the nobility and Knights of the Bath. It is likewise his office to go next before the sword in solemn processions, none interposing except the marshal; to administer the oath to all the officers of arms; to have a habit like the registrar of the order, baron's service in the Court, lodgings in Windsor Castle; to bear his white rod, with a banner of the ensigns of the order thereon, before the sovereign; also, when any lord shall enter the Parliament chamber, to assign him his place, according to his degree; to carry the ensigns of the order to foreign princes, and to do, or procure to be done, what the sovereign shall enjoin relating to the order, with other duties incident to his office of principal King of Arms. The other two kings are called Provincial kings, who have particular provinces assigned them, which together comprise the whole kingdom of England—that of Clarencieux comprehending all from the river Trent southwards; that of Norroy, or North Roy, all from the river Trent northward. These Kings at Arms are distinguished from each other by their respective badges, which they may wear at all times, either in a gold chain or a ribbon, Garters being blue, and the Provincials purple.

"The six heralds take place according to seniority in office. They are created with the same ceremonies as the kings, taking the oath of an herald, and are invested with a tabard of the Royal arms embroidered upon satin, not so rich as the kings', but better than the pursuivants', with a silver collar of SS.; they are esquires by creation.

"The four pursuivants are also created by the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal, when they take their oath of a pursuivant, and are invested with a tabard of the Royal arms upon damask. It is the duty of the heralds and pursuivants to attend on the public ceremonials, one of each class together by a monthly rotation.

"These heralds are the king's servants in ordi-

nary, and therefore, in the vacancy of the office of Earl Marshal, have been sworn into their offices by the Lord Chamberlain. Their meetings are termed Chapters, which they hold the first Thursday in every month, or oftener if necessary, wherein all matters are determined by a majority of voices, each king having two voices."

One of the earliest instances of the holding an heraldic court was that in the time of Richard II., when the Scropes and Grosvenors had a dispute about the right to bear certain arms. John of Gaunt and Chaucer were witnesses on this occasion; the latter, who had served in France during the wars of Edward III., and had been taken prisoner, deposing to seeing a certain cognizance displayed during a certain period of the campaign.

The system of heraldic visitations, when the pedigrees of the local gentry were tested, and the arms they bore approved or cancelled, originated in the reign of Henry VIII. The monasteries, with their tombs and tablets and brasses, and their excellent libraries, had been the great repositories of the provincial genealogies, more especially of the abbeys' founders and benefactors. These records were collected and used by the heralds, who thus as it were preserved and carried on the monastic genealogical traditions. These visitations were of great use to noble families in proving their pedigrees, and preventing disputes about property. The visitations continued till 1686 (James II.), but a few returns, says Mr. Noble, were made as late as 1704. Why they ceased in the reign of William of Orange is not known; perhaps the respect for feudal rank decreased as the new dynasty grew more powerful. The result of the cessation of these heraldic assizes, however, is that American gentlemen, whose Puritan ancestors left England during the persecutions of Charles II., are now unable to trace their descent, and the heraldic gap can never be filled up.

Three instances only of the degradation of knights are recorded in three centuries' records of the Court of Honour. The first was that of Sir Andrew Barclay, in 1322; of Sir Ralph Grey, in 1464; and of Sir Francis Michell, in 1621, the last knight being convicted of heinous offences and misdemeanours. On this last occasion the Knights' Marshals' men cut off the offender's sword, took off his spurs and flung them away, and broke his sword over his head, at the same time proclaiming him "an infamous arrant knave."

The Earl Marshal's office—sometimes called the Court of Honour—took cognizance of words supposed to reflect upon the nobility. Sir Richard Grenville was fined heavily for having said that the Duke of Suffolk was a base lord; and Sir George Markham in the enormous sum of £10,000, for saying, when he had horsewhipped the huntsman of Lord Darcy, that he would do the same to his master if he tried to justify his insolence. In 1622 the legality of the court was tried in the Star Chamber by a contumacious herald, who claimed arrears of fees, and to King James's delight the legality of the court was fully established. In 1646 (Charles I.) Mr. Hyde (afterwards Lord Chancellor Clarendon) proposed doing away with the court, vexatious causes multiplying, and very arbitrary authority being exercised. He particularly cited a case of great oppression, in which a rich citizen had been ruined in his estate and imprisoned, for merely calling an heraldic swan a goose. After the Restoration, says Mr. Planché, in Knight's "London," the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marshal, hoping to re-establish the court, employed Dr. Plott, the learned but credulous historian of Staffordshire, to collect the materials for a history of the court, which, however, was never completed. The court, which had outlived its age, fell into desuetude, and the last cause heard concerning the right of bearing arms (Blount *versus* Blunt) was tried in the year 1720 (George I.). In the old arbitrary times the Earl Marshal's men have been known to stop the carriage of a *parvenu*, and by force deface his illegally assumed arms.

Heralds' fees in the Middle Ages were very high. At the coronation of Richard II. they received £100, and 100 marks at that of the queen. On royal birthdays and on great festivals they also required largess. The natural result of this was that, in the reign of Henry V., William Burgess, Garter King of Arms, was able to entertain the Emperor Sigismund in sumptuous state at his house at Kentish Town.

The escutcheons on the south wall of the college—one bearing the legs of Man, and the other the eagle's claw of the House of Stanley—are not ancient, and were merely put up to heraldically mark the site of old Derby House.

In the Rev. Mark Noble's elaborate "History of the College of Arms" we find some curious stories of worthy and unworthy heralds. Among the evil spirits was Sir William Dethick, Garter King at Arms, who provoked Elizabeth by drawing out treasonable emblazonments for the Duke of Norfolk, and James I. by hinting doubts, as it is supposed, against the right of the Stuarts to the crown. He was at length displaced. He seems to have been an arrogant, stormy, proud man, who used at public ceremonials to buffet the heralds and pursuivants

who blundered or offended him. He was buried at St. Paul's, in 1612, near the grave of Edward III.'s herald, Sir Pain Roet, Guienne King at Arms, and Chaucer's father-in-law. Another black sheep was Cook, Clarencieux King at Arms in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who was accused of granting arms to any one for a large fee, and of stealing forty or fifty heraldic books from the college library. There was also Ralph Brooke, York Herald in the same reign, a malicious and ignorant man, who attempted to confute some of Camden's genealogies in the "Britannia." He broke open and stole some muniments from the office, and finally, for two felonies, was burnt in the hand at Newgate.

To such rascals we must oppose men of talent and scholarship like the great Camden. This grave and learned antiquary was the son of a painter in the Old Bailey, and, as second master of Westminster School, became known to the wisest and most learned men of London, Ben Jonson honouring him as a father, and Burleigh, Bacon, and Lord Broke regarding him as a friend. His "Britannia" is invaluable, and his "Annals of Elizabeth" are full of the heroic and soaring spirit of that great age. Camden's house, at Chislehurst, was that in which the Emperor Napoleon has recently died.

Sir William Le Neve (Charles I.), Clarencieux, was another most learned herald. He is said to have read the king's proclamation at Edgehill with great marks of fear. His estate was sequestered by the Parliament, and he afterwards went mad from loyal and private grief and vexation. In Charles II.'s reign we find the famous antiquary, Elias Ashmole, Windsor Herald for several years. He was the son of a Lichfield saddler, and was brought up as a chorister-boy. That impostor, Lilly, calls him the "greatest virtuoso and curioso" that was ever known or read of in England; for he excelled in music, botany, chemistry, heraldry, astrology, and antiquities. His "History of the Order of the Garter" formed no doubt part of his studies at the College of Arms.

In the same reign as Ashmole, that great and laborious antiquary, Sir William Dugdale, was Garter King of Arms. In early life he became acquainted with Spelman, an antiquary as profound as himself, and with the same mediæval power of work. He fought for King Charles in the Civil Wars. His great work was the "Monasticon Anglicanum," three volumes folio, which disgusted the Puritans and delighted the Catholics. His "History of Warwickshire" was considered a model of county histories. His "Baronage of England" contained many errors. In his visitations he was very severe in defacing fictitious arms.

Francis Sandford, first Rouge Dragon Pursuivant, and then Lancaster Herald (Charles II., James II.), published an excellent "Genealogical History of England," and curious accounts of the funeral of General Monk and the coronation of James II. He was so attached to James that he resigned his office at the Revolution, and died, true to the last, old, poor, and neglected, somewhere in Bloomsbury, in 1695.

Sir John Vanbrugh, the witty dramatist, for building Castle Howard, was made Clarencieux King of Arms, to the great indignation of the heralds, whose pedantry he ridiculed. He afterwards sold his place for £2,000, avowing ignorance of his profession and his constant neglect of his official duties.

In the same reign, to Peter Le Neve (Norroy) we are indebted for the careful preservation of the invaluable "Paxton Letters," of the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III., purchased and afterwards published by Sir John Fenn.

Another eminent herald was John Anstis, created Garter in 1718 (George I.), after being imprisoned as a Jacobite. He wrote learned works on the Orders of the Garter and the Bath, and left behind him valuable materials—his MS. for the "History of the College of Arms," now preserved in the library.

Francis Grose, that roundabout, jovial friend of Burns, was Richmond Herald for many years, but he resigned his appointment in 1763, to become Adjutant and Paymaster of the Hampshire Militia. Grose was the son of a Swiss jeweller, who had settled in London. His "Views of Antiquities in England and Wales" helped to restore a taste for Gothic art. He died in 1791.

Of Oldys, that eccentric antiquary, who was Norroy King at Arms in the reign of George II.—the Duke of Norfolk having appointed him from the pleasure he felt at the perusal of his "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh"—Grose gives an amusing account:—

"William Oldys, Norroy King at Arms," says Grose, "author of the 'Life of Sir Walter Raleigh,' and several others in the 'Biographia Britannica,' was natural son of a Dr. Oldys, in the Commons, who kept his mother very privately, and probably very meanly, as when he dined at a tavern he used to beg leave to send home part of the remains of any fish or fowl for his *cat*, which cat was afterwards found out to be Mr. Oldys' mother. His parents dying when he was very young, he soon

squandered away his small patrimony, when he became first an attendant in Lord Oxford's library and afterwards librarian. He was a little mean-looking man, of a vulgar address, and, when I knew him, rarely sober in the afternoon, never after supper. His favourite liquor was porter, with a glass of gin between each pot. Dr. Ducarrel told me he used to stint Oldys to three pots of beer whenever he visited him. Oldys seemed to have little classical learning, and knew nothing of the sciences; but for index-reading, title-pages, and the knowledge of scarce English books and editions, he had no equal. This he had probably picked up in Lord Oxford's service, after whose death he was obliged to write for the booksellers for a subsistence. Amongst many other publications, chiefly in the biographical line, he wrote the 'Life of Sir Walter Raleigh,' which got him much reputation. The Duke of Norfolk, in particular, was so pleased with it that he resolved to provide for him, and accordingly gave him the patent of Norroy King at Arms, then vacant. The patronage of that duke occasioned a suspicion of his being a Papist, though I really think without reason; this for a while retarded his appointment. It was underhand propagated by the heralds, who were vexed at having a stranger put in upon them. He was a man of great good-nature, honour, and integrity, particularly in his character as an historian. Nothing, I firmly believe, would ever have biassed him to insert any fact in his writings he did not believe, or to suppress any he did. Of this delicacy he gave an instance at a time when he was in great distress. After the publication of his 'Life of Sir Walter Raleigh,' some booksellers, thinking his name would sell a piece they were publishing, offered him a considerable sum to father it, which he refused with the greatest indignation. He was much addicted to low company; most of his evenings he spent at the 'Bell' in the Old Bailey, a house within the liberties of the Fleet, frequented by persons whom he jocularly called *rulers*, from their being confined to the rules or limits of that prison. From this house a watchman, whom he kept regularly in pay, used to lead him home before twelve o'clock, in order to save sixpence paid to the porter of the Heralds' office, by all those who came home after that time; sometimes, and not unfrequently, two were necessary. He could not resist the temptation of liquor, even when he was to officiate on solemn occasions; for at the burial of the Princess Caroline he was so intoxicated that he could scarcely walk, but reeled about with a crown 'coronet' on a cushion, to the great scandal of his brethren. His method of composing was somewhat singular. He had a number of small parchment bags inscribed with the names of the persons whose lives he intended to write; into these bags he put every circumstance and anecdote he could collect, and from thence drew up his history. By his excesses he was kept poor, so that he was frequently in distress; and at his death, which happened about five on Wednesday morning, April 15th, 1761, he left little more than was sufficient to bury him. Dr. Taylor, the oculist, son of the famous doctor of that name and profession, claimed administration at the Commons, on account of his being *nullius filius*—Anglicè, a bastard. He was buried the 19th following, in the north aisle of the Church of St. Benet, Paul's Wharf, towards the upper end of the aisle. He was about seventy-two years old. Amongst his works is a preface to Izaak Walton's 'Angler.'"

The following pretty anacreontic, on a fly drinking out of his cup of ale, which is doubtless well known, is from the pen of Oldys:—

"Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short, and wears away.

"Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one."

The Rev. Mark Noble comments upon Grose's text by saying that this story of the crown must be incorrect, as the coronet at the funeral of a princess is always carried by Clarencieux, and not by Norroy.

In 1794, two eminent heralds, Benjamin Pingo, York Herald, and John Charles Brooke, Somerset Herald, were crushed to death in a crowd at the side door of the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Brooke had died standing, and was found as if asleep, and with colour still in his cheeks.

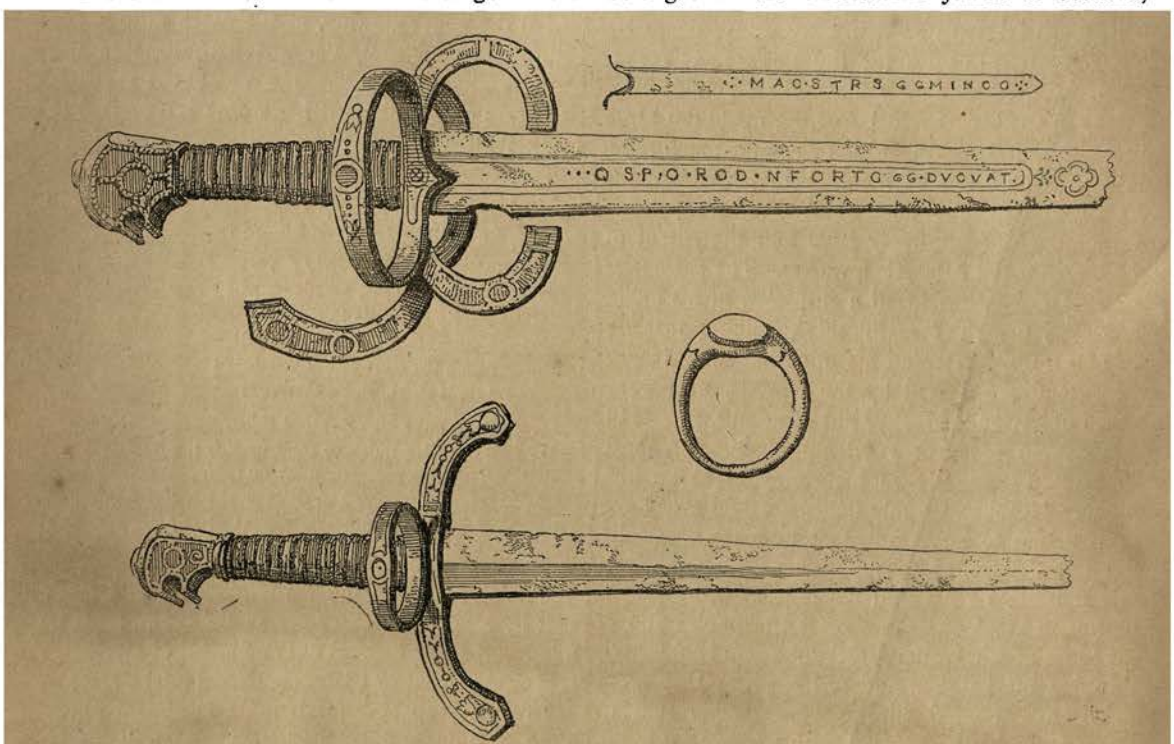
Edmund Lodge, Lancaster Herald, who died in 1839, is chiefly known for his interesting series of "Portraits of Illustrious British Personages," accompanied by excellent genealogical and biographical memoirs.

During the Middle Ages heralds were employed to bear letters, defiances, and treaties to foreign princes and persons in authority; to proclaim war, and bear offers of marriage, &c.; and after battles to catalogue the dead, and note their rank by the heraldic bearings on their banners, shields, and tabards. In later times they were allowed to correct false crests, arms, and cognizances, and register noble

descents in their archives. They conferred arms on those who proved themselves able to maintain the state of a gentleman, they marshalled great or rich men's funerals, arranged armorial bearings for tombs and stained-glass windows, and laid down the laws of precedence at state ceremonials. Arms, it appears from Mr. Planché, were sold to the "new rich" as early as the reign of King Henry VIII., who wished to make a new race of gentry, in order to lessen the power of the old nobles. The fees varied then from £6 13s. 6d. to £5.

In the old times the heralds' messengers were called knights caligate. After seven years they became knight-riders (our modern Queen's messengers); after seven years more they became pursuivants, and then heralds. In later times, says Mr. Planché, the herald's honourable office was transferred to nominees of the Tory nobility, discarded valets, butlers, or sons of upper servants. Mr. Canning, when Premier, very properly put a stop to this system, and appointed to this post none but young and intelligent men of manners and education.

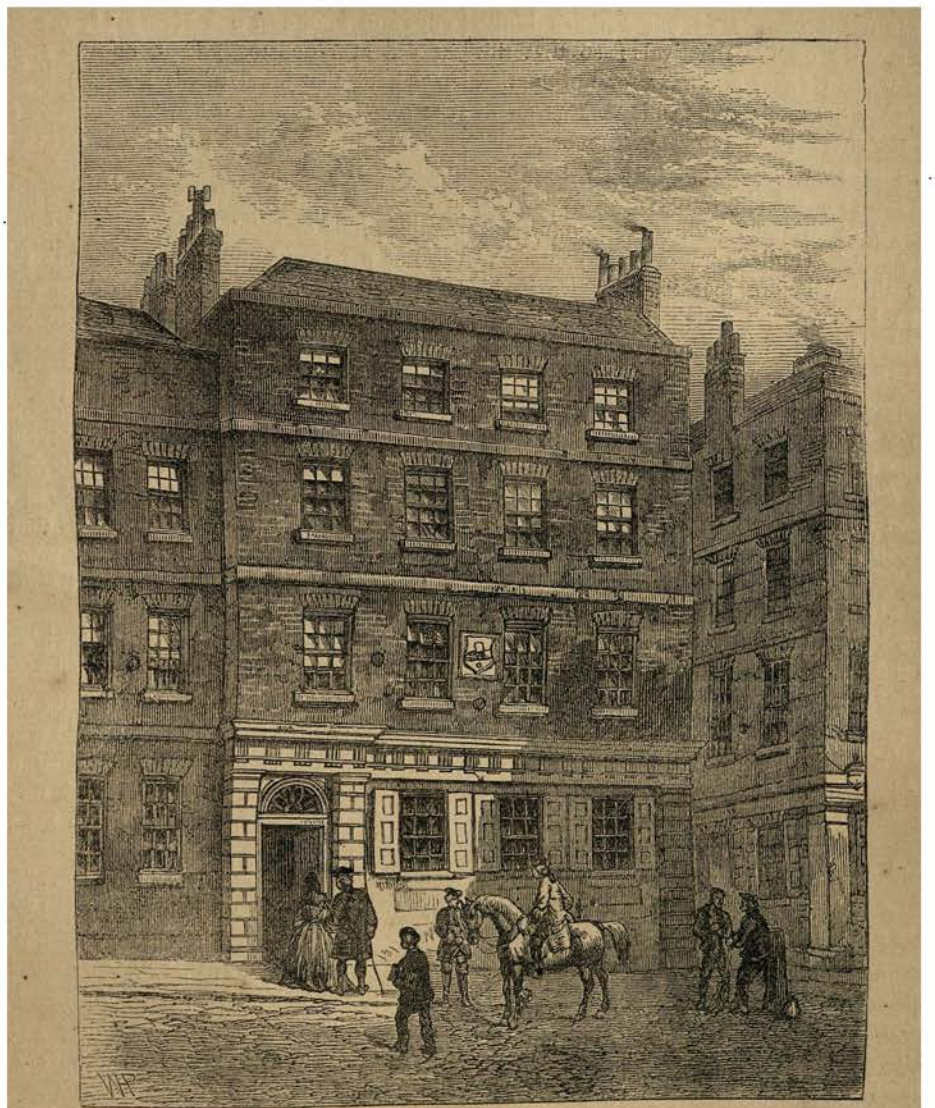
Among the many curious volumes of genealogy in the library of the College of Arms—volumes which have been the result of centuries of exploring and patient study—the following are chiefly noticeable:—A book of emblazonment executed for Prince Arthur, the brother of Henry VIII., who died young, and whose widow Henry married; the Warwick Roll, a series of figures of all the Earls of Warwick from the Conquest to the reign of Richard III., executed by Rouse, a celebrated antiquary of Warwick, at the close of the fifteenth century; and a tournament roll of Henry VIII., in which that stalwart monarch is depicted in regal state, with all the "pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious (mimic) war." In the gallery over the library are to be seen the sword and dagger which belonged to the unfortunate James of Scotland,



SWORD, DAGGER, AND RING OF KING JAMES OF SCOTLAND. (*Preserved in the Heralds' College.*)

that chivalrous king who died fighting to the last on the hill at Flodden. The sword-hilt has been enamelled, and still shows traces of gilding which has once been red-wet with the Southron's blood; and the dagger is a strong and serviceable weapon, as no doubt many an English archer and billman that day felt. The heralds also show the plain turquoise ring which tradition says the French queen sent James, begging him to ride a foray in England. Copies of it have been made by the London jewellers. These trophies are heirlooms of the house of Howard, whose bend argent, to use the words of Mr. Planché, received the honourable augmentation of the Scottish lion, in testimony of the prowess displayed by the gallant soldier who

commanded the English forces on that memorable occasion. Here is also to be seen a portrait of Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury (the great warrior), from his tomb in Old St. Paul's; a curious pedigree of the Saxon kings from Adam, illustrated with many beautiful drawings in pen and ink, about the period of Henry VIII., representing the Creation, Adam and Eve in Paradise, the building of Babel, the rebuilding of the Temple, &c. &c.; MSS., consisting chiefly of heralds' visitations, records of grants of arms and royal licences; records of modern pedigrees (*i.e.*, since the discontinuance of the visitations in 1687); a most valuable collection of official funeral certificates; a portion of the Arundel MSS.; the Shrewsbury or Cecil papers, from which Lodge derived his well-known "Illustrations of British History;" notes, &c., made by Glover, Vincent, Philpot, and Dugdale; a volume in the handwriting of the venerable Camden ("Clarencieux"); the collections of Sir Edward Walker, Secretary at War (*temp.* Charles I.).



LINACRE'S HOUSE. *From a Print in the "Gold-headed Cane"* (*see page* 303).

The Wardrobe, a house long belonging to the Government, in the Blackfriars, was built by Sir John Beauchamp (died 1359), whose tomb in Old St. Paul's was usually taken for the tomb of the good Duke Humphrey. Beauchamp's executors sold it to Edward III., and it was subsequently converted into the office of the Master of the Wardrobe, and the repository for the royal clothes. When Stow drew up his "Survey," Sir John Fortescue was

lodged in the house as Master of the Wardrobe. What a royal ragfair this place must have been for rummaging antiquaries, equal to twenty Madame Tussaud's and all the ragged regiments of Westminster Abbey put together!

"There were also kept," says Fuller, "in this place the ancient clothes of our English kings, which they wore on great festivals; so that this Wardrobe was in effect a library for antiquaries, therein to read the mode and fashion of garments in all ages. These King James in the beginning of his reign gave to the Earl of Dunbar, by whom they were sold, re-sold, and re-re-re-sold at as many hands almost as Briareus had, some gaining vast estates thereby." (Fuller's "Worthies.")

We mentioned before that Shakespeare in his will left to his favourite daughter, Susannah, the Warwickshire doctor's wife, a house near the Wardrobe; but the exact words of the document may be worth quoting:—

"I gyve, will, bequeath," says the poet, "and devise unto my daughter, Susannah Hall, all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situat, lying, and being in the Blackfriars in London, nere the Wardrobe."

After the Great Fire the Wardrobe was removed, first to the Savoy, and afterwards to Buckingham Street, in the Strand. The last master was Ralph, Duke of Montague, on whose death, in 1709, the office, says Cunningham, was, "I believe, abolished."

Swan Alley, near the Wardrobe, reminds us of the Beauchamps, for the swan was the cognizance of the Beauchamp family, long distinguished residents in this part of London.

In the Council Register of the 18th of August, 1618, there may be seen "A List of Buildings and Foundations since 1615." It is therein said that Edward Alleyn, Esq., dwelling at Dulwich (the well-known player and founder of Dulwich College), had built six tenements of timber upon new foundations, within two years past, in Swan Alley, near the Wardrobe."

In Great Carter Lane stood the old Bell Inn, whence, in 1598, Richard Quyney directs a letter "To my loving good friend and countryman, Mr. Wm. Shackespeare, deliver thees"—the only letter addressed to Shakespeare known to exist. The original was in the possession of Mr. R. B. Wheeler, of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Stow mixes up the old houses near Doctors' Commons with Rosamond's Bower at Woodstock.

"Upon Paul's Wharf Hill," he says, "within a great gate, next to the Doctors' Commons, were many fair tenements, which, in their leases made from the Dean and Chapter, went by the name of *Camera Dianæ—i.e.*, Diana's Chamber, so denominated from a spacious building that in the time of Henry II. stood where they were. In this Camera, an arched and vaulted structure, full of intricate ways and windings, this Henry II. (as some time he did at Woodstock) kept, or was supposed to have kept, that jewel of his heart, Fair *Rosamond*, she whom there he called *Rosamundi*, and here by the name of Diana; and from hence had this house that title.

"For a long time there remained some evident testifications of tedious turnings and windings, as also of a passage underground from this house to Castle Baynard; which was, no doubt, the king's way from thence to his Camera Dianæ, or the chamber of his brightest Diana."

St. Anne's, within the precinct of the Blackfriars, was pulled down with the Friars Church by Sir Thomas Cawarden, Master of the Revels; but in the reign of Queen Mary, he being forced to find a church to the inhabitants, allowed them a lodging chamber above a stair, which since that time, to wit in the year 1597, fell down, and was again, by collection therefore made, new built and enlarged in the same year.

The parish register records the burials of Isaac Oliver, the miniature painter (1617), Dick Robinson, the player (1647), Nat. Field, the poet and player (1632–3), William Faithorn, the engraver (1691); and there are the following interesting entries relating to Vandyck, who lived and died in this parish, leaving a sum of money in his will to its poor:—

"Jasper Lanfranch, a Dutchman, from Sir Anthony Vandikes, buried 14th February, 1638."

"Martin Ashent, Sir Anthony Vandike's man, buried 12th March, 1638."

"Justinia, daughter to Sir Anthony Vandyke and his lady, baptised 9th December, 1641."

The child was baptised on the very day her illustrious father died.

A portion of the old burying-ground is still to be seen in Church-entry, Ireland Yard.

"In this parish of St. Benet's, in Thames Street," says Stow, "stood Le Neve Inn, belonging formerly to John de Mountague, Earl of Salisbury, and after to Sir John Beauchamp, Kt., granted to Sir Thomas Erpingham, Kt., of Erpingham in Norfolk, and Warden of the Cinque Ports, Knight of the Garter. By the south end of Adle Street, almost against Puddle Wharf, there is one antient building of stone and timber, builded by the Lords of Berkeley, and therefore called Berkeley's Inn. This house is

now all in ruin, and letten out in several tenements; yet the arms of the Lord Berkeley remain in the stone-work of an arched gate; and is between a chevron, crosses ten, three, three, and four."

Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, was lodged in this house, then called Berkeley's Inn, in the parish of St. Andrew, in the reign of Henry VI.

St. Andrew's Wardrobe Church is situated upon rising ground, on the east side of Puddle-Dock Hill, in the ward of Castle Baynard. The advowson of this church was anciently in the noble family of Fitzwalter, to which it probably came by virtue of the office of Constable of the Castle of London (that is, Baynard's Castle). That it is not of a modern foundation is evident by its having had Robert Marsh for its rector, before the year 1322. This church was anciently denominated "St. Andrew juxta Baynard's Castle," from its vicinity to that palace.

"Knightrider Street was so called," says Stow, "(as is supposed), of knights riding from thence through the street west to Creed Lane, and so out at Ludgate towards Smithfield, when they were there to tourney, joust, or otherwise to show activities before the king and states of the realm."

Linacre's house in Knightrider Street was given by him to the College of Physicians, and used as their place of meeting till the early part of the seventeenth century.

In his student days Linacre had been patronised by Lorenzo de Medicis, and at Florence, under Demetrius Chalcondylas, who had fled from Constantinople when it was taken by the Turks, he acquired a perfect knowledge of the Greek language. He studied eloquence at Bologna, under Politian, one of the most eloquent Latinists in Europe, and while he was at Rome devoted himself to medicine and the study of natural philosophy, under Hermolaus Barbarus. Linacre was the first Englishman who read Aristotle and Galen in the original Greek. On his return to England, having taken the degree of M.D. at Oxford, he gave lectures in physic, and taught the Greek language in that university. His reputation soon became so high that King Henry VII. called him to court, and entrusted him with the care of the health and education of his son, Prince Arthur. To show the extent of his acquirements, we may mention that he instructed Princess Katharine in the Italian language, and that he published a work on mathematics, which he dedicated to his pupil, Prince Arthur.

His treatise on grammar was warmly praised by Melancthon. This great doctor was successively physician to Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and the Princess Mary. He established lectures on physic (says Dr. Macmichael, in his amusing book, "The Gold-headed Cane"), and towards the close of his life he founded the Royal College of Physicians, holding the office of President for seven years. Linacre was a friend of Lily, the grammarian, and was consulted by Erasmus. The College of Physicians first met in 1518 at Linacre's house (now called the Stone House), Knightrider Street, and which still belongs to the society. Between the two centre windows of the first floor are the arms of the college, granted 1546—a hand proper, vested argent, issuing out of clouds, and feeling a pulse; in base, a pomegranate between five demi fleurs-de-lis bordering the edge of the escutcheon. In front of the building was a library, and there were early donations of books, globes, mathematical instruments, minerals, &c. Dissections were first permitted by Queen Elizabeth, in 1564. As soon as the first lectures were founded, in 1583, a spacious anatomical theatre was built adjoining Linacre's house, and here the great Dr. Harvey gave his first course of lectures; but about the time of the accession of Charles I. the College removed to a house of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, at the bottom of Amen Corner, where they planted a botanical garden and built an anatomical theatre. During the civil wars the Parliament levied £5 a week on the College. Eventually sold by the Puritans, the house and gardens were purchased by Dr. Harvey and given to the society. The great Harvey built a museum and library at his own expense, which were opened in 1653, and Harvey, then nearly eighty, relinquished his office of Professor of Anatomy and Surgery. The garden at this time extended as far west as the Old Bailey, and as far south as St. Martin's Church. Harvey's gift consisted of a convocation room and a library, to which Selden contributed some Oriental MS., Elias Ashmole many valuable volumes, the Marquis of Dorchester £100; and Sir Theodore Mayerne, physician to four kings—viz., Henry IV. of France, James I., Charles I., and Charles II.—left his library. The old library was turned into a lecture and reception room, for such visitors as Charles II. who in 1665 attended here the anatomical prælections of Dr. Ent, whom he knighted on the occasion. This building was destroyed by the Great Fire, from which only 112 folio books were saved. The College never rebuilt its premises, and on the site were erected the houses of three residentiaries of St. Paul's. Shortly after a piece of ground was purchased in Warwick Lane, and the new building opened in 1674. A similar grant

to that of Linacre's was that of Dr. Lettsom, who in the year 1773 gave the house and library in Bolt Court, which is at the present moment occupied by the Medical Society of London.

The view of Linacre's House, in Knightrider Street, which we give on page 301, is taken from a print in the "Gold-headed Cane," an amusing work to which we have already referred.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHEAPSIDE—INTRODUCTORY AND HISTORICAL.

Ancient Reminiscences of Cheapside—Stormy Days therein—The Westchepe Market—Something about the Pillory—The Cheapside Conduits—The Goldsmiths' Monopoly—Cheapside Market—Gossip anent Cheapside by Mr. Pepys—A Saxon Rienzi—Anti-Free-Trade Riots in Cheapside—Arrest of the Rioters—A Royal Pardon—Jane Shore.

WHAT a wealth and dignity there is about Cheapside; what restless life and energy; with what vigorous pulsation life beats to and fro in that great commercial artery! How pleasantly on a summer morning that last of the Mohicans, the green plane-tree now deserted by the rooks, at the corner of Wood Street, flutters its leaves! How fast the crowded omnibuses dash past with their loads of young Greshams and future rulers of Lombard Street! How grandly Bow steeple bears itself, rising proudly in the sunshine! How the great webs of gold chains sparkle in the jeweller's windows! How modern everything looks, and yet only a short time since some workmen at a foundation in Cheapside, twenty-five feet below the surface, came upon traces of primeval inhabitants in the shape of a deer's skull, with antlers, and the skull of a wolf, struck down, perhaps, more than a thousand years ago, by the bronze axe of some British savage. So the world rolls on: the times change, and we change with them.

The engraving which we give on page 307 is from one of the most ancient representations extant of Cheapside. It shows the street decked out in holiday attire for the procession of the wicked old queen-mother, Marie de Medici, on her way to visit her son-in-law, Charles I., and her wilful daughter, Henrietta Maria.

The City records, explored with such unflagging interest by Mr. Riley in his "Memorials of London," furnish us with some interesting gleanings, relating to Cheapside. In the old letter books in the Guildhall—the Black Book, Red Book, and White Book—we see it in storm and calm, observe the vigilant and jealous honesty of the guilds, and become witnesses again to the bloody frays, cruel punishments, and even the petty disputes of the middle-age craftsmen, when Cheapside was one glittering row of goldsmiths' shops, and the very heart of the wealth of London. The records culled so carefully by Mr. Riley are brief but pregnant; they give us facts uncoloured by the historian, and highly suggestive glimpses of strange modes of life in wild and picturesque eras of our civilisation. Let us take the most striking *seriatim*.

In 1273 the candle-makers seem to have taken a fancy to Cheapside, where the horrible fumes of that necessary but most offensive trade soon excited the ire of the rich citizens, who at last expelled seventeen of the craft from their sheds in Chepe. In the third year of Edward II. it was ordered and commanded on the king's behalf, that "no man or woman should be so bold as henceforward to hold common market for merchandise in Chepe, or any other highway within the City, except Cornhill, after the hour of nones" (probably about two p.m.); and the same year it was forbidden, under pain of imprisonment, to scour pots in the roadway of Chepe, to the hindrance of folks who were passing; so that we may conclude that in Edward II.'s London there was a good deal of that out-door work that the traveller still sees in the back streets of Continental towns.

Holocausts of spurious goods were not uncommon in Cheapside. In 1311 (Edward II.) we find that at the request of the hatters and haberdashers, search had been made for traders selling "bad and cheating hats," that is, of false and dishonest workmanship, made of a mixture of wool and flocks. The result was the seizure of forty grey and white hats, and fifteen black, which were publicly burnt in the street of Chepe. What a burning such a search would lead to in our less scrupulous days! Why, the pile would reach half way up St. Paul's. Illegal nets had been burnt opposite Friday Street in the previous reign. After the hats came a burning of fish panniers defective in measure; while in the reign of Edward III. some false chopins (wine measures) were destroyed. This was rough justice, but still the seizures seem to have been far fewer than they would be in our boastful epoch.

There was a generous lavishness about the royalty of the Middle Ages, however great a fool or scoundrel the monarch might be. Thus we read that on the safe delivery of Queen Isabel (wife of Edward II.), in 1312, of a son, afterwards Edward III., the Conduit in Chepe, for one day, ran with nothing but wine, for all those who chose to drink there; and at the cross, hard by the church of St. Michael in West Chepe, there was a pavilion extended in the middle of the street, in which was set a tun of wine, for all passers-by to drink of.

The mediæval guilds, useful as they were in keeping traders honest (Heaven knows, it needs supervision enough, now!), still gave rise to jealousies and feuds. The sturdy craftsmen of those days, inured to arms, flew to the sword as the quickest arbitrator, and preferred clubs and bills to Chancery courts and Common Pleas. The stones of Chepe were often crimsoned with the blood of these angry disputants. Thus, in 1327 (Edward III.), the saddlers and the joiners and bit-makers came to blows. In May of that year armed parties of these rival trades fought right and left in Cheapside and Cripplegate. The whole city ran to the windows in alarm, and several workmen were killed and many mortally wounded, to the great scandal of the City, and the peril of many quiet people. The conflict at last became so serious that the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs had to interpose, and the dispute had to be finally settled at a great discussion of the three trades at the Guildhall, with what result the record does not state.

In this same reign of Edward III. the excessive length of the tavern signs ("ale-stakes" as they were then called) was complained of by persons riding in Cheapside. All the taverners of the City were therefore summoned to the Guildhall, and warned that no sign or bush (hence the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush") should henceforward extend over the king's highway beyond the length of seven feet, under pain of a fine of forty pence to the chamber of the Guildhall.

In 1340 (Edward III.) two more guilds fell to quarrelling. This time it was the pelterers (furriers) and fishmongers, who seem to have tanned each other's hides with considerable zeal. It came at last to this, that the portly mayor and sheriffs had to venture out among the sword-blades, cudgels, and whistling volleys of stones, but at first with little avail, for the combatants were too hot. They soon arrested some scaly and fluffy misdoers, it is true; but then came a wild rush, and the noisy misdoers were rescued; and, most audacious of all, one Thomas, son of John Hansard, fishmonger, with sword drawn (terrible to relate), seized the mayor by his august throat, and tried to lop him on the neck; and one brawny rascal, John le Brewere, a porter, desperately wounded one of the City serjeants: so that here, as the fishmongers would have observed, "there was a pretty kettle of fish." For striking a mayor blood for blood was the only expiation, and Thomas and John were at once tried at the Guildhall, found guilty on their own confession, and beheaded in Chepe; upon hearing which Edward III. wrote to the mayor, and complimented him on his display of energy on this occasion.

Chaucer speaks of the restless 'prentices of Cheap (Edward III.):—

> "A prentis dwelled whilom in our citee—
> At every bridale would he sing and hoppe;
> He loved bet the taverne than the shoppe—
> For when ther eny riding was in Chepe
> Out of the shoppe thider wold he lepe,
> And til that he had all the sight ysein,
> And danced wel, he wold not come agen."
>
> (*The Cokes Tale.*)

In the luxurious reign of Richard II. the guilds were again vigilant, and set fire to a number of caps that had been oiled with rank grease, and that had been frilled by the feet and not by the hand, "so being false and made to deceive the commonalty." In this same reign (1393), when the air was growing dark with coming mischief, an ordinance was passed, prohibiting secret huckstering of stolen and bad goods by night "in the common hostels," instead of the two appointed markets held every feast-day, by daylight only, in Westchepe and Cornhill. The Westchepe market was held by day between St. Lawrence Lane and a house called "the Cage," between the first and second bell, and special provision was made that at these markets no crowd should obstruct the shops adjacent to the open-air market. To close the said markets the "bedel of the ward" was to ring a bell (probably, says Mr. Riley, the bell on the Tun, at Cornhill) twice—first, an hour before sunset, and another final one half an hour later. Another civic edict relating to markets occurs in 1379 (Richard II.), when the stands for stalls at the High Cross of Chepe were let by the mayor and chamberlain at 13s. 4d. each. At the same time the stalls round the brokers' cross, at the north door of St. Paul's (erected by the Earl of Gloucester in Henry III.'s reign) were let at 10s. and 6s. 8d. each. The stationers, or vendors in small wares, on the taking down of the Cross in 1390, probably retired to Paternoster Row.

The punishment of the pillory (either in Cheap-

side or Cornhill, the "Letter Book" does not say which) was freely used in the Middle Ages for scandal-mongers, dishonest traders, and forgers; and very deterring the shameful exposure must have been to even the most brazen offender. Thus, in Richard II.'s reign, we find John le Strattone, for obtaining thirteen marks by means of a forged letter, was led through Chepe with trumpets and pipes to the pillory on "Cornhalle" for one hour, on two successive days.

For the sake of classification we may here mention a few earlier instances of the same ignominious punishment. In 1372 (Edward III.) Nicholas Mollere, a smith's servant, for spreading a lying report that foreign merchants were to be allowed the same rights as freemen of the City, was set in the pillory for one hour, with a whetstone hung round his neck. In the same heroic reign Thomas Lanbye, a chapman, for selling rims of base metal for cups, pretending them to be silver-gilt, was put in the pillory for two hours; while in 1382 (Richard II.) we find Roger Clerk, of Wandsworth, for pretending to cure a poor woman of fever by a talisman wrapped in cloth of gold, was ridden through the City to the music of trumpets and pipes; and the same year a cook in Bread Street, for selling stale slices of cooked conger, was put in the pillory for an hour, and the said fish burned under his rascally nose.

Sometimes, however, the punishment awarded to these civic offenders consisted in less disgraceful penance, as, for instance, in the year 1387 (Richard II.), a man named Highton, who had assaulted a worshipful alderman, was sentenced to lose his hand; but the man being a servant of the king, was begged off by certain lords, on condition of his walking through Chepe and Fleet Street, carrying a lighted wax candle of three pounds' weight to St. Dunstan's Church, where he was to offer it on the altar.

In 1591, the year Elizabeth sent her rash but brave young favourite, Essex, with 3,500 men, to help Henry IV. to besiege Rouen, two fanatics named Coppinger and Ardington, the former calling himself a prophet of mercy and the latter a prophet of vengeance, proclaimed their mission in Cheapside, and were at once laid by the heels. But the old public punishment still continued, for in 1600 (the year before the execution of Essex) we read that "Mrs. Fowler's case was decided" by sentencing that lady to be whipped in Bridewell; while a Captain Hermes was sent to the pillory, his brother was fined £100 and imprisoned, and Gascone, a soldier, was sentenced to ride to the Cheapside pillory with his face to the horse's tail, to be there branded in the face, and afterwards imprisoned for life.

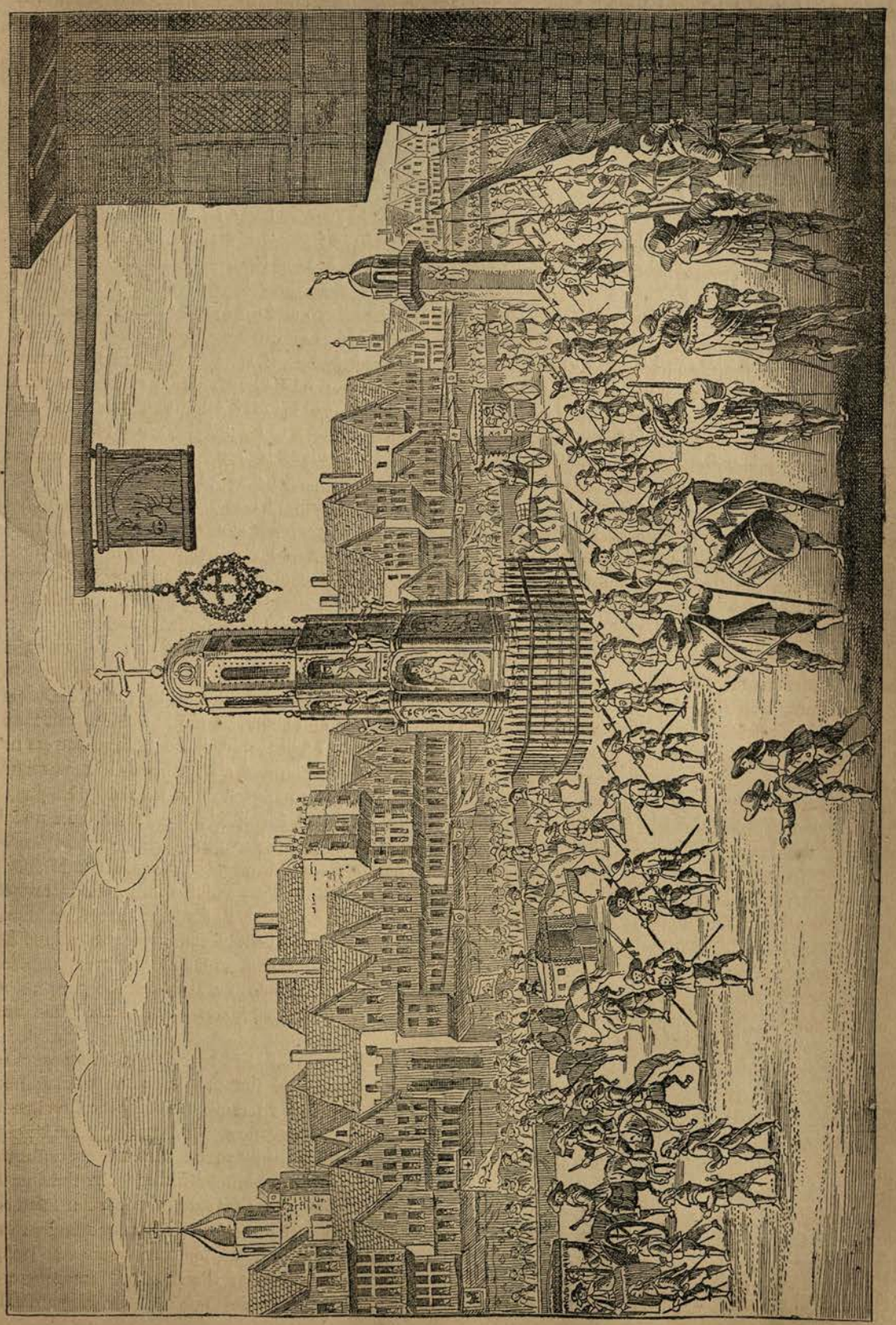
In 1578, when Elizabeth was coquetting with Anjou and the French marriage, we find in one of those careful lists of the Papists of London kept by her subtle councillors, a Mr. Loe, vintner, of the "Mitre," Cheapside, who married Dr. Boner's sister (Bishop Bonner?). In 1587, the year before the defeat of the Armada, and when Leicester's army was still in Holland, doing little, and the very month that Sir William Stanley and 13,000 Englishmen surrendered Deventer to the Prince of Parma, we find the Council writing to the Lord Mayor about a mutiny, requiring him "to see that the soldiers levied in the City for service in the Low Countries, who had mutinied against Captain Sampson, be punished with some severe and extraordinary correction. To be tied to carts and flogged through Cheapside to Tower Hill, then to be set upon a pillory, and each to have one ear cut off."

In the reign of James I. the same ignominious and severe punishment continued, for in 1611 one Floyd (for we know not what offence) was fined £5,000, sentenced to be whipped to the pillories of Westminster and Cheapside, to be branded in the face, and then imprisoned in Newgate.

To return to our historical sequence. In 1388 (Richard II.) it was ordered that every person selling fish taken east of London Bridge should sell the same at the Cornhill market; while all Thames fish caught west of the bridge was to be sold near the conduit in Chepe, and nowhere else, under pain of forfeiture of the fish.

The eleventh year of Richard II. brought a real improvement to the growing city, for certain "substantial men of the ward of Farringdon Within" were then allowed to build a new water-conduit near the church of St. Michael le Quern, in Westchepe, to be supplied by the great pipe opposite St. Thomas of Accon, providing the great conduit should not be injured; and on this occasion the Earl of Gloucester's brokers' cross at St. Paul's was removed.

Early in the reign of Henry V. complaints were made by the poor that the brewers, who rented the fountains and chief upper pipe of the Cheapside conduit, also drew from the smaller pipe below, and the brewers were warned that for every future offence they would be fined 6s. 8d. In the fourth year of this chivalrous monarch a "hostiller" named Benedict Wolman, under-marshal of the Marshalsea, was condemned to death for a conspiracy to bring a man named Thomas Ward, *alias* Trumpington, from Scotland, to pass him off as Richard II.



ANCIENT VIEW OF CHEAPSIDE.
(*From La Serre's "Entrée de la Reyne Mère de Roy," showing the Procession of Mary de Medicis.*)

Wolman was drawn through Cornhill and Cheapside to the gallows at Tyburn, where he was "hanged and beheaded."

Lydgate, that dull Suffolk monk, who followed Chaucer, though at a great distance, has, in his ballad of "Lackpenny," described Chepe in the reign of Henry VI. The hero of the poem says—

"Then to the Chepe I gan me drawn,
Where much people I saw for to stand;
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn;
Another he taketh me by the hand,
'Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land.'
I never was used to such things indeed,
And, wanting money, I might not speed."

In 1622 the traders of the Goldsmiths' Company began to complain that alien traders were creeping into and alloying the special haunts of the trade, Goldsmiths' Row and Lombard Street; and that 183 foreign goldsmiths were selling counterfeit jewels, engrossing the business and impoverishing its members.

City improvements were carried with a high hand in the reign of Charles I., who, determined to clear Cheapside of all but goldsmiths, in order to make the eastern approach to St. Paul's grander, committed to the Fleet some of the alien traders who refused to leave Cheapside. This unfortunate monarch seems to have carried out even his smaller measures in a despotic and unjustifiable manner, as we see from an entry in the State Papers, October 2, 1634. It is a petition of William Bankes, a Cheapside tavern-keeper, and deposes:—

"Petition of William Bankes to the king. Not fully twelve months since, petitioner having obtained a license under the Great Seal to draw wine and vent it at his house in Cheapside, and being scarce entered into his trade, it pleased his Majesty, taking into consideration the great disorders that grew by the numerous taverns within London, to stop so growing an evil by a total suppression of victuallers in Cheapside, &c., by which petitioner is much decayed in his fortune. Beseeches his Majesty to grant him (he not being of the Company of Vintners in London, but authorised merely by his Majesty) leave to victual and retail meat, it being a thing much desired by noblemen and gentlemen of the best rank and others (for the which, if they please, they may also contract beforehand, as the custom is in other countries), there being no other place fit for them to eat in the City."

The foolish determination to make Cheapside more glittering and showy seems again to have struck the weak despot, and an order of the Council (November 16) goes forth that—"Whereas in Goldsmith's Row, in Cheapside and Lombard Street, divers shops are held by persons of other trades, whereby that uniform show which was an ornament to those places and a lustre to the City is now greatly diminished," all the shops in Goldsmith's Row are to be occupied by none but goldsmiths; and all the goldsmiths who keep shops in other parts of the City are to resort thither, or to Lombard Street or Cheapside."

The next year we find a tradesman who had been expelled from Goldsmiths' Row praying bitterly to be allowed a year longer, as he cannot find a residence, the removal of houses in Cheapside, Lombard Street, and St. Paul's Churchyard having rendered shops scarce.

In 1637 the king returns again to the charge, and determines to carry out his tyrannical whim by the following order of the Council:—"The Council threaten the Lord Mayor and aldermen with imprisonment, if they do not forthwith enforce the king's command that all shops should be shut up in Cheapside and Lombard Street that were not goldsmiths' shops." The Council "had learned that there were still twenty-four houses and shops that were not inhabited by goldsmiths, but in some of them were one Grove and Widow Hill, stationers; one Sanders, a drugster; Medcalfe, a cook; Renatus Edwards, a girdler; John Dover, a milliner; and Brown, a bandseller."

In 1664 we discover from a letter of the Dutch ambassador, Van Goch, to the States-General, that a great fire in Cheapside, "the principal street of the City," had burned six houses. In this reign the Cheapside market seems to have given great vexation to the Cheapside tradesmen. In 1665 there is a State Paper to this effect:—

"The inquest of Cheap, Cripplegate, Cordwainer, Bread Street, and Farringdon Within wards, to the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen of London. In spite of orders to the contrary, the abuses of Cheapside Market continue, and the streets are so pestered and encroached on that the passages are blocked up and trade decays. Request redress by fining those who allow stalls before their doors except at market times, or by appointing special persons to see to the matter, and disfranchise those who disobey; the offenders are 'marvellous obstinate and refractory to all good orders,' and not to be dealt with by common law."

Pepys, in his inimitable "Diary," gives us two interesting glimpses of Cheapside—one of the fermenting times immediately preceding the Restoration, the other a few years later—showing the effervescing spirit of the London 'prentices of Charles II.'s time:—

"1659.—Coming home, heard that in Cheapside there had been but a little before a gibbet set up, and the picture of Huson hung upon it in the middle of the street. (John Hewson, who had been a shoemaker, became a colonel in the Parliament army, and sat in judgment on the king. He escaped hanging by flight, and died in 1662 at Amsterdam.)

"1664.—So home, and in Cheapside, both coming and going, it was full of apprentices, who have been here all this day, and have done violence, I think, to the master of the boys that were put in the pillory yesterday. But Lord! to see how the trained-bands are raised upon this, the drums beating everywhere as if an enemy were upon them—so much is this city subject to be put into a disarray upon very small occasions. But it was pleasant to hear the boys, and particularly one very little one, that I demanded the business of. He told me that that had never been done in the City since it was a city—two 'prentices put in the pillory, and that it ought not to be so."

Cheapside has been the scene of two great riots, which were threatening enough to render them historically important. The one was in the reign of Richard I., the other in that of Henry VIII. The first of these, a violent protest against Norman oppression, was no doubt fomented, if not originated, by the down-trodden Saxons. It began thus:—On the return of Richard from his captivity in Germany, and before his fiery retaliation on France, a London citizen named William with the Long Beard (*alias* Fitzosbert, a deformed man, but of great courage and zeal for the poor), sought the king, and appealing to his better nature, laid before him a detail of great oppressions and outrages wrought by the Mayor and rich aldermen of the city, to burden the humbler citizens and relieve themselves, especially at "the hoistings" when any taxes or tollage were to be levied. Fitzosbert, encouraged at gaining the king's ear, and hoping too much from the generous but rapacious Norman soldier, grew bolder, openly defended the causes of oppressed men, and thus drew round him daily great crowds of the poor.

"Many gentlemen of honour," says Holinshed, "sore hated him for his presumptious attempts to the hindering of their purposes; but he had such comfort of the king that he little paused for their malice, but kept on his intent, till the king, being advertised of the assemblies which he made, commanded him to cease from such doings, that the people might fall again to their sciences and occupations, which they had for the most part left off at the instigation of this William with the Long Beard, which he nourished of purpose, to seem the more grave and manlike, and also, as it were, in despite of them which counterfeited the Normans (that were for the most part shaven), and because he would resemble the ancient usage of the English nation. The king's commandment in restraint of people's resort unto him was well kept for a time, but it was not long before they began to follow him again as they had done before. Then he took upon him to make unto them certain speeches. By these and such persuasions and means as he used, he had gotten two and fifty thousand persons ready to have taken his part."

How far this English Rienzi intended to obtain redress by force we cannot clearly discover; but he does not seem to have been a man who would have stopped at anything to obtain justice for the oppressed—and that the Normans were oppressors, till they became real Englishmen, there can be no doubt. The rich citizens and the Norman nobles, who had clamped the City fast with fortresses, soon barred out Longbeard from the king's chamber. The Archbishop of Canterbury especially, who ruled the City, called together the rich citizens, excited their fears, and with true priestly craft persuaded them to give sure pledges that no outbreak should take place, although he denied all belief in the possibility of such an event. The citizens, overcome by his oily and false words, willingly gave their pledges, and were from that time in the archbishop's power. The wily prelate then, finding the great demagogue was still followed by dangerous and threatening crowds, appointed two burgesses and other spies to watch Fitzosbert, and, when it was possible, to apprehend him.

These men at a convenient time set upon Fitzosbert, to bind and carry him off, but Longbeard was a hero at heart and full of ready courage. Snatching up an axe, he defended himself manfully, slew one of the archbishop's emissaries, and flew at once for sanctuary into the Church of St. Mary Bow. Barring the doors and retreating to the tower, he and some trusty friends turned it into a small fortress, till at last his enemies, gathering thicker round him and setting the steeple on fire, forced Longbeard and a woman whom he loved, and who had followed him there, into the open street.

As the deserted demagogue was dragged forth through the fire and smoke, still loth to yield, a son of the burgess whom he had stricken dead ran forward and stabbed him in the side. The wounded man was quickly overpowered, for the citizens, afraid to forfeit their pledges, did not come to his aid as he had expected, and he was hurried to the Tower, where the expectant archbishop sat ready

to condemn him. We can imagine what that drum-head trial would be like. Longbeard was at once condemned, and with nine of his adherents, scorched and smoking from the fire, was sentenced to be hung on a gibbet at the Smithfield Elms. For all this, the fermentation did not soon subside; the people too late remembered how Fitzosbert had pleaded for their rights, and braved king, prelate, and baron; and they loudly exclaimed against the archbishop for breaking sanctuary, and putting to death a man who had only defended himself against assassins, and was innocent of other crimes. The love for the dead man, indeed, at last rose to such a height that the rumour ran that miracles were wrought by even touching the chains by which he had been bound in the Tower. He became for a time a saint to the poorer and more suffering subjects of the Normans, and the place where he was beheaded in Smithfield was visited as a spot of special holiness.

But this riot of Longbeard's was but the threatening of a storm. A tempest longer and more terrible broke over Cheapside on "Evil May Day," in the reign of Henry VIII. Its origin was the jealousy of the Lombards and other foreign money-lenders and craftsmen entertained by the artisans and 'prentices of London. Its actual cause was the seduction of a citizen's wife by a Lombard named Francis de Bard, of Lombard Street. The loss of the wife might have been borne, but the wife took with her, at the Italian's solicitation, a box of her husband's plate. The husband demanding first his wife and then his plate, was flatly refused both. The injured man tried the case at the Guildhall, but was foiled by the intriguing foreigner, who then had the incomparable rascality to arrest the poor man for his wife's board.

"This abuse," says Holinshed, "was much hated; so that the same and manie other oppressions done by the Lombards increased such a malice in the Englishmen's hearts, that at the last it burst out. For amongst others that sore grudged these matters was a broker in London, called John Lincolne, that busied himself so farre in the matter, that about Palme Sundie, in the eighth yeare of the King's reign, he came to one Doctor Henry Standish with these words: 'Sir, I understand that you shall preach at the Sanctuarie, Spittle, on Mondaie in Easter Weeke, and so it is, that Englishmen, both merchants and others, are undowne, for strangers have more liberty in this land than Englishmen, which is against all reason, and also against the commonweal of the realm. I beseech you, therefore, to declare this in your sermon, and in soe doing you shall deserve great thanks of my Lord Maior and of all his brethren;' and herewith he offered unto the said Doctor Standish a bill containing this matter more at large. . . Dr. Standish refused to have anything to do with the matter, and John Lincolne went to Dr. Bell, a chanon of the same Spittle, that was appointed likewise to preach upon the Tuesday in Easter Weeke, whome he perswaded to read his said bill in the pulpit."

This bill complained vehemently of the poverty of London artificers, who were starving, while the foreigners swarmed everywhere; also that the English merchants were impoverished by foreigners, who imported all silks, cloth of gold, wine, and iron, so that people scarcely cared even to buy of an Englishman. Moreover, the writer declared that foreigners had grown so numerous that, on a Sunday in the previous Lent, he had seen 600 strangers shooting together at the popinjay. He also insisted on the fact of the foreigners banding in fraternities, and clubbing together so large a fund, that they could overpower even the City of London.

Lincoln having won over Dr. Bell to read the complaint, went round and told every one he knew that shortly they would have news; and excited the 'prentices and artificers to expect some speedy rising against the foreign merchants and workmen. In due time the sermon was preached, and Dr. Bell drew a strong picture of the riches and indolence of the foreigners, and the struggling and poverty of English craftsmen.

The train was ready, and on such occasions the devil is never far away with the spark. The Sunday after the sermon, Francis de Bard, the aforesaid Lombard, and other foreign merchants, happened to be in the King's Gallery at Greenwich Palace, and were laughing and boasting over Bard's intrigue with the citizen's wife. Sir Thomas Palmer, to whom they spoke, said, "Sirs, you have too much favour in England;" and one William Bolt, a merchant, added, "Well, you Lombards, you rejoice now; but, by the masse, we will one day have a fling at you, come when it will." And that saying the other merchants affirmed. This tale was reported about London.

The attack soon came. "On the 28th of April, 1513," says Holinshed, "some young citizens picked quarrels with the strangers, insulting them in various ways, in the streets; upon which certain of the said citizens were sent to prison. Then suddenly rose a secret rumour, and no one could tell how it began, that on May-day next the City would rise against the foreigners, and slay them; insomuch that several of the strangers fled from the City. This rumour reached the King's Council, and

Cardinal Wolsey sent for the Mayor, to ask him what he knew of it; upon which the Mayor told him that peace should be kept. The Cardinal told him to take pains that it should be. The Mayor came from the Cardinal's at four in the afternoon of May-day eve, and in all haste sent for his brethren to the Guildhall; yet it was almost seven before they met. It was at last decided, with the consent of the Cardinal, that instead of a strong watch being set, which might irritate, all citizens should be warned to keep their servants within doors on the dreaded day. The Recorder and Sir Thomas More, of the King's Privy Council, came to the Guildhall, at a quarter to nine p.m., and desired the aldermen to send to every ward, forbidding citizen's servants to go out from seven p.m. that day to nine a.m. of the next day.

"After this command had been given," says the chronicler, "in the evening, as Sir John Mundie (an alderman) came from his ward, and found two young men in Chepe, playing at the bucklers, and a great many others looking on (for the command was then scarce known), he commanded them to leave off; and when one of them asked why, he would have had him to the counter. Then all the young 'prentices resisted the alderman, taking the young fellow from him, and crying ''Prentices and Clubs.' Then out of every door came clubs and weapons. The alderman fled, and was in great danger. Then more people arose out of every quarter, and forth came serving men, watermen, courtiers, and others; so that by eleven o'clock there were in Chepe six or seven hundred; and out of Paul's Churchyard came 300, which knew not of the other. So out of all places they gathered, and broke up the counters, and took out the prisoners that the Mayor had committed for hurting the strangers; and went to Newgate, and took out Studleie and Petit, committed thither for that cause.

"The Mayor and Sheriff made proclamation, but no heed was paid to them. Herewith being gathered in plumps, they ran through St. Nicholas' shambles, and at St. Martin's Gate there met with them Sir Thomas More, and others, desiring them to goe to their lodgings; and as they were thus intreating, and had almost persuaded the people to depart, they within St. Martin's threw out stones, bats, and hot water, so that they hurt divers honest persons that were there with Sir Thomas More; insomuch as at length one Nicholas Downes, a sergeant of arms, being there with the said Sir Thomas More, and sore hurt amongst others, cried 'Down with them!' and then all the misruled persons ran to the doors and windows of the houses round Saint Martin's, and spoiled all that they found.

"After that they ran headlong into Cornhill, and there likewise spoiled divers houses of the French men that dwelled within the gate of Master Newton's house, called Queene Gate. This Master Newton was a Picard borne, and reputed to be a great favourer of Frenchmen in their occupiengs and trades, contrary to the laws of the Citie. If the people had found him, they had surelie have stricken off his head; but when they found him not, the watermen and certain young preests that were there, fell to rifling, and some ran to Blanch-apelton, and broke up the strangers' houses and spoiled them. Thus from ten or eleven of the clock these riotous people continued their outrageous doings, till about three of the clock, at what time they began to withdraw, and went to their places of resort; and by the way they were taken by the Maior and the heads of the Citie, and sent some of them to the Tower, some to Newgate, some to the counters, to the number of 300.

"Manie fled, and speciallie the watermen and preests and serving men, but the 'prentices were caught by the backs, and had to prison. In the meantime, whilst the hottest of this ruffling lasted, the Cardinall was advertised thereof by Sir Thomas Parre; whereon the Cardinall strengthened his house with men and ordnance. Sir Thomas Parre rode in all haste to Richmond, where the King lay, and informed him of the matter; who incontinentlie sent forth hastilie to London, to understand the state of the Citie, and was truely advertised how the riot had ceased, and manie of the misdoers apprehended. The Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir Roger Cholmeleie (no great friend to the Citie), in a frantike furie, during the time of this uprore, shot off certaine pieces of ordinance against the Citie, and though they did no great harm, yet he won much evil will for his hastie doing, because men thought he did it of malice, rather than of any discretion.

"About five o'clock, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey, Thomas Dockerin, Lord of Saint John's George Neville, Lord of Abergavenny, came to London with such force as they could gather in haste, and so did the Innes of Court. Then were the prisoners examined, and the sermon of Dr. Bell brought to remembrance, and he sent to the Tower. Herewith was a Commission of Oyer and Determiner, directed to the Duke of Norfolk and other lords, to the Lord Mayor of London, and the aldermen, and to all the justices of England, for punishment of this insurrection. (The Citie thought the Duke bare them a grudge for a lewd preest of

BEGINNING OF THE RIOT IN CHEAPSIDE (*see page* 311).

his that the yeare before was slaine in Chepe, insomuch that he then, in his fury, said, 'I pray God I may once have the citizens in my power!' And likewise the Duke thought that they bare him no good will; wherefore he came into the Citie with

CHEAPSIDE CROSS, AS IT APPEARED IN 1547.
(Showing part of the Procession of Edward VI. to his Coronation, from a Painting of the Time.)

thirteen hundred men, in harnesse, to keepe the oier and determiner.)

"At the time of the examination the streets were filled with harnessed men, who spake very opprobrious words to the citizens, which the latter, although two hundred to one, bore patiently. The inquiry was held at the house of Sir John Fineux, Lord Chief Justice of England, neare to St. Bride's, in Fleet Street.

"When the lords were met at the Guildhall, the prisoners were brought through the street, tied in ropes, some men, and some lads of thirteen years of age. Among them were divers not of the City, some priests, some husbandmen and labourers. The whole number amounted unto two hundred, three score, and eighteen persons. Eventually, thirteen were found guilty, and adjudged to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Eleven pairs of gallows were set up in various places where the offences had been committed, as at Aldgate, Blanch-appleton, Gratious Street, Leaden Hall, and before every Counter. One also at Newgate, St. Martin's, at Aldersgate, and Bishopsgate. Then were the prisoners that were judged brought to those places of execution, and executed in the most rigorous

manner in the presence of the Lord Edward Howard, son to the Duke of Norfolke, a knight marshal, who showed no mercie, but extreme crueltie to the poore yonglings in their execution; and likewise the duke's servants spake many opprobrious words. On Thursday, May the 7th, was Lincolne, Shirwin, and two brethren called Bets, and diverse other persons, adjudged to die; and Lincolne said, 'My lords, I meant well, for if you knew the mischiefe that is insued in this realme by strangers, you would remedie it. And many times I have complained, and then I was called a busie fellow; now, our Lord have mercie on me!' They were laid on hurdels and drawne to the Standard in Cheape, and first was John Lincolne executed; and as the others had the ropes about their neckes, there came a commandment from the king to respit the execution. Then the people cried, 'God save the king!' and so was the oier and terminer deferred till another daie, and the prisoners sent againe to ward. The armed men departed out of London, and all things set in quiet.

"On the 11th of May, the king being at Greenwich, the Recorder of London and several aldermen sought his presence to ask pardon for the late riot, and to beg for mercy for the prisoners; which petition the king sternly refused, saying that although it might be that the substantial citizens did not actually take part in the riot, it was evident, from their supineness in putting it down, that they 'winked at the matter.'

"On Thursday, the 22nd of May, the king, attended by the cardinal and many great lords, sat in person in judgment in Westminster Hall, the mayor, aldermen, and all the chief men of the City being present in their best livery. The king commanded that all the prisoners should be brought forth, so that in came the poore yonglings and old false knaves, bound in ropes, all along one after another in their shirts, and everie one a halter about his necke, to the number of now foure hundred men and eleven women; and when all were come before the king's presence, the cardinall sore laid to the maior and commonaltie their negligence; and to the prisoners he declared that they had deserved death for their offense. Then all the prisoners together cried, 'Mercie, gratious lord, mercie!' Herewith the lords altogither besought his grace of mercie, at whose sute the king pardoned them all. Then the cardinal gave unto them a good exhortation, to the great gladnesse of the hearers.

"Now when the generall pardon was pronounced all the prisoners shouted at once, and altogither cast up their halters into the hall roofe, so that the king might perceive they were none of the discreetest sort. Here is to be noticed that diverse offendors that were not taken, hearing that the king was inclined to mercie, came well apparelled to Westminster, and suddenlie stripped them into their shirts with halters, and came in among the prisoners, willinglie to be partakers of the king's pardon; by which dooing it was well known that one John Gelson, yeoman of the Crowne, was the first that began to spoile, and exhorted others to doe the same; and because he fled and was not taken, he came in with a rope among the other prisoners, and so had his pardon. This companie was after called the 'black-wagon.' Then were all the gallows within the Citie taken downe, and many a good prayer said for the king."

Jane Shore, that beautiful but frail woman, who married a goldsmith in Lombard Street, and was the mistress of Edward IV., was the daughter of a merchant in Cheapside. Drayton describes her minutely from a picture extant in Elizabeth's time, but now lost.

"Her stature," says the poet, "was meane; her haire of a dark yellow; her face round and full; her eye gray, delicate harmony being between each part's proportion and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and smooth; her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. The picture I have seen of her was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting on a chair on which her naked arm did lie. Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III., causing her to do open penance in St. Paul's Churchyard, *commanded that no man should relieve her*, which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that, by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly."

An old ballad quaintly describes her supposed death, following an entirely erroneous tradition:—

"My gowns, beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old;
My chains and gems, and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

"Thus was I scorned of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life;
Both sucking babes and children small,
Did make their pastime at my fall.

"I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed,
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

"Thus weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital strength,
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent;

"The which now, since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye;*
Which is a witness of my sinne,
For being concubine to a king."

Sir Thomas More, however, distinctly mentions Jane Shore being alive in the reign of Henry VIII., and seems to imply that he had himself seen her. "He (Richard III.) caused," says More, "the Bishop of London to put her to an open penance, going before the cross in procession upon a Sunday, with a taper in her hand; in which she went in countenance and face demure, so womanly, and albeit she were out of all array save her kirtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namely while the wondering of the people cast a comely red in her cheeks (of which she before had most miss), that her great shame was her much praise among those who were more amorous of her body than curious of her soul; and many good folk, also, who hated her living, and were glad to see sin corrected, yet pitied they more her penance than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the Protector procured it more of a corrupt intent than any virtuous intention.

"Proper she was, and fair; nothing in her body that you would have changed, but if you would, have wished her somewhat higher. Thus say they who knew her in her youth; albeit some who now see her (for yet she liveth) deem her never to have been well-visaged; whose judgment seemeth to me to be somewhat like as though men should guess the beauty of one long departed by her scalp taken out of the charnel-house. For now is she old, lean, withered, and dried up—nothing left but shrivelled skin and hard bone. And yet, being even such, whoso well advise her visage, might guess and devine which parts, how filled, would make it a fair face.

"Yet delighted men not so much in her beauty as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both read well and write, merry in company, ready and quick of answer, neither mute nor full of babble, sometimes taunting without displeasure, and not without disport."

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHEAPSIDE SHOWS AND PAGEANTS.

A Tournament in Cheapside—The Queen in Danger—The Street in Holiday Attire—The Earliest Civic Show on record—The Water Processions—A Lord Mayor's Show in Queen Elizabeth's Reign—Gossip about Lord Mayors' Shows—Splendid Pageants—Royal Visitors at Lord Mayor's Shows—A Grand Banquet in Guildhall—George III. and the Lord Mayor's Show—The Lord Mayor's State Coach—The Men in Armour—Sir Claudius Hunter and Elliston—Stow and the Midsummer Watch.

We do not hear much in the old chronicles of tournaments and shivered spears in Cheapside, but of gorgeous pageants much. On coronation days, and days when our kings rode from the Tower to Westminster, or from Castle Baynard eastward, Cheapside blossomed at once with flags and banners, rich tapestry hung from every window, and the very gutters ran with wine, so loyal and generous were the citizens of those early days. Costume was bright and splendid in the Middle Ages, and heraldry kept alive the habit of contrasting and mingling colours. Citizens were wealthy, and, moreover, lavish of their wealth.

In these processions and pageants, Cheapside was always the very centre of the show. There velvets and silks trailed; there jewels shone; there spear-heads and axe-heads glittered; there breastplates and steel caps gleamed; there proud horses fretted; there bells clashed; there the mob clamoured; there proud, warlike, and beautiful faces showed, uncapped and unveiled, to the seething, jostling people; and there mayor and aldermen grew hottest, bowed most, and puffed out with fullest dignity.

In order to celebrate the birth of the heir of England (the Black Prince, 1330), a great tournament was proclaimed in London. Philippa and all the female nobility were invited to be present. Thirteen knights were engaged on each side, and the tournament was held in Cheapside, between Wood Street and Queen Street; the highway was covered with sand, to prevent the horses' feet from slipping, and a grand temporary wooden tower was erected, for the accommodation of the Queen and her ladies. But scarcely had this fair company entered the tower, when the scaffolding suddenly gave way, and all present fell to the ground with the Queen. Though no one was injured, all were terribly frightened, and great confusion ensued.

* But it had this name long before, being so called from its being a common *sewer* (vulgarly called *shore*) or drain. (See Stow.)

When the young king saw the peril of his wife, he flew into a tempest of rage, and vowed that the careless carpenters who had constructed the building should instantly be put to death. Whether he would thus far have stretched the prerogative of an English sovereign can never be known (says Miss Strickland), for his angelic partner, scarcely recovered from the terror of her fall, threw herself on her knees before the incensed king, and so effectually pleaded for the pardon of the poor men, that Edward became pacified, and forgave them.

When the young princess, Anne of Bohemia, the first wife of the royal prodigal, Richard II., entered London, a castle with towers was erected at the upper end of Cheapside. On the wooden battlements stood fair maidens, who blew gold leaf on the King, Queen, and retinue, so that the air seemed filled with golden butterflies. This pretty device was much admired. The maidens also threw showers of counterfeit gold coins before the horses' feet of the royal cavalcade, while the two sides of the tower ran fountains of red wine.

On the great occasion when this same Anne, who had by this time supped full of troubles, and by whose entreaties the proud, reckless young king, who had, as it were, excommunicated the City and now forgave it, came again into Chepe, red and white wine poured in fountains from a tower opposite the Great Conduit. The King and Queen were served from golden cups, and at the same place an angel flew down in a cloud, and presented costly golden circlets to Richard and his young wife.

Two days before the opening of Parliament, in 1423, Katherine of Valois, widow of Henry V., entered the city in a chair of state, with her child sitting on her knee. When they arrived at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, the Duke Protector lifted the infant king from his chair and set him on his feet, and, with the Duke of Exeter, led him between them up the stairs going into the choir; then, having knelt at the altar for a time, the child was borne into the churchyard, there set upon a fair courser, and so conveyed through Cheapside to his own manor of Kennington.

Time went on, and the weak young king married the fair amazon of France, the revengeful and resolute Margaret of Anjou. At the marriage pageant maidens acted, at the Cheapside conduit, a play representing the five wise and five foolish virgins. Years after, the corpse of the same king passed along the same street; but no huzzas, no rejoicing now. It was on the day after the restoration of Edward IV., when people dared not speak above a breath of what might be happening in the Tower, that the corpse of Henry VI. was borne through Cheapside to St. Paul's, barefaced, on a bier, so that all might see it, though it was surrounded by more brown bills and glaives than torches.

By-and-by, after the fierce retribution of Bosworth, came the Tudors, culminating and ending with Elizabeth.

As Elizabeth of York (Henry VII.'s consort) went from the Tower to Westminster to be crowned, the citizens hung velvets and cloth of gold from the windows in Chepe, and stationed children, dressed like angels, to sing praises to the Queen as she passed by. When the Queen's corpse was conveyed from the Tower, where she died, in Cheapside were stationed thirty-seven virgins, the number corresponding with the Queen's age, all dressed in white, wearing chaplets of white and green, and bearing lighted tapers.

As Anne Boleyn, during her short felicity, proceeded from the Tower to Westminster, on the eve of her coronation, the conduit of Cheapside ran, at one end white wine, and at the other red. At Cheapside Cross stood all the aldermen, from amongst whom advanced Master Walter, the City Recorder, who presented the Queen with a purse, containing a thousand marks of gold, which she very thankfully accepted, with many goodly words. At the Little Conduit of Cheapside was a rich pageant, full of melody and song, where Pallas, Venus, and Juno gave the Queen an apple of gold, divided into three compartments, typifying wisdom, riches, and felicity.

When Queen Elizabeth, young, happy and regal, proceeded through the City the day before her coronation, as she passed through Cheapside, she smiled; and being asked the reason, she replied, "Because I have just heard one say in the crowd, 'I remember old King Harry the Eighth.'" When she came to the grand allegory of Time and Truth, at the Little Conduit, in Cheapside, she asked, who an old man was that sat with his scythe and hour-glass. She was told "Time." "Time?" she repeated; "and Time has brought me here!"

In this pageant she spied that Truth held a Bible, in English, ready for presentation to her; and she bade Sir John Perrot (the knight nearest to her, who held up her canopy, and a kinsman, afterwards beheaded) to step forward and receive it for her; but she was informed such was not the regular manner of presentation, for it was to be let down into her chariot by a silken string. She therefore told Sir John Perrot to stay; and at the proper crisis, some verses being recited by Truth, the book descended, "and the Queen received it in both her hands, kissed it, clasped it to her bosom, and thanked the City for this present, esteemed

above all others. She promised to read it diligently, to the great comfort of the bystanders." All the houses in Cheapside were dressed with banners and streamers, and the richest carpets, stuffs, and cloth of gold tapestried the streets. At the upper end of Chepe, the Recorder presented the Queen, from the City, with a handsome crimson satin purse, containing a thousand marks in gold, which she most graciously pocketed. There were trumpeters at the Standard in Chepe, and the City waits stood at the porch of St. Peter's, Cornhill. The City companies stretched in rows from Fenchurch Street to the Little Conduit in Chepe, behind rails, which were hung with cloth.

On an occasion when James I. and his wife visited the City, at the Conduit, Cheapside, there was a grand display of tapestry, gold cloth, and silks; and before the structure "a handsome apprentice was appointed, whose part it was to walk backwards and forwards, as if outside a shop, in his flat cap and usual dress, addressing the passengers with his usual cry for custom of, 'What d'ye lack, gentles? What will you buy? silks, satins, or taff—taffetas?' He then broke into premeditated verse:—

"'But stay, bold tongue! I stand at giddy gaze!
Be dim, mine eyes! What gallant train are here,
That strikes minds mute, puts good wits in a maze?
Oh! 'tis our King, royal King James, I say!
Pass on in peace, and happy be thy way;
Live long on earth, and England's sceptre sway,'" &c.

Henrietta Maria, that pretty, wilful queen of Charles I., accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham and Bassompierre, the French ambassador, went to what the latter calls *Shipside*, to view the Lord Mayor's procession. She also came to a masquerade at the Temple, in the costume of a City lady. Mistress Bassett, the great lace-woman of Cheapside, went foremost of the Court party at the Temple carnival, and led the Queen by the hand.

But what are royal processions to the Lord Mayor's Show?

The earliest civic show on record, writes Mr. Fairholt, who made a specialty of this subject, took place in 1236, on the passage of Henry III. and Eleanor of Provence through the City to Westminster. They were escorted by the mayor, aldermen, and 360 mounted citizens, apparelled in robes of embroidered silk, and each carrying in their hands a cup of gold or silver, in token of the privilege claimed by the City for the lord mayor to officiate as chief butler at the king's coronation. On the return of Edward I. from the Holy Land the citizens, in the wildness of their loyalty, threw, it is said, handfuls of gold and silver out of window to the crowd. It was on the return of the same king from his Scotch victories that the earliest known City pageant took place. Each guild had its show. The Fishmongers had gilt salmon and sturgeon, drawn by eight horses, and six-and-forty knights riding sea-horses, followed by St. Magnus (it was St. Magnus' day), with 1,000 horsemen.

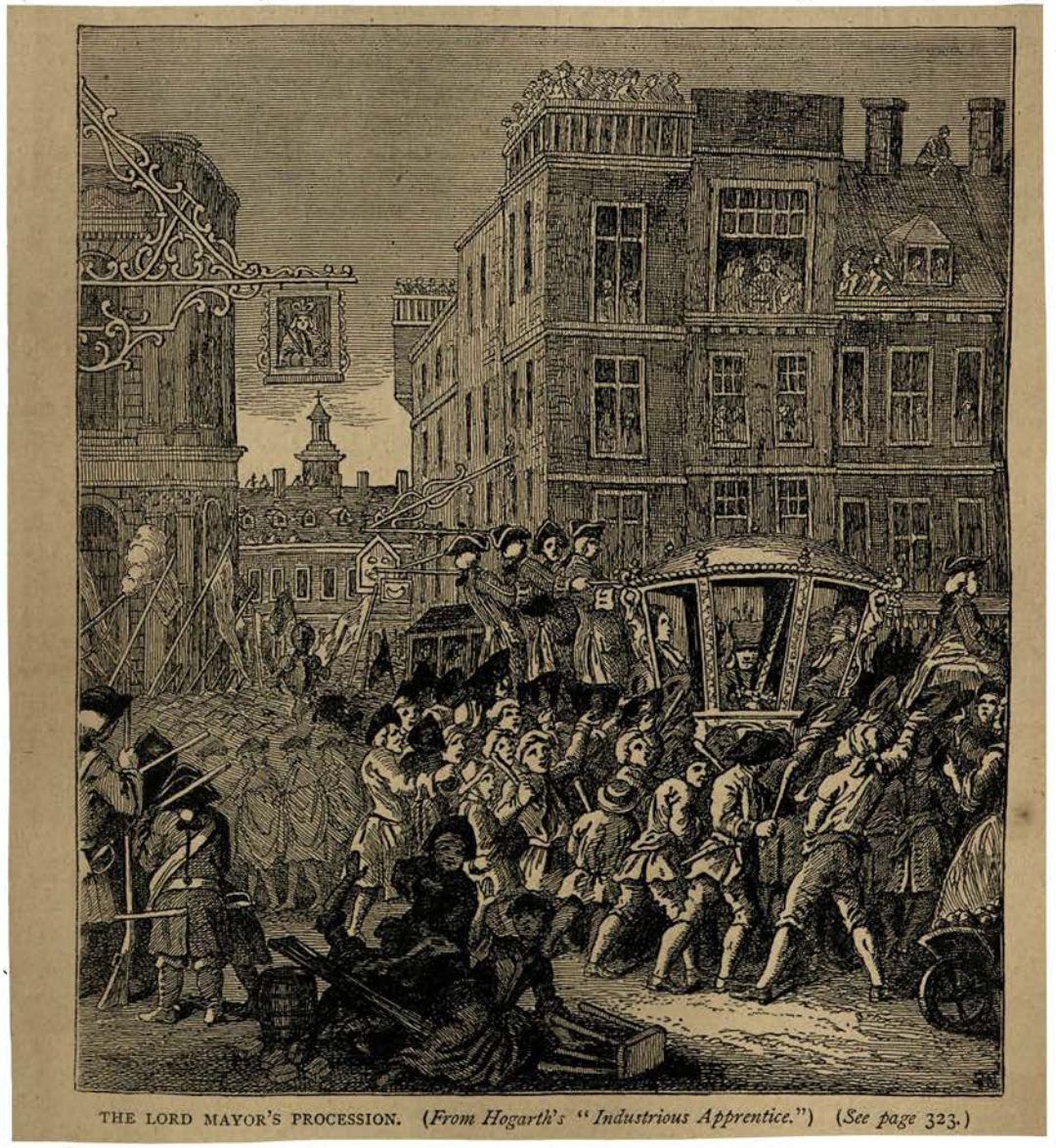
Mr. Fairholt proved from papers still preserved by the Grocers' Company that water processions took place at least nineteen years earlier than the usual date (1453) set down for their commencement. Sir John Norman is mentioned by the City poet as the first Lord Mayor that rowed to Westminster. He had silver oars, and so delighted the London watermen that they wrote a ballad about him, of which two lines only still exist—

"Row thy boat, Norman,
Row to thy leman."

In the troublous reign of Henry VI. the Goldsmiths made a special stand for their privileges on Lord Mayor's day. They complained loudly that they had always ridden with the mayor to Westminster and back, and that on their return to Chepe they sit on horseback "above the Cross afore the Goldsmiths' Row; but that on the morrow of the Apostles Simon and Jude, when they came to their stations, they found the Butchers had forestalled them, who would not budge for all the prayers of the wardens of the Goldsmiths, and hence had arisen great variance and strife." The two guilds submitted to the Lord Mayor's arbitration, whereupon the Mayor ruled that the Goldsmiths should retain possession of their ancient stand.

The first Lord Mayor's pageant described by the old chroniclers is that when Anne Boleyn "came from Greenwich to Westminster on her coronation day, and the Mayor went to serve her as chief butler, according to ancient custom." Hall expressly says that the water procession on that occasion resembled that of Lord Mayor's Day. The Mayor's barge, covered with red cloth (blue except at royal ceremonies), was garnished with goodly banners and streamers, and the sides hung with emblazoned targets. In the barge were "shalms, shagbushes, and divers other instruments, which continually made goodly harmony." Fifty barges, filled with the various companies, followed, marshalled and kept in order by three light wherries with officers. Before the Mayor's barge came another barge, full of ordnance and containing a huge dragon (emblematic of the Rouge Dragon in the Tudor arms), which vomited wild fire; and round about it stood terrible monsters and savages, also vomiting fire, discharging squibs, and making "hideous noises." By the side of the Mayor's barge was

the bachelors' barge, in which were trumpeters and other musicians. The decks of the Mayor's barge, and the sail-yards, and top-castles were hung with flags and rich cloth of gold and silver. At the head and stern were two great banners, with the royal arms in beaten gold. The sides of the barge were hung with flags and banners of the Haberdashers' and Merchant Adventurers' Companies (the Lord Mayor, Sir Stephen Peacock, was a haberdasher). On the outside of the barge shone three dozen illuminated royal escutcheons. On the left hand of this barge came another boat, in which was a pageant. A white falcon, crowned, stood upon a mount, on a golden rock, environed with white and red roses (Anne Boleyn's device), and about the mount sat virgins, "singing and playing sweetly." The Mayor's company, the Haberdashers, came first, then the Mercers, then the Grocers, and so on, the barges being garnished with banners and hung with arras and rich carpets. In 1566–7 the water procession was very costly, and seven hundred pounds of gunpowder were burned. This is the first show of which a detailed account exists, and it is to be found recorded in the books of the Ironmongers' Company.



THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION. (*From Hogarth's "Industrious Apprentice."*) (*See page* 323.)

A curious and exact description of a Lord Mayor's procession in Elizabeth's reign, written by William Smith, a London haberdasher in 1575, is still extant. The day after Simon and Jude the Mayor went by water to Westminster, attended

THE MARRIAGE PROCESSION OF ANNE BOLEYN (*see page* 316).

by the barges of all the companies, duly marshalled and hung with emblazoned shields. On their return they landed at Paul's Wharf, where they took horse, "and in great pomp passed through the great street of the city called Cheapside." The road was cleared by beadles and men dressed as devils, and wild men, whose clubs discharged squibs. First came two great standards, bearing the arms of the City and of the Lord Mayor's company; then two drums, a flute, and an ensign of the City, followed by seventy or eighty poor men, two by two, in blue gowns with red sleeves, each one bearing a pike and a target, with the arms of the Lord Mayor's company. These were succeeded by two more banners, a set of hautboys playing; after these came wyfflers, or clearers of the way, in velvet coats and gold chains, and with white staves in their hands. After the pageant itself paced sixteen trumpeters, more wyfflers to clear the way, and after them the bachelors—sixty, eighty, or one hundred—of the Lord Mayor's company, in long gowns, with crimson satin hoods. These bachelors were to wait on the Mayor. Then followed twelve more trumpeters and the drums and flutes of the City, an ensign of the Mayor's company, the City waits in blue gowns, red sleeves, and silver chains; then the honourable livery, in long robes, each with his hood, half black, half red, on his left shoulder. After them came sheriffs' officers and Mayor's officers, the common serjeant, and the chamberlain. Before the Mayor went the sword-bearer in his cap of honour, the sword, in a sheath set with pearls, in his right hand; while on his left came the common cryer, with the great gilt club and a mace on his shoulder. The Mayor wore a long scarlet gown, with black velvet hood and rich gold collar about his neck; and with him rode that fallen dignitary, the ex-Mayor. Then followed all the aldermen, in scarlet gowns and black velvet tippets, those that had been mayors wearing gold chains. The two sheriffs came last of all, in scarlet gowns and gold chains. About one thousand persons sat down to dinner at Guildhall—a feast which cost the Mayor and the two sheriffs £400, whereof the Mayor disbursed £200. Immediately after dinner they went to evening prayer at St. Paul's, the poor men aforementioned carrying torches and targets. The dinner still continues to be eaten, but the service at St. Paul's, as interfering with digestion, was abandoned after the Great Fire. In the evening farewell speeches were made to the Lord Mayor by allegorical personages, and painted posts were set up at his door.

One of the most gorgeous Lord Mayor's shows was that of 1616 (James I.) devised by Anthony Munday, one of the great band of Shakesperean dramatists, who wrote plays in partnership with Drayton. The drawings for the pageant are still in the possession of the Fishmongers' Company. The new mayor was John Leman, a member of that body (knighted during his mayoralty). The first pageant represented a buss, or Dutch fishing-boat, on wheels. The fishermen in it were busy drawing up nets full of live fish and throwing them to the people. On the mast and at the head of the boat were the insignia of the company—St. Peter's keys and two arms supporting a crown. The second pageant was a gigantic crowned dolphin, ridden by Arion. The third pageant was the king of the Moors riding on a golden leopard, and scattering gold and silver freely round him. He was attended by six tributary kings in gilt armour on horseback, each carrying a dart and gold and silver ingots. This pageant was in honour of the Fishmongers' brethren, the Goldsmiths. The fourth pageant was the usual pictorial pun on the Lord Mayor's name and crest. The car bore a large lemon-tree full of golden fruit, with a pelican in her nest feeding her young (proper). At the top of the tree sat five children, representing the five senses. The boys were dressed as women, each with her emblem—Seeing, by an eagle; Hearing, by a hart; Touch, by a spider; Tasting, by an ape; and Smelling, by a dog. The fifth pageant was Sir William Walworth's bower, which was hung with the shields of all lord mayors who had been Fishmongers. Upon a tomb within the bower was laid the effigy in knightly armour of Sir William, the slayer of Wat Tyler. Five mounted knights attended the car, and a mounted man-at-arms bore Wat Tyler's head upon a dagger. In attendance were six trumpeters and twenty-four halberdiers, arrayed in light blue silk, emblazoned with the Fishmongers' arms on the breast and Walworth's on the back. Then followed an angel with golden wings and crown, riding on horseback, who, on the Lord Mayor's approach, with a golden rod awoke Sir William from his long sleep, and the two then became speakers in the interlude.

The great central pageant was a triumphal car drawn by two mermen and two mermaids. In the highest place sat a guardian angel defending the crown of Richard II., who sat just below her. Under the king sat female personifications of the royal virtues, Truth, Virtue, Honour, Temperance, Fortitude, Zeal, Equity, Conscience, beating down Treason and Mutiny, the two last being enacted "by burly men." In a seat corresponding with the king's sat Justice, and below her Authority, Law, Vigilance, Peace, Plenty, and Discipline.

Shirley, the dramatist (Charles I.) has described the Show in his "Contention for Honour and Riches." (1633). Clod, a sturdy countryman, exclaims, "I am plain Clod; I care not a beanstalk for the best *what lack you* on you all. No, not the next day after Simon and Jude, when you go a-feasting to Westminster with your galley-foist and your pot-guns, to the very terror of the paper whales; when you land in shoals, and make the understanders in Cheapside wonder to see ships swim on men's shoulders; when the fencers flourish and make the king's liege people fall down and worship the devil and St. Dunstan; when your whifflers are hanged in chains, and Hercules Club spits fire about the pageants, though the poor children catch cold that shone like painted cloth, and are only kept alive with sugarplums; with whom, when the word is given, you march to Guildhall, with every man his spoon in his pocket, where you look upon the giants, and feed like Saracens, till you have no stomach to go to St. Paul's in the afternoon. I have seen your processions, and heard your lions and camels make speeches, instead of grace before and after dinner. I have heard songs, too, or something like 'em; but the porters have had all the burden, who were kept sober at the City charge two days before, to keep time and tune with their feet; for, brag what you will of your charge, all your pomp lies upon their back." In "Honoria and Memoria," 1652, Shirley has again repeated this humorous and graphic description of the land and water pageants of the good citizens of the day; he has, however, abridged the general detail, and added some degree of indelicacy to his satire. He alludes to the wild men that cleared the way, and their fireworks, in these words: "I am not afeard of your green Robin Hoods, that fright with fiery club your pitiful spectators, that take pains to be stifled, and adore the wolves and camels of your company."

Pepys, always curious, always chatty, has, of course, several notices of Lord Mayors' shows; for instance:—

"Oct. 29th, 1660 (Restoration year).—I up early, it being my Lord Mayor's day (Sir Richard Browne), and neglecting my office, I went to the Wardrobe, where I met my Lady Sandwich and all the children; and after drinking of some strange and incomparably good clarett of Mr. Remball's, he and Mr. Townsend did take us, and set the young lords at one Mr. Nevill's, a draper in Paul's Churchyard; and my lady and my Lady Pickering and I to one Mr. Isaacson's, a linendraper at the 'Key,' in Cheapside, where there was a company of fine ladies, and we were very civilly treated, and had a very good place to see the pageants, which were many, and I believe good for such kind of things, but in themselves but poor and absurd. The show being done, we got to Paul's with much ado, and went on foot with my Lady Pickering to her lodging, which was a poor one in Blackfryars, where she never invited me to go in at all, which methought was very strange. Lady Davis is now come to our next lodgings, and she locked up the lead's door from me, which puts me in great disquiet.

"Oct. 29, 1663.—Up, it being Lord Mayor's Day (Sir Anthony Bateman). This morning was brought home my new velvet cloak—that is, lined with velvet, a good cloth the outside—the first that ever I had in my life, and I pray God it may not be too soon that I begin to wear it. I thought it better to go without it because of the crowde, and so I did not wear it. At noon I went to Guildhall, and, meeting with Mr. Proby, Sir R. Ford's son, and Lieutenant-Colonel Baron, a City commander, we went up and down to see the tables, where under every salt there was a bill of fare, and at the end of the table the persons proper for the table. Many were the tables, but none in the hall but the mayor's and the lords of the privy council that had napkins or knives, which was very strange. We went into the buttry, and there stayed and talked, and then into the hall again, and there wine was offered and they drunk, I only drinking some hypocras, which do not break my vowe, it being, to the best of my present judgment, only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine. If I am mistaken, God forgive me! But I do hope and think I am not. By-and-by met with Creed, and we with the others went within the several courts, and there saw the tables prepared for the ladies, and judges, and bishops—all great signs of a great dining to come. By-and-by, about one o'clock, before the Lord Mayor come, came into the hall, from the room where they were first led into, the Chancellor, Archbishopp before him, with the Lords of the Council, and other bishopps, and they to dinner. Anon comes the Lord Mayor, who went up to the lords, and then to the other tables, to bid wellcome; and so all to dinner. I sat near Proby, Baron, and Creed, at the merchant strangers' table, where ten good dishes to a messe, with plenty of wine of all sorts, of which I drank none; but it was very unpleasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drunk out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes. It happened that after the lords had half dined, came the French ambassador up to the lords' table, where

he was to have sat; he would not sit down nor dine with the Lord Mayor, who was not yet come, nor have a table to himself, which was offered, but, in a discontent, went away again. After I had dined, I and Creed rose and went up and down the house, and up to the ladies' room, and there stayed gazing upon them. But though there were many and fine, both young and old, yet I could not discern one handsome face there, which was very strange. I expected musique, but there was none, but only trumpets and drums, which displeased me. The dinner, it seems, is made by the mayor and two sheriffs for the time being, the Lord Mayor paying one half, and they the other; and the whole, Proby says, is reckoned to come to about seven or eight hundred at most. Being wearied with looking at a company of ugly women, Creed and I went away, and took coach, and through Cheapside, and there saw the pageants, which were very silly. The Queene mends apace, they say, but yet talks idle still."

In 1672 "London Triumphant, or the City in Jollity and Splendour," was the title of Jordan's pageant for Sir Robert Hanson, of the Grocers' Company. The Mayor, just against Bow Church, was saluted by three pageants; on the two side stages were placed two griffins (the supporters of the Grocers' arms), upon which were seated two negroes, Victory and Gladness attending; while in the centre or principal stage behind reigned Apollo, surrounded by Fame, Peace, Justice, Aurora, Flora, and Ceres. The god addressed the Mayor in a very high-flown strain of compliment, saying—

"With Oriental eyes I come to see,
And gratulate this great solemnitie.
It hath been often said, so often done,
That all men will worship the rising sun.
(*He rises.*)
Such are the blessings of his beams. But now
The rising sun, my lord, doth worship you."
(*Apollo bows politely to the Lord Mayor.*)

Next was displayed a wilderness, with moors planting and labouring, attended by three pipers and several kitchen musicians that played upon tongs, gridirons, keys, "and other such like confused musick." Above all, upon a mound, sat America, "a proper masculine woman, with a tawny face," who delivered a lengthy speech, which concluded the exhibition for that day.

In 1676 the pageant in Cheapside, which dignified Sir Thomas Davies' accession as Lord Mayor, was "a Scythian chariot of triumph," in which sat a fierce Tamburlain, of terrible aspect and morose disposition, who was, however, very civil and complimentary upon the present occasion. He was attended by Discipline, bearing the king's banner, Conduct that of the Mayor, Courage that of the City, while Victory displayed the flag of the Drapers' Company. The lions of the Drapers' arms drew the car, led by "Asian captive princes, in royal robes and crowns of gold, and ridden by two negro princes." The third pageant was "Fortune's Bower," in which the goddess sat with Prosperity, Gladness, Peace, Plenty, Honour, and Riches. A lamb stood in front, on which rode a boy, "holding the banner of the Virgin." The fourth pageant was a kind of "chase," full of shepherds and others preparing cloth, dancing, tumbling, and curvetting, being intended to represent confusion.

In the show of 1672 two giants, Gogmagog and Corineus, fifteen feet high (whose ancestors were probably destroyed in the Great Fire), appeared in two chariots, "merry, happy, and taking tobacco, to the great admiration and delight of all the spectators." Their predecessors are spoken of by Marston, the dramatist, Stow, and Bishop Corbet. In 1708 (says Mr. Fairholt) the present Guildhall giants were carved by Richard Saunders. In 1837 Alderman Lucas exhibited two wickerwork copies of Gog and Magog, fourteen feet high, their faces on a level with the first-floor windows of Cheapside, and these monstrosities delighted the crowd.

In 1701 (William III.) Sir William Gore, mercer, being Lord Mayor, displayed at his pageant the famous "maiden chariot" of the Mercers' Company. It was drawn by nine white horses, ridden by nine allegorical personages—four representing the four quarters of the world, the other five the retinue of Fame—and all sounding remorselessly on silver trumpets. Fourteen pages, &c., attended the horses, while twenty lictors in silver helmets and forty attendants cleared a way for the procession. The royal virgin in the chariot was attended by Truth and Mercy, besides kettle-drummers and trumpeters. The quaintest thing was that at the Guildhall banquet the virgin, surrounded by all her ladies and pages, dined in state at a separate table.

The last Lord Mayor's pageant of the old school was in 1702 (Queen Anne), when Sir Samuel Dashwood, vintner, entertained her Majesty at the Guildhall. Poor Elkanah Settle (Pope's butt) wrote the *libretto*, in hopes to revive a festival then "almost dropping into oblivion." On his return from Westminster, the Mayor was met at the Blackfriars Stairs by St. Martin, patron of the Vintners, in rich armour and riding a white steed. The generous saint was attended by twenty dancing satyrs, with tambourines; ten halberdiers, with rustic music; and ten Roman lictors. At St.

Paul's Churchyard the saint made a stand, and, drawing his sword, cut off half his crimson scarf, and gave it to some beggars and cripples who importuned him for charity. The pageants were fanciful enough, and poor Settle must have cudgelled his dull brains well for it. The first was an Indian galleon crowded by Bacchanals wreathed with vines. On the deck of the grape-hung vessel sat Bacchus himself, "properly drest." The second pageant was the chariot of Ariadne, drawn by panthers. Then came St. Martin, as a bishop in a temple, and next followed "the Vintage," an eight-arched structure, with termini of satyrs and ornamented with vines. Within was a bar, with a beautiful person keeping it, with drawers (waiters), and gentlemen sitting drinking round a tavern table. On seeing the Lord Mayor, the bar-keeper called to the drawers—

> "Where are your eyes and ears?
> See there what honourable *gent* appears!
> Augusta's great Prætorian lord—but hold!
> Give me a goblet of true Orient mould.
> And with," &c.

In 1727, the first year of the reign of King George II., the king, queen, and royal family having received a humble invitation from the City to dine at Guildhall, their Majesties, the Princess Royal, and her Royal Highness the Princess Carolina, came into Cheapside about three o'clock in the afternoon, attended by the great officers of the court and a numerous train of the nobility and gentry in their coaches, the streets being lined from Temple Bar by the militia of London, and the balconies adorned with tapestry. Their Majesties and the princesses saw the Lord Mayor's procession from a balcony near Bow Church. Hogarth has introduced a later royal visitor—Frederick, Prince of Wales—in a Cheapside balcony, hung with tapestry, in his "Industrious and Idle Apprentices" (plate xii.). A train-band man in the crowd is firing off a musket to express his delight.

Sir Samuel Fludyer, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1761, the year of the marriage of good King George III., appears to have done things with thoroughness. In a contemporary chronicle we find a very sprightly narrative of Sir Samuel's Lord Mayor's show, in which the king and queen, with "the rest of the royal family," participated—their Majesties, indeed, not getting home from the Guildhall ball until two in the morning. Our sight-seer was an early riser. He found the morning foggy, as is common to this day in London about the 9th of November, but soon the fog cleared away, and the day was brilliantly fine—an exception, he notes, to what had already, in his time, become proverbial that the Lord Mayor's day is almost invariably a bad one. He took boat on the Thames, that he might accompany the procession of state barges on their way to Westminster. He reports "the silent highway" as being quite covered with boats and gilded barges. The barge of the Skinners' Company was distinguished by the outlandish dresses of strange-spotted skins and painted hides worn by the rowers. The barge belonging to the Stationers' Company, after having passed through one of the narrow arches of Westminster Bridge, and tacked about to do honour to the Lord Mayor's landing, touched at Lambeth and took on board, from the archbishop's palace, a hamper of claret—the annual tribute of theology to learning. The tipple must have been good, for our chronicler tells us that it was "constantly reserved for the future regalement of the master, wardens, and court of assistants, and not suffered to be shared by the common crew of liverymen." He did not care to witness the familiar ceremony of swearing in the Lord Mayor in Westminster Hall, but made the best of his way to the Temple Stairs, where it was the custom of the Lord Mayor to land on the conclusion of the aquatic portion of the pageant. There he found some of the City companies already landed, and drawn up in order in Temple Lane, between two rows of the train-bands, "who kept excellent discipline." Other of the companies were wiser in their generation; they did not land prematurely to cool their heels in Temple Lane, while the royal procession was passing along the Strand, but remained on board their barges regaling themselves comfortably. The Lord Mayor encountered good Samaritans in the shape of the master and benchers of the Temple, who invited him to come on shore and lunch with them in the Temple Hall.

Every house from Temple Bar to Guildhall was crowded from top to bottom, and many had scaffoldings besides; carpets and rich hangings were hung out on the fronts all the way along; and our friend notes that the citizens were not mercenary, but "generously accommodated their friends and customers gratis, and entertained them in the most elegant manner, so that though their shops were shut, they might be said to have kept open house."

The royal procession, which set out from St. James's Palace at noon, did not get to Cheapside until near four, when in the short November day it must have been getting dark. Our sight-seer, as the royal family passed his window, counted between twenty and thirty coaches-and-six belonging to them and to their attendants, besides those

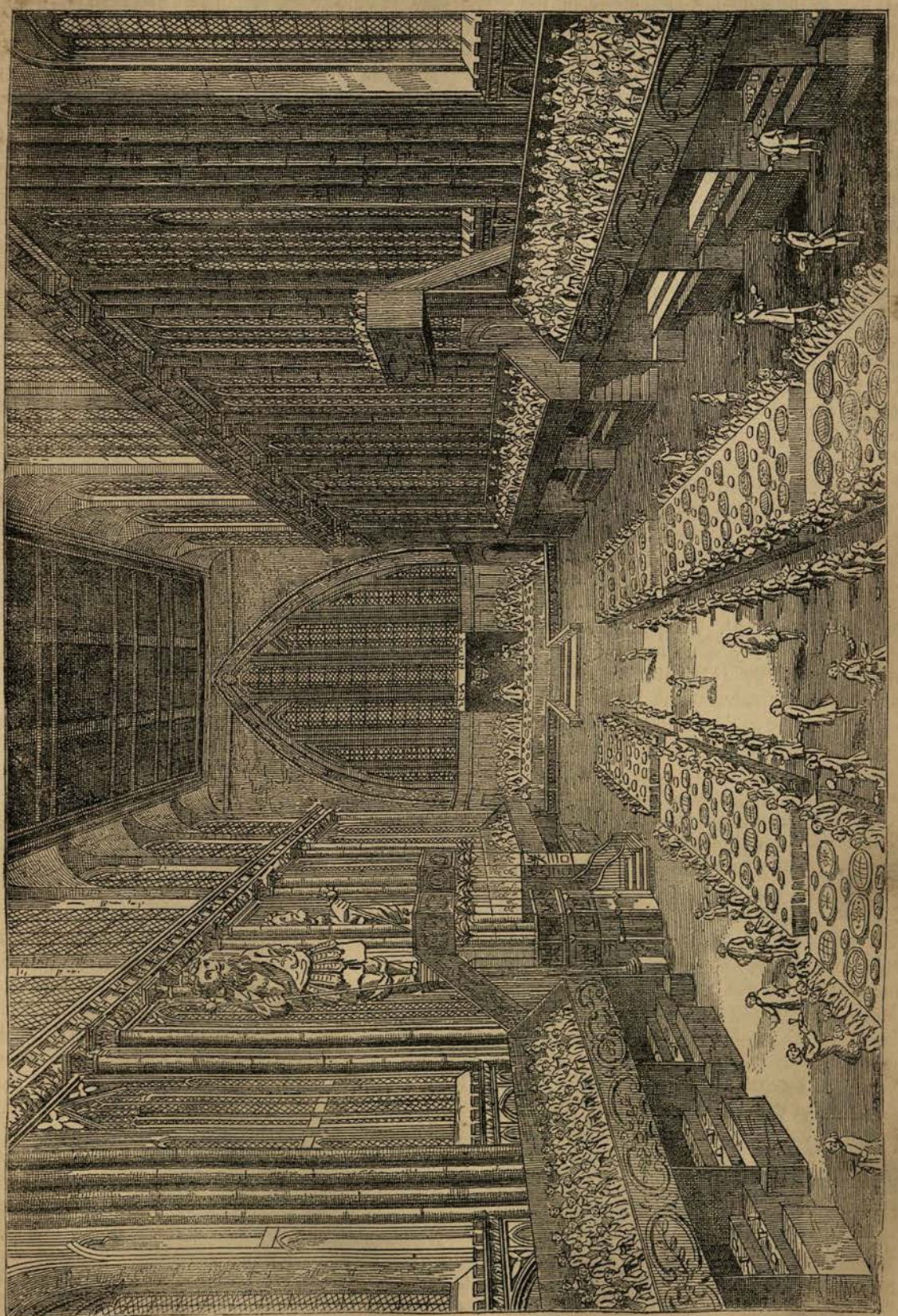
of the foreign ambassadors, officers of state, and the principal nobility. There preceded their Majesties the Duke of Cumberland, Princess Amelia, the Duke of York, in a new state coach; the Princes William Henry and Frederic, the Princess Dowager of Wales, and the Princesses Augusta and Caroline in one coach, preceded by twelve footmen with black caps, followed by guards and a grand retinue. The king and queen were in separate coaches, and had separate retinues. Our friend in the window of the "Queen's Arms" was in luck's way. From a booth at the eastern end of the churchyard the children of Christ and the balconies waved their hats, and the ladies their handkerchiefs."

The Lord Mayor's state coach was drawn by six beautiful iron-grey horses, gorgeously caparisoned, and the companies made a grand appearance. Even a century ago, however, degeneracy had set in. Our sight-seer complains that the Armourers' and Braziers', the Skinners' and Fishmongers' Companies were the only companies that had anything like the pageantry exhibited of old on the occasion. The Armourers sported an archer riding erect in his car, having his bow in his left hand, and his quiver and arrows hanging behind his left shoulder;

FIGURES OF GOG AND MAGOG SET UP IN GUILDHALL AFTER THE FIRE.

Church Hospital paid their respects to their Majesties, the senior scholar of the grammar school reciting a lengthy and loyal address, after which the boys chanted "God Save the King." At last the royal family got to the house of Mr. Barclay, the Quaker, from the balcony of which, hung with crimson silk damask, they were to see, with what daylight remained, the civic procession that presently followed; but in the interval came Mr. Pitt, in his chariot, accompanied by Earl Temple. The great commoner was then in the zenith of his popularity, and our sight-seer narrates how, "at every step, the mob clung about every part of the vehicle, hung upon the wheels, hugged his footmen, and even kissed his horses." There was an universal huzza, and the gentlemen at the windows also a man in complete armour. The Skinners were distinguished by seven of their company being dressed in fur, having their skins painted in the form of Indian princes. The pageant of the Fishmongers consisted of a statue of St. Peter finely gilt, a dolphin, two mermaids, and a couple of sea-horses; all which duly passed before Georgius Rex as he leaned over the balcony with his Charlotte by his side.

Our chronicler understood well the strategic movements indispensable to the zealous sight-seer. As soon as the Lord Mayor's procession had passed him, he "posted along the back lanes, to avoid the crowd," and got to the Guildhall in advance of the Lord Mayor. He had procured a ticket for the banquet through the interest of a friend, who



THE ROYAL BANQUET IN GUILDHALL. *From a Contemporary Print.* (*See page* 326.)

was one of the committee for managing the entertainment, and also a "mazarine." It is explained that this was a kind of nickname given to the common councilmen, on account of their wearing mazarine blue silk gowns. He learned that the doors of the hall had been first opened at nine in the morning for the admission of ladies into the galleries, who were the friends of the committee men, and who got the best places; and subsequently at twelve for the general reception of all who had a right to come in. What a terrible spell of waiting those fortunate unfortunates comprising the earliest batch must have had! The galleries presented a very brilliant show, and among the company below were all the officers of state, the principal nobility, and the foreign ambassadors. The Lord Mayor arrived at half-past six, and the sheriffs went straight to Mr. Barclay's to conduct the royal family to the hall. The passage from the hall-gate to steps leading to the King's Bench was lined by mazarines with candles in their hands, by aldermen in their red gowns, and gentlemen pensioners with their axes in their hands. At the bottom of the steps stood the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, with the entertainment committee, to receive the members of the royal family as they arrived. The princes and princesses, as they successively came in, waited in the body of the hall until their Majesties' entrance. On their arrival being announced, the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, as the chronicler puts it, advanced to the great door of the hall; and at their Majesties' entrance, the Lord Mayor presented the City sword, which being returned, he carried before the King, the Queen following, with the Lady Mayoress behind her. "The music had struck up, but was drowned in the acclamations of the company; in short, all was life and joy; even the giants, Gog and Magog, seemed to be almost animated." The King, at all events, was more than almost animated; he volubly praised the splendour of the scene, and was very gracious to the Lord Mayor on the way to the council chamber, followed by the royal family and the reception committee. This room reached, the Recorder delivered the inevitable addresses, and the wives and daughters of the aldermen were presented. These ladies had the honour of being saluted by his Majesty, and of kissing the Queen's hand, then the sheriffs were knighted, as also was the brother of the Lord Mayor.

After half an hour's stay in the council chamber, the royal party returned into the hall, and were conducted to the upper end of it, called the hustings, where a table was provided for them, at which they sat by themselves. There had been, it seems, a knotty little question of etiquette. The ladies-in-waiting on the Queen had claimed the right of custom to dine at the same table with her Majesty, but this was disallowed; so they dined at the table of the Lady Mayoress in the King's Bench. The royal table "was set off with a variety of emblematic ornaments, beyond description elegant," and a superb canopy was placed over their Majesties' heads at the upper end. For the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and their ladies, there was a table on the lower hustings. The privy councillors, ministers of state, and great nobles dined at a table on the right of this; the foreign ministers at one on the left. For the mazarines and the general company there were eight tables laid out in the body of the hall, while the judges, serjeants, and other legal celebrities, dined in the old council chamber, and the attendants of the distinguished visitors were regaled in the Court of Common Pleas.

George and his consort must have got up a fine appetite between noon and nine o'clock, the hour at which the dinner was served. The aldermen on the committee acted as waiters at the royal table. The Lord Mayor stood behind the King, "in quality of chief butler, while the Lady Mayoress waited on her Majesty" in the same capacity, but soon after seats were taken they were graciously sent to their seats. The dinner consisted of three courses, besides the dessert, and the purveyors were Messrs. Horton and Birch, the same house which in the present day supplies most of the civic banquets. The illustration which we give on the previous page is from an old print of the period representing this celebrated festival, and is interesting not merely on account of the scene which it depicts, but also as a view of Guildhall at that period.

The bill of fare at the royal table on this occasion is extant, and as it is worth a little study on the part of modern epicures, we give it here at full length for their benefit:—

FIRST SERVICE.

Venison, turtle soups, fish of every sort, viz., dorys, mullets, turbots, tench, soles, &c., nine dishes.

SECOND SERVICE.

A fine roast, ortolans, teals, quails, ruffs, knotts, peachicks, snipes, partridges, pheasants, &c., nine dishes.

THIRD SERVICE.

Vegetables and made dishes, green peas, green morelles, green truffles, cardoons, artichokes, ducks' tongues, fat livers, &c., eleven dishes.

FOURTH SERVICE.

Curious ornaments in pastry and makes, jellies, blomonges, in variety of shapes, figures, and colours, nine dishes.

In all, not including the dessert, there were placed on the tables four hundred and fourteen dishes, hot and cold. Wine was varied and copious. In the language of the chronicler, "champagne, burgundy, and other valuable wines were to be had everywhere, and nothing was so scarce as water." When the second course was being laid on, the toasts began. The common crier, standing before the royal table, demanded silence, then proclaimed aloud that their Majesties drank to the health and prosperity of the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and common council of the City of London. Then the common crier, in the name of the civic dignitaries, gave the toast of health, long life, and prosperity to their most gracious Majesties. After dinner there was no tarrying over the wine-cup. The royal party retired at once to the council chamber, "where they had their tea." What became of the rest of the company is not mentioned, but clearly the Guildhall could have been no place for them. That was summarily occupied by an army of carpenters. The tables were struck and carried out. The hustings, where the great folks had dined, and the floor of which had been covered with rich carpeting, was covered afresh, and the whole hall rapidly got ready for the ball, with which the festivities were to conclude. On the return of their majesties, and as soon as they were seated under the canopy, the ball was opened by the Duke of York and the Lady Mayoress. It does not appear that the royal couple took the floor, but "other minuets succeeded by the younger branches of the royal family with ladies of distinction."

About midnight Georgius Rex, beginning probably to get sleepy with all this derangement of his ordinarily methodical way of living, signified his desire to take his departure; but things are not always possible even when kings are in question. Such was the hurry and confusion outside—at least that is the reason assigned by the chronicler—that there was great delay in fetching up the royal carriages to the Guildhall door. Our own impression is that the coachmen were all drunk, not excepting the state coachman himself. Their Majesties waited half an hour before their coach could be brought up, and perhaps, after all the interchange of civilities, went away in a tantrum at the end. It is clear the Princess Dowager of Wales did, for she waited some time in the temporary passage, "nor could she be prevailed on to retire into the hall." There was no procession on the return from the City. The royal people trundled home as they best might, and according as their carriages came to hand. But we are told that on the return journey, past midnight as it was, the crowd in some places was quite as great as it had been in the daytime, and that Mr. Pitt was vociferously cheered all the way to his own door. The King and Queen did not get home to St. James's till two o'clock in the morning, and it is a confirmation of the suggestion that the coachman must have been drunk, that in turning under the gate one of the glasses of their coach was broken by the roof of the sentry-box. As for the festive people left behind in the Guildhall, they kept the ball up till three o'clock, and we are told that "the whole was concluded with the utmost regularity and decorum." Indeed, Sir Samuel Fludyer's Lord Mayor's day appears to have been a triumphant success. His Majesty himself, we are told, was pleased to declare "that to be elegantly entertained he must come into the City." The foreign ministers in general expressed their wonder, and one of them politely said in French, that this entertainment was only fit for one king to give to another.

One of the Barclays has left a pleasant account of this visit of George III. to the City to see the Lord Mayor's Show:—"The Queen's clothes," says the lady, "which were as rich as gold, silver, and silk could make them, was a suit from which fell a train supported by a little page in scarlet and silver. The lustre of her stomacher was inconceivable. The King I think a very personable man. All the princes followed the King's example in complimenting each of us with a kiss. The Queen was upstairs three times, and my little darling, with Patty Barclay and Priscilla Bell, were introduced to her. I was present, and not a little anxious, on account of my girl, who kissed the Queen's hand with so much grace, that I thought the Princess Dowager would have smothered her with kisses. Such a report of her was made to the King, that Miss was sent for, and afforded him great amusement by saying, 'that she loved the king, though she must not love fine things, and her grandpapa would not allow her to make a curtsey." Her sweet face made such an impression on the Duke of York, that I rejoiced she was only five instead of fifteen. When he first met her, he tried to persuade Miss to let him introduce her to the Queen, but she would by no means consent, till I informed her he was a prince, upon which her little female heart relented, and she gave him her hand—a true copy of the sex. The King never sat down, nor did he taste anything during the whole time. Her Majesty drank tea, which was brought her on a silver waiter by brother John, who delivered it to the lady in waiting, and she presented it kneeling. The leave they took of us was such as we might expect from

our equals—full of apologies for our trouble for their entertainment, which they were so anxious to have explained, that the Queen came up to us as we stood on one side of the door, and had every word interpreted. My brothers had the honour of assisting the Queen into her coach. Some of us sat up to see them return, and the King and Queen took especial notice of us as they passed. The King ordered twenty-four of his guard to be placed opposite our door all night, lest any of the canopy should be pulled down by the mob, in which" (the canopy, it is to be presumed) "there were 100 yards of silk damask."

"From the above particulars we learn," says Dr. Doran, "that it was customary for our sovereigns to do honour to industry long before the period of the Great Exhibition year, which is erroneously supposed to be the opening of an era when a sort of fraternisation took place between commerce and the Crown. Under the old reign, too, the honour took a homely, but not an undignified, and if still a ceremonious, yet a hearty shape. It may be questioned, if Royalty were to pay a visit to the family of the present Mr. Barclay, whether the monarch would celebrate the brief sojourn by kissing all the daughters of 'Barclay and Perkins.' He might do many things not half so pleasant."

The most important feature of the modern show, says Mr. Fairholt very truly, is the splendidly carved and gilt coach in which the Lord Mayor rides; and the paintings that decorate it may be considered as the relics of the ancient pageants that gave us the living representatives of the virtues and attributes of the chief magistrate here delineated. Cipriani was the artist who executed this series of paintings, in 1757; and they exhibit upon the panel of the right door, Fame presenting the Mayor to the genius of the City; on the left door, the same genius, attended by Britannia, who points with her spear to a shield, inscribed "Henry Fitz-Alwin," 1109." On each side of the doors are painted Truth, with her mirror; Temperance, holding a bridle; Justice, and Fortitude. The front panel exhibits Faith and Hope, pointing to St. Paul's; the back panel Charity, two female figures, typical of Plenty and Riches, casting money and fruits into her lap—while a wrecked sailor and sinking ship fill up the background. By the kind permission of the Lord Mayor we are enabled to give a representation of the ponderous old vehicle, which is still the centre of attraction every 9th of November.

The carved work of the coach is elaborate and beautiful, consisting of Cupids supporting the City arms, &c. The roof was formerly ornamented in the centre with carved work, representing four boys supporting baskets of fruit, &c. These were damaged by coming into collision with an archway leading into Blackwall Hall, about fifty years ago; some of the figures were knocked off, and the group was entirely removed in consequence. This splendid coach was paid for by a subscription of £60 from each of the junior aldermen, and such as had not passed the civic chair—its total cost being £1,065 3s. Subsequently each alderman, when sworn into office, contributed that sum to keep it in repair; for which purpose, also, each Lord Mayor gave £100, which was allowed to him in case the cost of the repairs during his mayoralty rendered it requisite. This arrangement was not, however, complied with for many years; after which the whole expense fell upon the Lord Mayor, and in one year it exceeded £300. This outlay being considered an unjust tax upon the mayor for the time being, the amount over £100 was repaid to him, and the coach became the property of the corporation, the expenses ever since being paid by the Committee for General Purposes. Even so early as twenty years after its construction it was found necessary to repair the coach at an expense of £335; and the average expense of the repairs during seven years of the present century is said to have been as much as £115. Hone justly observes, "All that remains of the Lord Mayor's Show to remind the curiously-informed of its ancient character, is the first part of the procession. These are the poor men of the company to which the Lord Mayor belongs, habited in long gowns and close caps of the company's colour, bearing shields on their arms, but without javelins. So many of these lead the show as there are years in the Lord Mayor's age."

Of a later show "Aleph" gives a pleasant account. "I was about nine years old," he says, "when from a window on Ludgate Hill I watched the ponderous mayor's coach, grand and wide, with six footmen standing on the footboard, rejoicing in bouquets as big as their heads and canes four feet high, dragged slowly up the hill by a team of be-ribboned horses, which, as they snorted along, seemed to be fully conscious of the precious freight in the rear. Cinderella's carriage never could boast so goodly a driver; his full face, of a dusky or purple red, swelled out on each side like the breast of a pouting pigeon; his three-cornered hat was almost hidden by wide gold lace; the flowers in his vest were full-blown and jolly, like himself; his horsewhip covered with blue ribbons, rising and falling at intervals merely for form—such horses were not made to be flogged. Coachee's box was rather a throne than a

seat. Then a dozen gorgeous walking footmen on either hand; grave marshalmen, treading gingerly, as if they had corns; and City officers in scarlet, playing at soldiers, but looking anything but soldierly; two trumpeters before and behind, blowing an occasional blast. . . .

"How that old coach swayed to and fro, with its dignified elderly gentlemen and rubicund Lord Mayor, rejoicing in countless turtle feeds—for, reader, it was Sir William Curtis! . . .

"As the ark of copper, plate glass, and enamel crept slowly up the incline, a luckless sweeper-boy (in those days such dwarfed lads were forced to climb chimneys) sidled up to one of the fore horses, and sought to detach a pink bow from his mane. The creature felt his honours diminishing, and turned to snap at the blackee. The sweep screamed, the horse neighed, the mob shouted, and Sir William turned on his pivot cushion to learn what the noise meant; and thus we were enabled to gaze on a Lord Mayor's face. In sooth he was a goodly gentleman, burly, and with three fingers' depth of fat on his portly person, yet every feature evinced kindliness and benevolence of no common order."

The men in armour were from time immemorial important features in the show, and the subjects of many a jest. Hogarth introduces them in one of his series, "Industry and Idleness," and *Punch* has cast many a missile at those disconsolate warriors, who all but perished under their weight of armour, degenerate race that we are!

The suits of burnished mail, though generally understood to be kindly lent for the occasion by the custodian of the Tower armoury, seem now and then to have been borrowed from the playhouse, possibly for the reason that the imitation accoutrements were more showy and superb than the real.

This was at any rate the case (says Mr. Dutton Cook) in 1812, when Sir Claudius Hunter was Lord Mayor, and Mr. Elliston was manager of the Surrey Theatre. A melodramatic play was in preparation, and for this special object the manager had provided, at some considerable outlay, two magnificent suits of brass and steel armour of the fourteenth century, expressly manufactured for him by Mr. Marriott of Fleet Street. No expense had been spared in rendering this harness as complete and splendid as could be. Forthwith Sir Claudius applied to Elliston for the loan of the new armour to enhance the glories of the civic pageant. The request was acceded to with the proviso that the suit of steel could only be lent in the event of the ensuing 9th of November proving free from damp and fog. No such condition, however, was annexed to the loan of the brass armour; and it was understood that Mr. John Kemble had kindly undertaken to furnish the helmets of the knights with costly plumes, and personally to superintend the arrangement of these decorations. Altogether, it would seem that the mayor stood much indebted to the managers, who, willing to oblige, yet felt that their courtesy was deserving of some sort of public recognition. At least this was Elliston's view of the matter, who read with chagrin sundry newspaper paragraphs, announcing that at the approaching inauguration of Sir Claudius some of the royal armour from the Tower would be exhibited, but ignoring altogether the loan of the matchless suits of steel and brass from the Surrey Theatre. The manager was mortified; he could be generous, but he knew the worth of an advertisement. He expostulated with the future mayor. Sir Claudius replied that he did not desire to conceal the transaction, but rather than it should go forth to the world that so high a functionary as an alderman of London had made a request to a theatrical manager, he thought it advisable to inform the public that Mr. Elliston had offered the use of his property for the procession of the 9th. This was hardly a fair way of stating the case, but at length the following paragraph, drawn up by Elliston, was agreed upon for publication in the newspapers:—

"We understand that Mr. Elliston has lent to the Lord Mayor elect the two magnificent suits of armour, one of steel and the other of brass, manufactured by Marriott of Fleet Street, and which cost not less than £600. These very curious specimens of the revival of an art supposed to have been lost will be displayed in the Lord Mayor's procession, and afterwards in Guildhall, with some of the royal armour in the Tower." It would seem also, according to another authority, that the wearers of the armour were members of the Surrey company.

On the 9th Elliston was absent from London, but he received from one left in charge of his interests a particular account of the proceedings of the day:—

"The unhandsome conduct of the Lord Mayor has occasioned me much trouble, and will give you equal displeasure. In the first place, your paragraph never would have appeared at all had I not interfered in the matter; secondly, cropped-tailed hacks had been procured without housings, so that I was compelled to obtain two trumpeters' horses from the Horse Guards, long-tailed animals, and richly caparisoned; thirdly, the helmets which had been delivered at Mr. Kemble's house were not

returned until twelve o'clock on the day of action, with three miserable feathers in each, which appeared to have been plucked from the draggle tail of a hunted cock; this I also remedied by sending off at the last moment to the first plumassier for the hire of proper feathers, and the helmets were ultimately decorated with fourteen superb plumes; fourthly, the Lord Mayor's officer, who rode in Henry V. armour, jealous of our stately aspect, attempted to seize one of our horses, on which your rider made as gallant a retort as ever knight in armour could have done, and the assailer was completely foiled."

This was bad enough, but in addition to this practicable to him. His comrade in brass made light of these objections, gladly took the proffered cup into his gauntleted hands, and "drank the red wine through the helmet barred," as though he had been one of the famous knights of Branksome Tower. It was soon apparent that the man in brass was intoxicated. He became obstreperous; he began to reel and stumble, accoutred as he was, to the hazard of his own bones and to the great dismay of bystanders. It was felt that his fall might entail disaster upon many. Attempts were made to remove him, when he assumed a pugilistic attitude, and resolutely declined to quit the hall. Nor was it possible to enlist against him the ser-

THE LORD MAYOR'S COACH.

the narrator makes further revelation of the behind-the-scenes secrets of a civic pageant sixty years ago. On the arrival of the procession it was found that no accommodation had been arranged for "Mr. Elliston's men," nor were any refreshments proffered them. "For seven hours they were kept within Guildhall, where they seem to have been considered as much removed from the necessities of the flesh as Gog and Magog above their heads." At length the compassion, or perhaps the sense of humour, of certain of the diners was moved by the forlorn situation of the knights in armour, and bumpers of wine were tendered them. The man in steel discreetly declined this hospitable offer, alleging that after so long a fast he feared the wine would affect him injuriously. It was whispered that his harness imprisoned him so completely that eating and drinking were alike impossible to him. His comrade in brass made light of these objections, gladly took the proffered cup into his gauntleted hands, and "drank the red wine through the helmet barred," as though he had been one of the famous knights of Branksome Tower. It was soon apparent that the man in brass was intoxicated. He became obstreperous; he began to reel and stumble, accoutred as he was, to the hazard of his own bones and to the great dismay of bystanders. It was felt that his fall might entail disaster upon many. Attempts were made to remove him, when he assumed a pugilistic attitude, and resolutely declined to quit the hall. Nor was it possible to enlist against him the services of his brother warrior. The man in steel sided with the man in brass, and the two heroes thus formed a powerful coalition, which was only overcome at last by the onset of numbers. The scene altogether was of a most scandalous, if comical, description. It was some time past midnight when Mr. Marriot, the armourer, arrived at Guildhall, and at length succeeded in releasing the two half-dead warriors from their coats of mail.

After all, these famous suits of armour never returned to the wardrobe of the Surrey Theatre, or gleamed upon its stage. From Guildhall they were taken to Mr. Marriott's workshop. This, with all its contents, was accidentally consumed by fire. But the armourer's trade had taught him chivalry. At his own expense, although he had lost some three thousand pounds by the fire, he provided Elliston with new suits of armour in lieu of those

that had been destroyed. To his outlay the Lord Mayor and the City authorities contributed—nothing! although but for the procession of the 9th of November the armour had never been in peril.

The most splendid sight that ever glorified mediæval Cheapside was the Midsummer Marching Watch, a grand City display, the description of which makes even the brown pages of old Stow glow with light and colour, seeming to rouse in the old London chronicler recollections of his youth.

THE DEMOLITION OF CHEAPSIDE CROSS. *From an old Print.* (*See page* 334.)

"Besides the standing watches," says Stow, "all in bright harness, in every ward and street in the City and suburbs, there was also a Marching Watch, that passed through the principal streets thereof; to wit, from the Little Conduit, by Paul's Gate, through West Cheap by the *Stocks*, through Cornhill, by Leaden Hall, to Aldgate; then back down Fenchurch Street, by Grasse Church, about Grasse Church Conduit, and up Grasse Church Street into Cornhill, and through into West Cheap again, and so broke up. The whole way ordered for this Marching Watch extended to 3,200 taylors' yards of assize. For the furniture whereof, with lights, there were appointed 700 cressets, 500 of them being found by the Companies, the other 200 by the Chamber of London. Besides the which lights, every constable in London, in number more than 240, had his cresset; the charge of every cresset was in light two shillings four pence; and every cresset had two men, one to bear or hold it, another to bear a bag with light, and to serve it; so that the poor men pertaining to the cressets taking wages, besides that every one had a strawen hat, with a badge painted, and his breakfast, amounted in number to almost 2,000. The Marching Watch contained in number about 2,000 men, part of them being old soldiers, of skill to be captains, lieutenants, serjeants, corporals, &c.; whifflers, drummers and fifes, standard and ensign bearers, demi-launces on great horses, gunners with handguns, or half hakes, archers in coats of white fustian, signed on the breast and back with the arms of the City, their bows bent in their hands, with sheafs of arrows by their side; pikemen, in bright corslets, burganets, &c.; halbards, the like; the billmen in Almain rivets and aprons of mail in great number.

"This Midsummer Watch was thus accustomed yearly, time out of mind, until the year 1539, the 31st of Henry VIII.; in which year, on the 8th of

May, a great muster was made by the citizens at the *Mile's End*, all in bright harness, with coats of white silk or cloth, and chains of gold, in three great battels, to the number of 15,000; which passed through London to Westminster, and so through the Sanctuary and round about the Park of St. James, and returned home through Oldborn.

"King Henry, then considering the great charges of the citizens for the furniture of this unusual muster, forbad the Marching Watch provided for at midsummer for that year; which being once laid down, was not raised again till the year 1548, the second of Edward the Sixth, Sir John Gresham then being Maior, who caused the Marching Watch, both on the eve of Saint John Baptist, and of Saint Peter the Apostle, to be revived and set forth, in as comely order as it had been accustomed.

"In the months of June and July, on the vigil of festival days, and on the same festival days in the evenings, after the sun-setting, there were usually made bonefires in the streets, every man bestowing wood or labour towards them. The wealthier sort, also, before their doors, near to the said bonefires, would set out tables on the vigils, furnished with sweet bread and good drink; and on the festival days, with meat and drink, plentifully; whereunto they would invite their neighbours and passengers also, to sit and be merry with them in great familiarity, praising God for his benefits bestowed on them. These were called Bonefires, as well of good amity amongst neighbours, that being before at controversie, were there by the labours of others reconciled, and made of bitter enemies loving friends; as also for the virtue that a great fire hath to purge the infection of the air. On the vigil of Saint John Baptist, and on Saint Peter and Paul, the apostles, every man's door being shadowed with green birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, orpin, white lillies, and such-like, garnished upon with beautiful flowers, had also lamps of glass, with oyl burning in them all the night. Some hung out branches of iron, curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps, lighted at once, which made a goodly show, namely, in New Fish Street, Thames Street, &c."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHEAPSIDE: CENTRAL.

Grim Chronicles of Cheapside—Cheapside Cross—Puritanical Intolerance—The Old London Conduits—Mediæval Water-carriers—The Church of St. Mary-le-Bow—"Murder will out"—The "Sound of Bow Bells"—Sir Christopher Wren's Bow Church—Remains of the Old Church—The Seldam—Interesting Houses in Cheapside and their Memories—Goldsmiths' Row—The "Nag's Head" and the Self-consecrated Bishops—Keats' House—Saddler's Hall—A Prince Disguised—Blackmore, the Poet—Alderman Boydell, the Printseller—His Edition of Shakespeare—"Puck"—The Lottery—Death and Burial.

THE Cheapside Standard, opposite Honey Lane, was also a fountain, and was rebuilt in the reign of Henry VI. In the year 1293 (Edward I.) three men had their right hands stricken off here for rescuing a prisoner arrested by an officer of the City. In Edward III.'s reign two fishmongers, for aiding a riot, were beheaded at the Standard. Here also, in the reign of Richard II., Wat Tyler, that unfortunate reformer, beheaded Richard Lions, a rich merchant. When Henry IV. usurped the throne, very beneficially for the nation, it was at the Standard in Chepe that he caused Richard II.'s blank charters to be burned. In the reign of Henry VI. Jack Cade (a man who seems to have aimed at removing real evils) beheaded the Lord Say, as readers of Shakespeare's historical plays will remember; and in 1461 John Davy had his offending hand cut off at the Standard for having struck a man before the judges at Westminster.

Cheapside Cross, one of the nine crosses erected by Edward I., that soldier king, to mark the resting-places of the body of his beloved queen, Eleanor of Castile, on its way from Lincoln to Westminster Abbey, stood in the middle of the road facing Wood Street. It was built in 1290 by Master Michael, a mason, of Canterbury. From an old painting at Cowdray, in Sussex, representing the procession of Edward VI. from the Tower to Westminster, an engraving of which we have given on page 313, we gather that the cross was both stately and graceful. It consisted of three octangular compartments, each supported by eight slender columns. The basement story was probably twenty feet high; the second, ten; the third, six. In the first niche stood the effigy of probably a contemporaneous pope; round the base of the second were four apostles, each with a nimbus round his head; and above them sat the Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her

arms. The highest niche was occupied by four standing figures, while crowning all rose a cross surmounted by the emblematic dove. The whole was rich with highly-finished ornament.

Fox, the martyrologist, says the cross was erected on what was then an open spot of Cheapside. Some writers assert that a statue of Queen Eleanor first stood on the spot, but this is very much doubted. The cross was rebuilt in 1441, and combined with a drinking-fountain. The work was a long time about, as the full design was not carried to completion till the first year of Henry VII. This second erection was, in fact, a sort of a timber-shed surrounding the old cross, and covered with gilded lead. It was, we are told, re-gilt on the visit of the Emperor Charles V. On the accession of Edward VI., that child of promise, the cross was altered and beautified.

The generations came and went. The 'prentice who had played round the cross as a newly-girdled lad sat again on its steps as a rich citizen, in robes and chain. The shaven priest who stopped to mutter a prayer to the half-defaced Virgin in the votive niche gave place to his successor in the Geneva gown, and still the cross stood, a memory of death, that spares neither king nor subject. But in Elizabeth's time, in their horror of image-worship, the Puritans, foaming at the mouth at every outward and visible sign of the old religion, took great exception at the idolatrous cross of Chepe. Violent protest was soon made. In the night of June 21st, 1581, an attack was made on the lower tier of images—*i.e.*, the Resurrection, Virgin, Christ, and Edward the Confessor, all which were miserably mutilated. The Virgin was "robbed of her son, and the arms broken by which she stayed him on her knees, her whole body also haled by ropes and left ready to fall." The Queen offered a reward, but the offenders were not discovered. In 1595 the effigy of the Virgin was repaired, and afterwards "a newe sonne, misshapen (as borne out of time), all naked, was laid in her arms; the other images continuing broken as before." Soon an attempt was made to pull down the woodwork, and substitute a pyramid for the crucifix; the Virgin was superseded by the goddess Diana—"a woman (for the most part naked), and water, conveyed from the Thames, filtering from her naked breasts, but oftentimes dried up." Elizabeth, always a trimmer in these matters, was indignant at these fanatical doings; and thinking a plain cross, a symbol of the faith of our country, ought not to give scandal, she ordered one to be placed on the summit, and gilt. The Virgin also was restored; but twelve nights afterwards she was again attacked, "her crown being plucked off, and almost her head, taking away her naked child, and stabbing her in the breast." Thus dishonoured the cross was left till the next year, 1600, when it was rebuilt, and the universities were consulted as to whether the crucifix should be restored. They all sanctioned it, with the exception of Dr. Abbot (afterwards archbishop), but there was to be no dove. In a sermon of the period the following passage occurs:—"Oh! this cross is one of the jewels of the harlot of Rome, and is left and kept here as a love-token, and gives them hope that they shall enjoy it and us again." Yet the cross remained undisturbed for several years. At this period it was surrounded by a strong iron railing, and decorated in the most inoffensive manner. It consisted of only four stones. Superstitious images were superseded by grave effigies of apostles, kings, and prelates. The crucifix only of the original was retained. The cross itself was in bad taste, being half Grecian, half Gothic; the whole, architecturally, much inferior to the former fabric.

The uneasy zeal of the Puritanical sects soon revived. On the night of January 24th, 1641, the cross was again defaced, and a sort of literary contention began. We have "The Resolution of those Contemners that will no Crosses;" "Articles of High Treason exhibited against Cheapside Cross;" "The Chimney-sweepers' Sad Complaint, and Humble Petition to the City of London for erecting a Neue Cross;" "A Dialogue between the Cross in Chepe and Charing Cross." Of these here is a specimen—

Anabaptist. O! idol now,
Down must thou!
Brother Ball,
Be sure it shall.
Brownist. Helpe! Wren,
Or we are undone men.
I shall not fall,
To ruin all.

Cheap Cross. I'm so crossed, I fear my utter destruction is at hand.

Charing Cross. Sister of Cheap, crosses are incident to us all, and our children. But what's the greatest cross that hath befallen you?

Cheap Cross. Nay, sister; if my cross were fallen, I should live at more heart's ease than I do.

Charing Cross. I believe it is the cross upon your head that hath brought you into this trouble, is it not?

These disputes were the precursors of its final destruction. In May, 1643, the Parliament deputed Robert Harlow to the work, who went with a troop of horse and two companies of foot, and executed his orders most completely. The official account says rejoicingly:—

"On the 2nd of May, 1643, the cross in Cheapside

was pulled down. At the fall of the top cross drums beat, trumpets blew, and multitudes of caps were thrown into the air, and a great shout of people with joy. The 2nd of May, the almanack says, was the invention of the cross, and the same day at night were the leaden popes burnt (they were not popes, but eminent English prelates) in the place where it stood, with ringing of bells and great acclamation, and no hurt at all done in these actions."

The 10th of the same month, the "Book of Sports" (a collection of ordinances allowing games on the Sabbath, put forth by James I.) was burnt by the hangman, where the Cross used to stand, and at the Exchange.

"Aleph" gives us the title of a curious tract, published the very day the Cross was destroyed:—"The Downfall of Dagon; or, the Taking Down of Cheapside Crosse; wherein is contained these principles: 1. The Crosse Sicke at Heart. 2. His Death and Funerall. 3. His Will, Legacies, Inventory, and Epitaph. 4. Why it was removed. 5. The Money it will bring. 6. Noteworthy, that it was cast down on that day when it was first invented and set up."

It may be worth giving an extract or two:—"I am called the 'Citie Idoll;' the Brownists spit at me, and throw stones at me; others hide their eyes with their fingers; the Anabaptists wish me knockt in pieces, as I am like to be this day; the sisters of the fraternity will not come near me, but go about by Watling Street, and come in again by Soaper Lane, to buy their provisions of the market folks. . . . I feele the pangs of death, and shall never see the end of the merry month of May; my breath stops; my life is gone; I feel myself a-dying downwards."

Here are some of the bequests:—"I give my iron-work to those people which make good swords, at Hounslow; for I am all Spanish iron and steele to the back.

"I give my body and stones to those masons that cannot telle how to frame the like againe, to keepe by them for a patterne; for in time there will be more crosses in London than ever there was yet.

"I give my ground whereon I stood to be a free market-place.

"JASPER CROSSE, HIS EPITAPH.

'I look for no praise when I am dead,
For, going the right way, I never did tread;
I was harde as an alderman's doore,
That's shut and stony-hearted to the poore.
I never gave alms, nor did anything
Was good, nor e'er said, God save the King.
I stood like a stock that was made of wood,
And yet the people would not say I was good;
And if I tell them plaine, they're like to mee—
Like stone to all goodnesse. But now, reader, see
Me in the dust, for crosses must not stand,
There is too much cross tricks within the land;
And, having so done never any good,
I leave my prayse for to be understood;
For many women, after this my losse,
Will remember me, and still will be crosse—'
Crosse tricks, crosse ways, and crosse vanities,
Believe the Crosse speaks truth, for here he lyes.

"I was built of lead, iron, and stone. Some say that divers of the crowns and sceptres are of silver, besides the rich gold that I was gilded with, which might have been filed and saved, yielding a good value. Some have offered four hundred, some five hundred; but they that bid most offer one thousand for it. I am to be taken down this very Tuesday; and I pray, good reader, take notice by the almanack, for the sign falls just at this time, to be in the feete, to showe that the crosse must be laide equall with the grounde, for our feete to tread on, and what day it was demolished; that is, on the day when crosses were first invented and set up; and so I leave the rest to your consideration."

Howell, the letter writer, lamenting the demolition of so ancient and visible a monument, says trumpets were blown all the while the crowbars and pickaxes were working. Archbishop Laud in his "Diary" notes that on May 1st the fanatical mob broke the stained-glass windows of his Lambeth chapel, and tore up the steps of his communion table.

"On Tuesday," this fanatic of another sort writes, "the cross in Cheapside was taken down to cleanse that great street of superstition." The amiable Evelyn notes in his "Diary" that he himself saw "the furious and zelous people demolish that stately crosse in Cheapside." In July, 1645, two years afterwards, and in the middle of the Civil War, Whitelock (afterwards Oliver Cromwell's trimming minister) mentions a burning on the site of the Cheapside cross of crucifixes, Popish pictures, and books. Soon after the demolition of the cross (says Howell) a high square stone rest was "popped up in Cheapside, hard by the Standard," according to the legacy of Russell, a good-hearted porter. This "rest and be thankful" bore the following simple distich:—

"God bless thee, porter, who great pains doth take;
Rest here, and welcome, when thy back doth ache."

There are four views of the old Cheapside cross extant—one at Cowdray, one at the Pepysian library, Cambridge. A third, engraved by Wilkinson,

represents the procession of Mary de Medicis, on her way through Cheapside; and another, which we give on page 331, shows the demolition of the cross.

The old London conduits were pleasant gathering places for 'prentices, serving-men, and servant girls — open-air parliaments of chatter, scandal, love-making, and trade talk. Here all day repaired the professional water-carriers, rough, sturdy fellows —like Ben Jonson's Cob—who were hired to supply the houses of the rich goldsmiths of Chepe, and who, before Sir Hugh Middleton brought the New River to London, were indispensable to the citizen's very existence.

The Great Conduit of Cheapside stood in the middle of the east end of the street near its junction with the Poultry, while the Little Conduit was at the west end, facing Foster Lane and Old Change. Stow, that indefatigable stitcher together of old history, describes the larger conduit curtly as bringing sweet water "by pipes of lead underground from Tyburn (Paddington) for the service of the City." It was castellated with stone and cisterned in lead about the year 1285 (Edward I.), and again new built and enlarged by Thomas Ham, a sheriff in 1479 (Edward IV.). Ned Ward (1700), in his lively ribald way describes Cheapside conduit (he does not say which) palisaded with chimney-sweepers' brooms and surrounded by sweeps, probably waiting to be hired, so that "a countryman, seeing so many black attendants waiting at a stone hovel, took it to be one of Old Nick's tenements."

In the reign of Edward III. the supply of water for the City seems to have been derived chiefly from the river, the local conduits being probably insufficient. The carters, called "water-leders" (24th Edward III.), were ordered by the City to charge three-halfpence for taking a cart from Dowgate or Castle Baynard to Chepe, and five farthings if they stopped short of Chepe, while a sand-cart from Aldgate to Chepe Conduit was to charge threepence.

The Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, the sound of whose mellow bells is supposed to be so dear to cockney ears, is the glory and crown of modern Cheapside. The music it casts forth into the troubled London air has a special magic of its own, and has a power to waken memories of the past. This *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Christopher Wren, whose steeple—as graceful as it is stately—rises like a lighthouse above the roar and jostle of the human deluge below, stands on an ecclesiastical site of great antiquity. The old tradition is that here, as at St. Paul's and Westminster, was a Roman temple, but of that there is no proof whatever. The first Bow Church seems, however, to have been one of the earliest churches built by the conquerors of Harold; and here, no doubt, the sullen Saxons came to sneer at the masse chanted with a French accent. The first church was racked by storm and fire, was for a time turned into a fortress, was afterwards the scene of a murder, and last of all became one of our earliest ecclesiastical courts. Stow, usually very clear and unconfused, rather contradicts himself for once about the origin of the name of the church—"St. Mary de Arcubus or Bow." In one place he says it was so called because it was the first London church built on arches; and elsewhere, when out of sight of this assertion, he says that it took its name from certain stone arches supporting a lantern on the top of the tower. The first is more probably the true derivation, for St. Paul's could also boast its Saxon crypt. Bow Church is first mentioned in the reign of William the Conqueror, and it was probably built at that period.

There seems to have been nothing to specially disturb the fair building and its ministering priests till 1090 (William Rufus), when, in a tremendous storm that sent the monks to their knees, and shook the very saints from their niches over portal and arch, the roof of Bow Church was, by one great wrench of the wind, lifted off, and wafted down like a mere dead leaf into the street. It does not say much for the state of the highway that four of the huge rafters, twenty-six feet long, were driven (so the chroniclers say) twenty-two feet into the ground.

In 1270 part of the steeple fell, and caused the death of several persons; so that the work of mediæval builders does not seem to have been always irreproachable.

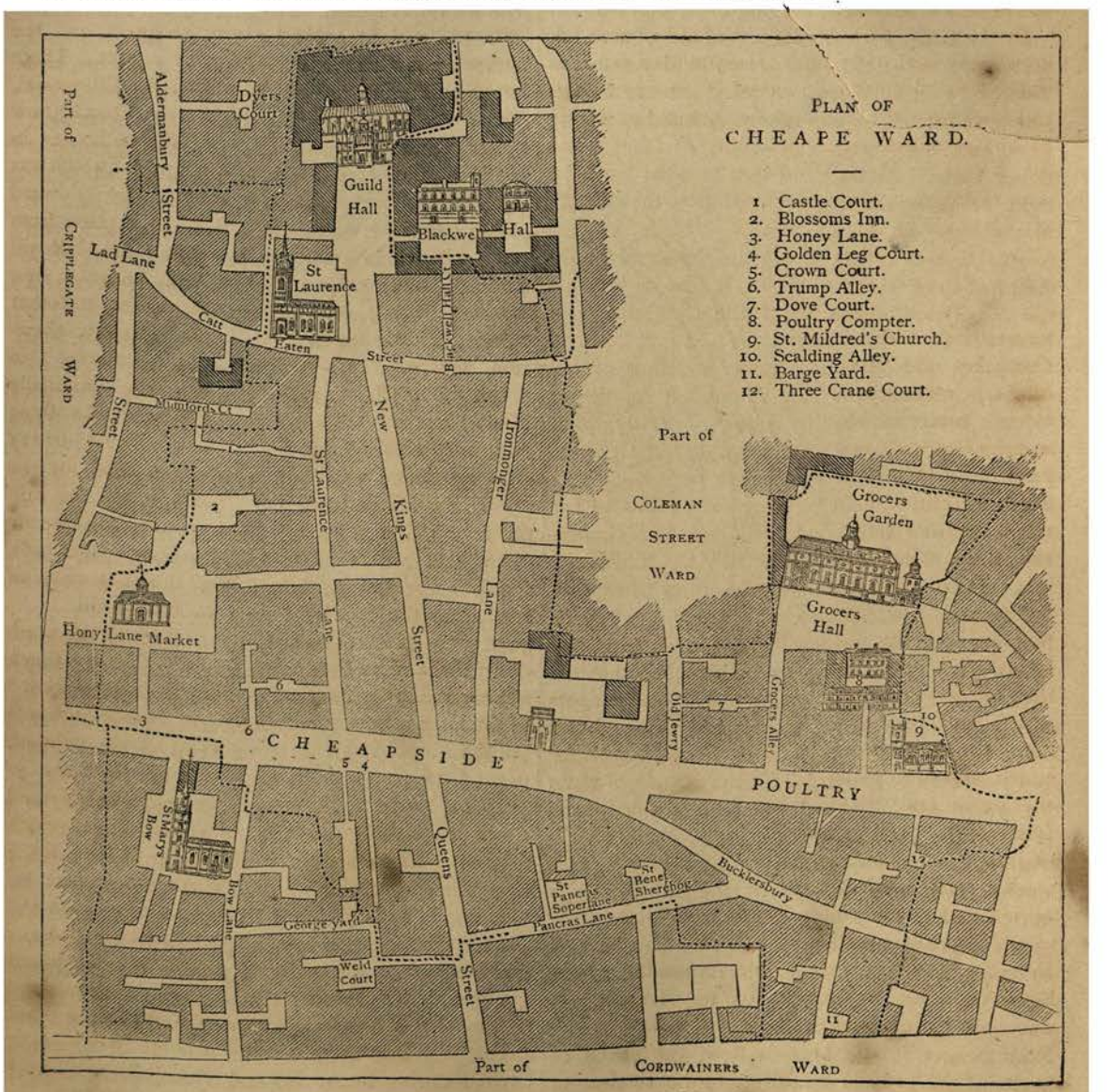
It was in 1284 (Edward I.) that blood was shed, and the right of sanctuary violated, in Bow Church. One Duckett, a goldsmith, having in that warlike age wounded in some fray a person named Ralph Crepin, took refuge in this church, and slept in the steeple. While there, certain friends of Crepin entered during the night, and violating the sanctuary, first slew Duckett, and then so placed the body as to induce the belief that he had committed suicide. A verdict to this effect was accordingly returned at the inquisition, and the body was interred with the customary indignities. The real circumstances, however, being afterwards discovered, through the evidence of a boy, who, it appears, was with Duckett in his voluntary confinement, and had hid himself during the struggle, the murderers, among whom was a woman, were apprehended and

executed. After this occurrence the church was interdicted for a time, and the doors and windows stopped with brambles.

The first we hear of the nightly ringing of Bow bell at nine o'clock—a reminiscence, probably, of the revival of an old and favourite usage. The rhymes are—

"Clarke of the Bow bell, with the yellow lockes
For thy late ringing, thy head shall have knockes."

To this the clerk replies—



OLD MAP OF THE WARD OF CHEAP—ABOUT 1750.

the tyrannical Norman curfew, or signal for extinguishing the lights at eight p.m.—is in 1315 (Edward II.). It was the go-to-bed bell of those early days; and two old couplets still exist, supposed to be the complaint of the sleepy 'prentices of Chepe and the obsequious reply of the Bow Church clerk. In the reign of Henry VI. the steeple was completed, and the ringing of the bell was, perhaps,

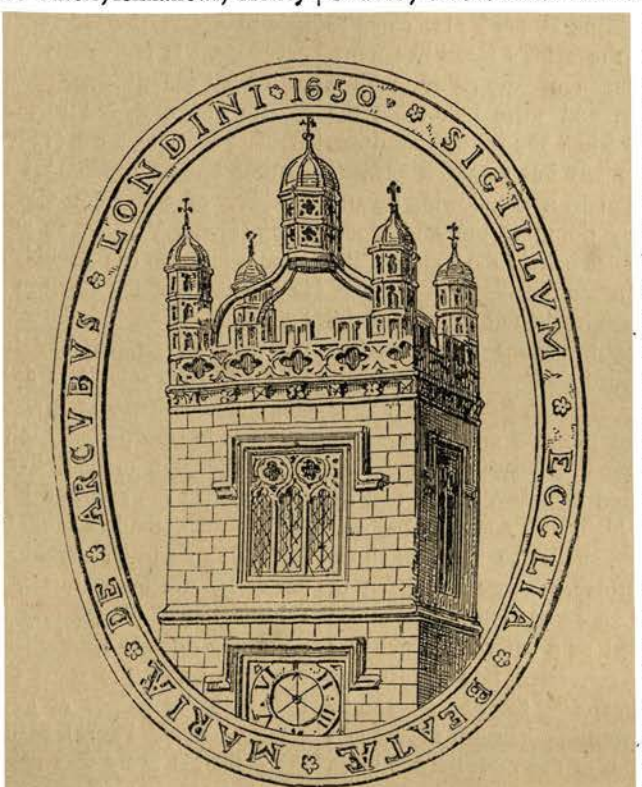
"Children of Chepe, hold you all still,
For you shall have Bow bell rung at your will."

In 1315 (Edward II.) William Copeland, churchwarden of Bow, gave a new bell to the church, or had the old one re-cast.

In 1512 (Henry VIII.) the upper part of the steeple was repaired, and the lanthorn and the stone arches forming the open coronet of the tower

were finished with Caen stone. It was then proposed to glaze the five corner lanthorns and the top lanthorn, and light them up with torches or cressets at night, to serve as beacons for travellers on the northern roads to London; but the idea was never carried out.

By the Great Fire of 1666, the old church was destroyed; and in 1671 the present edifice was commenced by Sir C. Wren. After it was erected the parish was united to two others, Allhallows, Honey Lane, and St. Pancras, Soper Lane. As the right of presentation to the latter of them is also vested in the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that of the former in the Grocers' Company, the Archbishop nominates twice consecutively, and the Grocers' Company once. We learn from the "Parentalia," that the former church had been mean and low. On digging out the ground, a foundation was discovered sufficiently firm for the intended fabric, which, on further examination, the account states, appeared to be the walls and pavement of a temple, or church, of Roman workmanship, entirely buried under the level of the present street. In reality, however (unless other remains were found below those since seen, which is not probable), this was nothing more than the crypt of the ancient Norman church, and it may still be examined in the vaults of the present building; for, as the account informs us, upon these walls was commenced the new church. The former building stood about forty feet backwards from Cheapside; and in order to bring the new steeple forward to the line of the street, the site of a house not yet rebuilt was purchased, and on it the excavations were commenced for the foundation of the tower. Here a Roman causeway was found, supposed to be the once northern boundary of the colony. The church was completed (chiefly at the expense of subscribers) in 1680. A certain Dame Dyonis Williamson, of Hale's Hall, in the county of Norfolk, gave £2,000 towards the rebuilding. Of the monuments in the church, that to the memory of Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, and twenty-five years rector of Bow Church, is the most noticeable. In 1820 the spire was repaired by George Gwilt, architect, and the upper part of it taken down and rebuilt. There used to be a large building, called the Crown-sild, or shed, on the north side of the old church (now the site of houses in Cheapside), which was erected by Edward III., as a place from which the Royal Family might view tournaments and other entertainments thereafter occurring in Cheapside. Originally the King had nothing but a temporary wooden shed for the purpose, but this falling down, as already described (page 316), led to the erection of the Crown-sild.



THE SEAL OF BOW CHURCH.
(*See page* 338.)

"Without the north side of this church of St. Mary Bow," says Stow, "towards West Chepe, standeth one fair building of stone, called in record Seldam, a shed which greatly darkeneth the said church; for by means thereof all the windows and doors on that side are stopped up. King Edward caused this sild or shed to be made, and to be strongly built of stone, for himself, the queen, and other estates to stand in, there to behold the joustings and other shows at their pleasure. And this house for a long time after served for that use —viz., in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II.; but in the year 1410 Henry IV. confirmed the said shed or building to Stephen Spilman, William Marchfield, and John Whateley, mercers, by the name of one New Seldam, shed, or building, with shops, cellars, and edifices whatsoever appertaining, called Crownside or Tamersilde, situate in the Mercery in West Chepe, and in the parish of St. Mary de Arcubus, in London, &c. Notwith-

standing which grant the kings of England and other great estates, as well of foreign countries repairing to this realm, as inhabitants of the same, have usually repaired to this place, therein to behold the shows of this city passing through West Chepe—viz., the great watches accustomed in the night, on the even of St. John the Baptist and St. Peter at Midsummer, the example whereof were over long to recite, wherefore let it suffice briefly to touch one. In the year 1510, on St. John's even at night, King Henry VIII. came to this place, then called the King's Head in Chepe, in the livery of a yeoman of the guard, with a halbert on his shoulder, and there beholding the watch, departed privily when the watch was done, and was not known to any but whom it pleased him; but on St. Peter's night next following he and the queen came royally riding to the said place, and there with their nobles beheld the watch of the city, and returned in the morning."

The *Builder*, of 1845, gives a full account of the discovery of architectural remains beneath some houses in Bow Churchyard:—

"They are," says the *Builder*, "of a much later date than the celebrated Norman crypt at present existing under the church. Beneath the house No. 5 is a square vaulted chamber, twelve feet by seven feet three inches high, with a slightly pointed arch of ribbed masonry, similar to some of those of the Old London Bridge. There had been in the centre of the floor an excavation, which might have been formerly used as a bath, but which was now arched over and converted into a cesspool. Proceeding towards Cheapside, there appears to be a continuation of the vaulting beneath the houses Nos. 4 and 3. The arch of the vault here is plain and more pointed. The masonry appears, from an aperture near to the warehouse above, to be of considerable thickness. This crypt or vault is seven feet in height, from the floor to the crown of the arch, and is nine feet in width, and eighteen feet long. Beneath the house No. 4 is an outer vault. The entrance to both these vaults is by a depressed Tudor arch, with plain spandrils, six feet high, the thickness of the walls about four feet. In the thickness of the eastern wall of one of the vaults are cut triangular-headed niches, similar to those in which, in ancient ecclesiastical edifices, the basins containing the holy water, and sometimes lamps, were placed. These vaultings appear originally to have extended to Cheapside; for beneath a house there, in a direct line with these buildings and close to the street, is a massive stone wall. The arches of this crypt are of the low pointed form, which came into use in the sixteenth century. There are no records of any monastery having existed on this spot, and it is difficult to conjecture what the building originally was. Mr. Chaffers thought it might be the remains of the *Crown-sild*, or shed, where our sovereigns resorted to view the joustings, shows, and great marching matches on the eves of great festivals."

The ancient silver parish seal of St. Mary-le-Bow, of which we give an engraving on page 337, representing the tower of the church as it existed before the Great Fire of 1666, is still in existence. It represents the old coronetted tower with great exactitude.

The first recorded rector of Bow Church was William D. Cilecester (1287, Edward I.), and the earliest known monument in the church was in memory of Sir John Coventry, Lord Mayor in 1425 (Henry VI.). The advowson of St. Mary-le-Bow belongs to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and is the chief of his thirteen *peculiars*, or insulated livings.

Lovers of figures may like to know that the height of Bow steeple is 221 feet 8½ inches. The church altogether cost £7,388 8s. 7d.

It was in Bow parish, Maitland thinks, that John Hare, the rich mercer, lived, at the sign of the "Crown," in the reign of Henry VIII. He was a Suffolk man, made a large fortune, and left a considerable sum in charity—to poor prisoners, to the hospitals, the lazar-houses, and the alms-men of Whittington College—and thirty-five heavy gold mourning rings to special friends.

Edward IV., the same day he was proclaimed, dined at the palace at Paul's (that is, Baynard's Castle, near St. Paul's), in the City, and continued there till his army was ready to march in pursuit of King Henry; during which stay in the City he caused Walter Walker, an eminent grocer in Cheapside, to be apprehended and tried for a few harmless words innocently spoken by him—viz., that he would make his son heir to the Crown, inoffensively meaning his own house, which had the crown for its sign; for which imaginary crime he was beheaded in Smithfield, on the eighth day of this king's reign. This "Crown" was probably Hare's house.

The house No. 108, Cheapside, opposite Bow Church, was rebuilt after the Great Fire upon the sites of three ancient houses, called respectively the "Black Bull," leased to Daniel Waldo; the "Cardinalle Hat," leased to Ann Stephens; and the "Black Boy," leased to William Carpenter, by the Mercers' Company. In the library of the City of London there are MSS. from the Surveys of Wills, &c., after the Fire of London, giving a

description of the property, as well as the names of the respective owners. It was subsequently leased to David Barclay, linendraper; and has been visited by six reigning sovereigns, from Charles II. to George III., on civic festivities, and for witnessing the Lord Mayor's show. In this house Sir Edward Waldo was knighted by Charles II., and the Lord Mayor, in 1714, was created a baronet by George I. When the house was taken down in 1861, the fine old oak-panelled dining-room, with its elaborate carvings, was purchased entire, and removed to Wales. The purchaser has written an interesting description (privately printed) of the panelling, the royal visits, the Barclay family, and other interesting matters.

In 1861 there was sold, says Mr. Timbs, amongst the old materials of No. 108, the "fine old oak-panelling of a large dining-room, with chimney-piece and cornice to correspond, elaborately carved in fruit and foliage, in capital preservation, 750 fee superficial." These panels were purchased by Mr. Morris Charles Jones, of Gunrog, near Welshpool, in North Wales, for £72 10s. 3d., including commission and expenses of removal, being about 1s. 8d. per foot superficial. It has been conveyed from Cheapside to Gunrog. This room was the principal apartment of the house of Sir Edward Waldo, and stated, in a pamphlet by Mr. Jones, "to have been visited by six reigning sovereigns, from Charles II. to George III., on the occasion of civic festivities and for the purpose of witnessing the Lord Mayor's show." (See Mr. Jones's pamphlet, privately printed, 1864.) A contemporary (the *Builder*) doubts whether this carving can be the work of Gibbons; "if so, it is a rare treasure, cheaply gained. But, except in St. Paul's, a Crown and ecclesiastical structure, be it remembered, not a corporate one, there is not a single example of Gibbons' art to be seen in the City of London proper."

Goldsmiths' Row, in Cheapside, between Old Change and Bucklersbury, was originally built by Thomas Wood, goldsmith and sheriff, in 1491 (Henry VII.). Stow, speaking of it, says: "It is a most beautiful frame of houses and shops, consisting of tenne faire dwellings, uniformly builded foure stories high, beautified towards the street with the Goldsmiths' arms, and likeness of Woodmen, in memorie of his name, riding on monstrous beasts, all richly painted and gilt." Maitland assures us "it was beautiful to behold the glorious appearance of goldsmith's shops, in the south row of Cheapside, which reached from the Old Change to Bucklersbury, exclusive of four shops."

The sign in stone of a nag's head upon the front of the old house, No. 39, indicates, it is supposed, the tavern at the corner of Friday Street, where, according to Roman Catholic scandal, the Protestant bishops, on Elizabeth's accession, consecrated each other in a very irregular manner.

Pennant thus relates the scandalous story:—"It was pretended by the adversaries of our religion, that a certain number of ecclesiastics, in their hurry to take possession of the vacant sees, assembled here, where they were to undergo the ceremony from Anthony Kitchen, *alias* Dunstan, Bishop of Llandaff, a sort of occasional conformist, who had taken the oaths of supremacy to Queen Elizabeth. Bonner, Bishop of London, then confined in prison, hearing of it, sent his chaplain to Kitchen, threatening him with excommunication in case he proceeded. The prelate, therefore, refused to perform the ceremony; on which, say the Roman Catholics, Parker and the other candidates, rather than defer possession of their dioceses, determined to consecrate one another, which, says the story, they did without any sort of scruple, and Story began with Parker, who instantly rose Archbishop of Canterbury. The simple refutation of this lying story may be read in Strype's 'Life of Archbishop Parker.'" The "Nag's Head Tavern" is shown in La Serre's print, "Entrée de la Reyne Mère du Roy," 1638, of which we gave a copy on page 307 of this work.

"The confirmation," says Strype, "was performed three days after the Queen's letters commissional above-said; that is, on the 9th day of December, in the Church of St. Mary de Arcubus (*i.e.* Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside), regularly, and according to the usual custom; and then after this manner:—First, John Incent, public notary, appeared personally, and presented to the Right Reverend the Commissaries, appointed by the Queen, her said letters to them directed in that behalf; humbly praying them to take upon them the execution of the said letters, and to proceed according to the contents thereof, in the said business of confirmation. And the said notary public publicly read the Queen's commissional letters. Then, out of the reverence and honour those bishops present (who were Barlow, Story, Coverdale, and the suffragan of Bedford), bore to her Majesty, they took upon them the commission, and accordingly resolved to proceed according to the form, power, and effect of the said letters. Next, the notary exhibited his proxy for the Dean and Chapter of the Metropolitan Church, and made himself a party for them; and, in the procuratorial name of the said Dean and Chapter, presented the venerable Mr. Nicolas Bullingham, LL.D., and placed him before

the said commissioners; who then exhibited his proxy for the said elect of Canterbury, and made himself a party for him. Then the said notary exhibited the original citatory mandate, together with the certificate on the back side, concerning the execution of the same; and then required all and singular persons cited, to be publicly called. And consequently a threefold proclamation was made, of all and singular opposers, at the door of the parochial church aforesaid; and so as is customary in these cases.

"Then, at the desire of the said notary to go on in this business of confirmation, they, the commissioners, decreed so to do, as was more fully contained in a schedule read by Bishop Barlow, with the consent of his colleagues. It is too long to relate distinctly every formal proceeding in this business; only it may be necessary to add some few of the most material passages.

"Then followed the deposition of witnesses concerning the life and actions, learning and abilities of the said elect; his freedom, his legitimacy, his priesthood, and such like. One of the witnesses was John Baker, of thirty-nine years old, gent., who is said to sojourn for the present with the venerable Dr. Parker, and to be born in the parish of St. Clement's, in Norwich. He, among other things, witnessed, 'That the same reverend father was and is a prudent man, commended for his knowledge of sacred Scripture, and for his life and manners. That he was a freeman, and born in lawful matrimony; that he was in lawful age, and in priest's orders, and a faithful subject to the Queen;' and the said Baker, in giving the reason of his knowledge in this behalf, said, 'That he was the natural brother of the Lord Elect, and that they were born *ex unis parentibus*' (or rather, surely, *ex una parente*, *i.e.*, of one mother). William Tolwyn, M.A., aged seventy years, and rector of St. Anthony, London, was another witness, who had known the said elect thirty years, and knew his mother, and that he was still very well acquainted with him, and of his certain knowledge could testify all above said.

"The notary exhibited the process of the election by the Dean and Chapter; which the commissioners did take a diligent view of, and at last, in the conclusion of this affair, the commissioners decreed the said most reverend lord elected and presently confirmed, should receive his consecration; and committed to him the care, rule, and administration, both of the temporals and spirituals of the said archbishopric; and decreed him to be inducted into the real, actual, and corporal possession of the same archbishopric.

"After many years the old story is ventured again into the world, in a book printed at Douay, anno 1654, wherein they thus tell their tale. 'I know they (*i.e.*, the Protestants) have tried many ways, and feigned an old record (meaning the authentic register of Archbishop Parker) to prove their ordination from Catholic bishops. But it was false, as I have received from two certain witnesses. The former of them was Dr. Darbyshire, then Dean of St. Paul's (canon there, perhaps, but never dean), and nephew to Dr. Boner, Bishop of London; who almost sixty years since lived at Meux Port, then a holy, religious man (a Jesuit), very aged, but perfect in sense and memory, who, speaking what he knew, affirmed to myself and another with me, *that like good fellows they made themselves bishops at an inn, because they could get no true bishops to consecrate them.* My other witness was a gentleman of honour, worth, and credit, dead not many years since, whose father, a chief judge of this kingdom, visiting Archbishop Heath, saw a letter, sent from Bishop Boner out of the Marshalsea, by one of his chaplains, to the archbishop, read, while they sat at dinner together; wherein he merrily related the manner how these new bishops (because he had dissuaded Ogelthorp, Bishop of Carlisle, from doing it in his diocese) ordained one another at an inn, where they met together. And while others laughed at this new manner of consecrating bishops, the archbishop himself, gravely, and not without tears, expressed his grief to see such a ragged company of men come poor out of foreign parts, and appointed to succeed the old clergy.'

"Which forgery, when once invented, was so acceptable to the Romanists, that it was most confidently repeated again in an English book, printed at Antwerp, 1658, *permissione superiorum*, being a second edition, licensed by Gulielmo Bolognimo, where the author sets down his story in these words:—'The heretics who were named to succeed in the other bishops' sees, could not prevail with Llandaff (whom he calls a little before *an old simple man*) to consecrate them at the "Nag's Head," in Cheapside, where they appointed to meet him. And therefore they made use of Story, who was never ordained bishop, though he bore the name in King Edward's reign. Kneeling before him, he laid the Bible upon their heads or shoulders, and bid them rise up and preach the word of God sincerely. 'This is,' added he, 'so evident a truth, that for the space of fifty years no Protestant durst contradict it.'"

"The form adopted at the confirmation of Archbishop Parker," says Dr. Pusey in a letter dated

1865, quoted by Mr. Timbs, "was carefully framed on the old form used in the confirmations by Archbishop Chichele (which was the point for which I examined the registers in the Lambeth library). The words used in the consecration of the bishops confirmed by Chichele do not occur in the registers. The words used by the consecrators of Parker, 'Accipe Spiritum sanctum,' were read in the later pontificals, as in that of Exeter, Lacy's (Maskell's 'Monumenta Ritualia,' iii. 258). Roman Catholic writers admit *that* only is essential to consecration which the English service-book retained—prayer during the service, which should have reference to the office of bishop, and the imposition of hands. And, in fact, Cardinal Pole engaged to retain in their orders those who had been so ordained under Edward VI., and his act was confirmed by Paul IV." (Sanders, *De Schism. Angl.*, l. iii. 350.)

The house No. 73, Cheapside, shown in our illustration on page 343, was erected, from the design of Sir Christopher Wren, for Sir William Turner, Knight, who served the office of Lord Mayor in the year 1668–9, and here he kept his mayoralty.

At the "Queen's Arms Tavern," No. 71, Cheapside, the poet Keats once lived. The second floor of the house which stretches over the passage leading to this tavern was his lodging. Here, says Cunningham, he wrote his magnificent sonnet on Chapman's "Homer," and all the poems in his first little volume. Keats, the son of a livery-stable keeper in Moorfields, was born in 1795, and died of consumption at Rome in 1821. He published his "Endymion" (the inspiration suggested from Lempriere alone) in 1818. We annex the glorious sonnet written within sound of Bow bells:—

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S "HOMER."

"Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards, in fealty to Apollo, hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Behnes' poor bald statue of Sir Robert Peel, in the Paternoster Row end of Cheapside, was uncovered July 21st, 1855. The *Builder* at the time justly lamented that so much good metal was wasted. The statue is without thought—the head is set on the neck awkwardly, the pedestal is senseless, and the two double lamps at the side are mean and paltry.

Saddlers' Hall is close to Foster Lane, Cheapside. "Near unto this lane," says Strype, "but in Cheapside, is Saddlers' Hall—a pretty good building, seated at the upper end of a handsome alley, near to which is Half Moon Alley, which is but small, at the upper end of which is a tavern, which gives a passage into Foster Lane, and another into Gutter Lane."

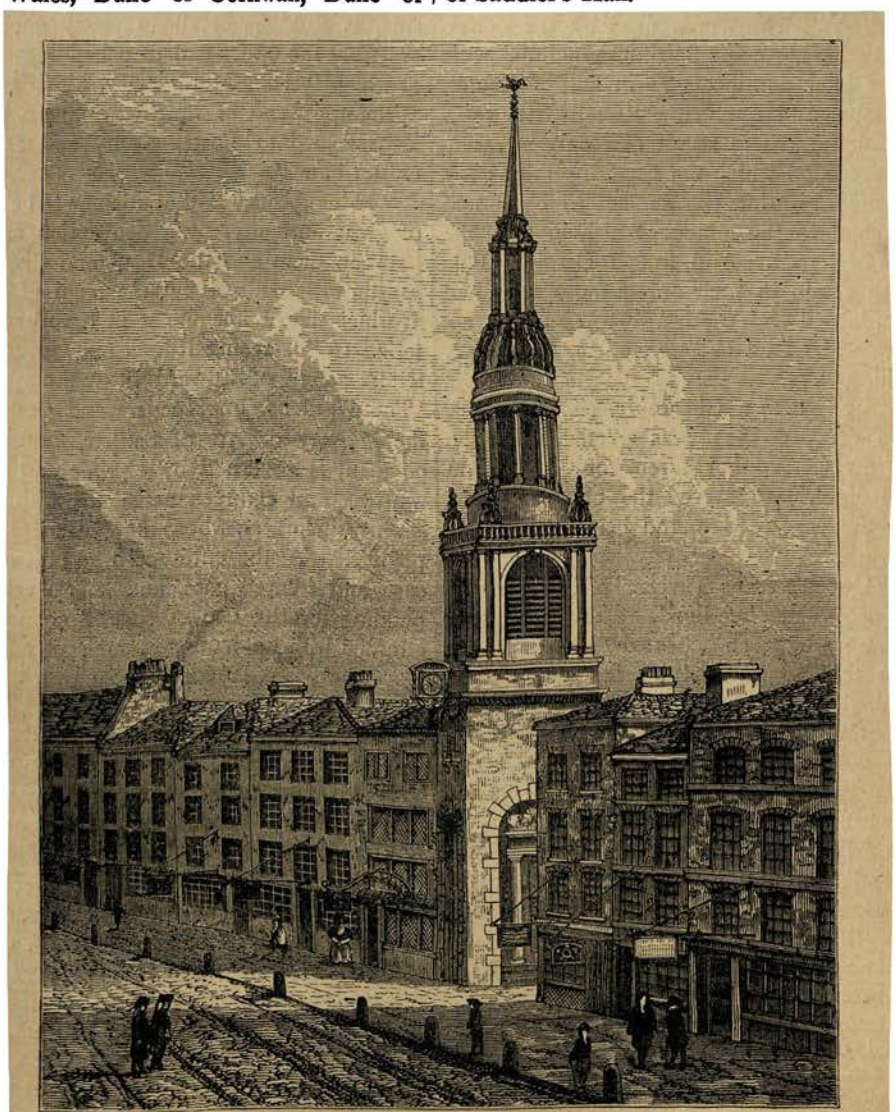
"This appears," says Maitland, "to be a fraternity of great antiquity, by a convention agreed upon between them and the Dean and Chapter of St. Martin's-le-Grand, about the reign of Richard I., at which time I imagine it to have been an Adulterine Guild, seeing it was only incorporated by letters patent of Edward I., by the appellation of 'The Wardens, or Keepers and Commonalty of the Mystery or Art of Sadlers, London.' This company is governed by a prime and three other wardens, and eighteen assistants, with a livery of seventy members, whose fine of admission is ten pounds.* At the entrance is an ornamental door-case, and an iron gate, and it is a very complete building for the use of such a company. It is adorned with fret-work and wainscot, and the Company's arms are carved in stone over the gate next the street."

In 1736, Prince Frederick of Wales, that hopeless creature, being desirous of seeing the Lord Mayor's show privately, visited the City in disguise. At that time it was the custom for several of the City companies, particularly for those who had no barges, to have stands erected in the streets through which the Lord Mayor passed on his return from Westminster, in which the freemen of companies were accustomed to assemble. It happened that his Royal Highness was discovered by some of the Saddlers' Company, in consequence of which he was invited to their stand, which invitation he accepted, and the parties were so well pleased with each other that his Royal Highness was soon after chosen Master of the Company, a compliment which he also accepted. The City on that occasion formed a resolution to compliment his Royal Highness with the freedom of London, pursuant to which the Court of Lord Mayor and Aldermen attended the prince, on the 17th of

* I regret that, relying upon authorities which are not corrected up to the present date, I was led into some errors in my account of the Stationers' Company on pp. 229—233 of this work. The table of planetary influences has been for several years discontinued in Moore's Almanack; and the Company are not entitled to receive for themselves any copies of new books.—W. T.

December, with the said freedom, of which the following is a copy:—

"The most high, most potent, and most illustrious Prince Frederick Lewis, Prince of Great Britain, Electoral Prince of Brunswick-Lunenburg, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothsay, Duke of Edinburgh, Marquis of the Isle of Ely, Earl of Eltham, Earl of Chester, Viscount Launceston, Baron of Renfrew, Baron of Snowdon, Lord of the Isles, Steward of Scotland, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, of his mere grace and princely favour, did the most august City of London the honour to accept the freedom thereof, and was admitted of the Company of the Saddlers, in the time of the Right Honourable Sir John Thompson, Knight, Lord Mayor, and John Bosworth, Esq., Chamberlain of the said City." In his "Industry and Idleness," Hogarth shows us the prince and princess on the balcony of Saddler's Hall.



BOW CHURCH, CHEAPSIDE. (*From a view taken about* 1750.)

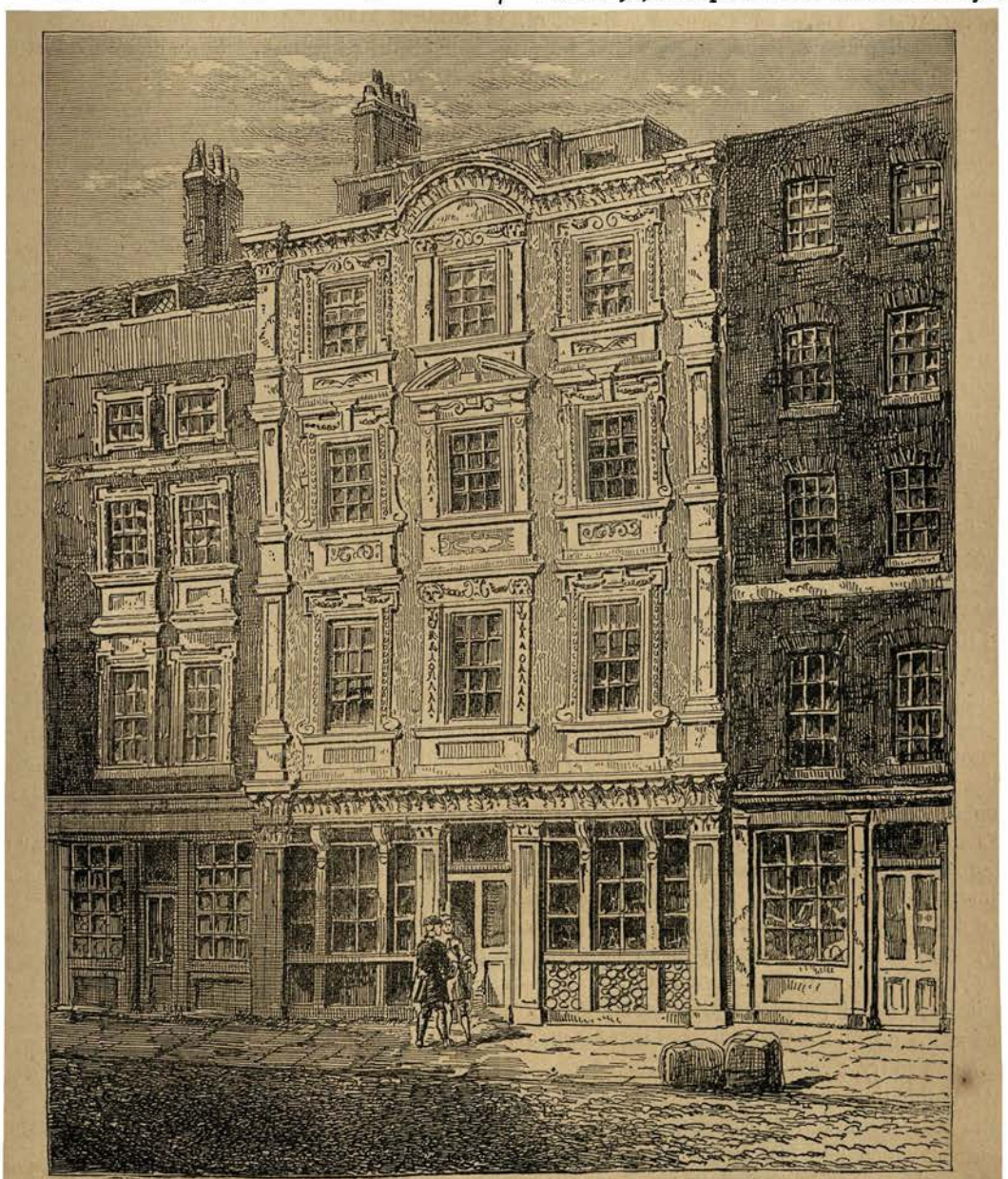
That dull poet, worthy Sir Richard Blackmore, whom Locke and Addison praised and Dryden ridiculed, lived either at Saddlers' Hall or just opposite. It was on this weariful Tupper of his day that Garth wrote these verses:—

"Unwieldy pedant, let thy awkward muse,
With censures praise, with flatteries abuse.
To lash, and not be felt, in thee's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'st any but thy schoolboys smart.

Then be advis'd, and scribble not agen;
Thou'rt fashioned for a flail, and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou wouldst descry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble satire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long."

verses in his carriage, as he drove to visit his patients, a feat to which Dryden alludes when he talks of Blackmore writing to the "rumbling of his carriage-wheels."

At No. 90, Cheapside lived Alderman Boydell,



NO. 73, CHEAPSIDE (*see page* 341). (*From an old View.*)

And some other satirical verses on Sir Richard began:—

"'Twas kindly done of the good-natured cits,
To place before thy door a brace of tits."

Blackmore, who had been brought up as an attorney's clerk and schoolmaster, wrote most of his

engraver and printseller, a man who in his time did more for English art than all the English monarchs from the Conquest downwards. He was apprenticed, when more than twenty years old, to Mr. Tomson, engraver, and soon felt a desire to popularise and extend the art. His first funds

he derived from the sale of a book of 152 humble prints, engraved by himself. With the profits he was enabled to pay the best engravers liberally, to make copies of the works of our best masters.

"The alderman assured me," says "Rainy Day Smith," "that when he commenced publishing, he etched small plates of landscapes, which he produced in plates of six, and sold for sixpence; and that as there were very few print-shops at that time in London, he prevailed upon the sellers of children's toys to allow his little books to be put in their windows. These shops he regularly visited every Saturday, to see if any had been sold, and to leave more. His most successful shop was the sign of the 'Cricket Bat,' in Duke's Court, St. Martin's Lane, where he found he had sold as many as came to five shillings and sixpence. With this success he was so pleased, that, wishing to invite the shopkeeper to continue in his interest, he laid out the money in a silver pencil-case; which article, after he had related the above anecdote, he took out of his pocket and assured me he never would part with. He then favoured me with the following history of Woollett's plate of the 'Niobe,' and, as it is interesting, I shall endeavour to relate it in Mr. Boydell's own words:—

"'When I got a little forward in the world,' said the venerable alderman, 'I took a whole shop, for at my commencement I kept only half a one. In the course of one year I imported numerous impressions of Vernet's celebrated "Storm," so admirably engraved by Lerpinière, for which I was obliged to pay in hard cash, as the French took none of our prints in return. Upon Mr. Woollett's expressing himself highly delighted with the "Storm," I was induced, knowing his ability as an engraver, to ask him if he thought he could produce a print of the same size which I could send over, so that in future I could avoid payment in money, and prove to the French nation that an Englishman could produce a print of equal merit; upon which he immediately declared that he should like much to try.

"'At this time the principal conversation among artists was upon Mr. Wilson's grand picture of "Niobe," which had just arrived from Rome. I therefore immediately applied to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, its owner, and procured permission for Woollett to engrave it. But before he ventured upon the task, I requested to know what idea he had as to the expense, and after some consideration, he said he thought he could engrave it for one hundred guineas. This sum, small as it may now appear, was to me,' observed the alderman, 'an unheard-of price, being considerably more than I had given for any copper-plate. However, serious as the sum was, I bade him get to work, and he proceeded with all cheerfulness, for as he went on I advanced him money; and though he lost no time, I found that he had received nearly the whole amount before he had half finished his task. I frequently called upon him, and found him struggling with serious difficulties, with his wife and family, in an upper lodging in Green's Court, Castle Street, Leicester Square, for there he lived before he went into Green Street. However, I encouraged him by allowing him to draw on me to the extent of twenty-five pounds more; and at length that sum was paid, and I was unavoidably under the necessity of saying, "Mr. Woollett, I find we have made too close a bargain with each other. You have exerted yourself, and I fear I have gone beyond my strength, or, indeed, what I ought to have risked, as we neither of us can be aware of the success of the speculation. However, I am determined, whatever the event may be, to enable you to finish it to your wish—at least, to allow you to work upon it as long as another twenty-five pounds can extend, but there we must positively stop." The plate was finished; and, after taking very few proofs, I published the print at five shillings, and it succeeded so much beyond my expectations, that I immediately employed Mr. Woollett upon another engraving, from another picture by Wilson; and I am now thoroughly convinced that had I continued publishing subjects of this description, my fortune would have been increased tenfold.'"

"In the year 1786," says Knowles, in his "Life of Fuseli," "Mr. Alderman Boydell, at the suggestion of Mr. George Nicol, began to form his splendid collection of modern historical pictures, the subjects being from Shakespeare's plays, and which was called 'The Shakespeare Gallery.' This liberal and well-timed speculation gave great energy to this branch of the art, as well as employment to many of our best artists and engravers, and among the former to Fuseli, who executed eight large and one small picture for the gallery. The following were the subjects: 'Prospero,' 'Miranda,' 'Caliban,' and 'Ariel,' from the *Tempest;* 'Titania in raptures with Bottom, who wears the ass's head, attendant fairies, &c.;' 'Titania awaking, discovers Oberon at her side, Puck is removing the ass's head from Bottom' (*Midsummer Night's Dream*); 'Henry V. with the Conspirators' (*King Henry V.*); 'Lear dismissing Cordelia from his Court' (*King Lear*); 'Ghost of Hamlet's Father' (*Hamlet*); 'Falstaff and Doll' (*King Henry IV., Second Part*); 'Mac-

beth meeting the Witches on the Heath' (*Macbeth*); 'Robin Goodfellow' (*Midsummer Night's Dream*). This gallery gave the public an opportunity of judging of Fuseli's versatile powers.

"The stately majesty of the 'Ghost of Hamlet's Father' contrasted with the expressive energy of his son, and the sublimity brought about by the light, shadow, and general tone, strike the mind with awe. In the picture of 'Lear' is admirably portrayed the stubborn rashness of the father, the filial piety of the discarded daughter, and the wicked determination of Regan and Goneril. The fairy scenes in *Midsummer Night's Dream* amuse the fancy, and show the vast inventive powers of the painter; and 'Falstaff with Doll' is exquisitely ludicrous.

"The example set by Boydell was a stimulus to other speculators of a similar nature, and within a few years appeared the Macklin and Woodmason galleries; and it may be said with great truth that Fuseli's pictures were among the most striking, if not the best, in either collection."

"A.D. 1787," says Northcote, in his "Life of Reynolds," "when Alderman Boydell projected the scheme of his magnificent edition of the plays of Shakespeare, accompanied with large prints from pictures to be executed by English painters, it was deemed to be absolutely necessary that something of Sir Joshua's painting should be procured to grace the collection; but, unexpectedly, Sir Joshua appeared to be rather shy in the business, as if he thought it degrading himself to paint for a print-seller, and he would not at first consent to be employed in the work. George Stevens, the editor of Shakespeare, now undertook to persuade him to comply, and, taking a bank-bill of five hundred pounds in his hand, he had an interview with Sir Joshua, when, using all his eloquence in argument, he, in the meantime, slipped the bank-bill into his hand; he then soon found that his mode of reasoning was not to be resisted, and a picture was promised. Sir Joshua immediately commenced his studies, and no less than three paintings were exhibited at the Shakspeare Gallery, or at least taken from that poet, the only ones, as has been very correctly said, which Sir Joshua ever executed for his illustration, with the exception of a head of 'King Lear' (done indeed in 1783), and now in possession of the Marchioness of Thomond, and a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Tollemache, in the character of 'Miranda,' in *The Tempest*, in which 'Prospero' and 'Caliban' are introduced.

"One of these paintings for the Gallery was 'Puck,' or 'Robin Goodfellow,' as it has been called, which, in point of expression and animation, is unparalleled, and one of the happiest efforts of Sir Joshua's pencil, though it has been said by some cold critics not to be perfectly characteristic of the merry wanderer of Shakespeare. 'Macbeth,' with the witches and the caldron, was another, and for this last Mr. Boydell paid him 1,000 guineas; but who is now the possessor of it I know not.

"'Puck' was painted in 1789. Walpole depreciates it as 'an ugly little imp (but with some character) sitting on a mushroom half as big as a mile-stone.' Mr. Nicholls, of the British Institution, related to Mr. Cotton that the alderman and his grandfather were with Sir Joshua when painting the death of Cardinal Beaufort. Boydell was much taken with the portrait of a naked child, and wished it could be brought into the Shakspeare. Sir Joshua said it was painted from a little child he found sitting on his steps in Leicester Square. Nicholls' grandfather then said, 'Well, Mr. Alderman, it can very easily come into the Shakspeare if Sir Joshua will kindly place him upon a mushroom, give him fawn's ears, and make a Puck of him.' Sir Joshua liked the notion, and painted the picture accordingly.

"The morning of the day on which Sir Joshua's 'Puck' was to be sold, Lord Farnborough and Davies, the painter, breakfasted with Mr. Rogers, and went to the sale together. When the picture was put up there was a general clapping of hands, and yet it was knocked down to Mr. Rogers for 105 guineas. As he walked home from the sale, a man carried 'Puck' before him, and so well was the picture known that more than one person, as they were going along the street, called out, 'There it is!' At Mr. Rogers' sale, in 1856, it was purchased by Earl Fitzwilliam for 980 guineas. The grown-up person of the sitter for 'Puck' was in Messrs. Christie and Manson's room during the sale, and stood next to Lord Fitzwilliam, who is also a survivor of the sitters to Sir Joshua. The merry boy, whom Sir Joshua found upon his door-step, subsequently became a porter at Elliot's brewery, in Pimlico."

In 1804, Alderman Boydell applied through his friend, Sir John W. Anderson, to the House of Commons, for leave to dispose of his paintings and drawings by lottery. In his petition he described himself, with modesty and pathos, as an old man of eighty-five, anxious to free himself from debts which now oppressed him, although he, with his brethren, had expended upwards of £350,000 in promoting the fine arts. Sixty years before he had begun to benefit engraving by establishing a school of English engravers. At that time the whole print commerce of England consisted in importing a few foreign prints (chiefly French) "to supply the cabinets of

the curious." In time he effected a total change in this branch of commerce, "very few prints being now imported, while the foreign market is principally supplied with prints from England." By degrees, the large sums received from the Continent for English plates encouraged him to attempt also an English school of pictorial painting, the want of such a school having been long a source of opprobrium among foreign writers on England. The Shakespeare Gallery was sufficient to convince the world that English genius only needed encouragement to obtain a facility, versatility, and independence of thought unknown to the Italian, Flemish, or French schools. That Gallery he had long hoped to have left to a generous public, but the recent Vandalic revolution in France had cut up his revenue by the roots, Flanders, Holland, and Germany being his chief marts. At the same time he acknowledged he had not been provident, his natural enthusiasm for promoting the fine arts having led him after each success to fly at once to some new artist with the whole gains of his former undertaking. He had too late seen his error, having increased his stock of copper-plates to such a heap that all the print-sellers in Europe (especially in these unfavourable times) could not purchase them. He therefore prayed for permission to create a lottery, the House having the assurance of the even tenor of a long life "that it would be fairly and honourably conducted."

The worthy man obtained leave for his lottery, and died December 11, a few days after the last tickets were sold. He was buried with civic state in the Church of St. Olave, Jewry, the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and several artists attending. Boydell was very generous and charitable. He gave pictures to adorn the City Council Chamber, the Court Room of the Stationers' Company, and the dining-room of the Sessions House. He was also a generous benefactor to the Humane Society and the Literary Fund, and was for many years the President of both Societies. The Shakespeare Gallery finally fell by lottery to Mr. Tassie, the well-known medallist, who thrived to a good old age upon the profits of poor Boydell's too generous expenditure. This enterprising man was elected Alderman of Cheap Ward in 1782, Sheriff in 1785, and Lord Mayor in 1790. His death was occasioned by a cold, caught at the Old Bailey Sessions. His nephew, Josiah Boydell, engraved for him for forty years.

It was the regular custom of Mr. Alderman Boydell (says "Rainy Day" Smith), who was a very early riser, to repair at five o'clock immediately to the pump in Ironmonger Lane. There, after placing his wig upon the ball at the top, he used to sluice his head with its water. This well known and highly respected character was one of the last men who wore a three-cornered hat, commonly called the "Egham, Staines, and Windsor."

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHEAPSIDE TRIBUTARIES—SOUTH.

The King's Exchange—Friday Street and the Poet Chaucer—The Wednesday Club in Friday Street—William Paterson, Founder of the Bank of England—How Easy it is to Redeem the National Debt—St. Matthew's and St. Margaret Moses—Bread Street and the Bakers' Shops—St. Austin's, Watling Street—The Fraternity of St. Austin's—St. Mildred's, Bread Street—The Mitre Tavern—A Priestly Duel—Milton's Birth-place—The "Mermaid"—Sir Walter Raleigh and the Mermaid Club—Thomas Coryatt, the Traveller—Bow Lane—Queen Street—Soper's Lane—A Mercer Knight—St. Bennet Sherehog—Epitaphs in the Church of St. Thomas Apostle—A Charitable Merchant.

OLD CHANGE was formerly the old Exchange, so called from the King's Exchange, says Stow, there kept, which was for the receipt of bullion to be coined.

The King's Exchange was in Old Exchange, now Old 'Change, Cheapside. "It was here," says Tite, "that one of those ancient officers, known as the King's Exchanger, was placed, whose duty it was to attend to the supply of the mints with bullion, to distribute the new coinage, and to regulate the exchange of foreign coin. Of these officers there were anciently three—two in London, at the Tower and Old Exchange, and one in the city of Canterbury. Subsequently another was appointed, with an establishment in Lombard Street, the ancient rendezvous of the merchants; and it appears not improbable that Queen Elizabeth's intention was to have removed this functionary to what was pre-eminently designated by her 'The Royal Exchange,' and hence the reason for the change of the name of this edifice by Elizabeth."

"In the reign of Henry VII.," says Francis, in his "History of the Bank of England," "the Royal prerogative forbade English coins to be exported, and the Royal Exchange was alone entitled to give native money for foreign coin or bullion. During

the reign of Henry VIII. the coin grew so debased as to be difficult to exchange, and the Goldsmiths quietly superseded the royal officer. In 1627 Charles I., ever on the watch for power, re-established the office, and in a pamphlet written by his orders, asserted that 'the prerogative had always been a flower of the Crown, and that the Goldsmiths had left off their proper trade and turned exchangers of plate and foreign coins for our English coins, although they had no right.' Charles entrusted the office of 'changer, exchanger, and ante-changer' to Henry Rich, first Earl of Holland, who soon deserted his cause for that of the Parliament. The office has not since been re-established."

No. 36, Old 'Change was formerly the "Three Morrice Dancers" public-house, with the three figures sculptured on a stone as the sign and an ornament (*temp.* James I.). The house was taken down about 1801. There is an etching of this very characteristic sign on stone. (Timbs.)

The celebrated poet and enthusiast, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, lived, in the reign of James I., in a "house among gardens, near the old Exchange." At the beginning of the last century, the place was chiefly inhabited by American merchants; at this time it is principally inhabited by calico printers and Manchester warehousemen.

"Friday Street was so called," says Stow, "of fishmongers dwelling there, and serving Friday's Market." In the roll of the Scrope and Grosvenor heraldic controversy (Edward III.) the poet Chaucer is recorded as giving the following evidence connected with this street:—

"Geffray Chaucere, Esqueer, of the age of forty years, and moreover armed twenty-seven years for the side of Sir Richard Lescrop, sworn and examined, being asked if the arms, azure, a bend or, belonged or ought to pertain to the said Sir Richard by right and heritage, said, Yes; for he saw him so armed in Frannce, before the town of Petters, and Sir Henry Lescrop armed in the same arms with a white label and with banner; and the said Sir Richard armed in the entire arms azure a bend or, and so during the whole expedition until the said Geaffray was taken. Being asked how he knew that the said arms belonged to the said Sir Richard, said that he had heard old knights and esquires say that they had had continual possession of the said arms; and that he had seen them displayed on banners, glass paintings, and vestments, and commonly called the arms of Scrope. Being asked whether he had ever heard of any interruption or challenge made by Sir Robert Grosvernor or his ancestors, said No; but that he was once in Friday Street, London, and walking up the street he observed a new sign hanging out with these arms thereon, and enquired what inn that was that had hung out these arms of Scrope? And one answered him, saying, 'They are not hung out, Sir, for the arms of Scrope, nor painted there for those arms, but they are painted and put there by a Knight of the county of Chester, called Sir Robert Grosvernor. And that was the first time he ever heard speak of Sir Robert Grosvernor or his ancestors, or of any one bearing the name of Grosvernor." This is really almost the only authentic scrap we possess of the facts of Chaucer's life.

The "White Horse," a tavern in Friday Street makes a conspicuous figure in the "Merry Conceited Jests of George Peele," the poet and playwriter of Elizabeth's reign.

At the Wednesday Club in Friday Street, William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, and originator of the unfortunate Darien scheme, held his real or imaginary Wednesday club meetings, in which were discussed proposals for the union of England and Scotland, and the redemption of the National Debt. This remarkable financier was born at Lochnabar, in Dumfriesshire, in 1648, and died in 1719. The following extracts from Paterson's probably imaginary conversations are of interest:—

"And thus," says Paterson, "supposing the people of Scotland to be in number one million, and that as matters now stand their industry yields them only about five pounds per annum per head as reckoned one with another, or five millions yearly in the whole, at this rate these five millions will by the union not only be advanced to six, but put in a way of further improvement; and allowing £100,000 per annum were on this foot to be paid in additional taxes, yet there would still remain a yearly sum of about £900,000 towards subsisting the people more comfortably, and making provision against times of scarcity, and other accidents, to which, I understand, that country is very much exposed (1706)."

"And I remember complaints of this kind were very loud in the days of King Charles II.," said Mr. Brooks, "particularly that, though in his time the public taxes and impositions upon the people were doubled or trebled to what they formerly were, he nevertheless run at least a million in debt."

"If men were uneasy with public taxes and debts in the time of King Charles II.," said Mr. May, "because then doubled or trebled to what they had formerly been, how much more may they be so now, when taxed at least three times more, and the public debts increased from about one million, as you say they then were, to fifty millions or up-

wards?. . . . and yet France is in a way of being entirely out of debt in a year or two."

"At this rate," said Mr. May, "Great Britain may possibly be quite out of debt in four or five years, or less. But though it seems we have been at least as hasty in running into debt as those in France, yet would I by no means advise us to run so hastily out; slower measures will be juster, and consequently better and surer."

Mr. Pitt's celebrated measure was based upon an opinion that money could be borrowed with advantage to pay the national debt. Paterson proposed to redeem it out of a surplus revenue, administered so skilfully as to lower the interest in the money market. The notion of *borrowing* to pay seems to have sprung up with Sir Nathaniel Gould, in 1725, when it was opposed.

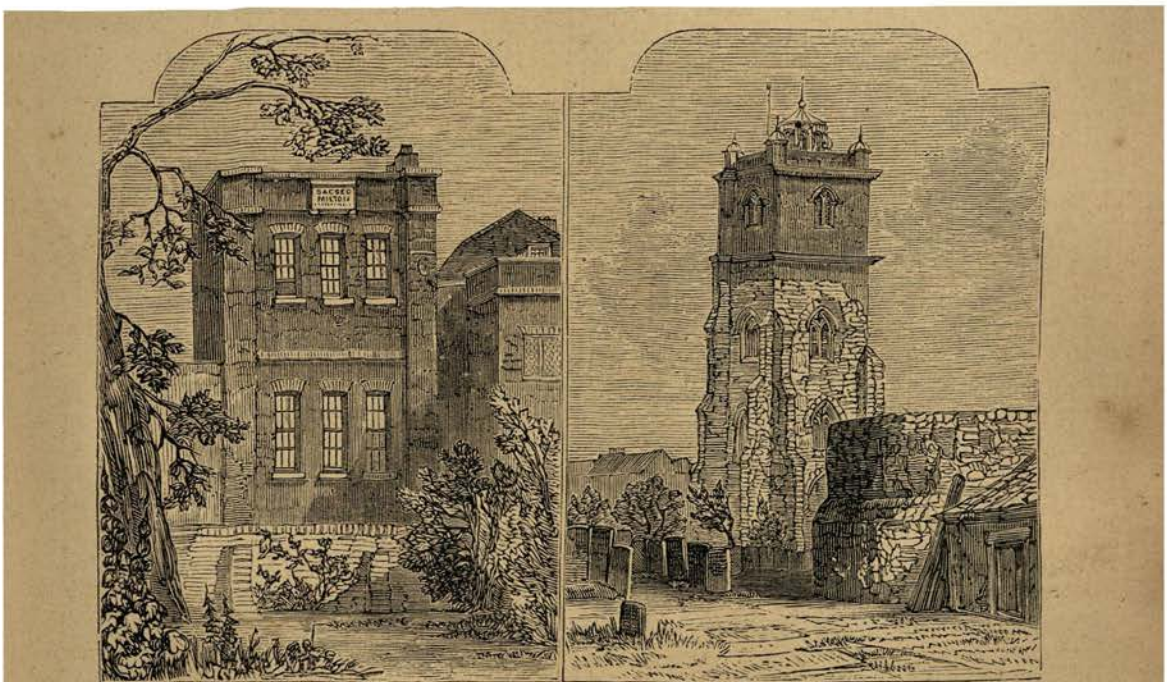
St. Matthew's was situate on the west side of Friday Street. The patronage of it was in the Abbot and Convent of Westminster. This church, being destroyed by the Fire of London, in 1666, was handsomely rebuilt, and the parish of St. Peter, Cheap, thereunto added by Act of Parliament. The following epitaph (1583) was in this church:—

"Anthony Cage entombed here doth rest,
Whose wisdome still prevail'd the Commonweale;
A man with God's good gifts so greatly blest,
That few or none his doings may impale,
A man unto the widow and the poore,
A comfort, and a succour evermore.
Three wives he had of credit and of fame;

THE DOOR OF SADDLER'S HALL (*see page* 341).

The first of them, Elizabeth that hight,
Who buried here, brought to this *Cage*, by name,
Seventeene young plants, to give his table light."

"At St. Margaret Moyses," says Stow, "was buried Mr. Buss (or Briss), a Skinner, one of the masters of the hospital. There attended all the masters of the hospital, with green staves in their hands, and all the Company in their liveries, with twenty clerks singing before. The sermon was preached by Mr. Jewel, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury; and therein he plainly affirmed there was no purgatory. Thence the Company retired to his house to dinner. This burial was *an.* 1559, Jan. 30.



MILTON'S HOUSE. MILTON'S BURIAL-PLACE.

The following epitaph (1569) is worth preserving:—

" Beati mortui qui in Domino móriuntur."—Apoc. 14.

" To William Dane, that sometime was
An ironmonger; where each degree
He worthily (with praise) did passe.
By Wisdom, Truth, and Heed, was he
Advanc'd an Alderman to be;
Then Sheriffe; that he, with justice prest,
And cost, performed with the best.
In almes frank, of conscience cleare;
In grace with prince, to people glad;
His vertuous wife, his faithful peere,
MARGARET, this monument hath made;
Meaning (through God) that as shee had
With him (in house) long lived well;
Even so in Tombes Blisse to dwell."

"Bread Street," says Stow, "is so called of bread there in old times then sold; for it appeareth by records, that in the year 1302, which was the 30th of Edward I., the bakers of London were bound to sell no bread in their shops or houses, but in the market here; and that they should have four hall motes in the year, at four several terms, to determine of enormities belonging to the said company. Bread Street is now wholly inhabited by rich merchants, and divers fair inns be there, for good receipt of carriers and other travellers to the City. It appears in the will of Edward Stafford, Earl of Wylshire, dated the 22nd of March, 1498, and 14 Henry VII., that he lived in a house in Bread Street, in London, which belonged to the family of Stafford, Duke of Bucks afterwards; he bequeathed all the stuff in that house to the Lord of Buckingham, for he died without issue."

The parish church of "St. Augustine, in Watheling Street" was destroyed by the Great Fire, but rebuilt in 1682. Stow informs us that here was a fraternity founded A.D. 1387, called the *Fraternity of St. Austin's*, in Watling Street, and other good people dwelling in the City. "They were, on the eve of St. Austin's, to meet at the said church, in the morning at high mass, and every brother to offer a penny. And after that to be ready, *al mangier ou al revele; i.e., to eat or to revel*, according to the ordinance of the master and wardens of the fraternity. They set up in the honour of God and St. Austin, one branch of six tapers in the said church, before the image of St. Austin; and

also two torches, with the which, if any of the said fraternity were commended to God, he might be carried to the earth. They were to meet at the vault at Paul's (perhaps St. Faith's), and to go thence to the Church of St. Austin's, and the priests and the clerks said *Placebo* and *Dilige*, and in matins, a mass of requiem at the high altar."

"There is a flat stone," says Stow, "in the south aisle of the church. It is laid over an Armenian merchant, of which foreign merchants there be divers that lodge and harbour in the Old Change in this parish."

St. Mildred's, in Bread Street, was repaired in 1628. "At the upper end of the chancel," says Strype, "is a fine window, full of cost and beauty, which being divided into five parts, carries in the first of them a very artful and curious representation of the Spaniard's Great Armado, and the battle in 1588; in the second, the monument of Queen Elizabeth; in the third, the Gunpowder Plot; in the fourth, the lamentable time of infection, 1625; and in the fifth and last, the view and lively portraiture of that worthy gentleman, Captain Nicolas Crispe, at whose sole cost (among other) this beautiful piece of work was erected, as also the figures of his vertuous wife and children, with the arms belonging to them." This church, burnt down in the Great Fire, was rebuilt again.

St. Mildred was a Saxon lady, and daughter of Merwaldus, a West-Mercian prince, and brother to Penda, King of the Mercians, who, despising the pomps and vanities of this world, retired to a convent at Hale, in France, whence, returning to England, accompanied by seventy virgins, she was consecrated abbess of a new monastery in the Isle of Thanet, by Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, where she died abbess, *anno* 676.

On the east side of Bread Street is the church of Allhallows. "On the south side of the chancel, in a little part of this church, called *The Salter's Chapel*," says Strype, "is a very fair window, with the portraiture or figure of him that gave it, very curiously wrought upon it. This church, ruined in the Great Fire, is built up again without any pillars, but very decent, and is a lightsome church."

"In the 22nd of Henry VIII., the 17th of August, two priests of this church fell at variance, that the one drew blood of the other, wherefore the same church was suspended, and no service sung or said therein for the space of one month after; the priests were committed to prison, and the 15th of October, being enjoined penance, they went at the head of a general procession, bare-footed and bare-legged, before the children, with beads and books in their hands, from Paul's, through Cheap, Cornhill," &c.

Among the epitaphs the following, given by Stow, is quaint:—

"To the sacred memory of that worthy and faithfull minister of Christ, Master Richard Stocke; who after 32 yeeres spent in the ministry, wherein by his learned labours, joined with wisedome, and a most holy life, God's glory was much advanced, his Church edified, piety increased, and the true honour of a pastor's life maintained; deceased April 20, 1626. Some of his loving parishioners have consecrated this monument of their never-dying love, Jan. 28, 1628.

"Thy lifelesse Trunke
(O Reverend Stocke),
Like Aaron's rod
Sprouts out againe;
And after two
Full winters past,
Yields Blossomes
And ripe fruit amaine.
For why, this work of piety,
Performed by some of thy Flocke,
To thy dead corps and sacred urne,
Is but the fruit of this old Stocke."

The father of Milton, the poet, was a scrivener in Bread Street, living at the sign of "The Spread Eagle," the armorial ensign of his family. The first turning on the left hand, as you enter from Cheapside, was called "Black Spread Eagle Court," and not unlikely from the family ensign of the poet's father. Milton was born in this street (December 9, 1608), and baptised in the adjoining church of Allhallows, Bread Street, where the register of his baptism is still preserved. Of the house in which he resided in later life, and the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where he was buried, we give a view on page 349. Aubrey tells us that the house and chamber in which the poet was born were often visited by foreigners, even in the poet's lifetime. Their visits must have taken place before the fire, for the house was destroyed in the Great Fire, and "Paradise Lost" was published after it. Spread Eagle Court is at the present time a warehouse-yard, says Mr. David Masson. The position of a scrivener was something between a notary and a law stationer.

There was a City prison formerly in Bread Street. "On the west side of Bread Street," says Stow, "amongst divers fair and large houses for merchants, and fair inns for passengers, had they one prison-house pertaining to the sheriffs of London, called the Compter, in Bread Street; but in 1555 the prisoners were removed from thence to one other new Compter in Wood Street, provided by the City's purchase, and built for that purpose."

The "Mermaid" Tavern, in Cheapside, about the site of which there has been endless controversy, stood in Bread Street, with side entrances, as

Mr. Burn has shown, with admirable clearness, in Friday Street and Bread Street; hence the disputes of antiquaries.

Mr. Burn, in his book on "Tokens," says, "The site of the 'Mermaid' is clearly defined, from the circumstance of W. R., a haberdasher of small wares, 'twixt Wood Street and Milk Street, adopting the sign, 'Over against the Mermaid Tavern in Cheapside.'" The tavern was destroyed in the Great Fire.

Here Sir Walter Raleigh is, by one of the traditions, said to have instituted "The Mermaid Club." Gifford, in his edition of "Ben Jonson," has thus described the club:—"About this time (1603) Jonson probably began to acquire that turn for conviviality for which he was afterwards noted. Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cobham and others, had instituted a meeting of *beaux esprits* at the 'Mermaid,' a celebrated tavern in Friday Street. Of this club, which combined more talent and genius than ever met together before or since, our author was a member, and here for many years he regularly repaired, with Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect." But this is doubted. A writer in the *Athenæum*, Sept. 16, 1865, states:—"The origin of the common tale of Raleigh founding the 'Mermaid Club,' of which Shakespeare is said to have been a member, has not been traced. Is it older than Gifford?" Again:—"Gifford's apparent invention of the 'Mermaid Club.' Prove to us that Raleigh founded the 'Mermaid Club,' that the wits attended it under his presidency, and you will have made a real contribution to our knowledge of Shakespeare's time, even if you fail to show that our poet was a member of that club." The tradition, it is thought, must be added to the long list of Shakespearian doubts.

But we nevertheless have a noble record left of the wit combats here in the celebrated epistle of Beaumont to Jonson:—

"Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the 'Mermaid?' Heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life. Then, when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past—wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools, more wise."

"Many," says Fuller, "were the wit combats betwixt him (Shakespeare) and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances; Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

These combats, one is willing to think, although without any evidence at all, took place at the "Mermaid" on such evenings as Beaumont so glowingly describes. But all we really know is that Beaumont and Ben Jonson met at the "Mermaid," and Shakespeare might have been of the company. Fuller, Mr. Charles Knight reminds us, was only eight years old when Shakespeare died.

John Rastell, the brother-in-law of Sir Thomas More, was a printer, living at the sign of the "Mermaid," in Cheapside. "The Pastyme of the People" (folio, 1529) is described as "breuly copyled and empryntyd in Chepesyde, at the sygne of the 'Mearemayd,' next to Pollys (Paul's) Gate." Stow also mentions this tavern:—"They" (Coppinger and Arthington, false prophets), says the historian, "had purposed to have gone with the like cry and proclamation, through other the chiefe parts of the Citie; but the presse was so great, as that they were forced to goe into a taverne in Cheape, at the sign of the 'Mermayd,' the rather because a gentleman of his acquaintance plucked at Coppinger whilst he was in the cart, and blamed him for his demeanour and speeches."

There was also a "Mermaid" in Cornhill.

In Bow Lane resided Thomas Coryat, an eccentric traveller of the reign of James I., and a butt of Ben Jonson and his brother wits. In 1608 Coryat took a journey on foot through France, Italy, Germany, &c., which lasted five months, during which he had travelled 1,975 miles, more than half upon one pair of shoes, which were only once mended, and on his return were hung up in the Church of Odcombe, in Somersetshire. He published his travels under this title, "Crudities hastily gobbled up in Five Months' Travels in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, Helvetia, some parts of High Germany, and the Netherlands, 1611," 4to; reprinted in 1776, 3 vols., 8vo. This work was ushered into the world by an "Odcombian banquet," consisting of near sixty copies of verses, made by the best poets of that time, which, if they did not make Coryat pass with the world

for a man of great parts and learning, contributed not a little to the sale of his book. Among these poets were Ben Jonson, Sir John Harrington, Inigo Jones (the architect), Chapman, Donne, Drayton, and others.

Parsons, an excellent comedian, also resided in Bow Lane.

"A greater artist," says Dr. Doran, in "Her Majesty's Servants," "than Baddeley left the stage soon after him, in 1795, after three-and-thirty years of service, namely, Parsons, the original 'Crabtree' and 'Sir Fretful Plagiary,' 'Sir Christopher Curry,' 'Snarl' to Edwin's 'Sheepface,' and 'Lope Torry,' in *The Mountaineers*. . . . . His *forte* lay in old men, his pictures of whom, in all their characteristics, passions, infirmities, cunning, or imbecility, was perfect. When 'Sir Sampson Legand' says to 'Foresight,' 'Look up, old stargazer! Now is he poring on the ground for a crooked pin, or an old horse-nail with the head towards him!'" we are told there could not be a finer illustration of the character which Congreve meant to represent than Parsons showed at the time in his face and attitude.

In Queen Street, on the south side of Cheapside, stood Ringed Hall, the house of the Earls of Cornwall, given by them, in Edward III.'s time, to the Abbot of Beaulieu, near Oxford. Henry VIII. gave it to Morgan Philip, *alias* Wolfe. Near it was "Ipres Inn," built by William of Ipres, in King Stephen's time, which continued in the same family in 1377.

Stow says of Soper Lane, now Queen Street:—"Soper Lane, which lane took that name, not of soap-making as some have supposed, but of Alleyne le Sopar, in the ninth of Edward II."

"In this Soper's Lane," Strype informs us, "the pepperers anciently dwelt—wealthy tradesmen, who dealt in spices and drugs. Two of this trade were divers times mayors in the reign of Henry III., viz., Andrew Bocherel, and John de Gisorcio or Gisors. In the reign of King Edward II., *anno* 1315, they came to be governed by rules and orders, which are extant in one of the books of the chamber under this title, '*Ordinatio Piperarum de Soper's Lane.*'" Sir Baptist Hicks, Viscount Campden, of the time of James I., whose name is preserved in Hicks's Hall, and Campden Hill, Kensington, was a rich mercer, at the sign of the "White Bear," at Soper Lane end, in Cheapside. Strype says that "Sir Baptist was one of the first citizens that, after knighthood, kept their shops, and, being charged with it by some of the aldermen, he gave this answer, first—'That his servants kept the shop, though he had a regard to the special credit thereof; and that he did not live altogether upon the interest, as most of the aldermen did, laying aside their trade after knighthood.'"

The parish church of St. Syth, or Bennet Sherehog, or Shrog, "seemeth," says Stow, "to take that name from one Benedict Shorne, some time a citizen, and stock-fish monger, of London, a new builder, repairer, or benefactor thereof, in the reign of Edward II.; so that Shorne is but corruptly called Shrog, and more correctly Shorehog, or (as now) Sherehog." The following curious epitaph is preserved by Stow:—

"Here lieth buried the body of Ann, the wife of John Farrar, gentleman, and merchant adventurer of this city, daughter of William Shepheard, of Great Rowlright, in the county of Oxenford, Esqre. She departed this life the twelfth day of July, An. Dom. 1613, being then about the age of twenty-one yeeres.

"Here was a bud,
Beginning for her May;
Before her flower,
Death took her hence away.
But for what cause?
That friends might joy the more;
Where there hope is,
She flourisheth now before.
She is not lost,
But in those joyes remaine,
Where friends may see,
And joy in her againe."

"In the Church of St. Pancras, Soper Lane, there do lie the remains," says Stow, "of Robert Packington, merchant, slain with a gun, as he was going to morrow mass from his house in Cheape to St. Thomas of Acons, in the year 1536. The murderer was never discovered, but by his own confession, made when he came to the gallows at Banbury to be hanged for felony."

The following epitaph is also worth giving:—

"Here lies a Mary, mirror of her sex,
For all that best their souls or bodies decks.
Faith, form, or fame, the miracle of youth;
For zeal and knowledge of the sacred truth.
For frequent reading of the Holy Writ,
For fervent prayer, and for practice fit.
For meditation full of use and art;
For humbleness in habit and in heart.
For pious, prudent, peaceful, praiseful life;
For all the duties of a Christian wife;
For patient bearing seven dead-bearing throws;
For one alive, which yet dead with her goes;
From Travers, her dear spouse, her father, Hayes,
Lord maior, more honoured in her virtuous praise."

"The Church of St. Thomas Apostle stood where now the cemetery is," says Maitland, "in Queen Street. It was of great antiquity, as is manifest by the state thereof in the year 1181. The parish is united to the Church of St. Mary Aldermary. There were five epitaphs in Greek and Latin

to 'Katherine Killigrew.' The best is by Andrew Melvin."

"Of monuments of antiquity there were none left undefaced, except some arms in the windows, which were supposed to be the arms of John Barnes, mercer, Maior of London in the year 1371, a great builder thereof. A benefactor thereof was Sir William Littlesbury, alias *Horn* (for King Edward IV. so named him), because he was most excellent in a horn. He was a salter and merchant of the staple, mayor of London in 1487, and was buried in the church, having appointed, by his testament, the bells to be changed for four new ones of good tune and sound; but that was not performed. He gave five hundred marks towards repairing of highways between London and Cambridge. His dwelling-house, with a garden and appurtenances in the said parish, he devised to be sold, and bestowed in charitable actions. His house, called the 'George, in Bred Street, he gave to the salters; they to find a priest in the said church, to have six pounds thirteen and fourpence the year. To every preacher at St. Paul's Cross, and at the Spittle, he left fourpence for ever; to the prisoners of Newgate, Ludgate, from rotation to King's Bench, in victuals, ten shillings at Christmas, and ten shillings at Easter for ever," which legacies, however, it appears, were not performed.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHEAPSIDE TRIBUTARIES, NORTH.

Goldsmiths' Hall—Its Early Days—Tailors and Goldsmiths at Loggerheads—The Goldsmiths' Company's Charters and Records—Their Great Annual Feast—They receive Queen Margaret of Anjou in State—A Curious Trial of Skill—Civic and State Duties—The Goldsmiths break up the Image of their Patron Saint—The Goldsmiths' Company's Assays—The Ancient Goldsmiths' Feasts—The Goldsmiths at Work—Goldsmiths' Hall at the Present Day—The Portraits—St. Leonard's Church—St. Vedast—Discovery of a Stone Coffin—Coachmakers' Hall.

IN Foster Lane, the first turning out of Cheapside northwards, our first visit must be paid to the Hall of the Goldsmiths, one of the richest, most ancient, and most practical of all the great City companies.

The original site of Goldsmiths' Hall belonged, in the reign of Edward II., to Sir Nicholas de Segrave, a Leicestershire knight, brother of Gilbert de Segrave, Bishop of London. The date of the Goldsmiths' first building is uncertain, but it is first mentioned in their records in 1366 (Edward III.). The second hall is supposed to have been built by Sir Dru Barentyn, in 1407 (Henry IV.). The Livery Hall had a bay window on the side next to Huggin Lane; the roof was surmounted with a lantern and vane; the reredos in the screen was surmounted by a silver-gilt statue of St. Dunstan; and the Flemish tapestry represented the story of the patron saint of goldsmiths. Stow, writing in 1598, expresses doubt at the story that Bartholomew Read, goldsmith and mayor in 1502, gave a feast there to more than 100 persons, as the hall was too small for that purpose.

From 1641 till the Restoration, Goldsmiths' Hall served as the Exchequer of the Commonwealth. All the money obtained from the sequestration of Royalists' estates was here stored, and then disbursed for State purposes. The following is a description of the earlier hall:—

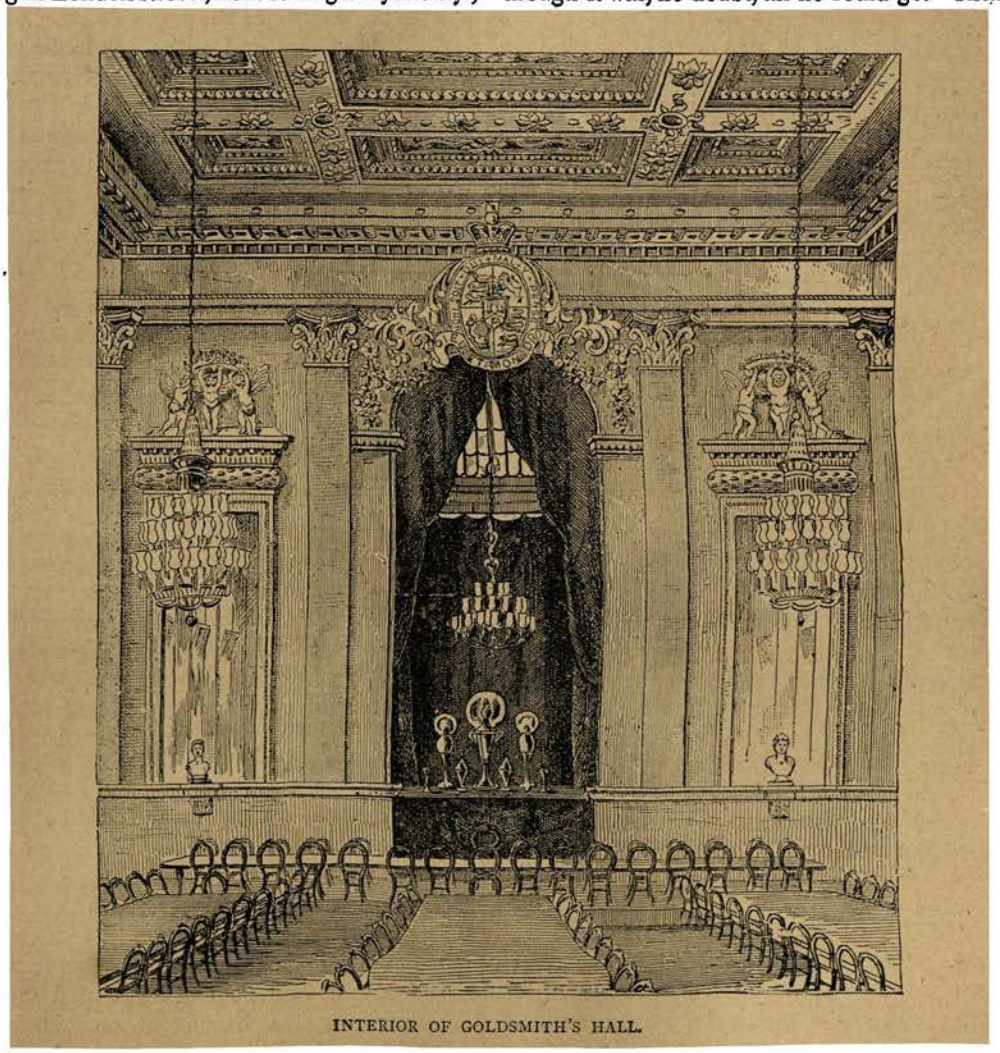
"The buildings," says Herbert, "were of a fine red brick, and surrounded a small square court, paved; the front being ornamented with stone corners, wrought in rustic, and a large arched entrance, which exhibited a high pediment, supported on Doric columns, and open at the top to give room for a shield of the Company's arms. The livery, or common hall, which was on the east side of the court, was a spacious and lofty apartment, paved with black and white marble, and very elegantly fitted up. The wainscoting was very handsome, and the ceiling and its appendages richly stuccoed—an enormous flower adorning the centre, and the City and Goldsmiths' arms, with various decorations, appearing in its other compartments. A richly-carved screen, with composite pillars, pilasters, &c.; a balustrade, with vases, terminating in branches for lights (between which displayed the banners and flags used on public occasions); and a beaufet of considerable size with white and gold ornaments, formed part of the embellishments of this splendid room."

"The balustrade of the staircase was elegantly carved, and the walls exhibited numerous reliefs of scrolls, flowers, and instruments of music. The court-room was another richly-wainscoted apartment, and the ceiling very grand, though, perhaps somewhat overloaded with embellishments. The chimney-piece was of statuary marble, and very sumptuous."

The guild of Coldsmiths is of extreme antiquity having been fined in 1180 (Henry II.) as adulterine that is, established or carried on without the king's

special licence; for in any matter where fines could be extorted, the Norman kings took a paternal interest in the doings of their patient subjects. In 1267 (Henry III.) the goldsmiths seem to have been infected with the pugnacious spirit of the age; for we come upon bands of goldsmiths and tailors fighting in London streets, from some guild jealousy; and 500 snippers of cloth meeting, by appointment, 500 hammerers of metal, and having a comfortable and steady fight. In the latter case many were killed on both sides, and the sheriff at last had to interpose with the City's *posse comitatus* and with bows, swords, and spears. The ringleaders were finally apprehended, and thirteen of them condemned and executed. In 1278 (Edward I.) many spurious goldsmiths were arrested for frauds in trade, three Englishmen were hung, and more than a dozen unfortunate Jews.

The goldsmiths were incorporated into a permanent company in the prodigal reign of Richard II., and they no doubt drove a good business with that thriftless young Absalom, who, it is said wore golden bells on his sleeves and baldric. For ten marks—not a very tremendous consideration, though it was, no doubt, all he could get—Richard's grandfather, that warlike and chivalrous monarch, Edward III., had already incorporated the Company, and given "the Mystery" of Goldsmiths the privilege of purchasing in mortmain an estate of £20 per annum, for the support of old and sick members; for these early guilds were benefit clubs as well as social companies, and jealous privileged monopolists; and Edward's grant gave the corporation the right to inspect, try, and regulate all gold and silver wares in any part of England, with the power to punish all offenders detected in



INTERIOR OF GOLDSMITH'S HALL.

TRIAL OF THE PIX. (*See page* 357.)

working adulterated gold and silver. Edward, in all, granted four charters to the Worshipful Company.

Henry IV., Henry V., and Edward IV. both granted and confirmed the liberties of the Company. The Goldsmiths' records commence 5th Edward III., and furnish much curious information. In this reign all who were of Goldsmiths' Hall were required to have shops in Chepe, and to sell no silver or gold vessels except in Chepe or in the King's Exchange. The first charter complains loudly of counterfeit metal, of false bracelets, lockets, rings, and jewels, made and exported; and also of vessels of tin made and subtly silvered over.

The Company began humbly enough, and in their first year of incorporation (1335) fourteen apprentices only were bound, the fees for admission being 2s., and the pensions given to twelve persons come to only £1 16s. In 1343 the number of apprentices in the year rose to seventy-four; and in 1344 there were payments for licensing foreign workmen and non-freemen.

During the Middle Ages these City companies were very attentive to religious observances, and the Wardens' accounts show constant entries referring to such ceremonies. Their great annual feast was on St. Dunstan's Day (St. Dunstan being the patron saint of goldsmiths), and the books of expenses show the cost of masses sung for the Company by the chaplain, payments for ringing the bells at St. Paul's, for drinking obits at the Company's standard at St. Paul's, for lights kept burning at St. James's Hospital, and for chantries maintained at the churches of St. John Zachary (the Goldsmiths' parish church), St. Peter-le-Chepe, St. Matthew, Friday Street, St. Vedast, Foster Lane, and others.

About the reign of Henry VI. the records grow more interesting, and reflect more strongly the social life of the times they note. In 1443 we find the Company received a special letter from Henry VI., desiring them, as a craft which had at all times "notably acquitted themselves," more especially at the king's return from his coronation in Paris, to meet his queen, Margaret of Anjou, on her arrival, in company with the Mayor, aldermen, and the other London crafts. On this occasion the goldsmiths wore "bawderykes of gold, short jagged scarlet hoods," and each past Warden or renter had his follower clothed in white, with a black hood and black felt hat. In this reign John Chest, a goldsmith of Chepe, for slanderous words against the Company, was condemned to come to Goldsmiths' Hall, and on his knees ask all the Company forgiveness for what he had myssayde; and was also forbidden to wear the livery of the Company for a whole month. Later still, in this reign, a goldsmith named German Lyas, for selling a tablet of adulterated gold, was compelled to give to the fraternity a gilt cup, weighing twenty-four ounces, and to implore pardon on his knees. In 1458 (Henry VI.), a goldsmith was fined for giving a false return of broken gold to a servant of the Earl of Wiltshire, who had brought it to be sold.

In the fourth year of King Edward IV. a very curious trial of skill between the jealous English goldsmiths and their foreign rivals took place at the "Pope's Head" tavern (now Pope's Head Alley), Cornhill. The contending craftsmen had to engrave four puncheons of steel (the breadth of a penny sterling) with cat's heads and naked figures in high relief and low relief; Oliver Davy, the Englishman, won, and White Johnson, the Alicant goldsmith, lost his wager of a crown and a dinner to the Company. In this reign there were 137 native goldsmiths in London, and 41 foreigners—total, 178. The foreigners lived chiefly in Westminster, Southwark, St. Clement's Lane, Abchurch Lane, Brick Lane, and Bearbinder Lane.

In 1511 (Henry VIII.) the Company agreed to send twelve men to attend the City Night-watch, on the vigils of St. John Baptist, and St. Peter and Paul. The men were to be cleanly harnessed, to carry bows and arrows, and to be arrayed in jackets of white, with the City arms. In 1540 the Company sent six of their body to fetch in the new Queen, Anne of Cleves, "the Flemish mare," as her disappointed bridegroom called her. The six goldsmiths must have looked very gallant in their black velvet coats, gold chains, and velvet caps with brooches of gold; and their servants in plain russet coats. Sir Martin Bowes was the great goldsmith in this reign; he is the man whom Stow accused, when Lord Mayor, of rooting up all the gravestones and monuments in the Grey Friars, and selling them for £50. He left almshouses at Woolwich, and two houses in Lombard Street, to the Company.

In 1546 (same reign) the Company sent twenty-four men, by royal order, to the king's army. They were to be "honest, comely, and well-harnessed persons—four of them bowmen, and twelve billmen. They were arrayed in blue and red (after my Lord Norfolk's fashion), hats and hose red and blue, and with doublets of white fustian." This same year, the greedy despot Henry having discovered some slight inaccuracy in the assay, contrived to extort from the poor abject goldsmiths a mighty fine of 3,000 marks. The year this English Ahab died, the Goldsmiths resolved, in compliment to the Reformation, to break up the image of their patron saint,

and also a great standing cup with an image of the same saint upon the top. Among the Company's plate there still exists a goodly cup given by Sir Martin Bowes, and which is said to be the same from which Queen Elizabeth drank at her coronation.

The government of the Company has been seen to have been vested in an alderman in the reign of Henry II., and in four wardens as early as 28 Edward I. The wardens were divided, at a later period, into a prime warden (always an alderman of London), a second warden, and two renter wardens. The clerk, under the name of "clerk-comptroller," is not mentioned till 1494; but a similar officer must have been established much earlier. Four auditors and two porters are named in the reign of Henry VI. The assayer, or as he is now called, assay warden (to whom were afterwards joined two assistants), is peculiar to the Goldsmiths.

The Company's assay of the coin, or trial of the pix, a curious proceeding of great solemnity, now takes place every year. "It is," says Herbert, in his "City Companies," "an investigation or inquiry into the purity and weight of the money coined, before the Lords of the Council, and is aided by the professional knowledge of a jury of the Goldsmiths' Company; and in a writ directed to the barons for that purpose (9 and 10 Edward I.) is spoken of as a well-known custom.

"The Wardens of the Goldsmiths' Company are summoned by precept from the Lord Chancellor to form a jury, of which their assay master is always one. This jury are sworn, receive a charge from the Lord Chancellor; then retire into the Court-room of the Duchy of Lancaster, where the pix (a small box, from the ancient name of which this ceremony is denominated), and which contains the coins to be examined, is delivered to them by the officers of the Mint. The indenture or authority under which the Mint Master has acted being read, the pix is opened, and the coins to be assayed being taken out, are inclosed in paper parcels, each under the seals of the Wardens, Master, and Comptrollers. From every 15 lbs. of silver, which are technically called 'journies,' two pieces at the least are taken at hazard for this trial; and each parcel being opened, and the contents being found correct with the indorsement, the coins are mixed together in wooden bowls, and afterwards weighed. From the whole of these moneys so mingled, the jury take a certain number of each species of coin, to the amount of 1 lb. weight, for the assay by fire; and the indented trial pieces of gold and silver, of the dates specified in the indenture, being produced by the proper officer, a sufficient quantity is cut from either of them for the purpose of comparing with it the pound weight of gold or silver by the usual methods of assay. The perfection or imperfection of these are certified by the jury, who deliver their verdict in writing to the Lord Chancellor, to be deposited amongst the papers of the Privy Council. If found accurate, the Mint Master receives his certificate, or, as it is called, *quietus*" (a legal word used by Shakespeare in Hamlet's great soliloquy). "The assaying of the precious metals, anciently called the 'touch,' with the marking or stamping, and the proving of the coin, at what is called the 'trial of the pix,' were privileges conferred on the Goldsmiths' Company by the statute 28 Edward I. They had for the former purpose an assay-office more than 500 years ago, which is mentioned in their books. Their still retaining the same privilege makes the part of Goldsmiths' Hall, where this business is carried on, a busy scene during the hours of assaying. In the old statute all manner of vessels of gold and silver are expected to be of good and true alloy, namely, 'gold of a certain *touch*,' and silver of the sterling alloy; and no vessel is to depart out of the hands of the workman until it is assayed by the workers of the Goldsmiths' craft.

"The *Hall mark* shows where manufactured, as the *Leopard's head* for London. *Duty mark* is the head of the Sovereign, showing the duty is paid. *Date mark* is a letter of the alphabet, which varies every year; thus, the Goldsmiths' Company have used, from 1716 to 1755, Roman capital letters; 1756 to 1775, small Roman letters; 1776 to 1795, old English letters; 1796 to 1815, Roman capital letters, from A to U, omitting J; 1816 to 1835 small Roman letters a to u, omitting j; from 1836, old English letters. There are two qualities of gold and silver. The inferior is mostly in use. The quality marks for silver are Britannia, or the head of the reigning monarch; for gold, the lion passant, 22 or 18, which denotes that fine gold is 24-carat; 18 only 75 per cent. gold; sometimes rings are marked 22. The *manufacturer's mark* is the initials of the maker.

"The Company are allowed 1 per cent., and the fees for stamping are paid into the Inland Revenue Office. At Goldsmiths' Hall, in the years 1850 to 1863 inclusive, there were assayed and marked 85 22-carat watch-cases, 316,347 18-carat, 493 15-carat, 1550 12-carat, 448 9-carat, making a total of 318,923 cases, weighing 467,250 ounces 6 dwts. 18 grains. The Goldsmiths' Company append a note to this return, stating that they have no knowledge of the value of the cases assayed,

except of the intrinsic value, as indicated by the weight and quality of the gold given in the return. The silver watch-cases assayed at the same establishment in the fourteen years, 1,139,704, the total weight being 2,302,192 ounces 19 dwts. In the year 1857 the largest number of cases were assayed out of the fourteen. The precise number in that year was 106,860, this being more than 10,000 above any year in the period named. In a subsequent year the number was only 77,608. A similar note with regard to value is appended to the return of silver cases as to the gold." There has been a complaint lately that the inferior jewellery is often tampered with after receiving the Hall mark.

An old book, probably Elizabethan, the "Touchstone for Goldsmith's Wares," observes, "That goldsmiths in the City and liberties, as to their particular trade, are under the Goldsmiths' Company's control, whether members or not, and ought to be of *their own company*, though, from mistake or design, many of them are free of others. For the wardens, being by their charters and the statutes appointed to survey, assay, and mark the silver-work, are to be chosen from members, such choice must sometimes fall upon them that are either of other trades, or not skilled in their curious art of making assays of gold and silver, and consequently unable to make a true report of the goodness thereof; or else the necessary attendance thereon is too great a burden for the wardens. Therefore they (the wardens) have appointed an *assay master*, called by them their deputy warden, allowing him a considerable yearly salary, and who takes an oath for the due performance of his office. They have large steel puncheons and marks of different sizes, with the leopard's-head, crowned; the *lion*, and a certain *letter*, which letter they change alphabetically every year, in order to know the year any particular work was assayed or marked, as well as the markers. These marks," he adds, "are every year new made, for the use of fresh wardens; and although the assaying is referred to the assay master, yet the *touch-wardens* look to the striking of the marks." To acquaint the public the better with this business of the assay, the writer of the "Touchstone" has prefixed a frontispiece to his work, intended to represent the interior of an assay office (we should suppose that of the old Goldsmiths' Hall), and makes reference by numbers to the various objects shown—as, 1. The refining furnace; 2. The test, with silver refining in it; 3. The fining bellows; 4. The man blowing or working them; 5. The test-mould; 6. A wind-hole to melt silver in, with bellows; 7. A pair of organ bellows; 8. A man melting, or boiling, or nealing silver at them; 9. A block, with a large anvil placed thereon; 10. Three men forging plate; 11. The fining and other goldsmith's tools; 12. The assay furnace; 13. The assay master making assays; 14. This man putting the assays into the fire; 15. The warden marking the plate on the anvil; 16. His officer holding his plate for the marks; and 17. Three goldsmiths' small workers at work. In the office are stated to be a sworn weigher to weigh and make entry of all silver-work brought in, and who re-weighs it to the owners when worked, reserving the ancient allowance for so doing, which is 4 grains out of every 1 lb. marked, for a re-assay yearly of all the silver works they have passed the preceding year. There are also, he says, a table, or tables, in columns, one whereof is of hardened lead, and the other of vellum or parchment (the lead columns having the worker's initials struck in them, and the other the owner's names); and the seeing that these marks are right, and plainly impressed on the gold and silver work, is one of the warden's peculiar duties. The manner of marking the assay is thus:—The assay master puts a small quantity of the silver upon trial in the fire, and then, taking it out again, he, with his exact scales *that will turn with the weight of the hundredth* part of a grain, computes and reports the goodness or badness of the gold and silver.

The allowance of four grains to the pound, Malcolm states to have been continued till after 1725; for gold watch-cases, from one to four, one shilling; and all above, threepence each; and in proportion for other articles of the same metal. "The assay office," he adds, "seems, however, to have been a losing concern with the Company, their receipts for six years, to 1725, being £1,615 13s. 11½d., and the payments, £2,074 3s. 8d."

The ancient goldsmiths seem to have wisely blended pleasure with profit, and to have feasted right royally: one of their dinner bills runs thus:—

EXPENSES OF ST. DUNSTAN'S FEAST.
1473 (12 *Edward IV.*).

	£	s.	d.
To eight minstrels in manner accustomed	2	13	8
Ten bonnets for ditto	0	6	8
Their dinner	0	3	4
Two hogsheads of wine	2	10	0
One barrel of Muscadell	0	6	6
Red wine, 17 qrts. and 3 galls.	0	11	10
Four barrels of good ale	0	17	4
Two ditto of 2dy half-penny	0	6	0
In spice bread	0	16	8
In other bread	0	10	10
In comfits and spice (36 articles)	5	17	6
Poultry, including 12 capons at 8d.	2	16	11
Pigeons at 1½d., and 12 more geese, at 7d. each.			

With "butchery," "fishmongery," and "miscellaneous articles," the total amount of the feast was £26 17s. 7d.

A supper bill which occurs in the 11th of Henry VIII. only amounts to £5 18s. 6d., and it enumerates the following among the provisions:—Bread, two bushels of meal, a kilderkin and a firkin of good ale, 12 capons, four dozen of chickens, four dishes of Surrey (sotterey) butter, 11 lbs. of suet, six marrow bones, a quarter of a sheep, 50 eggs, six dishes of sweet butter, 60 oranges, gooseberries, strawberries, 56 lbs. of cherries, 17 lbs. 10 oz. of sugar, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and mace, saffron, rice flour, "raisins, currants," dates, white salt, bay salt, red vinegar, white vinegar, verjuice, the hire of pewter vessels, and various other articles.

In City pageants the Goldsmiths always held a conspicuous place. The following is an account of their pageant in jovial Lord Mayor Vyner's time (Charles II.):—

"First pageant. A large triumphal chariot of gold, richly set with divers inestimable and various coloured jewels, of dazzling splendour, adorned with sundry curious figures, fictitious stories, and delightful landscapes; one ascent of seats up to a throne, whereon a person of majestic aspect sitteth, the representer of Justice, hieroglyphically attired, in a long red robe, and on it a golden mantle fringed with silver; on her head a long dishevelled hair of flaxen colour, curiously curled, on which is a coronet of silver; in her left hand she advanceth a touchstone (the tryer of *Truth* and discoverer of *Falsehood*); in her right hand she holdeth up a golden balance, with silver scales, equi-ponderent, to weigh justly and impartially; her arms dependent on the heads of two *leopards*, which emblematically intimate *courage* and *constancy*. This chariot is drawn by two golden unicorns, in excellent carving work, with equal magnitude, to the left; on whose backs are mounted two raven-black negroes, attired according to the dress of India; on their heads, wreaths of divers coloured feathers; in their right hands they hold golden cups; in their left hands, two displayed banners, the one of the king's, the other of the Company's arms, all which represent the crest and the supporters of the ancient, famous, and worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.

"Trade pageant. On a very large pageant is a very rich seat of state, containing the representer of the Patron to the Goldsmiths' Company, Saint Dunstan, attired in a dress properly expressing his prelatical dignity, in a robe of fine white lawn, over which he weareth a cope or vest of costly bright cloth of gold, down to the ground; on his reverend grey head, a golden mitre, set with topaz, ruby, emerald, amethyst, and sapphire. In his left hand he holdeth a golden crozier, and in his right hand he useth a pair of goldsmith's tongs. Beneath these steps of ascension to his chair, in opposition to St. Dunstan, is properly painted a goldsmith's forge and furnace, with fire and gold in it, a workman blowing with the bellows. On his right and left hand, there is a large press of gold and silver plate, representing a shop of trade; and further in front, are several artificers at work on anvils with hammers, beating out plate fit for the forgery and formation of several vessels in gold and silver. There are likewise in the shop several wedges or ingots of gold and silver, and a step below St. Dunstan sitteth an assay-master, with his glass frame and balance, for trial of gold and silver, according to the standard. In another place there is also disgrossing, drawing, and flatting of gold and silver wire. There are also finers melting, smelting, fining, and parting gold and silver, both by fire and water; and in a march before this orfery, are divers miners in canvas breeches, red waistcoats, and red caps, bearing spades, pickaxes, twibills, and crows, for to sink shafts, and make adits. The Devil, also, appearing to St. Dunstan, is catched by the nose at a proper *qu*, which is given in his speech. When the speech is spoken, the great anvil is set forth, with a silversmith holding on it a plate of massive silver, and three other workmen at work, keeping excellent time in their orderly strokes upon the anvil."

The Goldsmiths in the Middle Ages seem to have been fond of dress. In a great procession of the London crafts to meet Richard II.'s fair young queen, Anne of Bohemia, all the mysteries of the City wore red and black liveries. The Goldsmiths had on the red of their dresses bars of silver-work and silver trefoils, and each of the seven score Goldsmiths, on the black part, wore fine knots of gold and silk, and on their worshipful heads red hats, powdered with silver trefoils. In Edward IV.'s reign, the Company's taste changed. The Liverymen wore violet and scarlet gowns like the Goldsmiths' sworn friends, the Fishmongers; while, under Henry VII., they wore violet gowns and black hoods. In Henry VIII.'s reign the hoods of the mutable Company went back again to violet and scarlet.

In 1456 (Henry VI.) the London citizens seem to have been rather severe with their apprentices; for we find William Hede, a goldsmith, accusing his apprentice of beating his mistress. The apprentice was brought to the kitchen of the Goldsmith's Hall, and there stripped naked, and beaten by his master till blood came. This punishment was inflicted in the presence of several

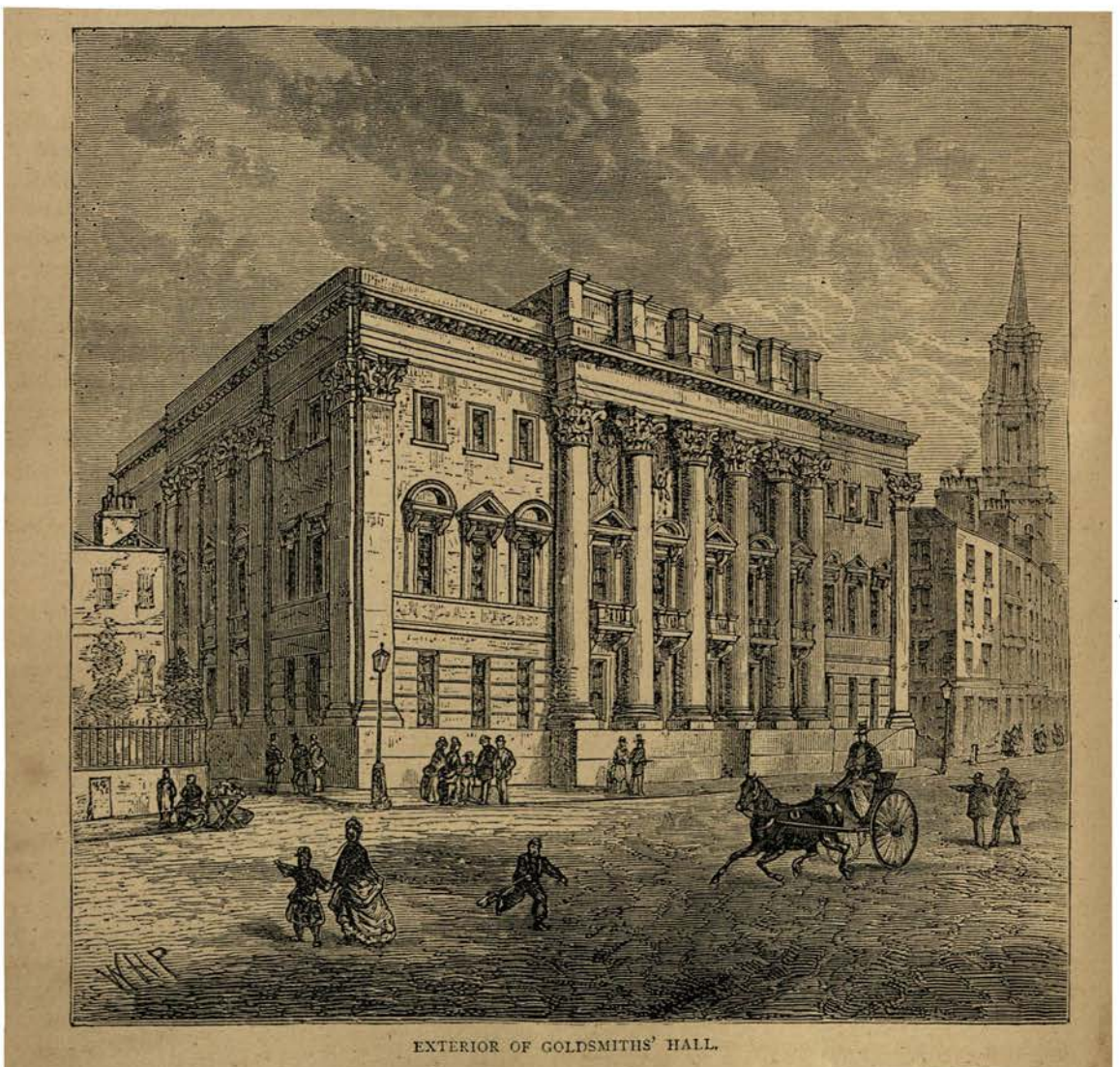
people. The apprentice then asked his master's forgiveness on his knees.

The Goldsmiths' searches for bad and defective work were arbitrary enough, and made with great formality. "The wardens," say the ordinances, "every quarter, once, or oftener, if need be, shall search in London, Southwark, and Westminster, that all the goldsmiths there dwelling work true gold and silver, according to the Act of Parliament, and shall also make due search for their weights."

The manner of making this search, as elsewhere detailed, seems to have resembled that of our modern inquest, or annoyance juries; the Company's beadle, in full costume and with his insignia of office, marching first; the wardens, in livery, with their hoods; the Company's clerk, two renter wardens, two brokers, porters, and other attendants, also dressed, following. Their mode of proceeding is given in the following account, entitled "The Manner and Order for Searches at Bartholomew Fayre and Our Ladye Fayre" (Henry VIII.):—

"M^d. The Bedell for the time beyng shall walke uppon Seynt Barthyllmewes Eve all alonge Chepe, for to see what plaate ys in eu^ry mannys deske and gyrdyll. And so the sayd wardeyns for to goo into Lumberd Streate, or into other places there, where yt shall please theym. And also the clerk of the Fellyshyppe shall wayt uppon the seyd wardeyns for to wryte eu^ry p^rcell of sylu^r stuffe then distrayned by the sayd wardeyns.

"Also the sayd wardeyns been accustomed to goo into Barth'u Fayre, uppon the evyn or daye, at theyr pleasure, in theyre lyuerey gownes and hoodys, as they will appoint, and two of the livery,



EXTERIOR OF GOLDSMITHS' HALL.

ancient men, with them; the renters, the clerk, and the bedell, in their livery, with them; and the brokers to wait upon my masters the wardens, to see every hardware men show, for deceitful things, beads, gawds of beads, and other stuff; and then they to drink when they have done, where they please.

"Also the said wardens be accustomed at our Lady day, the Nativity, to walk and see the fair at Southwark, in like manner with their company, as is aforesaid, and to search there likewise."

Another order enjoins the two second wardens "to ride into Stourbrydge fair, with what officers they liked, and do the same."

Amongst other charges against the trade at this date, it is said "that dayly divers straungers and other gentils" complained and found themselves aggrieved, that they came to the shops of goldsmiths within the City of London, and without the City, and to their booths and fairs, markets, and other places, and there bought of them *old plate* new refreshed in gilding and burnishing; it appearing to all "such straungers and other gentils" that such old plate, so by them bought, was new, sufficient, and able; whereby all such were deceived, to the grete "dysslaunder and jeopardy of all the seyd crafte of goldsmythis."

ALTAR OF DIANA (*see page* 362).

In consequence of these complaints, it was ordained (15 Henry VII.) by all the said fellowship, that no goldsmith, within or without the City, should thenceforth put to sale such description of plate, in any of the places mentioned, without it had the mark of the "Lybardishede crowned." All plate put to sale contrary to these orders the wardens were empowered to break. They also had the power, at their discretion, to fine offenders for this and any other frauds in manufacturing. If any goldsmith attempted to prevent the wardens from breaking bad work, they could seize such work, and declare it forfeited, according to the Act of Parliament, appropriating the one half (as thereby directed) to the king, and the other to the wardens breaking and making the seizure.

The present Goldsmiths' Hall was the design of Philip Hardwick, R.A. (1832–5), and boasts itself the most magnificent of the City halls. The old hall had been taken down in 1829, and the new hall was built without trenching on the funds set apart for charity. The style is Italian, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The building is 180 feet in front and 100 feet deep. The west or chief façade has six attached Corinthian columns, the whole height of the front supporting a rich Corinthian entablature and bold cornice; and the other three fronts are adorned with pilasters, which also terminate the angles. Some of the blocks in the column shafts weigh from ten to twelve tons each. The windows of the principal story, the echinus moulding of which is handsome, have bold and enriched pediments, and the centre windows are honoured by massive balustrade balconies. In the centre, above the first floor, are the Company's arms, festal emblems, rich garlands, and trophies. The entrance door is a rich specimen of cast work. Altogether, though rather jammed up behind the Post-office, this building is worthy of the powerful and wealthy company who make it their domicile. The modern Renaissance style, it must be allowed, though less picturesque than the Gothic, is lighter, more stately, and more adapted for certain purposes.

The hall and staircase are much admired, and are not without grandeur. They were in 1871 entirely lined with costly marbles of different sorts and colours, and the result is very splendid. The staircase branches right and left, and ascends to a domed gallery. Leaving that respectable Cerberus dozy but watchful in his bee-hive chair in the vestibule, we ascend the steps. On the square pedestals which ornament the balustrade of the first flight of stairs stand four graceful marble statuettes of

the seasons, by Nixon. Spring is looking at a bird's-nest; Summer, wreathed with flowers, leads a lamb; Autumn carries sheaves of corn; and Winter presses his robe close against the wind. Between the double scagliola columns of the gallery are a group of statues; the bust of the sailor king, William IV., by Chantrey, is in a niche above. A door on the top of the staircase opens to the Livery hall; the room for the Court of Assistants is on the right of the northernmost corridor. The great banqueting-hall, 80 by 40 feet, and 35 feet high, has a range of Corinthian columns on either side. The five lofty, arched windows are filled with the armorial bearings of eminent goldsmiths of past times; and at the north end is a spacious alcove for the display of plate, which is lighted from above. On the side of the room is a large mirror, with busts of George III. and his worthy son, George IV. Between the columns are portraits of Queen Adelaide, by Sir Martin Archer Shee, and William IV. and Queen Victoria, by the Court painter, Sir George Hayter. The court-room has an elaborate stucco ceiling, with a glass chandelier, which tinkles when the scarlet mail-carts rush off one after another. In this room, beneath glass, is preserved the interesting little altar of Diana, found in digging the foundations of the new hall. Though greatly corroded, it has been of fine workmanship, and the outlines are full of grace. There are also some pictures of great merit and interest. First among them is Janssen's fine portrait of Sir Hugh Myddleton. He is dressed in black, and rests his hand upon a shell. This great benefactor of London left a share in his water-works to the Goldsmiths' Company, which is now worth more than £1,000 a year. Another portrait is that of Sir Thomas Vyner, that jovial Lord Mayor, who dragged Charles II. back for a second bottle. A third is a portrait (after Holbein) of Sir Martin Bowes, Lord Mayor in 1545 (Henry VIII.); and there is also a large picture (attributed to Giulio Romano, the only painter Shakespeare mentions in his plays). In the foreground is St. Dunstan, in rich robes and crozier in hand, while behind, the saint takes the Devil by the nose, much to the approval of flocks of angels above. The great white marble mantelpiece came from Canons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos; and the two large terminal busts are attributed to Roubiliac. The sumptuous drawing-room, adorned with crimson satin, white and gold, has immense mirrors, and a stucco ceiling, wrought with fruit, flowers, birds, and animals, with coats of arms blazoned on the four corners. The court dining-room displays on the marble chimney-piece two boys holding a wreath encircling the portrait of Richard II., by whom the Goldsmiths were first incorporated. In the livery tea-room is a conversation piece, by Hudson (Reynolds' master), containing portraits of six Lord Mayors, all Goldsmiths. The Company's plate, as one might suppose, is very magnificent, and comprises a chandelier of chased gold, weighing 1,000 ounces; two superb old gold plates, having on them the arms of France quartered with those of England; and, last of all, there is the gold cup (attributed to Cellini) out of which Queen Elizabeth is said to have drank at her coronation, and which was bequeathed to the Company by Sir Martin Bowes. At the Great Exhibition of 1851 this spirited Company awarded £1,000 to the best artist in gold and silver plate, and at the same time resolved to spend £5,000 on plate of British manufacture.

From the Report of the Charity Commissioners it appears that the Goldsmiths' charitable funds, exclusive of gifts by Sir Martin Bowes, amount to £2,013 per annum.

Foster Lane was in old times chiefly inhabited by working goldsmiths.

"Dark Entry, Foster Lane," says Strype, "gives a passage into St. Martin's-le-Grand. On the north side of this entry was seated the parish church of St. Leonard, Foster Lane, which being consumed in the Fire of London, is not rebuilt, but the parish united to Christ Church; and the place where it stood is inclosed within a wall, and serveth as a burial-place for the inhabitants of the parish."

On the west side of Foster Lane stood the small parish church of St. Leonard's. This church, says Stow, was repaired and enlarged about the year 1631. A very fair window at the upper end of the chancel (1533) cost £500.

In this church were some curious monumental inscriptions. One of them, to the memory of Robert Trappis, goldsmith, bearing the date 1526, contained this epitaph:—

"When the bels be merrily rung,
And the masse devoutly sung,
And the meate merrily eaten,
Then shall Robert Trappis, his wife and children be forgotten."

On a stone, at the entering into the choir, was inscribed in Latin, "Under this marble rests the body of Humfred Barret, son of John Barret, gentleman, who died A.D. 1501." On a fair stone, in the chancel, nameless, was written:—

"LIVE TO DYE.

"All flesh is grass, and needs must fade
To earth again, whereof 'twas made."

St. Vedast, otherwise St. Foster, was a French saint, Bishop of Arras and Cambray in the reign of Clovis, who, according to the Rev. Alban Butler, performed many miracles on the blind and lame. Alaric had a great veneration for this saint.

In 1831, some workmen digging a drain discovered, ten or twelve feet below the level of Cheapside, and opposite No. 17, a curious stone coffin, now preserved in a vault, under a small brick grave, on the north side of St. Vedast's; whether Roman or Anglo-Saxon, it consists of a block of freestone, seven feet long and fifteen inches thick, hollowed out to receive a body, with a deeper cavity for the head and shoulders. When found, it contained a skeleton, and was covered with a flat stone. Several other stone coffins were found at the same time.

The interior of St. Foster is a melancholy instance of Louis Quatorze ornamentation. The church is divided by a range of Tuscan columns, and the ceiling is enriched with dusty wreaths of stucco flowers and fruit. The altar-piece consists of four Corinthian columns, carved in oak, and garnished with cherubim, palm-branches, &c. In the centre, above the entablature, is a group of well-executed winged figures, and beneath is a sculptured pelican. In 1838 Mr. Godwin spoke highly of the transparent blinds of this church, painted with various Scriptural subjects, as a substitute for stained glass.

"St. Vedast Church, in Foster Lane," says Maitland, "is on the east side, in the Ward of Farringdon Within, dedicated to St. Vedast, Bishop of Arras, in the province of Artois. The first time I find it mentioned in history is, that Walter de London was presented thereto in 1308. The patronage of the church was anciently in the Prior and Convent of Canterbury, till the year 1352, when, coming to the archbishop of that see, it has been in him and his successors ever since; and is one of the thirteen peculiars in this city belonging to that archiepiscopal city. This church was not entirely destroyed by the fire in 1666, but nothing left standing but the walls; the crazy steeple continued standing till the year 1694, when it was taken down and beautifully rebuilt at the charge of the united parishes. To this parish that of St. Michael Quern is united."

Among the odd monumental inscriptions in this church are the following:—

"Lord, of thy infinite grace and Pittee
Have mercy on me Agnes, somtym the wyf
Of William Milborne, Chamberlain of this citte,
Which toke my passage fro this wretched lyf
The year of gras one thousand fyf hundryd and fyf,
The xii. day of July; no longer was my spase,
It plesy'd then my Lord to call me to his Grase;
Now ye that are living, and see this picture,
Pray for me here, whyle ye have tyme and spase,
That God of his goodnes wold me assure,
In his everlasting mansion to have a plase.
Obiit Anno 1505."

"Here lyeth interred the body of Christopher Wase, late citizen and goldsmith of London, aged 66 yeeres, and dyed the 22nd September, 1605; who had to wife Anne, the daughter of William Prettyman, and had by her three sons and three daughters.

"Reader, stay, and thou shalt know
What he is, that here doth sleepe;
Lodged amidst the Stones below,
Stones that oft are seen to weepe.
Gentle was his Birth and Breed,
His carriage gentle, much contenting;
His word accorded with his Deed,
Sweete his nature, soone relenting.
From above he seem'd protected,
Father dead before his Birth.
An orphane only, but neglected.
Yet his Branches spread on Earth,
Earth that must his Bones containe,
Sleeping, till *Christ's* Trumpe shall wake them,
Joyning them to Soule againe,
And to Blisse eternal take them.
It is not this rude and little Heap of Stones,
Can hold the Fame, although't containes the Bones;
Light be the Earth, and hallowed for thy sake,
Resting in Peace, Peace that thou so oft didst make."

Coachmakers' Hall, Noble Street, Foster Lane originally built by the Scriveners' Company, was afterwards sold to the Coachmakers. Here the "Protestant Association" held its meetings, and here originated the dreadful riots of the year 1780. The Protestant Association was formed in February, 1778, in consequence of a bill brought into the House of Commons to repeal certain penalties and liabilities imposed upon Roman Catholics. When the bill was passed, a petition was framed for its repeal; and here, in this very hall (*May 29*, 1780), the following resolution was proposed and carried:—

"That the whole body of the Protestant Association do attend in St. George's Fields, on Friday next, at ten of the clock in the morning, to accompany Lord George Gordon to the House of Commons, on the delivery of the Protestant petition." His lordship, who was present on this occasion, remarked that "if less than 20,000 of his fellow-citizens attended him on that day, he would not present their petition."

Upwards of 50,000 "true Protestants" promptly answered the summons of the Association, and the Gordon riots commenced, to the six days' terror of the metropolis.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHEAPSIDE TRIBUTARIES, NORTH:—WOOD STREET.

Wood Street—Pleasant Memories—St. Peter's in Chepe—St. Michael's and St. Mary Staining—St. Alban's, Wood Street—Some Quaint Epitaphs—Wood Street Compter and the Hapless Prisoners therein—Wood Street Painful, Wood Street Cheerful—Thomas Ripley—The Anabaptist Rising—A Remarkable Wine Cooper—St. John Zachary and St. Anne-in-the-Willows—Haberdashers' Hall—Something about the Mercers.

Wood Street runs from Cheapside to London Wall. Stow has two conjectures as to its name—first, that it was so called because the houses in it were built all of wood, contrary to Richard I.'s edict that London houses should be built of stone, to prevent fire; secondly, that it was called after one Thomas Wood, sheriff in 1491 (Henry VII.), who dwelt in this street, was a benefactor to St. Peter in Chepe, and built "the beautiful row of houses over against Wood Street end."

At Cheapside Cross, which stood at the corner of Wood Street, all royal proclamations used to be read, even long after the cross was removed. Thus, in 1666, we find Charles II.'s declaration of war against Louis XIV. proclaimed by the officers at arms, serjeants at arms, trumpeters, &c., at Whitehall Gate, Temple Bar, the end of Chancery Lane, Wood Street, Cheapside, and the Royal Exchange. Huggin's Lane, in this street, derives its name, as Stow tells us, from a London citizen who dwelt here in the reign of Edward I., and was called Hugan in the Lane.

That pleasant tree at the left-hand corner of Wood Street, which has cheered many a weary business man with memories of the fresh green fields far away, was for long the residence of rooks, who built there. In 1845 two fresh nests were built, and one is still visible; but the sable birds deserted their noisy town residence several years ago. Probably, as the north of London was more built over, and such feeding-grounds as Belsize Park turned to brick and mortar, the birds found the fatigue of going miles in search of food for their young unbearable, and so migrated. Leigh Hunt, in one of his agreeable books, remarks that there are few districts in London where you will not find a tree. "A child was shown us," says Leigh Hunt, "who was said never to have beheld a tree but one in St. Paul's Churchyard (now gone). Whenever a tree was mentioned, it was this one; she had no conception of any other, not even of the remote tree in Cheapside." This famous tree marks the site of St. Peter in Chepe, a church destroyed by the Great Fire. The terms of the lease of the low houses at the west-end corner are said to forbid the erection of another storey or the removal of the tree. Whether this restriction arose from a love of the tree, as we should like to think, we cannot say.

St. Peter's in Chepe is a rectory (says Stow), "the church whereof stood at the south-west corner of Wood Street, in the ward of Farringdon Within, but of what antiquity I know not, other than that Thomas de Winton was rector thereof in 1324."

The patronage of this church was anciently in the Abbot and Convent of St. Albans, with whom it continued till the suppression of their monastery, when Henry VIII., in the year 1546, granted the same to the Earl of Southampton. It afterwards belonged to the Duke of Montague. This church being destroyed in the fire and not rebuilt, the parish is united to the Church of St. Matthew, Friday Street. "In the year 1401," says Maitland, "licence was granted to the inhabitants of this parish to erect a shed or shop before their church in Cheapside. On the site of this building, anciently called the 'Long Shop,' are now erected four shops, with rooms over them."

Wordsworth has immortalised Wood Street by his plaintive little ballad—

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

"At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

"'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? she sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

"Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

"She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes."

Perhaps some summer morning the poet, passing down Cheapside, saw the plane-tree at the corner wave its branches to him as a friend waves a hand, and at that sight there passed through his mind an imagination of some poor Cumberland servant-girl toiling in London, and regretting her far-off home among the pleasant hills.

St. Michael's, Wood Street, is a rectory situated on the west side of Wood Street, in the ward of Cripplegate Within. John de Eppewell was rector

thereof before the year 1328. "The patronage was anciently in the Abbot and Convent of St. Albans, in whom it continued till the suppression of their monastery, when, coming to the Crown, it was, with the appurtenances, in the year 1544, sold by Henry VIII. to William Barwell, who, in the year 1588, conveyed the same to John Marsh and others, in trust for the parish, in which it still continues." Being destroyed in the Great Fire, it was rebuilt, in 1675, from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. At the east end four Ionic pillars support an entablature and pediment, and the three circular-headed windows are well proportioned. The south side faces Huggin Lane, but the tower and spire are of no interest. The interior of the church is a large parallelogram, with an ornamented carved ceiling. In 1831 the church was repaired and the tower thrown open. The altar-piece represents Moses and Aaron. The vestry-books date from the beginning of the sixteenth century, and contain, among others, memoranda of parochial rejoicings, such as—"1620. Nov. 9. Paid for ringing and a bonfire, 4s."

The Church of St. Mary Staining being destroyed in the Great Fire, the parish was annexed to that of St. Michael's. The following is the most curious of the monumental inscriptions :—

" John Casey, of this parish, whose dwelling was
In the north-corner house as to Lad Lane you pass;
For better knowledge, the name it hath now
Is called and known by the name of the Plow ;
Out of that house yearly did geeve
Twenty shillings to the poore, their neede to releeve;
Which money the tenant must yearlie pay
To the parish and churchwardens on St. Thomas' Day.
The heire of that house, Thomas Bowrman by name,
Hath since, by his deed, confirmed the same;
Whose love to the poore doth hereby appear,
And after his death shall live many a yeare.
Therefore in your life do good while yee may,
That when meagre death shall take yee away;
You may live like form'd as Casey and Bowrman—
For he that doth well shall never be a poore man."

Here was also a monument to Queen Elizabeth, with this inscription, found in many other London churches :—

" Here lyes her type, who was of late
The prop of Belgia, stay of France,
Spaine's foile, Faith's shield, and queen of State,
Of arms, of learning, fate and chance.
In brief, of women ne'er was seen
So great a prince, so good a queen.

" Sith Vertue her immortal made,
Death, envying all that cannot dye,
Her earthly parts did so invade
As in it wrackt self-majesty.
But so her spirits inspired her parts,
That she still lives in loyal hearts."

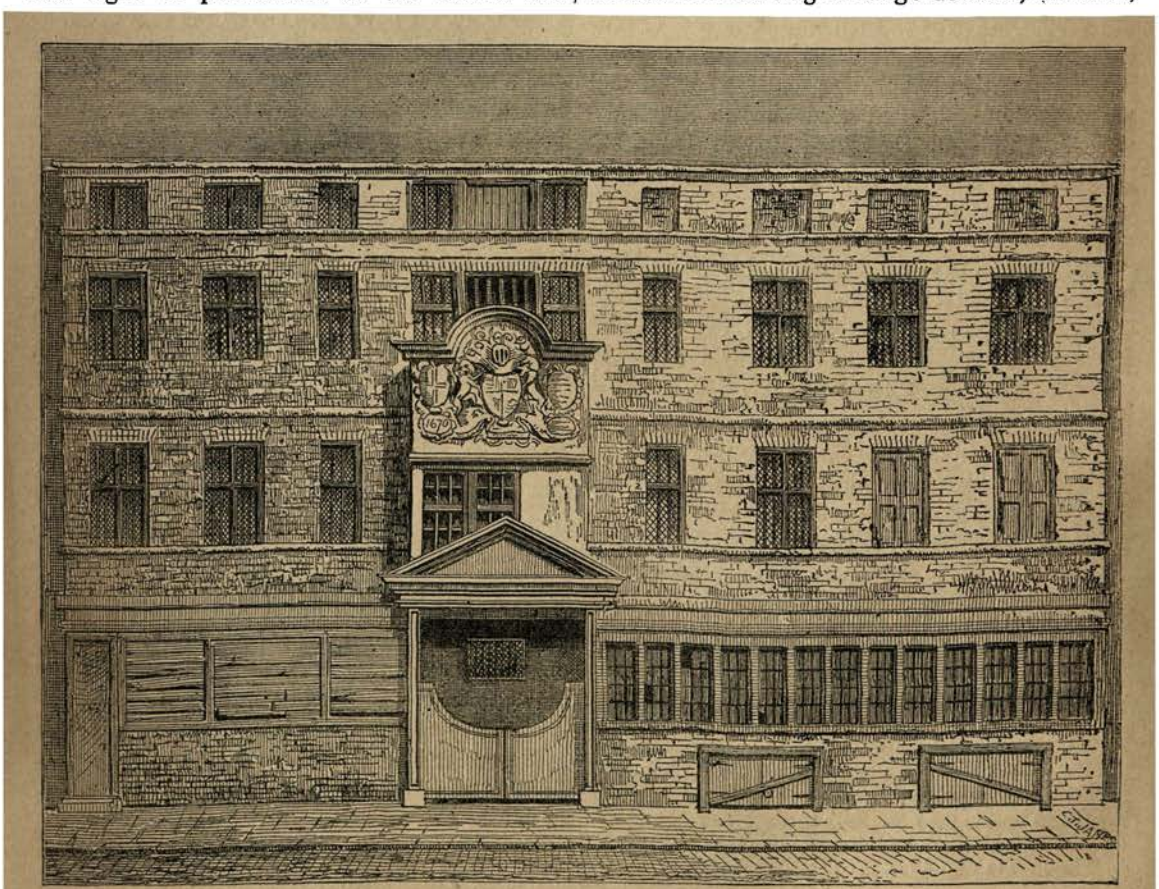
There was buried here (but without any outward monument) the head of James, the fourth King of Scots, slain at Flodden Field. After the battle, the body of the said king being found, was closed in lead, and conveyed from thence to London, and so to the monastery of Shene, in Surrey, where it remained for a time. "But since the dissolution of that house," says Stow, "in the reign of Edward VI., Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, lodged and kept house there. I have been shown the said body, so lapped in lead. The head and body were thrown into a waste room, amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubble; since which time workmen there, for their foolish pleasure, hewed off his head; and Launcelot Young, master glazier to Queen Elizabeth, feeling a sweet savour to come from thence, and seeing the same dried from moisture, and yet the form remaining with the hair of the head and beard red, brought it to London, to his house in Wood Street, where for a time he kept it for the sweetness, but in the end caused the sexton of that church to bury it amongst other bones taken out of their charnel."

"The parish church of St. Michael, in Wood Street, is a proper thing," says Strype, "and lately well repaired; John Iue, parson of this church, John Forster, goldsmith, and Peter Fikelden, taylor, gave two messuages and shops, in the same parish and street, and in Ladle Lane, to the reparation of the church, the 16th of Richard II. In the year 1627 the parishioners made a new door to this church into Wood Street, where till then it had only one door, standing in Huggin Lane."

St. Mary Staining, in Wood Street, destroyed by the Great Fire, stood on the north side of Oat Lane, in the Ward of Aldersgate Within. "The additional epithet of *staining*," says Maitland, "is as uncertain as the time of the foundation; some imagining it to be derived from the painters' stainers, who probably lived near it; and others from its being built with stone, to distinguish it from those in the City that were built with wood. The advowson of the rectory anciently belonged to the Prioress and Convent of Clerkenwell, in whom it continued till their suppression by Henry VIII., when it came to the Crown. The parish, as previously observed, is now united to St. Michael's, Wood Street. That this church is not of a modern foundation, is manifest from John de Lukenore's being rector thereof before the year 1328.

St. Alban's, Wood Street, in the time of Paul, the fourteenth Abbot of St. Alban's, belonged to the Verulam monastery, but in 1077 the abbot exchanged the right of presentation to this church for the patronage of one belonging to the Abbot of

Westminster. Matthew Paris says that this Wood Street Church was the chapel of King Offa, the founder of St. Alban's Abbey, who had a palace near it. Stow says it was of great antiquity, and that Roman bricks were visible here and there among the stones. Maitland thinks it probable that it was one of the first churches built by Alfred in London after he had driven out the Danes. The right of presentation to the church was



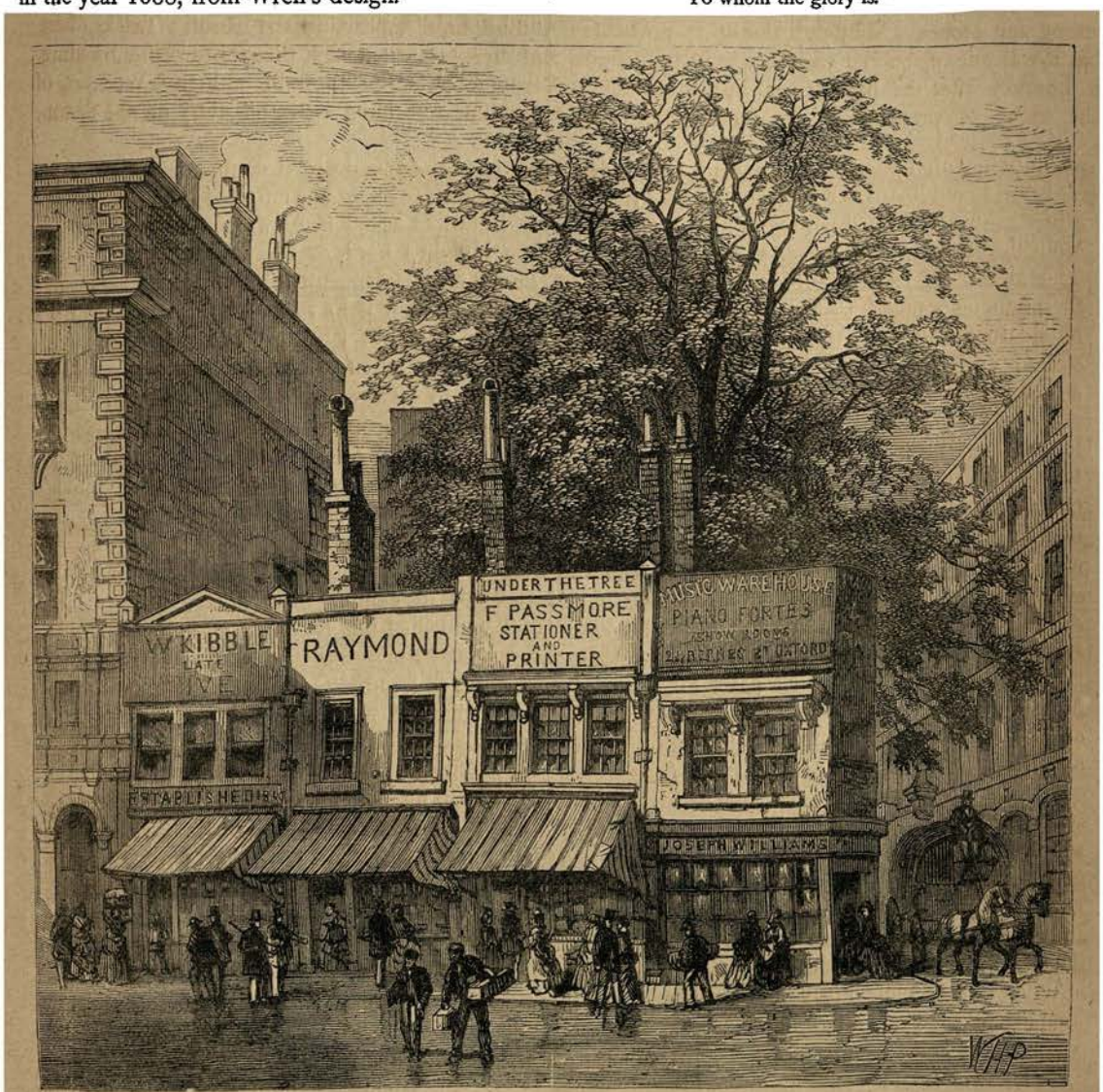
WOOD STREET COMPTER. *From a View published in* 1793. (*See page* 368.)

originally possessed by the master, brethren, and sisters of St. James's Leper Hospital (site of St. James's Palace), and after the death of Henry VI. it was vested in the Provost and Fellows of Eton College. In the reign of Charles II. the parish was united to that of St. Olave, Silver Street, and the right of presentation is now exercised alternately by Eton College and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. The style of the interior of the church is late pointed. The windows appear older than the rest of the building. The ceiling in the nave exhibits bold groining, and the general effect is not unpleasing.

"One note of the great antiquity of this church," says Seymour, "is the name, by which it was first dedicated to St. Alban, the first martyr of England. Another character of the antiquity of it is to be seen in the manner of the turning of the arches to the windows, and the heads of the pillars. A third note appears in the Roman bricks, here and there inlaid amongst the stones of the building. Very probable it is that this church is, at least, of as ancient a standing as King Adelstane, the Saxon, who, as tradition says, had his house at the east end of this church. This king's house, having a door also into Adel Street, in this parish, gave name, as 'tis thought, to the said Adel Street, which, in all evidences, to this day is written King Adel Street. One great square tower of this king's house seemed, in Stow's time, to be then remaining, and to be seen at the north corner of Love Lane, as you come from Aldermanbury, which tower was of the very same stone and manner of building with St. Alban's Church."

About the commencement of the seventeenth century St. Alban's, being in a state of great decay, was surveyed by Sir Henry Spiller and Inigo

Jones, and in accordance with their advice, apparently, in 1632 it was pulled down, and rebuilt *anno* 1634; but, perishing in the flames of 1666, it was re-erected as it now appears, and finished in the year 1688, from Wren's design.



THE TREE AT THE CORNER OF WOOD STREET.

In the old church were the following epitaphs :—

"Of William Wilson, Joane his wife,
And Alice, their daughter deare,
These lines were left to give report
These three lye buried here;
And Alice was Henry Decon's wife,
Which Henry lives on earth,
And is the Serjeant Plummer
To Queen ELIZABETH.
With whom this Alice left issue here,
His virtuous daughter Joan,
To be his comfort everywhere
Now joyfull Alice is gone.
And for these three departed soules,
Gone up to joyfull blisse,
Th' almighty praise be given to God,
To whom the glory is."

Over the grave of Anne, the wife of Laurence Gibson, gentleman, were the following verses, which are worth mentioning here :—

"MENTIS VIS MAGNA.

"What! is she dead?
Doth he survive?
No; both are dead,
And both alive.
She lives, hee's dead,
By love, though grieving,

In him, for her,
Yet dead, yet living;
Both dead and living,
Then what is gone?
One half of both,
Not any one.
One mind, one faith,
One hope, one grave,
In life, in death,
They had and still they have."

The pulpit (says Seymour) is finely carved with an enrichment, in imitation of fruit and leaves; and the sound-board is a hexagon, having round it a fine cornice, adorned with cherubims and other embellishments, and the inside is neatly finniered. The altar-piece is very ornamental, consisting of four columns, fluted with their bases, pedestals, entablature, and open pediment of the Corinthian order; and over each column, upon acroters, is a lamp with a gilded taper. Between the inner columns are the Ten Commandments, done in gold letters upon black. Between the two, northward, is the Lord's Prayer, and the two southward the Creed, done in gold upon blue. Over the commandments is a Glory between two cherubims, and above the cornice the king's arms, with the supporters, helmet, and crest, richly carved, under a triangular pediment; and on the north and south side of the above described ornaments are two large cartouches, all of which parts are carved in fine wainscot. The church is well paved with oak, and here are two large brass branches and a marble font, having enrichments of cherubims, &c.

In a curious brass frame, attached to a tall stem, opposite the pulpit is an hour-glass, by which the preacher could measure his sermon and test his listeners' patience. The hour-glass at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, was taken down in 1723, and two heads for the parish staves made out of the silver.

Wood Street Compter (says Cunningham) was first established in 1555, when, on the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel in that year, the prisoners were removed from the Old Compter in Bread Street to the New Compter in Wood Street, Cheapside. This compter was burnt down in the Great Fire, but was rebuilt in 1670. It stood on the east side of the street, and was removed to Giltspur Street in 1791. There were two compters in London—the compter in Wood Street, under the control of one of the sheriffs, and the compter in the Poultry, under the superintendence of the other. Under each sheriff was a secondary, a clerk of the papers, four clerk sitters, eighteen serjeants-at-mace (each serjeant having his yeomen), a master keeper, and two turnkeys. The serjeants wore blue and coloured cloth gowns, and the words of arrest were, "Sir, we arrest you in the King's Majesty's name, and we charge you to obey us." There were three sides,—the master's side, the dearest of all; the knights' ward, a little cheaper; and the Hole, the cheapest of all. The register of entries was called the Black Book. Garnish was demanded at every step, and the Wood Street Compter was hung with the story of the prodigal son.

When the Wood Street counter gate was opened, the prisoner's name was enrolled in the black book, and he was asked if he was for the master's side, the Knight's ward, or the Hole. At every fresh door a fee was demanded, the stranger's hat or cloak being detained if he refused to pay the extortion, which, in prison language, was called "garnish." The first question to a new prisoner was, whether he was in by arrest or command; and there was generally some knavish attorney in a threadbare black suit, who, for forty shillings, would offer to move for a habeas corpus, and have him out presently, much to the amusement of the villanous-looking men who filled the room, some smoking and some drinking. At dinner a vintner's boy, who was in waiting, filled a bowl full of claret, and compelled the new prisoner to drink to all the society; and the turnkeys, who were dining in another room, then demanded another tester for a quart of wine to quaff to the new comer's health.

At the end of a week, when the prisoner's purse grew thin, he was generally compelled to pass over to the knight's side, and live in a humbler and more restricted manner. Here a fresh garnish of eighteen pence was demanded, and if this was refused, he was compelled to sleep over the drain; or, if he chose, to sit up, to drink and smoke in the cellar with vile companions till the keepers ordered every man to his bed.

Fennor, an actor in 1617 (James I.), wrote a curious pamphlet on the abuses of this compter. "For what extreme extortion," says the angry writer, "is it when a gentleman is brought in by the watch for some misdemeanour committed, that he must pay at least an angell before he be discharged; hee must pay twelvepence for turning the key at the master-side dore two shillings to the chamberleine, twelvepence for his garnish for wine, tenpence for his dinner, whether he stay or no, and when he comes to be discharged at the booke, it will cost at least three shillings and sixpence more, besides sixpence for the booke-keeper's paines, and sixpence for the porter. . . . And if a gentleman stay there but one night, he must pay for his

garnish sixteene pence, besides a groate for his lodging, and so much for his sheetes. . . When a gentleman is upon his discharge, and hath given satisfaction for his executions, they must have fees for irons, three halfepence in the pound, besides the other fees, so that if a man were in for a thousand or fifteene hundred pound execution, they will if a man is so madde have so many three halfepence.

"This little Hole is as a little citty in a commonwealth, for as in a citty there are all kinds of officers, trades, and vocations, so there is in this place, as we may make a pretty resemblance between them. In steede of a Lord Maior, we have a master steward to over-see and correct all misdemeanours as shall arise. . . . And lastly, as in a citty there is all kinds of trades, so is there heere, for heere you shall see a cobler sitting mending olde showes, and singing as merrily as if hee were under a stall abroad; not farre from him you shall see a taylor sit crosse-legged (like a witch) on his cushion, theatning the ruine of our fellow prisoner, the Ægyptian vermine; in another place you may behold a saddler empannelling all his wits together how to patch this Scotchpadde handsomely, or mend the old gentlewoman's crooper that was almost burst in pieces. You may have a phisition here, that for a bottle of sack will undertake to give you as good a medicine for melancholly as any doctor will for five pounds. Besides, if you desire to bee remouved before a judge, you shall have a tinker-like attorney not farre distant from you, that in stopping up one hole in a broken cause, will make twenty before hee hath made an end, and at last will leave you in prison as bare of money as he himself is of honesty. Heere is your cholericke cooke that will dresse our meate, when wee can get any, as well as any greasie scullion in Fleet Lane or Pye Corner."

At 25, Silver Street, Wood Street, is the hall of one of the smaller City companies—the Parish Clerks of London, Westminster, Borough of Southwark, and fifteen out parishes, with their master wardens and fellows. This company was incorporated as early as Henry III. (1233), by the name of the Fraternity of St. Nicholas, an ominous name, for "St. Nicholas's clerk" was a jocose *nom de guerre* for highwaymen. The first hall of the fraternity stood in Bishopsgate Street, the second in Broad Lane, in Vintry Ward. The fraternity was re-incorporated by James I. in 1611, and confirmed by Charles I. in 1636. The hall contains a few portraits, and in a painted glass window, David playing on the harp, St. Cecilia at the organ, &c. The parish clerks were the actors in the old miracle plays, the parish clerks of our churches dating only from the commencement of the Reformation. The "Bills of Mortality" were commenced by the Parish Clerks' Company in 1592, who about 1625 were licensed by the Star Chamber to keep a printing-press in their hall for printing the bills, valuable for their warning of the existence or progress of the plague. The "Weekly Bill" of the Parish Clerks has, however, been superseded by the "Tables of Mortality in the Metropolis," issued weekly from the Registrar-General's Office, at Somerset House, since July 1st, 1837. The Parish Clerks' Company neither confer the freedom of the City, nor the hereditary freedom.

There is a large gold refinery in Wood Street, through whose doors three tons of gold a day have been known to pass. Australian gold is here cast into ingots, value £800 each. This gold is one carat and three quarters above the standard, and when the first two bars of Australian gold were sent to the Bank of England they were sent back, as their wonderful purity excited suspicion. For refining, the gold is boiled fifteen minutes, poured off into hand moulds 18 pounds troy weight, strewn with ivory black, and then left to cool. You see here the stalwart men wedging apart great bars of silver for the melting pots. The silver is purified in a blast-furnace, and mixed with nitric acid in platinum crucibles, that cost from £700 to £1,000 apiece. The bars of gold are stamped with a trade-mark, and pieces are cut off each ingot to be sent to the assayer for his report.

"I read in divers records," says Stow, "of a house in Wood Street then called 'Black Hall;' but no man at this day can tell thereof. In the time of King Richard II., Sir Henry Percy, the son and heir of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had a house in 'Wodstreate,' in London (whether this Black Hall or no, it is hard to trace), wherein he treated King Richard, the Duke of Lancaster, the Duke of York, the Earl Marshal, and his father, the Earl of Northumberland, with others, at supper."

The "Rose," in Wood Street, was a sponging-house, well known to the rakehells and spendthrifts of Charles II.'s time. "I have been too lately under their (the bailiffs') clutches," says Tom Brown, "to desire any more dealings with them, and I cannot come within a furlong of the 'Rose' sponging-house without five or six yellow-boys in my pocket to cast out those devils there, who would otherwise infallibly take possession of me."

The "Mitre," an old tavern in Wood Street, was kept in Charles II.'s time by William Proctor, who died insolvent in 1665. "18th Sept., 1660," Pepys says, "to the 'Miter Taverne,' in Wood Street (a

house of the greatest note in London). Here some of us fell to handycap, a sport that I never knew before." And again, "31st July, 1665. Proctor, the vintner, of the 'Miter,' in Wood Street, and his son, are dead this morning of the plague; he having laid out abundance of money there, and was the greatest vintner for some time in London for great entertainments."

In early life Thomas Ripley, afterwards a celebrated architect, kept a carpenter's shop and coffee house in Wood Street. Marrying a servant of Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister of George I., this lucky pushing man soon obtained work from the Crown and a seat at the Board of Works, and supplanted that great genius who built St. Paul's, to the infinite disgrace of the age. Ripley built the Admiralty, and Houghton Hall, Norfolk, for his early patron, Walpole, and died rich in 1758.

Wood Street is associated with that last extraordinary outburst of the Civil War fanaticism — the Anabaptist rising in January, 1661.

On Sunday, January 6, 1661, we read in "Somers' Tracts," "these monsters assembled at their meeting-house, in Coleman Street, where they armed themselves, and sallying thence, came to St. Paul's in the dusk of the evening, and there, after ordering their small party, placed sentinels, one of whom killed a person accidentally passing by, because he said he was for God and King Charles when challenged by him. This giving the alarm, and some parties of trained bands charging them, and being repulsed, they marched to Bishopsgate, thence to Cripplegate and Aldersgate, where, going out, in spite of the constables and watch, they declared for King Jesus. Proceeding to Beech Lane, they killed a headborough, who would have opposed them. It was observed that all they shot, though never so slightly wounded, died. Then they hasted away to Cane Wood, where they lurked, resolved to make another effort upon the City, but were drove thence, and routed by a party of horse and foot, sent for that purpose, about thirty being taken and brought before General Monk, who committed them to the Gate House.

PULPIT HOUR-GLASS (*see page* 368).

"Nevertheless, the others who had escaped out of the wood returned to London, not doubting of success in their enterprise; Venner, a wine-cooper by trade, and their head, affirming, he was assured that no weapons employed against them would prosper, nor a hair of their head be touched; which their coming off at first so well made them willing to believe. These fellows had taken the opportunity of the king's being gone to Portsmouth, having before made a disposition for drawing to them of other desperate rebels, by publishing a declaration called, 'A Door of Hope Opened,' full of abominable slanders against the whole royal family.

"On Wednesday morning, January 9, after the watches and guards were dismissed, they resumed their first enterprise. The first appearance was in Threadneedle Street, where they alarmed the trained bands upon duty that day, and drove back a party sent after them, to their main guard, which then marched in a body towards them. The Fifth Monarchists retired into Bishopsgate Street, where some of them took into an ale-house, known by the sign of 'The Helmet,' where, after a sharp dispute, two were killed, and as many taken, the same number of the trained bands being killed and wounded. The next sight of them (for they vanished and appeared again on a sudden), was at College Hill, which way they went into Cheapside, and so into Wood Street, Venner leading them, with a morrion on his head and a halbert in his hand. Here was the main and hottest action, for they fought stoutly with the Trained Bands, and received a charge from the Life Guards, whom they obliged to give way, until, being overpowered, and Venner knocked down and wounded and shot, Tufney and Crag, two others of their chief teachers, being killed by him, they began to give ground, and soon after dispersed, flying outright and taking several ways. The greatest part of them went down Wood Street to Cripplegate, firing in the rear at the Yellow Trained Bands, then in close pursuit of them. Ten of them took into the 'Blue Anchor' ale-house, near the postern, which house they maintained until Lieutenant-Colonel Cox, with his company, secured

all the avenues to it. In the meantime, some of the aforesaid Yellow Trained Bands got upon the tiles of the next house, which they threw off, and fired in upon the rebels who were in the upper room, and even then refused quarter. At the same time, another file of musketeers got up the stairs, and having shot down the door, entered upon them. Six of them were killed before, another wounded, and one, refusing quarter, was knocked down, and afterwards shot. The others being asked why they had not begged quarter before, answered they durst not, for fear their own fellows should shoot them."

The upshot of this insane revolt of a handful of men was that twenty-two king's men were killed, and twenty-two of the fanatics, proving the fighting to have been hard. Twenty were taken, and nine or ten hung, drawn, and quartered. Venner, the leader, who was wounded severely, and some others, were drawn on sledges, their quarters were set on the four gates, and their heads stuck on poles on London Bridge. Two more were hung at the west end of St. Paul's, two at the Royal Exchange, two at the Bull and Mouth, two in Beech Lane, one at Bishopsgate, and another, captured later, was hung at Tyburn, and his head set on a pole in Whitechapel.

The texts these Fifth Monarchy men chiefly relied on were these:—"He shall use his people, in his hand as his battle-axe and weapon of war, for the bringing in the kingdoms of this world into subjection to Him." A few Scriptures (and but a few) as to this, Isa. xli. 14th verse; but more especially the 15th and 16th verses. The prophet, speaking of Jacob, saith: "Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff; thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away," &c.

"Maiden Lane," says Stow, "formerly Engine Lane, is a good, handsome, well-built, and inhabited street. The east end falleth into Wood Street. At the north-east corner, over against Goldsmiths' Hall, stood the parish church of St. John Zachary, which since the dreadful fire is not rebuilt, but the parish united unto St. Ann's, Aldersgate, the ground on which it stood, enclosed within a wall, serving as a burial-place for the parish."

The old Goldsmiths' Church of St. John Zachary, Maiden Lane, destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt, stood at the north-west corner of Maiden Lane, in the Ward of Aldersgate; the parish is annexed to that of St. Anne. Among other epitaphs in this church, Stow gives the following:—

"Here lieth the body of John Sutton, citizen, goldsmith, and alderman of London; who died 6th July, 1450. This brave and worthy alderman was killed in the defence of the City, in the bloody nocturnal battle on London Bridge, against the infamous Jack Cade, and his army of Kentish rebels."

"Here lieth William Brekespere, of London, some time merchant,
Goldsmith and alderman, the Commonwele attendant,
With Margaryt his Dawter, late wyff of Suttoon,
And Thomas, hur Sonn, yet livyn undyr Goddy's tuitioon.
The tenth of July he made his transmigration.
She disissyd in the yer of Grase of Chryst's Incarnation,
A Thowsand Four hundryd Threescor and oon.
God assoyl their Sowls whose Bodys lye undyr this Stoon."

This church was rated to pay a certain annual sum to the canons of St. Paul's, about the year 1181, at which time it was denominated St. John Baptist's, as appears from a grant thereof from the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to one Zachary, whose name it probably received to distinguish it from one of the same name in Walbrook.

St. Anne in the Willows was a church destroyed by the Great Fire, rebuilt by Wren, and united to the parish of St. John Zachary. "It is so called," says Stow, "some say of willows growing thereabouts; but now there is no such void place for willows to grow, more than the church-yard, wherein grow some high ash-trees."

"This church, standing," says Strype, "in the church-yard, is planted before with lime-trees that flourish there. So that as it was formerly called St. Anne-in-the-Willows, it may now be called St. Anne-in-the-Limes."

St. Anne can be traced back as far as 1332. The patronage was anciently in the Dean and Canons of St. Martin's-le-Grand, in whose gift it continued till Henry VII. annexed that Collegiate Church, with its appendages, to the Abbey of Westminster. In 1553 Queen Mary gave it to the Bishop of London and his successors. One of the monuments here bears the following inscription:—

"Peter Heiwood, younger son of Peter Heiwood, one of the counsellors of Jamaica, by Grace, daughter of Sir John Muddeford, Kt. and Bart., great-grandson to Peter Heiwood, of Heywood, in County Palatine of Lancaster, who apprehended Guy Faux with his dark lanthorn, and for his zealous prosecution of Papists, as Justice of the Peace, was stabbed in Westminster Hall by John James, a Dominican Friar, An. Dom. 1640. Obiit, Novr. 2, 1701.

"Reader, if not a Papist bred,
Upon such ashes gently tred."

The site of Haberdashers' Hall, in Maiden Lane, opposite Goldsmiths' Hall, was bequeathed to the Company by William Baker, a London haberdasher, in 1478 (Edward IV.). In the old hall, destroyed by the Great Fire, the Parliament

Commissioners held their meetings during the Commonwealth, and many a stern decree of confiscation was there grimly signed. In this hall there are some good portraits. The Haberdashers' Company have many livings and exhibitions in their gift; and almhouses at Hoxton, Monmouth, Newland (Gloucestershire), and Newport (Shropshire; schools in Bunhill Row, Monmouth, and Newport; and they lend sums of £50 or £100 to struggling young men of their own trade.

INTERIOR OF ST. MICHAEL'S, WOOD STREET (*see page* 365).

The haberdashers were originally a branch of the mercers, dealing like them in merceries or small wares. Lydgate, in his ballad, describes the mercers' and haberdashers' stalls as side by side in the mercery in Chepe. In the reign of Henry VI., when first incorporated, they divided into two fraternities, St. Catherine and St. Nicholas. The one being hurrers, cappers, or haberdashers of hats; the other, haberdashers of ribands, laces, and small wares only. The latter were also called milliners, from their selling such merchandise as brooches, agglets, spurs, capes, glasses, and pins. "In the early part of Elizabeth's reign," says Herbert, "upwards of £60,000 annually was paid to foreign merchants for pins alone, but before her death pins were made in England, and in the reign of James I. the pinmakers obtained a charter."

In the reign of Henry VII. the two societies united. Queen Elizabeth granted them their arms: Barry nebule of six, argent and azure on a bend gules, a lion passant gardant; crest or, a helmet and torse, two arms supporting a laurel proper and issuing out of a cloud argent. Supporters, two Indian goats argent, attired and hoofed or; motto,

"Serve and Obey." Maitland describes their annual expenditure in charity as £3,500. The number of the Company consists of one master, four wardens, forty-five assistants, 360 livery, and a large company of freemen. This Company is the eighth in order of the chief twelve City Companies.

INTERIOR OF HABERDASHERS' HALL.

In the reign of Edward VI. there were not more than a dozen milliner's shops in all London, but in 1580 the dealers in foreign luxuries had so increased as to alarm the frugal and the philosophic. These dealers sold French and Spanish gloves, French cloth and frieze, Flemish kersies, daggers, swords, knives, Spanish girdles, painted cruises, dials, tablets, cards, balls, glasses, fine earthen pots, salt-cellars, spoons, tin dishes, puppets, pennons, ink-horns, tooth-picks, fans, pomanders, silk, and silver buttons.

The Haberdashers were incorporated by a Charter of Queen Elizabeth in 1578. The Court books extend to the time of Charles I. only. Their charters exist in good preservation. In their chronicles we have only a few points to notice. In 1466 they sent two of their members to attend the coronation of Elizabeth, queen of Edward IV., and they also were represented at the coronation of the detestable Richard III. Like the other Companies, the Haberdashers were much oppressed during the time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, during which they lost nearly £50,000. The Company's original bye-laws having been

burnt in the Great Fire, a new code was drawn up, which in 1675 was sanctioned by Lord Chancellor Finch, Sir Matthew Hale, and Sir Francis North.

The dining-hall is a lofty and spacious room. About ten years since it was much injured by fire, but has been since restored and handsomely decorated. Over the screen at the lower end is a music gallery, and the hall is lighted from above by six sun-burners. Among the portraits in the edifice are whole lengths of William Adams, Esq., founder of the grammar school and almshouses at Newport, in Shropshire; Jerome Knapp, Esq., a former Master of the Company; and Micajah Perry, Esq., Lord Mayor in 1739; a half-length of George Whitmore, Esq., Lord Mayor in 1631; Sir Hugh Hammersley, Knight, Lord Mayor in 1627; Mr. Thomas Aldersey, merchant, of Banbury, in Cheshire, who, in 1594, vested a considerable estate in this Company for charitable uses; Mr. William Jones, merchant adventurer, who bequeathed £18,000 for benevolent purposes; and Robert Aske, the worthy founder of the Haberdashers' Hospital at Hoxton.

Gresham Street, that intersects Wood Street, was formerly called Lad or Ladle Lane, and part of it Maiden Lane, from a shop sign of the Virgin. It is written Lad Lane in a chronicle of Edward IV.'s time, published by Sir Harris Nicolas, page 98. The "Swan with Two Necks," in Lad Lane, was for a century and more, till railways ruined stage and mail coach travelling, the booking office and head-quarters of coaches to the North.

Love Lane was so named from the wantons who once infested it. The Cross Keys Inn derived its name from the bygone Church of St. Peter before mentioned. As there are traditions of Saxon kings once dwelling in Foster Lane, so in Gutter Lane we find traditions of some Danish celebrities. "Gutter Lane," says Stow, that patriarch of London topography, "was so called by Guthurun, some time owner thereof." In a manuscript chronicle of London, written in the reign of Edward IV., and edited by Sir N. H. Nicolas, it is called "Goster Lane."

Brewers' Hall, No. 19, Addle Street, Wood Street, Cheapside, is a modern edifice, and contains, among other pictures, a portrait of Dame Alice Owen, who narrowly escaped death from an archer's stray arrow while walking in Islington fields, in gratitude for which she founded an hospital. In the hall window is some old painted glass. The Brewers were incorporated in 1438. The quarterage in this Company is paid on the quantity of malt consumed by its members. In 1851 a handsome school-house was built for the Company, in Trinity Square, Tower Hill.

In 1422 Whittington laid an information before his successor in the mayoralty, Robert Childe, against the Brewers' Company, for selling *dear ale*, when they were convicted in the penalty of £20; and the masters were ordered to be kept in prison in the chamberlain's custody until they paid it.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHEAPSIDE TRIBUTARIES, NORTH (*continued*).

Milk Street—Sir Thomas More—The City of London School—St. Mary Magdalen—Honey Lane—All Hallows' Church—Lawrence Lane and St. Lawrence Church—Ironmonger Lane and Mercers' Hall—The Mercers' Company—Early Life Assurance Companies—The Mercers' Company in Trouble—Mercers' Chapel—St. Thomas Acon—The Mercers' School—Restoration of the Carvings in Mercers' Hall—The Glories of the Mercers' Company—Ironmonger Lane.

In Milk Street was the milk-market of Mediæval London. That good and wise man, Sir Thomas More, was born in this street. "The brightest man," says Fuller, with his usual quaint playfulness, "that ever shone in that *via lactea*." More, born in 1480, was the son of a judge of the King's Bench, and was educated at St. Anthony's School, in Threadneedle Street. He was afterwards placed in the family of Archbishop Morton, till he went to Oxford. After two years he became a barrister, at Lincoln, entered Parliament, and opposed Henry VII. to his own danger. After serving as law reader at New Inn, he soon became an eminent lawyer. He then wrote his "Utopia," acquired the friendship of Erasmus, and soon after became a favourite of Henry VIII., helping the despot in his treatise against Luther. On Wolsey's disgrace, More became chancellor, and one of the wisest and most impartial England has ever known. Determined not to sanction the king's divorce, More resigned his chancellorship, and, refusing to attend Anne Boleyn's coronation, he was attainted for treason. The tyrant, now furious, soon hurried him to the scaffold, and he was executed on Tower Hill in 1535.

This pious, wise, and consistent man is described

as having dark chestnut hair, thin beard, and grey eyes. He walked with his right shoulder raised, and was negligent in his dress. When in the Tower, More is said to have foreseen the fate of Anne Boleyn, whom his daughter Margaret had found filling the court with dancing and sporting.

"Alas, Meg," said the ex-chancellor, "it pitieth me to remember to what misery poor soul she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will sport our heads off like foot-balls; but it will not be long ere her head will dance the like dance."

It is to be lamented that with all his wisdom, More was a bigot. He burnt one Frith for denying the corporeal presence; had James Bainton, a gentleman of the Temple, whipped in his presence for heretical opinons; went to the Tower to see him on the rack, and then hurried him to Smithfield. "Verily," said Luther, "he was a very notable tyrant, and plagued and tormented innocent Christians like an executioner."

The City of London School, Milk Street, was established in 1837, for the sons of respectable persons engaged in professional, commercial, or trading pursuits; and partly founded on an income of £900 a year, derived from certain tenements bequeathed by John Carpenter, town-clerk of London, in the reign of Henry V., "for the finding and bringing up of four poor men's children, with meat, drink, apparel, learning at the schools, in the universities, &c., until they be preferred, and then others in their places for ever." This was the same John Carpenter who "caused, with great expense, to be curiously painted upon a board, about the north cloister of Paul's, a monument of Death, leading all estates, with the speeches of Death, and answers of every state." The school year is divided into three terms—Easter to July; August to Christmas; January to Easter; and the charge for each pupil is £2 5s. a term. The printed form of application for admission may be had of the secretary, and must be filled up by the parent or guardian, and signed by a member of the Corporation of London. The general course of instruction includes the English, French, German, Latin, and Greek languages, writing, arithmetic, mathematics, book-keeping, geography, and history. Besides eight free scholarships on the foundation, equivalent to £35 per annum each, and available as exhibitions to the Universities, there are the following exhibitions belonging to the school:—The "Times" Scholarship, value £30 per annum; three Beaufoy Scholarships, the Solomons Scholarship, and the Travers Scholarship, £50 per annum each; the Tegg Scholarship, nearly £20 per annum; and several other valuable prizes. The first stone of the school was laid by Lord Brougham, October 21st, 1835. The architect of the building was Mr. J. B. Bunning, of Guildford Street, Russell Square, and the entire cost, including fittings and furniture, was nearly £20,000. It is about 75 feet wide in front, next Milk Street, and is about 160 feet long; it contains eleven class-rooms of various dimensions, a spacious theatre for lectures, &c., a library, committee-room, with a commodious residence in the front for the head master and his family. The lectures, founded by Sir Thomas Gresham, on divinity, astronomy, music, geometry, law, physics, and rhetoric, which upon the demolition of Gresham College had been delivered at the Royal Exchange from the year 1773, were after the destruction of that building by fire, in January, 1838, read in the theatre of the City of London School until 1843; they were delivered each day during the four Law Terms, and the public in general were entitled to free admission.

In Milk Street stood the small parish church of St. Mary Magdalen, destroyed in the Great Fire. It was repaired and beautified at the charge of the parish in 1619. All the chancel window was built at the proper cost of Mr. Benjamin Henshaw, Merchant Taylor, and one of the City captains.

This church was burnt down in the Great Fire, and was not rebuilt. One amusing epitaph has been preserved:—

"HERE LIETH THE BODY OF SIR WILLIAM STONE, KNT.

As the Earth the
Earth doth cover,
So under this stone
Lyes another;
Sir William *Stone*,
Who long deceased,
Ere the world's love
Him released;
So much it loved him,
For they say,
He answered Death
Before his day;
But, 'tis not so;
For he was sought
Of One that both him
Made and bought.
He remain'd
The Great Lord's Treasurer,
Who called for him
At his pleasure,
And received him.
Yet be it said,
Earth grieved that Heaven
So soon was paid.

Here likewise lyes
Inhumed in one bed,
Dear Barbara,
The well-beloved wife

Of this remembered Knight;
Whose souls are fled
From this dimure vale
To everlasting life,
Where no more change,
Nor no more separation,
Shall make them flye
From their blest habitation.
Grasse of levitie,
Span in brevity,
Flower's felicity,
Fire of misery,
Wind's stability,
Is mortality."

"Honey Lane," says good old Stow, "is so called not of sweetness thereof, being very narrow and small and dark, but rather of often washing and sweeping to keep it clean." With all due respect to Stow, we suspect that the lane did not derive its name from any superlative cleanliness, but more probably from honey being sold here in the times before sugar became common and honey alone was used by cooks for sweetening.

On the site of All Hallows' Church, destroyed in the Great Fire, a market was afterwards established.

"There be no monuments," says Stow, "in this church worth the noting; I find that John Norman, Maior, 1453, was buried there. He gave to the drapers his tenements on the north side of the said church; they to allow for the beam light and lamp 13s. 4d. yearly, from this lane to the Standard.

"This church hath the misfortune to have no bequests to church or poor, nor to any publick use.

"There was a parsonage house before the Great Fire, but now the ground on which it stood is swallowed up by the market. The parish of St. Mary-le-Bow (to which it is united) hath received all the money paid for the site of the ground of the said parsonage."

All Hallows' Church was repaired and beautified at the cost of the parishioners in 1625.

Lawrence Lane derives its name from the church of St. Lawrence, at its north end. "Antiquities," says Stow, "in this lane I find none other than among many fair houses. There is one large inn for receipt of travellers, called 'Blossoms Inn,' but corruptly 'Bosoms Inn,' and hath for a sign 'St. Lawrence, the Deacon,' in a border of blossoms or flowers." This was one of the great City inns set apart for Charles V.'s suite, when he came over to visit Henry VIII. in 1522. At the sign of "St. Lawrence Bosoms" twenty beds and stabling for sixty horses were ordered.

The curious old tract about Bankes and his trained horse was written under the assumed names of "John Dando, the wier-drawer of Hadley, and Harrie Runt, head ostler of Besomes Inne," which is probably the same place.

St. Lawrence Church is situate on the north side of Cateaton Street, "and is denominated," says Maitland, "from its dedication to Lawrence, a Spanish saint, born at Huesca, in the kingdom of Arragon; who, after having undergone the most grievous tortures, in the persecution under Valerian, the emperor, was cruelly broiled alive upon a gridiron, with a slow fire, till he died, for his strict adherence to Christianity; and the additional epithet of Jewry, from its situation among the Jews, was conferred upon it, to distinguish it from the church of St. Lawrence Pulteney, now demolished.

"This church, which was anciently a rectory, being given by Hugo de Wickenbroke to Baliol College in Oxford, anno 1294, the rectory ceased; wherefore Richard, Bishop of London, converted the same into a vicarage; the advowson whereof *still* continues in the same college. This church sharing the common fate in 1666, it has since been beautifully rebuilt, and the parish of St. Mary Magdalen, Milk Street, thereunto annexed." The famous Sir Richard Gresham lies buried here, with the following inscription on his tomb:—

"Here lyeth the great Sir Richard Gresham, Knight, some time Lord Maior of London; and Audrey, his first wife, by whom he had issue, Sir John Gresham and Sir Thomas Gresham, Knights, William and Margaret; which Sir Richard deceased the 20th day of February, An. Domini 1548, and the third yeere of King Edward the Sixth his Reigne, and Audrey deceased the 28th day of December, An. Dom. 1522."

There *is also this* epitaph:—

"Lo here the Lady Margaret North,
In tombe and earth do lye;
Of husbands four the faithfull spouse,
Whose fame shall never dye.
One Andrew Franncis was the first,
The second Robert hight,
Surnamed Chartsey, Alderman;
Sir David Brooke, a knight,
Was third. But he that passed all,
And was in number fourth,
And for his virtue made a Lord,
Was called Sir Edward North.
These altogether do I wish
A joyful rising day;
That of the Lord and of his Christ,
All honour they may say.
Obiit 2 die Junii, An. Dom. 1575."

In Ironmonger Lane, inhabited by ironmongers *temp.* Edward I., is Mercers' Hall, an interesting building.

The Mercers, though not formally incorporated till the 17th of Richard II. (1393), are traced back by Herbert as early as 1172. Soon afterwards

they are mentioned as patrons of one of the great London charities. In 1214, Robert Spencer, a mercer, was mayor. In 1296 the mercers joined the company of merchant adventurers in establishing in Edward I.'s reign, a woollen manufacture in England, with a branch at Antwerp. In Edward II.'s reign they are mentioned as "the Fraternity of Mercers," and in 1406 (Henry I.) they are styled in a charter, "Brothers of St. Thomas à Becket."

Mercers were at first general dealers in all small wares, including wigs, haberdashery, and even spices and drugs. They attended fairs and markets, and even sat on the ground to sell their wares—in fact, were little more than high-class pedlers. The poet Gower talks of "the depression of such mercerie." In late times the silk trade formed the main feature of their business; the greater use of silk beginning about 1573.

The mercers' first station, in Henry II.'s reign, was in that part of Cheap on the north side where Mercers' Hall now stands, but they removed soon afterwards higher up on the south side. The part of Cheapside between Bow Church and Friday Street became known as the Mercery. Here, in front of a large meadow called the "Crownsild," they held their little stalls or standings from Soper's Lane and the Standard. There were no houses as yet in this part of Cheapside. In 1329 William Elsing, a mercer, founded an hospital within Cripplegate, for 100 poor blind men, and became prior of his own institution.

In 1351 (Edward III.), the Mercers grew jealous of the Lombard merchants, and on Midsummer Day three mercers were sent to the Tower for attacking two Lombards in the Old Jewry. The mercers in this reign sold woollen clothes, but not silks. In 1371, John Barnes, mercer, mayor, gave a chest with three locks, with 1,000 marks therein, to be lent to younger mercers, upon sufficient pawn and for the use thereof. The grateful recipients were merely to say "De Profundis," a Pater Noster, and no more. This bequest seems to have started among the Mercers the kindly practice of assisting the young and struggling members of this Company.

In the reign of Henry VI. the mercers had become great dealers in silks and velvets, and had resigned to the haberdashers the sale of small articles of dress. It is not known whether the mercers bought their silks from the Lombards, or the London silk-women, or whether they imported them themselves, since many of the members of the Company were merchants.

Twenty years after the murder of Becket, the murdered man's sister, who had married Thomas Fitz Theobald de Helles, built a chapel and hospital of Augustine Friars close to Ironmonger Lane, Cheapside. The hospital was built on the site of the house where Becket was born. He was the son of Gilbert Becket, citizen, mercer and portreve of London, who was said to have been a Crusader, and to have married a fair Saracen, who had released him from prison, and who followed him to London, knowing only the one English word "Gilbert." The hospital, which was called "St. Thomas of Acon," from Becket's mother having been born at Acre, the ancient Ptolemais, was given to the Mercers' Fraternity by De Hilles and his wife, and Henry III. gave the master and twelve brothers all the land between St. Olave's and Ironmonger Lane, which had belonged to two rich Jews, to enlarge their ground. In Henry V.'s reign that illustrious mercer Whittington, by his wealth and charity, reflected great lustre on the Mercers' Company, who at his death were left trustees of the college and almshouses founded by the immortal Richard on College Hill. The Company still preserve the original ordinance of this charity with a curious picture of Whittington's death, and of the first three wardens, Coventry, Grove, and Carpenter.

In 1414, Thomas Falconer, mercer and mayor, lent Henry V., towards his French wars, ten marks upon jewels.

In 1513, Joan Bradbury, widow of Thomas Bradbury, late Lord Mayor of London, left the Conduit Mead (now New Bond Street), to the Mercers' Company for charitable uses. In pursuance of the King's grant on this occasion, the Bishop of Norwich and others granted the Mercers' Company 29 acres of land in Marylebone, 120 acres in Westminster, and St. Giles, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, of the annual value of £13 6s. 8d., and in part satisfaction of the said £20 a year. The Company still possess eight acres and a half of this old gift, forming the north side of Long Acre and the adjacent streets, one of which bears the name of the Company. Mercer Street was described in a parliamentary survey in 1650 to have long gardens reaching down to Cock and Pye Ditch, and the site of Seven Dials. In 1544 the three Greshams (at the time the twelve Companies were appealed to) lent Henry VIII. upon mortgaged lands £1,673 6s. 8d. In 1561, the wardens of the Mercers' Company were summoned before the Queen's Council for selling their velvets, satins, and damasks so dear, as English coin was no longer base, and the old excuse for the former high charges was gone. The Mercers prudently bowed before the storm, promised reform, and begged her Majesty's Council to look after the Grocers. At this time the chief vendors of

Italian silks lived in Cheapside, St. Lawrence Jewry, and Old Jewry.

During the civil wars both King and Parliament bore heavily on the Mercers. In 1640 Charles I. half forced from them a loan of £3,030, and in 1642 the Parliament borrowed £6,500, and arms from the Company's armoury, valued at £88. They afterwards gave further arms, valued at £71 13s. 4d., and advanced as a second loan £3,200. The result now became visible. In 1698, hoping to clear off

THE "SWAN WITH TWO NECKS," LAD LANE (*see page* 374).

their debts, the Mercers' Company engaged in a ruinous insurance scheme, suggested by Dr. Assheton, a Kentish rector. It was proposed to grant annuities of £30 per cent. to clergymen's widows according to certain sums paid by their husbands.

"Pledging the rents of their large landed estates as security for the fulfilment of their contracts with usurers, the Mercers entered on business as life assurance agents. Limiting the entire amount of subscription to £100,000, they decided that no person over sixty years of age should become a subscriber; that no subscriber should subscribe less than £50—*i.e.*, should purchase a smaller contingent annuity than one of £15; that the annuity to every subscriber's widow, or other person for whom the insurance was effected, should be at the rate of £30 for every £100 of subscription. It was stipulated that subscribers must be in good and perfect health at the time of subscription. It was decided that all married men of the age of thirty years or under, might subscribe any sum from £50 to £1,000; that all married men, not exceeding sixty years of age, might subscribe any sum not less than £50, and not exceeding £300. The Company's prospectus further stipulates 'that no person that goes to sea, nor soldier that goes to the wars, shall be admitted to subscribe to have the benefit of this proposal, in regard of the casualties and accidents that they are more particularly liable to.' Moreover, it was provided that 'in case it should happen that any man who had subscribed should voluntarily make away with himself, or by any act of his occasion his own death, either by duelling, or committing any crime whereby he should be sentenced to be put to death by justice; in any or either of these cases his widow should receive no annuity, but upon delivering up the Company's bond, should have the subscription money paid to her.'

"The Mercers' operations soon gave rise to more

business-like companies, specially created to secure the public against some of the calamitous consequences of death. In 1706, the Amicable Life Assurance Office—usually, though, as the reader has seen, incorrectly, termed the First Life Insurance Office—was established in imitation of the Mercers' Office. Two years later, the Second Society of Assurance, for the support of widows and orphans, was opened in Dublin, which, like the Amicable, introduced numerous improvements upon Dr. Assheton's scheme, and was a Joint-Stock Life Assurance Society, identical in its principles with, and similar in most of its details to, the modern insurance companies, of which there were as many as one hundred and sixty in the year 1859."

Large sums were subscribed, but the annuities were fixed too high, and the Company had to sink to 18 per cent., and even this proved an insufficient reduction. In 1745 they were compelled to stop, and, after several ineffectual struggles, to petition Parliament.

CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

The petition showed that the Mercers were indebted more than £100,000. The annuities then out amounted to £7,620 per annum, and the subscriptions for future amounts reached £10,000 a year; while to answer these claims their present income only amounted to £4,100 per annum. The Company was therefore empowered by Act of Parliament, 4 George III., to issue new bonds and pay them off by a lottery, drawn in their own hall. This plan had the effect of completely retrieving their affairs, and restoring them again to prosperity.

Strype speaks of the mercers' shops situated on the south side of Cheapside as having been turned from mere sheds into handsome buildings four or five storeys high.

Mercers' Hall and Chapel have a history of their own. On the rough suppression of monastic institutions, Henry VIII., gorged with plunder, granted to the Mercers' Company for £969 17s. 6d. the church of the college of St. Thomas Acon, the parsonage of St. Mary Colechurch, and sundry premises in the parishes of St. Paul, Old Jewry, St. Stephen, Walbrook, St. Martin, Ironmonger Lane, and St. Stephen, Coleman Street. Immediately behind the great doors of the hospital and Mercers' Hall stood the hospital church of St. Thomas, and at the back were court-yards, cloisters, and gardens in a great wide enclosure east and west of Ironmonger Lane and the Old Jewry.

St. Thomas's Church was a large structure, probably rich in monuments, though many of the illustrious mercers were buried in Bow Church, St. Pancras, Soper Lane, St. Antholin's, Watling Street, and St. Benet Sherehog. The church was bought chiefly by Sir Richard Gresham's influence, and Stow tells us "it is now called Mercers' Chappell, and therein is kept a free grammar school as of old time had been accustomed." The original Mercers' Chapel was a chapel toward the street in front of the "great old chapel of St. Thomas," and over it was Mercers' Hall. Aggas's plan of London (circa 1560) shows it was a little above the Great Conduit of Cheapside. The small chapel was built by Sir John Allen, mercer and mayor (1521), and he was buried there; but the Mercers removed this tomb into the hospital church, and divided the chapel into shops. Grey, the founder of the hospital, was apprenticed to a bookseller who occupied one of these shops, and after the Fire of London he himself carried on the same trade in a shop which was built on the same site. Before the suppression, the Mercers only occupied a shop of the present front, the modern Mercers' Chapel standing, says Herbert, exactly on the site of part of the hospital church.

The old hospital gate, which forms the present hospital entrance, had an image of St. Thomas à Becket, but this was pulled down by Elizabethan fanatics. The interior of the chapel remains unaltered. There is a large ambulatory before it supported by columns, and a stone staircase leads to the hall and court-rooms. The ambulatory contains the recumbent figure of Richard Fishborne, Mercer, dressed in a fur gown and ruff. He was a great benefactor to the Company, and died in 1623 (James I.).

Many eminent citizens were buried in St. Thomas's, though most of the monuments had been defaced even in Stow's time. Among them were ten Mercer mayors and sheriffs, ten grocers (probably from Bucklersbury, their special locality), Sir Edward Shaw, goldsmith to Richard III., two Earls of Ormond, and Stephen Cavendish, draper and mayor (1362), whose descendants were ancestors of the ducal families of Cavendish and Devonshire.

William Downer, of London, gent., by his last will, dated 26th June, 1484, gave orders for his body to be buried within the church of St. Thomas Acon's, of London, in these terms:—"So that every year, yearly for evermore, in their foresaid churche, at such time of the year as it shal happen me to dy, observe and keep an *obyte*, or an anniversary for my sowl, the sowles of my seyd wyfe, the sowles of my fader and moder, and al Christian sowles, with *placebo* and dirige on the even, and mass of requiem on the morrow following solemnly by note for evermore."

Previous to the suppression, Henry VIII. had permitted the Hospital of St. Thomas of Acon, which wanted room, to throw a gallery across Old Jewry into a garden which the master had purchased, adjoining the Grocers' Hall, and in which Sir Robert Clayton afterwards built a house, of which we shall have to speak in its place. The gallery was to have two windows, and in the winter a light was ordered to be burned there for the comfort of passers-by. In 1536, Henry VIII. and his queen, Jane Seymour, stood in the Mercers' Hall, then newly built, and saw the "marching watch of the City" most bravely set out by its founder, Sir John Allen, mercer and mayor, and one of the Privy Council.

In the reign of James I., Mercers' Chapel became a fashionable place of resort; gallants and ladies crowded there to hear the sermons of the learned Italian Archbishop of Spalatro, in Dalmatia, one of the few prize converts to Protestantism. In 1617 we look in and find among his auditors the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke, and Lords Zouch and Compton. The chapel continued for many years to be used for Italian sermons preached to English merchants who had resided abroad, and who partly defrayed the expense. The Mercers' School was first held in the hospital and then removed to the mercery.

The present chapel front in Cheapside is the central part alone of the front built after the Great Fire. Correspondent houses, five storeys high, formerly gave breadth and effect to the whole mass.

Old views represent shops on each side with unsashed windows. The first floors have stone balconies, and over the central window of each room is the bust of a crowned virgin. It has a large doorcase, enriched with two genii above, in the act of mantling the Virgin's head, the Company's cognomen displayed upon the keystone of the arch. Above is a cornice, with brackets, sustaining a small gallery, from which, on each side, arise Doric pilasters, supporting an entablature of the same order; between the intercolumns and the central window are the figures of Faith and Hope, in niches, between whom, in a third niche of the entablature, is Charity, sitting with her three children. The upper storey has circular windows and other enrichments.

The entrance most used is in Ironmonger Lane, where is a small court, with offices, apparently the site of the ancient cloister, and which leads to the principal building. The hall itself is elevated as anciently, and supported by Doric columns, the space below being open one side and forming an extensive piazza, at the extremity whereof is the chapel, which is neatly planned, wainscoted, and paved with black and white marble. A high flight of stairs leads from the piazza to the hall, which is a very lofty apartment, handsomely wainscoted and ornamented with Doric pilasters, and various carvings in compartments.

In the hall, besides the transaction of the Company's business, the Gresham committees are held, which consist of four aldermen, including the Lord Mayor *pro tempore*, and eight of the City corporation, with whom are associated a select number of the assistants of the Mercers. In this hall also the British Fishery Society, and other corporate bodies, were formerly accustomed to hold their meetings.

The chief portraits in the hall are those of Sir Thomas Gresham (original), a fanciful portrait of Sir Richard Whittington, a likeness of Count Tekeli (the hero of the old opera), Count Panington; Dean Colet (the illustrious friend of Erasmus, and the founder of St. Paul's school); Thomas Papillon, Master of the Company in 1698, who left £1,000 to the Company, to relieve any of his family that ever came to want; and Rowland Wynne, Master of the Company in 1675. Wynne gave £400 towards the repairing of the hall after the Great Fire.

In Strype's time (1720), the Mercers' Company gave away £3,000 a year in charity. In 1745 the Company's money legacies amounted to £21,699 5s. 9d., out of which the Company paid annually £573 17s. 4d. In 1832, the lapsed legacies of the Company became the subject of a Chancery suit; the result was that money is now lent to liverymen or freemen of the Company requiring assistance in sums of £100, and not exceeding £500, for a term, without interest, but only upon approved security.

The present Mercers' School, which is but lately finished, is a very elegant stone structure, adjoining St. Michael's Church, College Hill, on the site of Whittington's Almshouses, which had been removed to Highgate to make room for it.

The school scholarship is in the gift of the Mercers' Company, and it must not be forgotten that Caxton, the first great English printer, was a member of this livery.

Subsequently to the Great Fire, says Herbert, there was some discussion with Parliament on rebuilding the Mercers' School on the former site of St. Mary Colechurch. That site, however, was ultimately rejected, and by the Rebuilding Act, 22 Charles II. (1670), it was expressly provided that there should be a plot of ground, on the western side of the Old Jewry, "set apart for the Mercers' School." Persons who remember the building, says Herbert, describe it whilst here as an old-fashioned house for the masters' residence, with projecting upper storeys, a low, spacious building by the side of it for the schoolroom, and an area behind it for a playground, the whole being situate on the west side of the Old Jewry, about forty yards from Cheapside.

The great value of ground on the above spot, and a desire to widen, as at present, the entrance to the Old Jewry, occasioned the temporary removal of the Mercers' School, in 1787, to No. 13, Budge Row, about thirty yards from Dowgate Hill (a house of the Company's, which was afterwards burnt down). In 1804 it was again temporarily removed to No. 20, Red Lion Court, Watling Street; and from thence, in 1808, to its present situation on College Hill. The latter premises were hired by the Company, at the rent of £120, and the average expense of the school was £677 1s. 1d. The salary of the master is £200, and £50 gratuity, with a house to live in, rent and taxes free. Writing, arithmetic, and merchant's accounts were added to the Greek and Latin classics, in 1804; and a writing-master was engaged, who has a salary of £120, and a gratuity of £20, but no house. There are two exhibitions belonging to the school.

With the Mercers' Hospital, in the Middle Ages, many curious old City customs were connected. The customary devotions of the new Lord Mayor, at St. Thomas of Acon Church, in the Catholic times,

identify themselves in point of locality with the Mercers' Company, and are to be ranked amongst that Company's observances. Strype has described these, from an ancient MS. he met with on the subject. The new Lord Mayor, it states, "*after dinner*," on his inauguration day (the ceremony would have suited much better *before* dinner in modern days), "was wont to go from his house to the Church of St. Thomas of Acon, those of his livery going before him; and the aldermen in like manner being there met together, they came to the Church of St. Paul, whither, when they were come, namely, in the middle place between the body of the church, between two little doors, they were wont to pray for the soul of the Bishop of London. William Norman, who was a great benefactor to the City, in obtaining the confirmation of their liberties from William the Conqueror, a priest saying the office *De Profundis* (called a dirge); and from thence they passed to the churchyard, where Thomas à Becket's parents were buried, and there, near their tomb, they said also, for all the faithful deceased, *De Profundis* again. The City procession thence returned through Cheapside Market, sometimes with wax candles burning (if it was late), to the said Church Sanctæ Thomæ, and there the mayor and aldermen offered single pence, which being done, every one went to his home."

On all saints' days, and various other festivals, the mayor with his family attended at this same Church of St. Thomas, and the aldermen also, and those that were "of the livery of the mayor, with the honest men of the mysteries," in their several habits, or suits, from which they went to St. Paul's to hear vespers. On the Feast of Innocents they heard vespers at St. Thomas's, and on the morrow mass and vespers.

The Mercers' election cup, says Timbs, of early sixteenth century work, was silver-gilt, decorated with fret-work and female busts; the feet, flasks; and on the cover is the popular legend of an unicorn yielding its horn to a maiden. The whole is enamelled with coats of arms, and these lines—

"To elect the Master of the Mercerie hither am I sent,
And by Sir Thomas Leigh for the same intent."

The Company also possess a silver-gilt wagon and tun, covered with arabesques and enamels, of sixteenth century work. The hall was originally decorated with carvings; the main stem of deal, the fruit, flowers, &c., of lime, pear, and beech. These becoming worm-eaten, were long since removed from the panelling and put aside; but they have been restored by Mr. Henry Crace, who thus describes the process:—

"The carving is of the same colour as when taken down. I merely washed it, and with a gimlet bored a number of holes in the back, and into every projecting piece of fruit and leaves on the face, and placing the whole in a long trough, fifteen inches deep, I covered it with a solution prepared in the following manner:—I took sixteen gallons of linseed oil, with 2 lbs. of litharge, finely ground, 1 lb. of camphor, and 2 lbs. of red lead, which I boiled for six hours, keeping it stirred, that every ingredient might be perfectly incorporated. I then dissolved 6 lbs. of bees'-wax in a gallon of spirits of turpentine, and mixed the whole, while warm, thoroughly together.

"In this solution the carving remained for twenty-four hours. When taken out, I kept the face downwards, that the oil might soak down to the face of the carving; and on cutting some of the wood nearly nine inches deep, I found it had soaked through, for not any of the dust was blown out, as I considered it a valuable medium to form a substance for the future support of the wood. This has been accomplished, and, as the dust became saturated with the oil, it increased in bulk, and rendered the carving perfectly solid."

The Company is now governed by a master, three wardens, and a court of thirty-one or more assistants. The livery fine is 53s. 4d. The Mercers' Company, though not by any means the most ancient of the leading City companies, takes precedence of all. Such anomalous institutions are the City companies, that, curious to relate, the present body hardly includes one mercer among them. In Henry VIII.'s reign the Company (freemen, householders, and livery) amounted to fifty-three persons; in 1701 it had almost quadrupled. Strype (1754) only enumerates fifty-two mayors who had been mercers, from 1214 to 1701; this is below the mark. Halkins over-estimates the mercer mayors as ninety-eight up to 1708. Few monarchs have been mercers, yet Richard II. was a free brother, and Queen Elizabeth a free sister.

Half our modern nobility have sprung from the trades they now despise. Many of the great mercers became the founders of noble houses; for instance—Sir John Coventry (1425), ancestor of the present Earl of Coventry; Sir Geoffrey Bullen, grandfather of Queen Elizabeth; Sir William Hollis, ancestor of the Earls of Clare. From Sir Richard Dormer (1542) sprang the Lords Dormer; from Sir Thomas Baldry (1523) the Lords Kensington (Rich); from Sir Thomas Seymour (1527) the Dukes of Somerset; from Sir Baptist Hicks, the great mercer of James I., who built Hicks' Hall, on Clerkenwell Green, sprang the Viscounts Camden;

from Sir Rowland Hill, the Lords Hill; from James Butler (Henry II.) the Earls of Ormond; from Sir Geoffrey Fielding, Privy Councillor to Henry II. and Richard I., the Earls of Denbigh.

The costume of the Mercers became fixed about the reign of Charles I. The master and wardens led the civic processions, "faced in furs," with the lords; the livery followed in gowns faced with satins, the livery of all other Companies wearing facings of fringe.

"In Ironmonger Lane," says Stow, giving us a glimpse of old London, "is the small parish church of St. Martin, called Pomary, upon what occasion certainly I know not; but it is supposed to be of apples growing where now houses are lately builded, for myself have seen the large void places there." The church was repaired in the year 1629. Mr. Stodder left 40s. for a sermon to be preached on St. James's Day by an unbeneficed minister, in commemoration of the deliverance in the year 1588 (Armada); and 50s. more to the use of the poor of the same parish, to be paid by the Ironmongers.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GUILDHALL.

The Original Guildhall—A fearful Civic Spectacle—The Value of Land increased by the Great Fire—Guildhall as it was and is—The Statues over the South Porch—Dance's Disfigurements—The Renovation in 1864—The Crypt—Gog and Magog—Shopkeepers in Guildhall—The Cenotaphs in Guildhall—The Court of Aldermen—The City Courts—The Chamberlain's Office—Pictures in the Guildhall—Sir Robert Porter—The Common Council Room—Pictures and Statues—Guildhall Chapel—The New Library and Museum—Some Rare Books—Historical Events in Guildhall—Chaucer in Trouble—Buckingham at Guildhall—Anne Askew's Trial and Death—Surrey—Throckmorton—Garnet—A Grand Banquet.

THE Guildhall—the mean-looking Hôtel de Ville of London—was originally (says Stow) situated more to the east side of Aldermanbury, to which it gave name. Richard de Reynere, a sheriff in the reign of Richard I. (1189), gave to the church of St. Mary, at Osney, near Oxford, certain ground rents in Aldermanbury, as appears by an entry in the Register of the Court of Hustings of the Guildhall. In Stow's time the Aldermanbury hall had been turned into a carpenter's yard.

The present Guildhall (which the meanest Flemish city would despise) was "builded new," whatever that might imply, according to our venerable guide, in 1411 (12th of Henry IV.), by Thomas Knoles, the mayor, and his brethren the aldermen, and "from a little cottage it grew into a great house." The expenses were defrayed by benevolences from the City Companies, and ten years' fees, fines, and amercements. Henry V. granted the City free passages for four boats and four carts, to bring lime, ragstone, and freestone for the works. In the first year of Henry VI., when the citizens were every day growing richer and more powerful, the illustrious Whittington's executors gave £35 to pave the Great Hall with Purbeck stone. They also blazoned some of the windows of the hall, and the Mayor's Court, with Whittington's escutcheons.

A few years afterwards one of the porches, the Mayor's Chamber, and the Council Chamber were built. In 1501 (Henry VII.), Sir John Shaw, mayor, knighted on Bosworth Field, built the kitchens, since which time the City feasts, before that held at Merchant Taylors' and Grocers' Hall, were annually held here. In 1505, Sir Nicholas Alwin, mayor in 1499, left £73 6s. 8d. to purchase tapestry for "gaudy" days at the Guildhall. In 1614 a new Council Chamber, with a second room over it, was erected, at an outlay of £1,740.

In the Great Fire, when all the roofs and outbuildings were destroyed, an eye-witness describes Guildhall itself still standing firm, probably because it was framed with solid oak.

Mr. Vincent, a minister, in his "God's Terrible Voice in the City," printed in the year 1667, says: "And amongst other things that night, the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together in view for several hours together, after the fire had taken it, without flames (I suppose because the timber was such solid oake), like a bright shining coal, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass."

Pepys has some curious notes about the new Guildhall.

"Sir Richard Ford," he says, "tells me, speaking of the new street"—the present King Street—"that is to be made from Guildhall down to Cheapside, that the ground is already, most of it, bought; and tells me of one particular, of a man that hath a piece of ground lying in the very middle of the street that must be; which, when the street is cut out of it,

there will remain ground enough of each side to build a house to front the street. He demanded seven hundred pounds for the ground, and to be excused paying anything for the melioration of the rest of his ground that he was to keep. The Court consented to give him £700, only not to abate him the consideration, which the man denied; but told them, and so they agreed, that he would excuse the City the £700, that he might have the benefit of the melioration without paying anything for it. So much some will get by having the City burned. Ground, by this means, that was not fourpence a foot afore, will now, when houses are built, be worth fifteen shillings a foot."

MERCERS' CHAPEL, AS REBUILT AFTER THE FIRE. (*From an Old Print.*) (*See page* 381.)

In the "Calendar of State Papers" (Charles II., February, 1667), we find notice that "the Committee of the Common Council of London for making the new street called King Street, between Guildhall and Cheapside, will sit twice a week at Guildhall, to treat with persons concerned; enquiry to be made by jury, according to the Act for Rebuilding the City, of the value of land of such persons as refuse to appear."

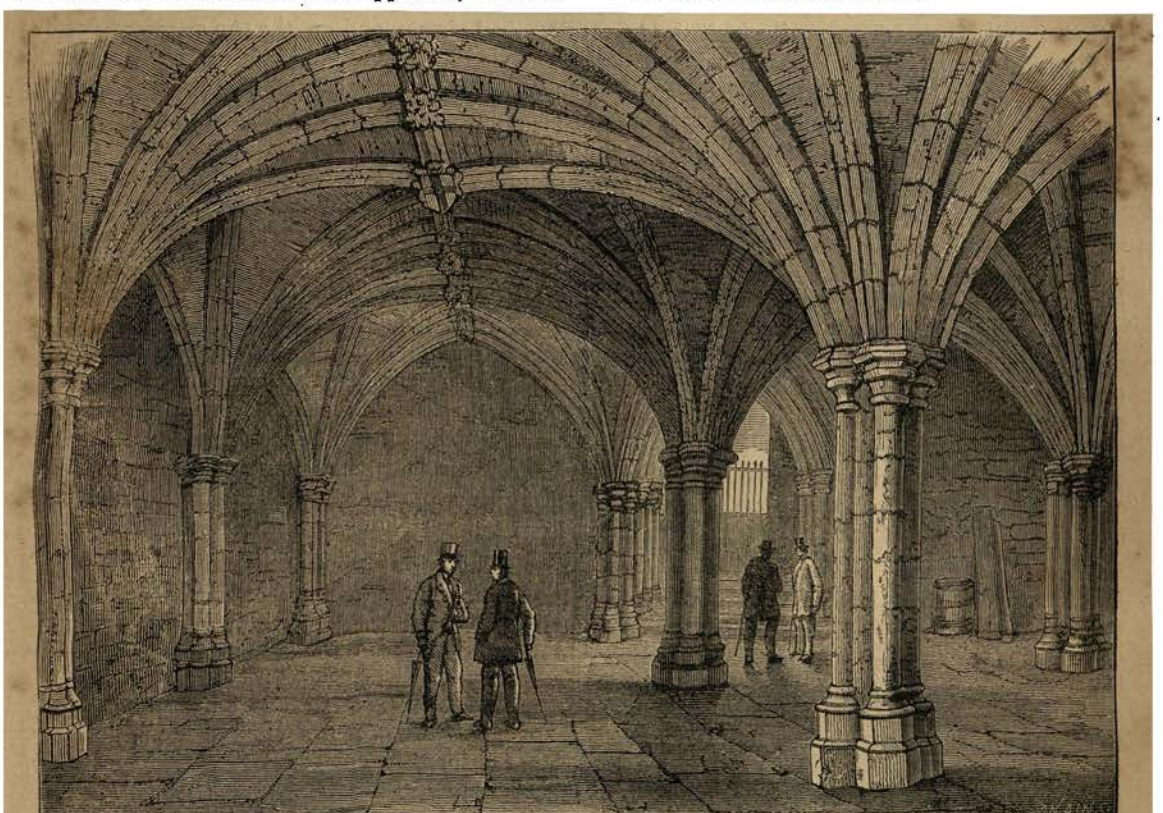
The Great Hall is 153 feet long, 50 feet broad, and about 55 feet high. The interior sides, in 1829, were divided into eight portions by projecting clusters of columns. Above the dados were two windows of the meanest and most debased Gothic. Several of the large windows were blocked up with tasteless monuments. The blockings of the friezes were sculptured; large guideron shields were blazoned with the arms of the principal City companies. The old mediæval open timber-work roof had been swallowed up by the Great Fire, and in lieu of it there was a poor attic storey, and a flat panelled ceiling, by some attributed to Wren. At each end of the hall was a large pointed window; the east one blazoned with the royal arms, and the stars and jewels of the English orders of knighthood; the west with the City arms and supporters. At the east end of the hall (the ancient dais) was a raised enclosed platform, for holding the Court of Hustings and taking the poll at elections, and other purposes. The panelled wainscoting (in the old churchwarden taste) was separated into compartments by fluted Corinthian pilasters. Over these was a range of ancient canopied niches in carved stone, vulgarly imitated by modern work on the west side. Our old friends Gog and Magog, before Dance's *improvements*, stood on brackets adjoining

a balcony over the entrance to the interior courts, and were removed to brackets on each side the great west window.

Stow describes the statues over the great south porch of King Henry VI.'s time as bearing the following emblems: the tables of the Commandments, a whip, a sword, and a pot. By their ancient habits and the coronets on their heads, he presumed them to be the statues of benefactors of London. The statue of our Saviour had disappeared, but the two bearded figures remaining, he conjectured, were good Bishop William and the Conqueror himself. Four lesser figures, two on each side the porch, seemed to be noble and pious ladies, one of them probably the Empress Maud, another the good Queen Philippa, who once interceded for the City. These figures were taken down during Dance's injudicious alterations in 1789. They lay neglected in a cellar until Alderman Boydell obtained leave of the Corporation to give them to Banks, the sculptor, who had taste enough to appreciate the simple earnestness of the Gothic work. At his death they were given again to the City. These figures were removed from the old screen in 1865, and were not replaced in the new one.

Stow, in relation to the Guildhall statues, and to the general demolition of "images" that occurred in his time, states, "these verses following" were made about 1560, by William Elderton, an attorney in the Sheriff's Court at Guildhall:—

"Though most the Images be pulled downe,
And none be thought remain in Towne,
I am sure there be in London yet
Seven images, such, and in such a place
As few or none I think will hit,
Yet every day they show their face;
And thousands see them every yeare,
But few, I thinke, can tell me where;
Where *Jesus Christ* aloft doth stand,
Law and *Learning* on either hand,
Discipline in the Devil's necke,
And hard by her are three direct;
There *Justice*, *Fortitude*, and *Temperance* stand;
Where find ye the like in all this Land?"



THE CRYPT OF GUILDHALL (*see page* 386).

The true renovation of this great City hall commenced in the year 1864, when Mr. Horace Jones, the architect to the City of London, was entrusted with the erection of an open oak roof, with a central louvre and tapering metal spire. The new roof is as nearly as possible framed to resemble the roof destroyed in the Great Fire. Many southern

windows have been re-opened, and layer after layer of plaster and cement scraped from the internal architectural ornamentation. The southern windows have been fitted with stained glass, designed by Mr. F. Halliday, the subjects being—the grant of the Charter, coining money, the death of Wat Tyler, a royal tournament, &c. The new roof is of oak, with rather a high pitch, lighted by sixteen dormers, eight on each side. The height from the pavement to the under-side of the ridge is 89 feet, the total length is 152 feet; and there are eight bays and seven principals. The roof, which does great credit to Mr. Jones, is double-lined oak and deal, slated. The hall is lighted by sixteen gaseliers. A screen, with dais or hustings at the east end, is of carved oak. There is a minstrels' gallery and a new stone floor with coloured bands.

The fine crypt under the Guildhall was, till its restoration in the year 1851, a mere receptacle for the planks, benches, and trestles used at the City banquets.

"This crypt is by far the finest and most extensive undercroft remaining in London, and is a true portion of the ancient hall (erected in 1411) which escaped the Great Fire of 1666. It extends half the length beneath the Guildhall, from east to west, and is divided nearly equally by a wall, having an ancient pointed door. The crypt is divided into aisles by clustered columns, from which spring the stone-ribbed groins of the vaulting, composed partly of chalk and stone, the principal intersections being covered with carved bosses of flowers, heads, and shields. The north and south aisles had formerly mullioned windows, long walled up. At the eastern end is a fine Early English arched entrance, in fair preservation; and in the south-eastern angle is an octangular recess, which formerly was ceiled by an elegantly groined roof, height thirteen feet. The vaulting, with four centred arches, is very striking, and is probably some of the earliest of the sort, which seems peculiar to this country. Though called the Tudor arch, the time of its introduction was Lancastrian (see Weale's 'London,' p. 159). In 1851 the stone-work was rubbed down and cleaned, and the clustered shafts and capitals were repaired; and on the visit of Queen Victoria to Guildhall, July 9, 1851, a banquet was served to her Majesty and suite in this crypt, which was characteristically decorated for the occasion. Opposite the north entrance is a large antique bowl of Egyptian red granite, which was presented to the Corporation by Major Cookson, in 1802, as a memorial of the British achievements in Egypt." (Timbs.)

"There was something very picturesque," says Brayley, "in the old Guildhall entrance. On each side of the flight of steps was an octangular turreted gallery, balustraded, having an office in each, appropriated to the hall-keeper; these galleries assumed the appearance of arbours, from being each surrounded by six palm-trees in iron-work, the foliage of which gave support to a large balcony, having in front a clock (with three dials) elaborately ornamented, and underneath a representation of the sun, resplendent with gilding; the clock-frame was of oak. At the angles were the cardinal virtues, and on the top a curious figure of Time, with a young child in his arms. On brackets to the right and left of the balcony were the gigantic figures of Gog and Magog, as before-mentioned, giving, by their vast size and singular costume, an unique character to the whole. At the sides of the steps, under the hall-keeper's office, were two dark cells, or cages, in which unruly apprentices were occasionally confined, by order of the City Chamberlain; these were called 'Little Ease,' from not being of sufficient height for a big boy to stand upright in them."

The Gog and Magog, those honest giants of Guildhall who have looked down on many a good dinner with imperturbable self-denial, have been the unconscious occasion of much inkshed. Who did they represent, and were they really carried about in Lord Mayor's Shows, was discussed by many generations of angry antiquaries. In Strype's time, when there were pictures of Queen Anne, King William and his consort Mary, at the east end of the hall, the two pantomime giants of renown stood by the steps going up to the Mayor's Court. The one holding a poleaxe with a spiked ball, Strype considered, represented a Briton; the other, with a halbert, he opined to be a Saxon. Both of them wore garlands. What was denied to great and learned was disclosed to the poor and simple. Hone, the bookseller, or one of his writers, came into possession of a little guide-book sold to visitors to the Guildhall in 1741; this set Mr. Fairholt, a most diligent antiquary, on the right track, and he soon settled the matter for ever. Gog and Magog were really Corineus and Gogmagog. The former, a companion of Brutus the Trojan, killed, as the story goes, Gog-magog, the aboriginal giant.

Our sketch of City pageants has already shown that two hundred years ago giants named Corineus and Gogmagog (which ought to have put our antiquaries earlier on the right scent) formed part of the procession. In 1672 Thomas Jordan, the City poet, in his own account of the ceremonial, especially mentions two giants fifteen feet high, in two several chariots, "talking and

taking tobacco as they ride along," to the great admiration and delight of the spectators. "At the conclusion of the show," says the writer, "they are to be set up in Guildhall, where they may be daily seen all the year, and, I hope, never to be demolished by such dismal violence (the Great Fire) as happened to their predecessors." These giants of Jordan's, being built of wickerwork and pasteboard, at last fell to decay. In 1706 two new and more solid giants of wood were carved for the City by Richard Saunders, a captain in the trained band, and a carver, in King Street, Cheapside. In 1837, Alderman Lucas being mayor, copies of these giants walked in the show, turning their great painted heads and goggling eyes, to the delight of the spectators. The Guildhall giants, as Mr. Fairholt has shown, with his usual honest industry, are mentioned by many of our early poets, dramatists, and writers, as Shirley, facetious Bishop Corbet, George Wither, and Ned Ward. In Hone's time City children visiting Guildhall used to be told that every day when the giants heard the clock strike twelve they came down to dinner. Mr. Fairholt, in his "Gog and Magog" (1859), has shown by many examples how professional giants (protectors or destroyers of lives) are still common in the annual festivals of half the great towns of Flanders and of France.

In the middle of the last century, says Mr. Fairholt, in his "Gog and Magog," the Guildhall was occupied by shopkeepers, after the fashion of our bazaars; and one Thomas Boreman, bookseller, "near the Giants, in Guildhall," published, in 1741, two very small volumes of their "gigantick history," in which he tells us that as Corineus and Gogmagog were two brave giants, who nicely valued their honour, and exerted their whole strength and force in defence of their liberty and country, so the City of London, by placing these their representatives in their Guildhall, emblematically declare that they will, like mighty giants, defend the honour of their country and liberties of this their city, which excels all others as much as those huge giants exceed in stature the common bulk of mankind.

The author of this little volume then gives his version of the tale of the encounter, "wherein the giants were all destroyed, save Goemagog, the hugest among them, who, being in height twelve cubits, was reserved alive, that Corineus might try his strength with him in single combat. Corineus desired nothing more than such a match; but the old giant, in a wrestle, caught him aloft and broke three of his ribs. Upon this, Corineus, being desperately enraged, collected all his strength, heaved up Goemagog by main force, and bearing him on his shoulders to the next high rock, threw him headlong, all shattered, into the sea, and left his name on the cliff, which has ever since been called Lan-Goemagog, that is to say, the Giant's Leap. Thus perished Goemagog, commonly called Gogmagog, the last of the giants."

The early popularity of this tale is testified by its occurrence in the curious history of the Fitz-Warines, composed, in the thirteenth century, in Anglo-Norman, no doubt by a writer who resided on the Welsh border, and who, in describing a visit paid by William the Conqueror there, speaks of that sovereign asking the history of a burnt and ruined town, and an old Briton thus giving it him: —"None inhabited these parts except very foul people, great giants, whose king was called Goemagog. These heard of the arrival of Brutus, and went out to encounter him, and at last all the giants were killed except Goemagog."

Dance's entrance to the courts was made exactly opposite the grand south entrance. Four large tasteless cenotaphs, more fit for the Pantheon of London, St. Paul's, than for anywhere else, are erected in Guildhall—to the north, those of Beckford, the Earl of Clarendon, and Nelson; on the south, that of William Pitt.

The monument to Beckford, the bold opposer of the arbitrary measures of a mistaken court and a misguided Parliament, is by Moore, a sculptor who lived in Berners Street. It represents the alderman in the act of delivering the celebrated speech which is engraved on the pedestal, and which, as Horace Walpole (who delighted in the mischief) says, made the king uncertain whether to sit still and silent, or to pick up his robes and hurry into his private room. At the angles of the pedestal are two female figures, Liberty and Commerce, mourning for the alderman.

The monument of the Earl of Chatham, by Bacon (executed in 1782 for 3,000 guineas), is of a higher style than Beckford's, and, like its companion, it is a period of political excitement turned into stone. If it were the custom to delay the erection of statues to eminent men twenty years after their death, how many would ever be erected? The usual cold allegory, in this instance, is atoned for by some dignity of mind. The great earl (a Roman senator, of course), his left hand on a helm, is placing his right hand affectionately on the plump shoulders of Commerce, who, as a blushing young *débutante*, is being presented to him by the City of London, who wears a mural crown, probably because London has no walls. In the foreground is the sculptor's everlasting Britannia, seated on her small but serviceable steed, the lion,

and receiving into her capacious lap the contents of a cornucopia of Plenty, poured into it by four children, who represent the four quarters of the world. The inscription was written by Burke.

Nelson's fame is very imperfectly honoured by a pile of allegory, erected in 1811 by the entirely forgotten Mr. James Smith, for £4,442 7s. 4d. This deplorable mass of stone consists of a huge figure of Neptune looking at Britannia, who is mournfully contemplating a very small profile relief of the departed hero, on a small dusty medallion about the size of a maid-servant's locket. To crown all this tame stuff there are some flags and trophies, and a pyramid, on which the City of London (female figure) is writing the words "Nile, Copenhagen, Trafalgar." With admirable taste the sculptor, who knew what his female figures were, has turned the City of London with her back to the spectator. At the base of this absurd monument two sailors watch over a bas-relief of the battle of Trafalgar, which certainly no one of taste would steal. The inscription is from the florid pen of Sheridan.

Facing his father, the gouty old Roman of the true rock, stands William Pitt, lean, arrogant, and with the nose "on which he dangled the Opposition" sufficiently prominent. It was the work of J. G. Bubb, and was erected in 1812, at a cost of £4,078 17s. 3d.; and a pretty mixture of the Greek Pantheon and the English House of Commons it is! Pitt stands on a rock, dressed as Chancellor of the Exchequer; below him are Apollo and Mercury, to represent Eloquence and Learning; and a woman on a dolphin, who stands for—what does our reader think?—National Energy. In the foreground is what guide-books call "a majestic figure" of Britannia, calmly holding a hot thunderbolt and a cold trident, and riding side-saddle on a sea-horse. The inscription is by Canning. The statue of Wellington, by Bell, cost £4,966 10s.

The Court of Aldermen is a richly-gilded room with a stucco ceiling, painted with allegorical figures of the hereditary virtues of the City of London—Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude—by that over-rated painter, Hogarth's father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, who was presented by the Corporation with a gold cup, valued £225 7s. In the cornices are emblazoned the arms of all the mayors since 1780 (the year of the Gordon riots). Each alderman's chair bears his name and arms.

The apartment, says a writer in Knight's "London," as its name tells us, is used for the sittings of the Court of Aldermen, who, in judicial matters, form the bench of magistrates for the City, and in their more directly corporate capacity try the validity of ward elections, and claims to freedom; who admit and swear brokers, superintend prisons, order prosecutions, and perform a variety of other analogous duties; a descent, certainly, from the high position of the ancient "ealdormen," or superior Saxon nobility, from whom they derive their name and partly their functions. They were called "barons" down to the time of Henry I., if, as is probable, the latter term in the charter of that king refers to the aldermen. A striking proof of the high rank and importance of the individuals so designated is to be found in the circumstance that the wards of London of which they were aldermen were, in some cases at least, their own heritable property, and as such bought and sold and transferred under particular circumstances. Thus, the aldermanry of a ward was purchased, in 1279, by William Faryngdon, who gave it his own name, and in whose family it remained upwards of eighty years; and in another case the Knighten Guild having given the lands and soke of what is now called Portsoken Ward to Trinity Priory, the prior became, in consequence, alderman, and so the matter remained in Stow's time, who beheld the prior of his day riding in procession with the mayor and aldermen, only distinguished from them by wearing a purple instead of a scarlet gown.

Each of the twenty-six wards into which the City is divided elects one alderman, with the exception of Cripplegate Within and Cripplegate Without, which together send but one; add to them an alderman for Southwark, or, as it is sometimes called, Bridge Ward Without, and we have the entire number of twenty-six, including the mayor. They are elected for life at ward-motes, by such householders as are at the same time freemen, and paying not less than thirty shillings to the local taxes. The fine for the rejection of the office is £500. Generally speaking, the aldermen consist of those persons who, as common councilmen, have won the good opinion of their fellows, and who are presumed to be fitted for the higher offices.

Talking of the ancient aldermen, Kemble, in his learned work, "The Saxons in England," says:—"The new constitution introduced by Cnut reduced the ealdorman to a subordinate position. Over several counties was now placed one eorl, or earl, in the northern sense of jarl, with power analogous to that of the Frankish dukes. The word ealdorman itself was used by the Danes to denote a class—gentle indeed, but very inferior to the princely officers who had previously borne that title. It is under Cnut, and the following Danish kings, that we gradually lose sight of the old ealdormen. The king rules by his

earls and his huscarlas, and the ealdormen vanish from the counties. From this time the king's writs are directed to the earl, the bishop, and the sheriff of the county, but in no one of them does the title of the ealdorman any longer occur; while those sent to the towns are directed to the bishop and the portgerefa, or prefect of the city. Gradually the old title ceases altogether, except in the cities, where it denotes an inferior judicature, much as it does among ourselves at the present day."

"The courts for the City" in Stow's time were:—"1. The Court of Common Council. 2. The Court of the Lord Maior, and his brethren the Aldermen. 3. The Court of Hustings. 4. The Court of Orphans. 5. The Court of the Sheriffs. 6. The Court of the Wardmote. 7. The Court of Hallmote. 8. The Court of Requests, commonly called the Court of Conscience. 9. The Chamberlain's Court for Apprentices, and making them free."

In the Court of Exchequer, formerly the Court of King's Bench (where the Mayor's Court is still held), Stow describes one of the windows put up by Whittington's executors, as containing a blazon of the mayor, seated, in parti-coloured habit, and with his hood on. At the back of the judge's seat there used to be paintings of Prudence, Justice, Religion, and Fortitude. Here there is a large picture, by Alaux, of Paris, presented by Louis Philippe, representing his reception of an address from the City, on his visit to England, in 1844. This part of the Guildhall treasures also contains several portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte, by Reynolds' rival, Ramsay (son of Allan Ramsay the poet), and William III. and Queen Mary, by Van der Vaart. There is a pair of classical subjects—Minerva, by Westall, and Apollo washing his locks in the Castalian Fountains, by Gavin Hamilton.

"The greater portion of the judicial business of the Corporation is carried on here; that business, as a whole, comprising in its civil jurisdiction, first, the Court of Hustings, the Supreme Court of Record in London, and which is frequently resorted to in outlawry, and other cases where an expeditious judgment is desired; secondly, the Lord Mayor's Court, which has cognisance of all personal and mixed actions at common law, which is a court of equity, and also a criminal court in matters pertaining to the customs of London; and, thirdly, the Sheriffs' Court, which has a common law jurisdiction only. We may add that the jurisdiction of both courts is confined to the City and liberties, or, in other words, to those portions of incorporated London known respectively, in corporate language, as Within the walls and Without. The criminal jurisdiction includes the London Sessions, held generally eight times a year, with the Recorder as the acting judge, for the trial of felonies, &c.; the Southwark Sessions, held in Southwark four times a year; and the eight Courts of Conservancy of the River."

Passing into the Chamberlain's Office, we find a portrait of Mr. Thomas Tomkins, by Reynolds; and if it be asked who is Mr. Thomas Tomkins, we have only to say, in the words of the inscription on another great man, "Look around!" All these beautifully written and emblazoned duplicates of the honorary freedoms and thanks voted by the City, some sixty or more, we believe, in number, are the sole production of him who, we regret to say, is the late Mr. Thomas Tomkins. The duties of the Chamberlain are numerous; among them the most worthy of mention, perhaps, are the admission, on oath, of freemen (till of late years averaging in number one thousand a year); the determining quarrels between masters and apprentices (Hogarth's prints of the "Idle and Industrious Apprentice" are the first things you see within the door); and, lastly, the treasurership, in which department various sums of money pass through his hands. In 1832, the latest year for which we have any authenticated statement, the corporate receipts, derived chiefly from rents, dues, and market tolls, amounted to £160,193 11s. 8d., and the expenditure to somewhat more. Near the door numerous written papers attract the eye—the useful daily memoranda of the multifarious business eternally going on, and which, in addition to the matters already incidentally referred to, point out one of the modes in which that business is accomplished—the committees. We read of appointments for the Committee of the Royal Exchange—of Sewers—of Corn, Coal, and Finance—of Navigation—of Police, and so on. (Knight's "London," 1843.)

In other rooms of the Guildhall are the following interesting pictures:—Opie's "Murder of James I. of Scotland;" Reynolds' portrait of the great Lord Camden; two studies of a "Tiger," and a "Lioness and her Young," by Northcote; the "Battle of Towton," by Boydell; "Conjugal Affection," by Smirke; and portraits of Sir Robert Clayton, Sir Matthew Hale, and Alderman Waithman. These pictures are curious as marking various progressive periods of English art.

A large folding-screen, painted, it is said, by Copley, represents the Lord Mayor Beckford delivering the City sword to George III., at Temple Bar; interesting for its portraits, and record of the costume of the period; presented by Alderman Salomons to the City in 1850. Here once hung a

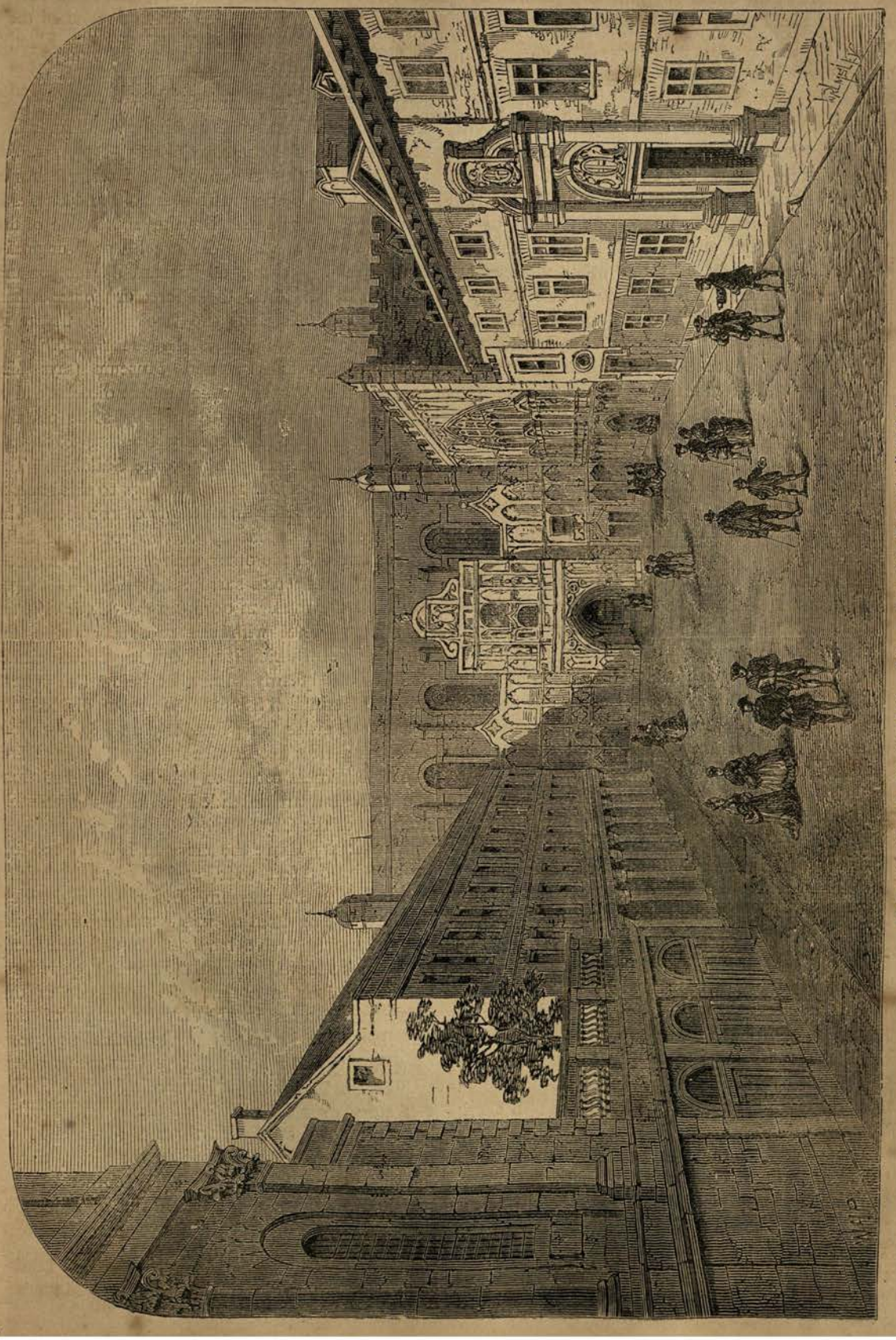
large picture of the battle of Agincourt, painted by Sir Robert Ker Porter, when nineteen years of age, assisted by the late Mr. Mulready, and presented to the City in 1808.

The Common Council room (says Brayley) is a compact and well-proportioned apartment, however, was executed at the expense of the Corporation, by J. S. Copley, R.A., in honour of the gallant defence of Gibraltar by General Elliot, afterwards Lord Heathfield; it measures twenty-five feet in width, and about twenty in height, and represents the destruction of the floating batteries

THE COURT OF ALDERMEN, GUILDHALL. (*See page* 388.)

appropriately fitted up for the assembly of the Court of Common Council, which consists of the Lord Mayor, twenty aldermen, and 236 deputies from the City wards; the middle part is formed into a square by four Tuscan arches, sustaining a cupola, by which the light is admitted. Here is a splendid collection of paintings, and some statuary: for the former the City is chiefly indebted to the munificence of the late Mr. Alderman John Boydell, who was Lord Mayor in 1791. The principal picture, before the above fortress on the 13th of September, 1782. The principal figures, which are as large as life, are portraits of the governor and officers of the garrison. It cost the City £1,543. Here also are four pictures, by Paton, representing other events in that celebrated siege; and two by Dodd, of the engagement in the West Indies between Admirals Rodney and De Grasse in 1782.

Against the south wall are portraits of Lord Heathfield, after Sir Joshua Reynolds; the Marquis



OLD FRONT OF GUILDHALL. (*From Seymour's "London," 1734.*)

Cornwallis, by Copley; Admiral Lord Viscount Hood, by Abbott; and Mr. Alderman Boydell, by Sir William Beechey; also, a large picture of the "Murder of David Rizzio," by Opie. On the north wall is "Sir William Walworth killing Wat Tyler," by Northcote; and the following portraits: viz., Admiral Lord Rodney, after Monnoyer; Admiral Earl Howe, copied by G. Kirkland; Admiral Lord Duncan, by Hoppner; Admirals the Earl of St. Vincent and Lord Viscount Nelson, by Sir William Beechey; and David Pinder, Esq., by Opie. The subjects of three other pictures are more strictly municipal—namely, the Ceremony of Administering the Civic Oath to Mr. Alderman Newnham as Lord Mayor, on the Hustings at Guildhall, November 8th, 1782 (this was painted by Miller, and includes upwards of 140 portraits of the aldermen, &c.); the Lord Mayor's Show on the water, November the 9th (the vessels by Paton, the figures by Wheatley); and the Royal Entertainment in Guildhall on the 14th of June, 1814, by William Daniell, R.A.

Within an elevated niche of dark-coloured marble, at the upper end of the room, is a fine statue, in white marble, by Chantrey, of George III., which was executed at the cost to the City of £3,089 9s. 5d. He is represented in his royal robes, with his right hand extended, as in the act of answering an address, the scroll of which he is holding in the left hand. At the western angles of the chamber are busts, in white marble, of Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, by Mrs. Damer; and the Duke of Wellington, by Turnerelli.

The members of the Council (says Knight) are elected by the same class as the aldermen, but in very varying and—in comparison with the size and importance of the wards—inconsequential numbers. Bassishaw and Lime Street Wards have the smallest representation—four members—and those of Farringdon Within and Without the largest—namely, sixteen and seventeen. The entire number of the Council is 240. Their meetings are held under the presidency of the Lord Mayor; and the aldermen have also the right of being present. The other chief officers of the municipality, as the Recorder, Chamberlain, Judges of the Sheriffs' Courts, Common Serjeant, the four City Pleaders, Town Clerk, &c., also attend.

The chapel at the east end of the Guildhall, pulled down in 1822, once called London College, and dedicated to "our Lady Mary Magdalen and All Saints," was built, says Stow, about the year 1299. It was rebuilt in the reign of Henry VI., who allowed the guild of St. Nicholas for two chaplains to be kept in the said chapel. In Stow's time the chapel contained seven defaced marble tombs, and many flat stones covering rich drapers, fishmongers, custoses of the chapel, chaplains, and attorneys of the Lord Mayor's Court. In Strype's time the Mayors attended the weekly services, and services at their elections and feasts. The chapel and lands had been bought of Edward VI. for £456 13s. 4d. Upon the front of the chapel were stone figures of Edward VI., Elizabeth with a phœnix, and Charles I. treading on a globe. On the south side of the chapel was "a fair and large library," originally built by the executors of Richard Whittington and William Bury. After the Protector Somerset had borrowed (*i.e.*, stolen) the books, the library in Strype's time became a storehouse for cloth.

The New Library and Museum (says Mr. Overall, the librarian), which lies at the east end of the Guildhall, occupies the site of some old and dilapidated houses formerly fronting Basinghall Street, and extending back to the Guildhall. The total frontage of the new buildings to this street is 150 feet, and the depth upwards of 100 feet. The structure consists mainly of two rooms, or halls, placed one over the other, with reading, committee, and muniment rooms surrounding them. Of these two halls the museum occupies the lower site, the floor being level with the ancient crypt of the Guildhall, with which it will directly communicate, and is consequently somewhat below the present level of Basinghall Street. This room, divided into naves and aisles, is 83 feet long and 64 feet wide, and has a clear height of 26 feet. The large fireproof muniment rooms on this floor, entered from the museum, are intended to hold the valuable archives of the City.

The library above the museum is a hall 100 feet in length, 65 feet wide, and 50 feet in height, divided, like the museum, into naves and aisles, the latter being fitted up with handsome oak bookcases, forming twelve bays, into which the furniture can be moved when the nave is required on state occasions as a reception-hall — one of the principal features in the whole design of this building being its adaptability to both the purpose of a library and a series of reception-rooms when required. The hall is exceedingly light, the clerestory over the arcade of the nave, with the large windows at the north and south ends of the room, together with those in the aisles, transmitting a flood of light to every corner of the room. The oak roof—the arched ribs of which are supported by the arms of the twelve great City Companies, with the addition of those of the Leathersellers and Broderers, and also the Royal and City arms—has its several timbers richly moulded, and

its spandrils filled in with tracery, and contains three large louvres for lighting the roof, and thoroughly ventilating the hall. The aisle roofs, the timbers of which are also richly wrought, have louvres over each bay, and the hall at night may be lighted by means of sun-burners suspended from each of these louvres, together with those in the nave. Each of the spandrils of the arcade has, next the nave, a sculptured head, representing History, Poetry, Printing, Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Philosophy, Law, Medicine, Music, Astronomy, Geography, Natural History, and Botany; the several personages chosen to illustrate these subjects being Stow and Camden, Shakespeare and Milton, Guttenberg and Caxton, William of Wykeham and Wren, Michael Angelo and Flaxman, Holbein and Hogarth, Bacon and Locke, Coke and Blackstone, Harvey and Sydenham, Purcell and Handel, Galileo and Newton, Columbus and Raleigh, Linnæus and Cuvier, Ray and Gerard. There are three fireplaces in this room. The one at the north end, executed in D'Aubigny stone, is very elaborate in detail, the frieze consisting of a panel of painted tiles, executed by Messrs. Gibbs and Moore, and the subject an architectonic design of a procession of the arts and sciences, with the City of London in the middle.

Among the choicest books are the following:—"Liber Custumarum," 1st to the 17th Henry II. (1154–1171). Edited by Mr. Riley.—"Liber de Antiquis Legibus," 1st Richard I., 1188. Treats of old laws of London. Translated by Riley.—"Liber Dunthorn," so called from the writer, who was Town-clerk of London. Contains transcripts of Charters from William the Conqueror to 3rd Edward IV.—"Liber Ordinationum," 9th Edward III., 1225, to Henry VII. Contains the early statutes of the realm, the ancient customs and ordinances of the City of London. At folio 154 are entered instructions to the citizens of London as to their conduct before the Justices Itinerant at the Tower.—"Liber Horn" (by Andrew Horn). Contains transcripts of charters, statutes, &c.—The celebrated "Liber Albus."—"Liber Fleetwood." Names of all the courts of law within the realm; the arms of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, &c., for 1576; the liberties, customs, and charters of the Cinque Ports; the Queen's Prerogative in the Salt Shores; the liberties of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

A series of letter books. These books commence about 140 years before the "Journals of the Common Council," and about 220 years before the "Repertories of the Court of Aldermen;" they contain almost the only records of those courts prior to the commencement of such journals and repertories. "Journals of the Proceedings of the Common Council, from 1416 to the present time."—"Repertories containing the Proceedings of the Court of Aldermen from 1495 to the present time."—"Remembrancia." A collection of correspondence, &c., between the sovereigns, various eminent statesmen, the Lord Mayors and the Courts of Aldermen and Common Council, on matters relating to the government of the City and country at large. "Fire Decrees. Decrees made by virtue of an Act for erecting a judicature for determination of differences touching houses burnt or demolished by reason of the late fire which happened in London."

Of the many historical events that have taken place in the Guildhall, we will now recapitulate a few. Chaucer was connected with one of the most tumultuous scenes in the Guildhall of Richard II.'s time. In 1382 the City, worn out with the king's tyranny and exactions, selected John of Northampton mayor in place of the king's favourite, Sir Nicholas Brember. A tumult arose when Brember endeavoured to hinder the election, which ended with a body of troops under Sir Robert Knolles interposing and installing the king's nominee. John of Northampton was at once packed off to Corfe Castle, and Chaucer fled to the Continent. He returned to London in 1386, and was elected member for Kent. But the king had not forgotten his conduct at the Guildhall, and he was at once deprived of the Comptrollership of the Customs in the Port of London, and sent to the Tower. Here he petitioned the government.

Having alluded to the delicious hours he was wont to spend enjoying the blissful seasons, and contrasted them with his penance in the dark prison, cut off from friendship and acquaintances, "forsaken of all that any word dare speak" for him, he continues: "Although I had little in respect (comparison) among others great and worthy, yet had I a fair parcel, as methought for the time, in furthering of my sustenance; and had riches sufficient to waive need; and had dignity to be reverenced in worship; power methought that I had to keep from mine enemies; and meseemed to shine in glory of renown. Every one of those joys is turned into his contrary; for riches, now have I poverty; for dignity, now am I imprisoned; instead of power, wretchedness I suffer; and for glory of renown, I am now despised and fully hated." Chaucer was set free in 1389, having, it is said, though we hope unjustly, purchased freedom by dishonourable disclosures as to his former associates.

It was at the Guildhall, a few weeks after the death of Edward IV., and while the princes were

in the Tower, that the Duke of Buckingham, "the deep revolving witty Buckingham," Richard's accomplice, convened a meeting of citizens in order to prepare the way for Richard's mounting the throne. Shakespeare, closely following Hall and Sir Thomas More, thus sketches the scene :—

Buck. * * * * *
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind :
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse ;
And, when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry, "God save Richard, England's royal king !"
Glo. And did they so?
Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word ;
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,
Stared each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw I reprehended them,
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence?
His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again—
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd ;"
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save King Richard !"
And thus I took the vantage of those few—
"Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I ;
"This general applause and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard :"
And even here brake off, and came away.

Anne Askew, tried at the Guildhall in Henry VIII.'s reign, was the daughter of Sir William Askew, a Lincolnshire gentleman, and had been married to a Papist, who had turned her out of doors on her becoming a Protestant. On coming to London to sue for a separation, this lady had been favourably received by the queen and the court ladies, to whom she had denounced transubstantiation, and distributed tracts. Bishop Bonner soon had her in his clutches, and she was cruelly put to the rack in order to induce her to betray the court ladies who had helped her in prison. She pleaded that her servant had only begged money for her from the City apprentices.

"On my being brought to trial at Guildhall," she says, in her own words, "they said to me there that I was a heretic, and condemned by the law, if I would stand in mine opinion. I answered, that I was no heretic, neither yet deserved I any death by the law of God. But as concerning the faith which I uttered and wrote to the council, I would not deny it, because I knew it true. Then would they needs know if I would deny the sacrament to be Christ's body and blood. I said, 'Yea; for the same Son of God who was born of the Virgin Mary is now glorious in heaven, and will come again from thence at the latter day. And as for that ye call your God, it is a piece of bread. For more proof thereof, mark it when you list; if it lie in the box three months it will be mouldy, and so turn to nothing that is good. Whereupon I am persuaded that it cannot be God.'

"After that they willed me to have a priest, at which I smiled. Then they asked me if it were not good. I said I would confess my faults unto God, for I was sure he would hear me with favour. And so I was condemned. And this was the ground of my sentence : my belief, which I wrote to the council, that the sacramental bread was left us to be received with thanksgiving in remembrance of Christ's death, the only remedy of our souls' recovery, and that thereby we also receive the whole benefits and fruits of his most glorious passion. Then would they know whether the bread in the box were God or no. I said, 'God is a Spirit, and will be worshipped in spirit and truth.' Then they demanded, 'Will you plainly deny Christ to be in the sacrament?' I answered, 'That I believe faithfully the eternal Son of God not to dwell there;' in witness whereof I recited Daniel iii., Acts vii. and xvii., and Matthew xxiv., concluding thus: 'I neither wish death nor yet fear his might; God have the praise thereof, with thanks.'"

Anne Askew was burnt at Smithfield with three other martyrs, July 16, 1546. Bonner, the Chancellor Wriothesley, and many nobles were present on state seats near St. Bartholomew's gate, and their only anxiety was lest the gunpowder hung in bags at the martyrs' necks should injure them when it exploded. Shaxton, the ex-Bishop of Salisbury, who had saved his life by apostacy, preached a sermon to the martyrs before the flames were put to the fagots.

In 1546 (towards the close of the life of Henry VIII.), the Earl of Surrey was tried for treason at the Guildhall. He was accused of aiming at dethroning the king, and getting the young prince into his hands; also for adding the arms of Edward the Confessor to his escutcheon. The earl, persecuted by the Seymours, says Lord Herbert, "was of a deep understanding, sharp wit, and deep courage, defended himself many ways — sometimes denying their accusations as false, and together weakening the credit of his adversaries; sometimes interpreting the words he said in a far other sense than that in which they

were represented." Nevertheless, the king had vowed the destruction of the family, and the earl, found guilty, was beheaded on Tower Hill, January 19, 1547. He had in vain offered to fight his accuser, Sir Richard Southwell, in his shirt. The order for the execution of the duke, his father, arrived at the Tower the very night King Henry died, and so the duke escaped.

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, another Guildhall sufferer, was the son of a Papist who had refused to take the oath of supremacy, and had been imprisoned in the Tower by Henry VIII. Nicholas, his son, a Protestant, appointed sewer to the burly tyrant, had fought by the king's side in France. During the reign of Edward VI. Throckmorton distinguished himself at the battle of Pinkie, and was knighted by the young king, who made him under-treasurer of the Mint. At Edward's death Throckmorton sent Mary's goldsmith to inform her of her accession. Though no doubt firmly attached to the Princess Elizabeth, Throckmorton took no public part in the Wyatt rebellion; yet, six days after his friend Wyatt's execution, Throckmorton was tried for conspiracy to kill the queen.

The trial itself is so interesting as a specimen of intellectual energy, that we subjoin a scene or two:—

Serjeant Stamford: Methinks those things which others have confessed, together with your own confession, will weigh shrewdly. But what have you to say as to the rising in Kent, and Wyatt's attempt against the Queen's royal person in her palace?

Chief Justice Bromley: Why do you not read to him Wyatt's accusation, which makes him a sharer in his treasons?

Sir R. Southwell: Wyatt has grievously accused you, and in many things which have been confirmed by others.

Sir N. Throckmorton: Whatever Wyatt said of me, in hopes to save his life, he unsaid it at his death; for, since I came into the hall, I heard one say, whom I do not know, that Wyatt on the scaffold cleared not only the Lady Elizabeth and the Earl of Devonshire, but also all the gentlemen in the Tower, saying none of them knew anything of his commotion, of which number I take myself to be one.

Sir N. Hare: Nevertheless, he said that all he had written and confessed before the Council was true.

Sir N. Throckmorton: Nay, sir, by your patience, Wyatt did not say so; that was Master Doctor's addition.

Sir R. Southwell: It seems you have good intelligence.

Sir N. Throckmorton: Almighty God provided this revelation for me this very day, since I came hither; for I have been in close prison for eight and fifty days, where I could hear nothing but what the birds told me who flew over my head.

Serjeant Stamford told him the judges did not sit there to make disputations, but to declare the law; and one of those judges (Hare) having confirmed the observation, by telling Throckmorton he had heard both the law and the reason, if he could but understand it, he cried out passionately: "O merciful God! O eternal Father! who seest all things, what manner of proceedings are these? To what purpose was the Statute of Repeal made in the last Parliament, where I heard some of you here present, and several others of the Queen's learned counsel, grievously inveigh against the cruel and bloody laws of Henry VIII., and some laws made in the late King's time? Some termed them Draco's laws, which were written in blood; others said they were more intolerable than any laws made by Dionysius or any other tyrant. In a word, as many men, so many bitter names and terms those laws. . . . Let us now but look with impartial eyes, and consider thoroughly with ourselves, whether, as you, the judges, handle the statute of Edward III. with your equity and constructions, we are not now in a much worse condition than when we were yoked with those cruel laws. Those laws, grievous and captious as they were, yet had the very property of laws, according to St. Paul's description, for they admonished us, and discovered our sins plainly to us, and when a man is warned he is half armed; but these laws, as they are handled, are very baits to catch us, and only prepared for that purpose. They are no laws at all, for at first sight they assure us that we are delivered from our old bondage, and live in more security; but when it pleases the higher powers to call any man's life and sayings in question, then there are such constructions, interpretations, and extensions reserved to the judges and their equity, that the party tried, as I am now, will find himself in a much worse case than when those cruel laws were in force. But I require you, honest men, who are to try my life, to consider these things. It is clear these judges are inclined rather to the times than to the truth, for their judgments are repugnant to the law, repugnant to their own principles, and repugnant to the opinions of their godly and learned predecessors."

We rejoice to say that, in spite of all the efforts of his enemies, this gentleman escaped the scaffold, and lived to enjoy happier times.

Lastly, we come to one of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators; not one of the most guilty, yet undoubtedly cognisant of the mischief brewing.

On the 28th of March, 1606, Garnet, the Superior of the English Jesuits (whose cruel execution in St. Paul's Churchyard we have already described), was tried at the Guildhall, and found guilty of having taken part in organising the Gunpowder Plot. He was found concealed at Hendlip, the mansion of a Roman Catholic gentleman, near Worcester.

THE NEW LIBRARY, GUILDHALL (*see page* 392).

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LORD MAYORS OF LONDON.

The First Mayor of London—Portrait of him—Presentation to the King—An Outspoken Mayor—Sir N. Farindon—Sir William Walworth—Origin of the prefix "Lord"—Sir Richard Whittington and his Liberality—Institutions founded by him—Sir Simon Eyre and his Table—A Musical Lord Mayor—Henry VIII. and Gresham—Loyalty of the Lord Mayor and Citizens to Queen Mary—Osborne's Leap into the Thames—Sir W. Craven—Brass Crosby—His Committal to the Tower—A Victory for the Citizens.

THE modern Lord Mayor is supposed to have had a prototype in the Roman prefect and the Saxon portgrave. The Lord Mayor is only "Lord" and "Right Honourable" by courtesy, and not from his dignity as a Privy Councillor on the demise or abdication of a sovereign.

In 1189, Richard I. elected Henry Fitz Ailwyn, a draper of London, to be first mayor of London, and he served twenty-four years. He is supposed to have been a descendant of Aylwyn Child, who founded the priory at Bermondsey in 1082. He was buried, according to Strype, at St. Mary

Bothaw, Walbrook, a church destroyed in the Great Fire; but according to Stow, in the Holy Trinity Priory, Aldgate. There is a doubtful half-length oil-portrait or panel of the venerable Fitz Alwyn over the master's chair in Drapers' Hall, but it has no historical value. But the first formal mayor was Richard Renger (1223), King John granting the right of choosing a mayor to the citizens, provided he was first presented to the king or his justice for approval. Henry III. afterwards allowed the presentation to take place in the king's absence before the Barons of the Exchequer at Westminster, to prevent expense and delay, as the citizens could not be expected to search for the king all over England and France.

The presentation to the king, even when he was in England, long remained a great vexation with the London mayors. For instance, in 1240, Gerard Bat, chosen a second time, went to Woodstock Palace to be presented to King Henry III., who refused to appoint him till he (the king) came to London.

Henry III., indeed, seems to have been chronically troubled by the London mayors, for in 1264, on the mayor and aldermen doing fealty to the king in St. Paul's, the mayor, with blunt honesty, dared to say to the weak monarch, "My lord, so long as you unto us will be a good lord and king, we will be faithful and duteous unto you."

These were bold words in a reign when the heading block was always kept ready near a throne. In 1265, the same monarch seized and imprisoned the mayor and chief aldermen for fortifying the City in favour of the barons, and for four years the

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON. (*From an old Portrait.*)

tyrannical king appointed custodes. The City again recovered its liberties and retained them till 1285 (Edward I.), when Sir Gregory Rokesley refusing to go out of the City to appear before the king's justices at the Tower, the mayoralty was again suspended and custodes appointed till the year 1298, when Henry Wallein was elected mayor. Edward II. also held a tight hand on the mayoralty till he appointed the great goldsmith, Sir Nicholas Farindon, mayor "as long as it pleased him." Farindon gave the title to Farringdon Ward, which had been in his family eighty-two years, the consideration being twenty marks as a fine, and one clove or a slip of gillyflower at the feast of Easter. He was a warden of the Goldsmiths, and was buried at St. Peter-le-Chepe, a church that before the Great Fire stood where the plane-tree now waves at the corner of Wood Street. He left money for a light to burn before our Lady the Virgin in St. Peter-le-Chepe for ever.

The mayoralty of Andrew Aubrey, Grocer (1339), was rather warlike; for the mayor and two of his officers being assaulted in a tumult, two of the ringleaders were beheaded at once in Chepe. In 1356, Henry Picard, mayor of London, was an honoured man, for he had the glory of feasting Edward III. of England, the Black Prince, John King of Austria, the King of Cyprus, and David of Scotland, and afterwards opened his hall to all comers at cards and dice, his wife inviting the court ladies.

Sir William Walworth, a fishmonger, who was mayor in 1374 (Edward III.) and 1380 (Richard II.), was that prompt and choleric man who somewhat basely slew the Kentish rebel, Wat Tyler, when he was invited to a parley by the young king. It was long supposed that the dagger in the City arms was added in commemoration of this foul blow, but Stow has clearly shown that it was intended to represent the sword of St. Paul, the patron saint of the Corporation of London. The manor of Walworth belonged to the family of this mayor, who was buried in the Church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, the parish where he had resided. Some antiquaries, says Mr. Timbs, think the prefix of "Lord" is traceable to 1378 (1st Richard II.), when there was a general assessment for a war subsidy. The question was where was the mayor to come. "Have him among the earls," was the suggestion; so the right worshipful had to pay £4, about £100 of our present money.

And now we come to a mayor greater even in City story and legend than even Walworth himself, even the renowned Richard Whittington, the hero of our nursery days. He was the son of a Gloucestershire knight, who had fallen into poverty. The industrious son, born in 1350 (Edward III.), on coming to London, was apprenticed to Hugh Fitzwarren, a mercer. Disgusted with the drudgery, he ran away; but while resting by a stone cross at the foot of Highgate Hill, he is said to have heard in the sound of Bow Bells the voice of his good angel, "Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." What a charm there is still in the old story! As for the cat that made his fortune by catching all the mice in Barbary, we fear we must throw him overboard, even though Stow tells a true story of a man and a cat that greatly resembles that told of Whittington. Whittington married his master's daughter, and became a wealthy merchant. He supplied the wedding trousseau of the Princess Blanche, eldest daughter of Henry IV., when she married the son of the King of the Romans, and also the pearls and cloth of gold for the marriage of the Princess Philippa. He became the court banker, and lent large sums of money to our lavish monarchs, especially to the chivalrous Henry V. for carrying on the siege of Harfleur, a siege celebrated by Shakespeare. It is said that in his last mayoralty King Henry V. and Queen Catherine dined with him in the City, when Whittington caused a fire to be lighted of precious woods, mixed with cinnamon and other spices; and then taking all the bonds given him by the king for money lent, amounting to no less than £60,000, he threw them into the fire and burnt them, thereby freeing his sovereign from his debts. The king, astonished at such a proceeding, exclaimed, "Surely, never had king such a subject;" to which Whittington, with court gallantry, replied, "Surely, sire, never had subject such a king."

Whittington was really four times mayor—twice in Richard II.'s reign, once in that of Henry IV., and once in that of Henry V. As a mayor Whittington was popular, and his justice and patriotism became proverbial. He vigorously opposed the admission of foreigners into the freedom of the City, and he fined the Brewers' Company £20 for selling bad ale and forestalling the market. His generosity was like a well-spring; and being childless, he spent his life in deeds of charity and generosity. He erected conduits at Cripplegate and Billingsgate; he founded a library at the Grey Friars' Monastery in Newgate Street (now Christ's Hospital); he procured the completion of the "Liber Albus," a book of City customs; and he gave largely towards the Guildhall library. He paved the Guildhall, restored the hospital of St. Bartholomew, and by his will left money to rebuild Newgate, and erect almshouses on College Hill

(now removed to Highgate) He died in 1427 (Henry VI.). Nor should we forget that Whittington was also a great architect, and enlarged the nave of Westminster Abbey for his knightly master, Henry V. This large-minded and munificent man resided in a grand mansion in Hart Street, up a gateway a few doors from Mark Lane. A very curious old house in Sweedon's Passage, Grub Street, with an external winding staircase, used to be pointed out as Whittington's; and the splendid old mansion in Hart Street, Crutched Friars, pulled down in 1861, and replaced by offices and warehouses, was said to have cats'-heads for knockers, and cats'-heads (whose eyes seemed always turned on you) carved in the ceilings. The doorways, and the brackets of the long lines of projecting Tudor windows, were beautifully carved with grotesque figures.

In 1418 (Henry V.) Sir William de Sevenoke was mayor. This rich merchant had risen to the top of the tree by cleverness and diligence equal to that of Whittington, but we hear less of his charity. He was a foundling, brought up by charitable persons, and apprenticed to a grocer. He was knighted by Henry VI., and represented the City in Parliament. Dying in 1432, he was buried at St. Martin's, Ludgate.

In 1426 (Henry VI.) Sir John Rainewell, mayor, with a praiseworthy disgust at all dishonesty in trade, detecting Lombard merchants adulterating their wines, ordered 150 butts to be stove in and swilled down the kennels. How he might wash down London now with cheap sherry!

In 1445 (Henry VI.), Sir Simon Eyre. This very worthy mayor left 3,000 marks to the Company of Drapers, for prayers to be read to the market people by a priest in the chapel at Guildhall.

It is related that when it was proposed to Eyre at Guildhall that he should stand for sheriff, he would fain have excused himself, as he did not think his income was sufficient; but he was soon silenced by one of the aldermen observing "that no citizen could be more capable than the man who had openly asserted that he broke his fast every day on a table for which he would not take a thousand pounds." This assertion excited the curiosity of the then Lord Mayor and all present, in consequence of which his lordship and two of the aldermen, having invited themselves, accompanied him home to dinner. On their arrival Mr. Eyre desired his wife to "prepare the little table, and set some refreshment before the guests." This she would fain have refused, but finding he would take no excuse, she seated herself on a low stool, and, spreading a damask napkin over her lap, with a venison pasty thereon, Simon exclaimed to the astonished mayor and his brethren, "Behold the table which I would not take a thousand pounds for!" Soon after this Sir Simon was chosen Lord Mayor, on which occasion, remembering his former promise "at the conduit," he, on the following Shrove Tuesday, gave a pancake feast to all the 'prentices in London; on which occasion they went in procession to the Mansion House, where they met with a cordial reception from Sir Simon and his lady, who did the honours of the table on this memorable day, allowing their guests to want for neither ale nor wine.

In 1453 Sir John Norman was the first mayor who rowed to Westminster. The mayors had hitherto generally accompanied the presentation show on horseback. The Thames watermen, delighted with the innovation so profitable to them, wrote a song in praise of Norman, two lines of which are quoted by Fabyan in his "Chronicles;" and Dr. Rimbault, an eminent musical antiquary, thinks he has found the original tune in John Hilton's "Catch That, Catch Can" (1658).

The deeds of Sir Stephen Forster, Fishmonger, and mayor 1454 (Henry VI.), who by his will left money to rebuild Newgate, we have mentioned elsewhere (p. 224). Sir Godfrey Boleine, Lord Mayor, 1457 (Henry VI.), was grandfather to Thomas, Earl of Wiltshire, the grandfather of Queen Elizabeth. He was a mercer in the Old Jewry, and left by his will £1,000 to the poor householders of London, and £2,000 to the poor householders in Norfolk (his native county), besides large legacies to the London prisons, lazar houses, and hospitals. Such were the citizens, from whom half our aristocracy has sprung. Sir Godfrey Fielding, a mercer in Milk Street, Lord Mayor in 1452 (Henry VI.), was the ancestor of the Earls of Denbigh, and a privy councillor of the king.

In Edward IV.'s reign, when the Lancastrians, under the bastard Falconbridge, stormed the City in two places, but were eventually bravely repulsed by the citizens, Edward, in gratitude, knighted the mayor, Sir John Stockton, and twelve of the aldermen. In 1479 (the same reign) Bartholomew James (Draper) had Sheriff Bayfield fined £50 (about £1,000 of our money) for kneeling too close to him while at prayers in St. Paul's, and for reviling him when complained of. There was a pestilence raging at the time, and the mayor was afraid of contagion. The money went, we presume, to build ten City conduits, then much wanted. The Lord Mayor in 1462, Sir Thomas Coke (Draper),

ancestor of Lord Bacon, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Viscount Cranbourne, being a Lancastrian, suffered much from the rapacious tyranny of Edward IV. The very year he was made Knight of the Bath, Coke was sent to the Bread Street Compter, afterwards to the Bench, and illegally fined £8,000 to the king and £800 to the queen. Two aldermen also had their goods seized, and were fined 4,000 marks. In 1473 this greedy king sent to Sir William Hampton, Lord Mayor, to extort benevolences, or subsidies. The mayor gave £30, the aldermen twenty marks, the poorer persons £10 each. In 1481, King Edward sent the mayor, William Herriot (Draper), for the good he had done to trade, two harts, six bucks, and a tun of wine, for a banquet to the lady mayoress and the aldermen's wives at Drapers' Hall.

At Richard III.'s coronation (1483), the Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Shaw, attended as cup-bearer with great pomp, and the mayor's claim to this honour was formally allowed and put on record. Shaw was a goldsmith, and supplied the usurper with most of his plate. Sir Walter Horn, Lord Mayor in 1487, had been knighted on Bosworth field by Henry VII., for whom he fought against the "ravening Richard." This mayor's real name was Littlesbury (we are told), but Edward IV. had nicknamed him Horn, from his peculiar skill on that instrument. The year Henry VII. landed at Milford Haven two London mayors died. In 1486 (Henry VII.), Sir Henry Colet, father of good Dean Colet, who founded St. Paul's School, was mayor.

Colet chose John Percival (Merchant Taylor), his carver, sheriff, by drinking to him in a cup of wine, according to custom, and Perceval forthwith sat down at the mayor's table. Percival was afterwards mayor in 1498. Henry VII. was remorseless in squeezing money out of the City by every sort of expedient. He fined Alderman Capel £2,700; he made the City buy a confirmation of their charter for £5,000; in 1500 he threw Thomas Knesworth, who had been mayor the year before, and his sheriff, into the Marshalsea, and fined them £1,400; and the year after, he imprisoned Sir Lawrence Aylmer, mayor in the previous year, and extorted money from him. He again amerced Alderman Capel (ancestor of the Earls of Essex) £2,000, and on his bold resistance, threw him into the Tower for life. In 1490 (Henry VII.) John Matthew earned the distinction of being the first, but probably not the last, bachelor Lord Mayor; and a cheerless mayoralty it must have been. In 1502 Sir John Shaw held the Lord Mayor's feast for the first time in the Guildhall; and the same hospitable mayor built the Guildhall kitchen at his own expense.

Henry VIII.'s mayors were worshipful men, and men of renown. To Walworth and Whittington was now to be added the illustrious name of Gresham. Sir Richard Gresham, who was mayor in the year 1537, was the father of the illustrious founder of the Royal Exchange. He was of a Norfolk family, and with his three brothers carried on trade as mercers. He became a Gentleman Usher Extraordinary to Henry VIII., and at the tearing to pieces of the monasteries by that monarch, he obtained, by judicious courtliness, no less than five successive grants of Church lands. He advocated the construction of an Exchange, encouraged freedom of trade, and is said to have invented bills of exchange. In 1525 he was nearly expelled the Common Council for trying, at Wolsey's instigation, to obtain a benevolence from the citizens. It is greatly to Gresham's credit that he helped Wolsey after his fall, and Henry, who with all his faults was magnanimous, liked Gresham none the worse for that. In the interesting "Paxton Letters" (Henry VI.), there are eleven letters of one of Gresham's Norfolk ancestors, dated from London, and the seal a grasshopper. Sir Richard Gresham died 1548 (Edward VI.), at Bethnal Green, and was buried in the church of St. Lawrence Jewry. Gresham's daughter married an ancestor of the Marquis of Bath, and the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Braybrooke are said to be descendants of his brother John, so much has good City blood enriched our proud Norman aristocracy, and so often has the full City purse gone to fill again the exhausted treasury of the old knighthood. In 1545, Sir Martin Bowes (Goldsmith) was mayor, and lent Henry VIII., whose purse was a cullender, the sum of £300. Sir Martin was butler at Elizabeth's coronation, and left the Goldsmiths' Company his gold fee cup, out of which the Queen drank. In our history of the Goldsmiths' Company we have mentioned his portrait in Goldsmiths' Hall. Alderman William Fitzwilliam, in this reign, also nobly stood by his patron, Wolsey, after his fall; for which the King, saying he had too few such servants, knighted him and made him a Privy Councillor. When he died, in the year 1542, he was Knight of the Garter, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He left £100 to dower poor maidens, and his best "standing cup" to his brethren, the Merchant Taylors. In 1536 the King invited the Lord Mayor, Sir Raphe Warren (an ancestor of Cromwell and Hampden, says Mr. Orridge), the aldermen, and forty of the prin-

cipal citizens, to the christening of the Princess Elizabeth, at Greenwich; and at the ceremony the scarlet gowns and gold chains made a gallant show.

In Edward VI.'s reign, the Greshams again came to the front. In 1547, Sir John Gresham, brother of the Sir Richard before mentioned, obtained from Henry VIII. the hospital of St. Mary Bethlehem as an asylum for lunatics.

In this reign the City Corporation lands (as being given by Papists for superstitious uses) were all claimed for the King's use, to the amount of £1,000 per annum. The London Corporation, unable to resist this tyranny, had to retrieve them at the rate of twenty years' purchase. Sir Andrew Judd (Skinner), mayor in 1550, was ancestor of Lord Teynham, Viscount Strangford, Chief Baron Smythe, &c. Among the bequests in his will were "the sandhills at the back side of Holborn," then let for a few pounds a year, now worth nearly £20,000 per annum. In 1553, Sir Thomas White (Merchant Taylor) kept the citizens loyal to Queen Mary during Wyatt's rebellion, the brave Queen coming to Guildhall and personally re-assuring the citizens. White was the son of a poor clothier; at the age of twelve he was apprenticed to a London tailor, who left him £100 to begin the world with, and by thrift and industry he rose to wealth. He was the generous founder of St. John's College, Oxford. According to Webster, the poet, he had been directed in a dream to found a college upon a spot where he should find two bodies of an elm springing from one root. Discovering no such tree at Cambridge, he went to Oxford, and finding a likely tree in Gloucester Hall garden, began at once to enlarge and widen that college; but soon after he found the real tree of his dream, outside the north gate of Oxford, and on that spot he founded St. John's College.

In the reign of Elizabeth, many great-hearted citizens served the office of mayor. Again we shall see how little even the best monarchs of these days understood the word "liberty," and how the constant attacks upon their purses taught the London citizens to appreciate and to defend their rights. In 1559, Sir William Hewet (Clothworker) was mayor, whose income is estimated at £6,000 per annum. Hewet lived on London Bridge, and one day a nurse playing with his little daughter Anne, at one of the broad lattice windows overlooking the Thames, by accident let the child fall. A young apprentice, named Osborne, seeing the accident, leaped from a window into the fierce current below the arches, and saved the infant. Years after, many great courtiers, including the Earl of Shrewsbury, came courting fair Mistress Anne, the rich citizen's heiress. Sir William, her father, said to one and all, "No; Osborne saved her, and Osborne shall have her." And so Osborne did, and became a rich citizen and Lord Mayor in 1583. He is the direct ancestor of the first Duke of Leeds. There is a portrait of the brave apprentice at Kiveton House, in Yorkshire. He dwelt in Philpot Lane, in his father-in-law's house, and was buried at St. Dionis Backchurch, Fenchurch Street.

In 1563 Lord Mayor Lodge got into a terrible scrape with Queen Elizabeth, who brooked no opposition, just or unjust. One of the Queen's insolent purveyors, to insult the mayor, seized twelve capons out of twenty-four destined for the mayor's table. The indignant mayor took six of the twelve fowls, called the purveyor a scurvy knave, and threatened him with the biggest pair of irons in Newgate. In spite of the intercession of Lord Robert Dudley (Leicester) and Secretary Cecil, Lodge was fined and compelled to resign his gown. Lodge was the father of the poet, and engaged in the negro trade. Lodge's successor, Sir Thomas Ramsay, died childless, and his widow left large sums to Christ's Hospital and other charities, and £1,200 to each of five City Companies; also sums for the relief of poor maimed soldiers, poor Cambridge scholars, and for poor maids' marriages.

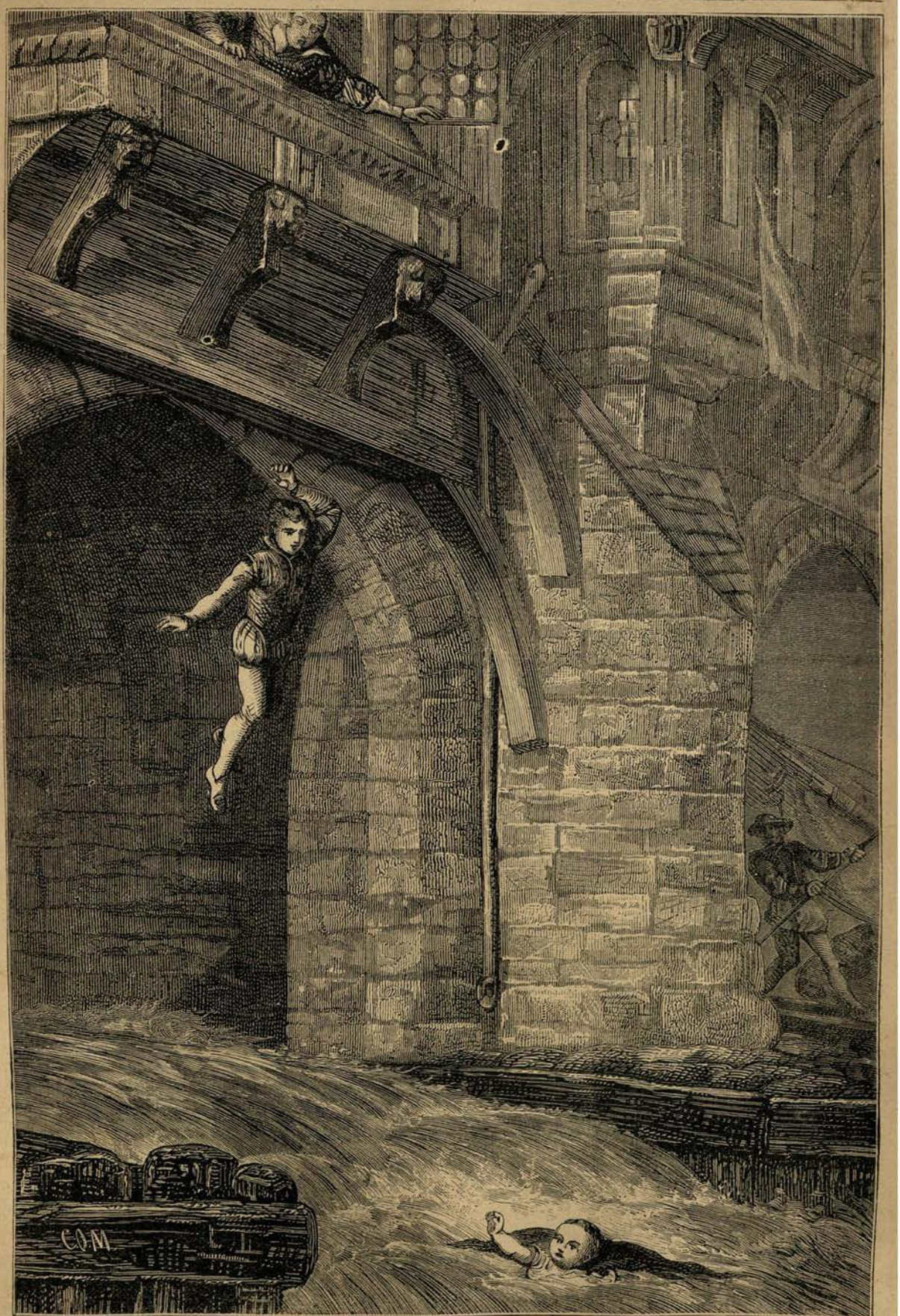
Sir Rowland Heyward (Clothworker), mayor in 1570. He was an ancestor of the Marquis of Bath, and the father of sixteen children, all of whom are displayed on his monument in St. Alphege, London Wall.

Sir Wolston Dixie, 1585 (Skinner) was the first mayor whose pageant was published. It forms the first chapter of the many volumes relating to pageants collected by that eminent antiquary, the late Mr. Fairholt, and bequeathed by him to the Society of Antiquaries. Dixie assisted in building Peterhouse College, Cambridge. In 1594, Sir John Spencer (Clothworker)—"rich Spencer," as he was called—kept his mayoralty at Crosby Place, Bishopsgate. His only daughter married Lord Compton, who, tradition says, smuggled her away from her father's house in a large flap-topped baker's basket. A curious letter from this imperious lady is extant, in which she only requests an annuity of £2,200, a like sum for her privy purse, £10,000 for jewels, her debts to be paid, horses, coach, and female attendants, and closes by praying her husband, when he becomes an earl, to allow her £1,000 more with double attendance. These young citizen ladies were somewhat exacting. From this lady's husband the Marquis of Northampton is descended. At the funeral of "rich Spencer," 1,000 persons followed in mourning cloaks and gowns.

He died worth, Mr. Timbs calculates, above £800,000 in the year of his mayoralty. There was a famine in England in his time, and at his persuasion the City Companies bought corn abroad, and stored it in the Bridge House for the poor.

In 1609, Sir Thomas Campbell (Ironmonger), mayor, the City show was revived by the king's order. In 1611, Sir William Craven (Draper) was mayor. As a poor Yorkshire boy from Wharfedale, he came up to London in a carrier's cart to seek his fortune. He was the father of that brave soldier of Gustavus Adolphus who is supposed to have privately married the widowed Queen of Bohemia, James I.'s daughter. There is a tradition that during an outbreak of the plague in London, Craven took horse and galloped westward till he reached a lonely farmhouse on the Berkshire downs, and there built Ashdown House. The local legend is that four avenues led to the house from the four points of the compass, and that in each of the four walls there was a window, so that if the plague got in at one side it might go out at the other. In 1612, Sir John Swinnerton (Merchant Taylor), mayor, entertained the Count Palatine, who had come over to marry King James's daughter. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and many earls and barons were present. The Lord Mayor and his brethren presented the Palsgrave with a large basin and ewer, weighing 234 ounces, and two great gilt loving pots. The bridegroom

WHITTINGTON'S ALMSHOUSES, COLLEGE HILL (*see page* 398).



OSBORNE'S LEAP (*see page* 401).

elect gained great popularity by saluting the Lady Mayoress and her train. The pageant was written by the poet Dekker. In this reign King James, colonising Ulster with Protestants, granted the province with Londonderry and Coleraine to the Corporation, the twelve great and old Companies taking many of the best. In 1613, Sir Thomas Middleton (Goldsmith), Basinghall Street, brother of Sir Hugh Middleton, went in state to see the water enter the New River Head at Islington, to the sound of drums and trumpets and the roar of guns. In 1618, Sir Sebastian Harvey (Ironmonger) was mayor: during his show Sir Walter Raleigh was executed, the time being specially chosen to draw away the sympathisers "from beholding," as Aubrey says, "the tragedy of the gallantest worthy that England ever bred."

In 1641 Sir Richard Gurney (Clothworker), and a sturdy Royalist, entertained that promise-breaking king, Charles I., at the Guildhall. The entertainment consisted of 500 dishes. Gurney's master, a silk mercer in Cheapside, left him his shop and £6,000. The Parliament ejected him from the mayoralty and sent him to the Tower, where he lingered for seven years till he died, rather than pay a fine of £5,000, for refusing to publish an Act for the abolition of royalty. He was president of Christ's Hospital. His successor, Sir Isaac Pennington (Fishmonger), was one of the king's judges, who died in the Tower; Sir Thomas Atkins (Mercer), mayor in 1645, sat on the trial of Charles I.; Sir Thomas Adams (Draper), mayor in 1646, was also sent to the Tower for refusing to publish the Abolition of Royalty Act. He founded an Arabic lecture at Cambridge, and a grammar-school at Wem, in Shropshire. Sir John Gayer (Fishmonger), mayor in 1647, was committed to the Tower in 1648 as a Royalist, as also was Sir Abraham Reynardson, mayor in 1649. Sir Thomas Foot (Grocer), mayor in 1650, was knighted by Cromwell; two of his daughters married knights, and two baronets. Earl Onslow is one of his descendants. Sir Christopher Packe (Draper), mayor in 1654, became a member of Cromwell's House of Lords as Lord Packe, and from him Sir Dennis Packe, the Peninsula general, was descended.

Sir Robert Tichborne (Skinner), mayor in 1656, sat on the trial of Charles I., and signed the death warrant. Sir Richard Chiverton (Skinner), mayor in 1657, was the first Cornish mayor of London. He was knighted both by Cromwell and by Charles II., which says something for his political dexterity. Sir John Ireton (Clothworker), mayor in 1658, was brother of General Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law.

The period of the Commonwealth did not furnish many mayors worth recording here. In 1644, the year of Marston Moor, the City gave a splendid entertainment to both Houses of Parliament, the Earls of Essex, Warwick, and Manchester, the Scotch Commissioners, Cromwell, and the principal officers of the army. They heard a sermon at Christ Church, Newgate Street, and went on foot to Guildhall. The Lord Mayor and aldermen led the procession, and as they passed through Cheapside, some Popish pictures, crucifixes, and relics were burnt on a scaffold. The object of the banquet was to prevent a letter of the king's being read in the Common Hall. On January 7th the Lord Mayor gave a banquet to the House of Commons, Cromwell, and the chief officers, to commemorate the rout of the dangerous Levellers. In 1653, the year Cromwell was chosen Lord Protector, he dined at the Guildhall, and knighted the mayor, John Fowke (Haberdasher).

The reign of Charles II. and the Royalist reaction brought more tyranny and more trouble to the City. The king tried to be as despotic as his father, and resolved to break the Whig love of freedom that prevailed among the citizens. Loyal as some of the citizens seem to have been, King Charles scarcely deserved much favour at their hands. A more reckless tyrant to the City had never sat on the English throne. Because they refused a loan of £100,000 on bad security, the king imprisoned twenty of the principal citizens, and required the City to fit out 100 ships. For a trifling riot in the City (a mere pretext), the mayor and aldermen were amerced in the sum of £6,000. For the pretended mismanagement of their Irish estates, the City was condemned to the loss of their Irish possessions and fined £50,000. Four aldermen were imprisoned for not disclosing the names of friends who refused to advance money to the king; and, finally, to the contempt of all constitutional law, the citizens were forbidden to petition the king for the redress of grievances. Did such a king deserve mercy at the hands of the subjects he had oppressed, and time after time spurned and deceived?

In 1661, the year after the Restoration, Sir John Frederick (Grocer), mayor, revived the old customs of Bartholomew's Fair. The first day there was a wrestling match in Moorfields, the mayor and aldermen being present; the second day, archery, after the usual proclamation and challenges through the City; the third day, a hunt. The Fair people considered the three days a great hindrance and loss to them. Pepys, the delightful chronicler of these times, went to this Lord Mayor's dinner,

where he found "most excellent venison; but it made me almost sick, not daring to drink wine."

Amidst the factions and the vulgar citizens of this reign, Sir John Lawrence (Grocer), mayor in 1664, stands out a burning and a shining light. When the dreadful plague was mowing down the terrified people of London in great swathes, this brave man, instead of flying quietly, remained at his house in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, enforcing wise regulations for the sufferers, and, what is more, himself seeing them executed. He supported during this calamity 40,000 discharged servants. In 1666 (the Great Fire) the mayor, Sir Thomas Bludworth (Vintner), whose daughter married Judge Jeffries, is described by Pepys as quite losing his head during the great catastrophe, and running about exclaiming, "Lord, what can I do?" and holding his head in an exhausted and helpless way.

In 1671 Sir George Waterman (mayor, son of a Southwark vintner) entertained Charles II. at his inaugural dinner. In the pageant on this occasion, there was a forest, with animals, wood nymphs, &c., and in front two negroes riding on panthers. Near Milk Street end was a platform, on which Jacob Hall, the great rope-dancer of the day, and his company danced and tumbled. There is a mention of Hall, perhaps on this occasion, in the "State Poems:"—

> "When Jacob Hall on his high rope shows tricks,
> The dragon flutters, the Lord Mayor's horse kicks;
> The Cheapside crowds and pageants scarcely know
> Which most t' admire—Hall, hobby-horse, or Bow."

In 1674 Sir Robert Vyner (Goldsmith) was mayor, and Charles II., who was frequently entertained by the City, dined with him. "The wine passed too freely, the guests growing noisy, and the mayor too familiar, the king," says a correspondent of Steele's (*Spectator*, 462), "with a hint to the company to disregard ceremonial, stole off to his coach, which was waiting in Guildhall Yard. But the mayor, grown bold with wine, pursued the 'merry monarch,' and, catching him by the hand, cried out, with a vehement oath, 'Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle.' The 'merry monarch' looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air (for I saw him at the time, and do now) repeated the line of the old song, 'He that is drunk is as great as a king,' and immediately turned back and complied with his host's request."

Sir Robert Clayton (Draper), mayor in 1679, was one of the most eminent citizens in Charles II.'s reign. The friend of Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell, he sat in seven Parliaments as representative of the City; was more than thirty years alderman of Cheap Ward, and ultimately father of the City; the mover of the celebrated Exclusion Bill (seconded by Lord William Russell); and eminent alike as a patriot, a statesman, and a citizen. He projected the Mathematical School at Christ's Hospital, built additions there, helped to rebuild the house, and left the sum of £2,300 towards its funds. He was a director of the Bank of England, and governor of the Irish Society. He was mayor during the pretended Popish Plot, and was afterwards marked out for death by King James, but saved by the intercession (of all men in the world!) of Jeffries. This "prince of citizens," as Evelyn calls him, had been apprenticed to a scrivener. He lived in great splendour in Old Jewry, where Charles and the Duke of York supped with him during his mayoralty. There is a portrait of him, worthy of Kneller, in Drapers' Hall, and another, with carved wood frame by Gibbons, in the Guildhall Library.

In 1681, when the reaction came and the Court party triumphed, gaining a verdict of £100,000 against Alderman Pilkington (Skinner), sheriff, for slandering the Duke of York, Sir Patience Ward (Merchant Taylor), mayor in 1680, was sentenced to the ignominy of the pillory. In 1682 (Sir William Pritchard, Merchant Taylor, mayor), Dudley North, brother of Lord Keeper North, was one of the sheriffs chosen by the Court party to pack juries. He was celebrated for his splendid house in Basinghall Street, and Macaulay tells us "that, in the days of judicial butchery, carts loaded with the legs and arms of quartered Whigs were, to the great discomposure of his lady, 'driven to his door for orders.'"

In 1688 Sir John Shorter (Goldsmith), appointed mayor by James II., met his death in a singular manner. He was on his way to open Bartholomew Fair, by reading the proclamation at the entrance to Cloth Fair, Smithfield. It was the custom for the mayors to call by the way on the Keeper of Newgate, and there partake on horseback of a "cool tankard" of wine, spiced with nutmeg and sweetened with sugar. In receiving the tankard Sir John let the lid flop down, his horse started, he was thrown violently, and died the next day. This custom ceased in the second mayoralty of Sir Matthew Wood, 1817. Sir John was maternal grandfather of Horace Walpole. Sir John Houblon (Grocer), mayor in 1695 (William III.), is supposed by Mr. Orridge to have been a brother of Abraham Houblon, first Governor of the Bank of England, and Lord of the Admiralty, and great-grandfather of the late Viscount Palmerston. Sir Humphrey Edwin (Skinner), mayor in 1697, enraged the Tories

by omitting the show on religious grounds, and riding to a conventicle with all the insignia of office, an event ridiculed by Swift in his "Tale of a Tub," and Pinkethman in his comedy of *Love without Interest* (1699), where he talks of "my lord mayor going to Pinmakers' Hall, to hear a snivelling and separatist divine divide and subdivide into the two-and-thirty points of the compass." In 1700 the Mayor was Sir Thomas Abney (Fishmonger), one of the first Directors of the Bank of England, best known as a pious and consistent man, who for thirty-six years kept Dr. Watts, as his guest and friend, in his mansion at Stoke Newington. "No business or festivity," remarks Mr. Timbs, "was allowed to interrupt Sir Thomas's religious observances. The very day he became Lord Mayor he withdrew from the Guildhall after supper, read prayers at home, and then returned to his guests."

In 1702, Sir Samuel Dashwood (Vintner) entertained Queen Anne at the Guildhall, and his was the last pageant ever publicly performed, one for the show of 1708 being stopped by the death of Prince George of Denmark the day before. "The show," says Mr. J. G. Nicholls, "cost £737 2s., poor Settle receiving £10 for his crambo verses." A daughter of this Dashwood became the wife of the fifth Lord Brooke, and an ancestor of the present Earl of Warwick. Sir John Parsons, mayor in 1704, was a remarkable person; for he gave up his official fees towards the payment of the City debts. It was remarked of Sir Samuel Gerrard, mayor in 1710, that three of his name and family were Lord Mayors in three queens' reigns—Mary, Elizabeth, and Anne. Sir Gilbert Heathcote (mayor in 1711), ancestor of Lord Aveland and Viscount Donne, was the last mayor who rode in his procession on horseback; for after this time, the mayors, abandoning the noble career of horsemanship, retired into their gilt gingerbread coach.

Sir William Humphreys, mayor in 1715 (George I.), was father of the City, and alderman of Cheap for twenty-six years. Of his Lady Mayoress an old story is told relative to the custom of the sovereign kissing the Lady Mayoress upon visiting Guildhall. Queen Anne broke down this observance; but upon the accession of George I., on his first visit to the City, from his known character for gallantry, it was expected that once again a Lady Mayoress was to be kissed by the king on the steps of the Guildhall. But he had no feeling of admiration for English beauty. "It was only," says a writer in the *Athenæum*, "after repeated assurance that saluting a lady, on her appointment to a confidential post near some persons of the Royal Family, was the sealing, as it were, of her appointment, that he expressed his readiness to kiss Lady Cowper on her nomination as lady of the bedchamber to the Princess of Wales. At his first appearance at Guildhall, the admirer of Madame Kielmansegge respected the new observance established by Queen Anne; yet poor Lady Humphreys, the mayoress, hoped, at all events, to receive the usual tribute from royalty from the lips of the Princess of Wales. But that strong-minded woman, Caroline Dorothea Wilhelmina, steadily looked away from the mayor's consort. She would not do what Queen Anne had not thought worth the doing; and Lady Humphreys, we are sorry to say, stood upon her unstable rights, and displayed a considerable amount of bad temper and worse behaviour. She wore a train of black velvet, then considered one of the privileges of City royalty, and being wronged of one, she resolved to make the best of that which she possessed—bawling, as ladies, mayoresses, and women generally should never do—bawling to her page to hold up her train, and sweeping away therewith before the presence of the amused princess herself. The incident altogether seems to have been too much for the good but irate lady's nerves; and unable or unwilling, when dinner was announced, to carry her stupendous bouquet, emblem of joy and welcome, she flung it to a second page who attended on her state, with a scream of 'Boy, take my *bucket!*' In *her* view of things, the sun had set on the glory of mayoralty for ever.

"The king was as much amazed as the princess had been amused; and a well-inspired wag of the Court whispered an assurance which increased his perplexity. It was to the effect that the angry lady was only a mock Lady Mayoress, whom the unmarried Mayor had hired for the occasion, borrowing her for that day only. The assurance was credited for a time, till persons more discreet than the wag convinced the Court party that Lady Humphreys was really no counterfeit. She was no beauty either; and the same party, when they withdrew from the festive scene, were all of one mind, that she must needs be what she seemed, for if the Lord Mayor had been under the necessity of borrowing, he would have borrowed altogether another sort of woman." This is one of the earliest stories connecting the City with an idea of vulgarity and purse pride. The stories commenced with the Court Tories, when the City began to resist Court oppression.

A leap now takes us on in the City chronicles. In 1727 (the year George I. died), the Royal

Family, the Ministry, besides nobles and foreign ministers, were entertained by Sir Edward Becher, mayor (Draper). George II. ordered the sum of £1,000 to be paid to the sheriffs for the relief of insolvent debtors. The feast cost £4,890. In 1733 (George II.), John Barber—Swift, Pope, and Bolingbroke's friend—the Jacobite printer who defeated a scheme of a general excise, was mayor. Barber erected the monument to Butler, the poet, in Westminster Abbey, who, by the way, had written a very sarcastic "Character of an Alderman." Barber's epitaph on the poet's monument is in high-flown Latin, which drew from Samuel Wesley these lines :—

"While Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death, and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

In 1739 (George II.) Sir Micajah Perry (Haberdasher) laid the first stone of the Mansion House. Sir Samuel Pennant (mayor in 1750), kinsman of the London historian, died of gaol fever, caught at Newgate, and which at the same time carried off an alderman, two judges, and some disregarded commonalty. The great bell of St. Paul's tolled on the death of the Lord Mayor, according to custom. Sir Christopher Gascoigne (1753), an ancestor of the present Viscount Cranbourne, was the first Lord Mayor who resided at the Mansion House.

In that memorable year (1761) when Sir Samuel Fludyer was elected, King George III. and Queen Charlotte (the young couple newly crowned) came to the City to see the Lord Mayor's Show from Mr. Barclay's window, as we have already described in our account of Cheapside; and the ancient pageant was so far revived that the Fishmongers ventured on a St. Peter, a dolphin, and two mermaids, and the Skinners on Indian princes dressed in furs. Sir Samuel Fludyer was a Cloth Hall factor, and the City's scandalous chronicle says that he originally came up to London attending clothier's pack-horses, from the west country; his second wife was granddaughter of a nobleman, and niece of the Earl of Cardigan. His sons married into the Montagu and Westmoreland families, and his descendants are connected with the Earls Onslow and Brownlow; and he was very kind to young Romilly, his kinsman (afterwards the excellent Sir Samuel). The "City Biography" says Fludyer died from vexation at a reprimand given him by the Lord Chancellor, for having carried on a contraband trade in scarlet cloth, to the prejudice of the East India Company. Sir Samuel was the ground landlord of Fludyer Street, Westminster, cleared away for the new Foreign Office.

In 1762 and again in 1769 that bold citizen, William Beckford, a friend of the great Chatham, was Lord Mayor. He was descended from a Maidenhead tailor, one of whose sons made a fortune in Jamaica. At Westminster School he had acquired the friendship of Lord Mansfield and a rich earl. Beckford united in himself the following apparently incongruous characters. He was an enormously rich Jamaica planter, a merchant, a member of Parliament, a militia officer, a provincial magistrate, a London alderman, a man of pleasure, a man of taste, an orator, and a country gentleman. He opposed Government on all occasions, especially in bringing over Hessian troops, and in carrying on a German war. His great dictum was that under the House of Hanover Englishmen for the first time had been able to be free, and for the first time had determined to be free. He presented to the king a remonstrance against a false return made at the Middlesex election. The king expressed dissatisfaction at the remonstrance, but Beckford presented another, and to the astonishment of the Court, added the following impromptu speech :—

"Permit me, sire, to observe," are said to have been the concluding remarks of the insolent citizen, "that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour by false insinuations and suggestions to alienate your Majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the City of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in, and regard for, your people, is an enemy to your Majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution as it was established at the *Glorious and Necessary Revolution.*" At these words the king's countenance was observed to flush with anger. He still, however, presented a dignified silence; and accordingly the citizens, after having been permitted to kiss the king's hand, were forced to return dissatisfied from the presence-chamber.

This speech, which won Lord Chatham's "admiration, thanks, and affection," and was inscribed on the pedestal of Beckford's statue erected in Guildhall, has been the subject of bitter disputes. Isaac Reed boldly asserts every word was written by Horne Tooke, and that Horne Tooke himself said so. Gifford, with his usual headlong partisanship, says the same; but there is every reason to suppose that the words are those uttered by Beckford with but one slight alteration. Beckford

died, a short time after making this speech, of a fever, caught by riding from London to Fonthill, his Wiltshire estate. His son, the novelist and voluptuary, had a long minority, and succeeded at last to a million ready money and £100,000 a year, only to end life a solitary, despised, exiled man. One of his daughters married the Duke of Hamilton.

The Right Hon. Thomas Harley, Lord Mayor in 1768, was a brother of the Earl of Oxford. He

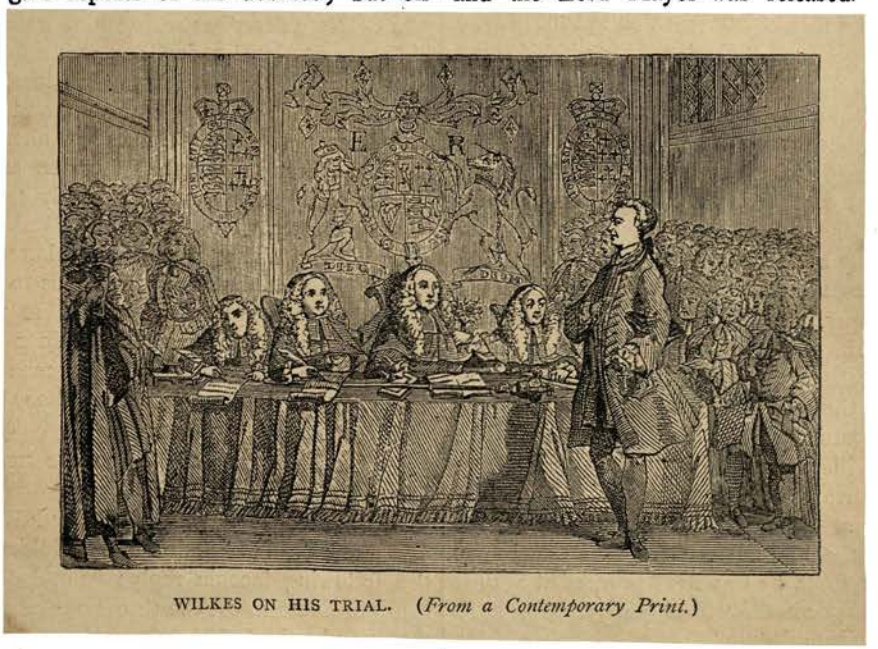
A LORD MAYOR AND HIS LADY (MIDDLE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY). *From an Old Print.*

turned wine-merchant, and married the daughter of his father's steward, according to the scandalous chronicles in the "City Biography." He is said, in partnership with Mr. Drummond, to have made £600,000 by taking a Government contract to pay the English army in America with foreign gold. He was for many years "the father of the City."

Harley first rendered himself famous in the City by seizing the boot and petticoat which the mob were burning opposite the Mansion House, in derision of Lord Bute and the princess-dowager, at the time the sheriffs were burning the celebrated *North Briton*. The mob were throwing the papers about as matter of diversion, and one of the bundles fell, unfortunately, with considerable force, against the front glass of Mr. Sheriff Harley's chariot, which it shattered to pieces. This gave the first alarm; the sheriffs retired into the Mansion House, and a man was taken up and brought there for examination, as a person concerned in the riot. The man appeared to be a mere idle spectator; but the Lord Mayor informed the court that, in order to try the temper of the mob, he had ordered one of his own servants to be dressed in the clothes of the supposed offender, and conveyed to the Poultry Compter, so that if a rescue should be effected, the prisoner would still be in custody, and the real disposition of the people discovered. However, everything was peaceable, and the course of justice was not interrupted, nor did any insult accompany the commitment; whereupon the prisoner was discharged. What followed, in the actual burning of the seditious paper, the Lord Mayor declared (according to the best information), arose from circumstances equally foreign to any illegal or violent designs. For these reasons his lordship concluded by declaring that, with the greatest respect for the sheriffs, and a firm belief that they would have done their duty in spite of any danger, he should put a negative upon

giving the thanks of the City upon a matter that was not sufficiently important for a public and solemn acknowledgment, which ought only to follow the most eminent exertions of duty.

In 1770 Brass Crosby (mayor) signalised himself by a patriotic resistance to Court oppression, and the arbitrary proceedings of the House of Commons. He was a Sunderland solicitor, who had married his employer's widow, and settled in London. He married in all three wives, and is said to have received £200,000 by the three. Shortly after Crosby's election, the House of Commons issued warrants against the printers of the *Middlesex Journal* and the *Gazetteer*, for presuming to give reports of the debates; but on being brought before Alderman Wilkes, he discharged them. The House then proceeded against the printer of the *Evening Post*, but Crosby discharged him, and committed the messenger of the House for assault and false imprisonment. Not long after, Crosby appeared at the bar of the House, and defended what he had done; pleading strongly that by an Act of William and Mary no warrant could be executed in the City but by its ministers. Wilkes also had received an order to attend at the bar of the House, but refused to comply with it, on the ground that no notice had been taken in the order of his being a member. The next day the Lord Mayor's clerk attended with the Book of Recognisances, and Lord North having carried a motion that the recognisance be erased, the clerk was compelled to cancel it. Most of the Opposition indignantly rose and left the House, declaring that effacing a record was an act of the greatest despotism; and Junius, in Letter 44, wrote: "By mere violence, and without the shadow of right, they have expunged the record of a judicial proceeding." Soon after this act, on the motion of Welbore Ellis, the mayor was committed to the Tower. The people were furious; Lord North lost his cocked hat, and even Fox had his clothes torn; and the mob obtaining a rope, but for Crosby's entreaties, would have hung the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms. The question was simply whether the House had the right to despotically arrest and imprison, and to supersede trial by jury. On the 8th of May the session terminated, and the Lord Mayor was released. The City was illuminated at night, and there were great rejoicings. The victory was finally won. The great end of the contest," says Mr. Orridge, "was obtained. From that day to the present the House of Commons has never ventured to assail the liberty of the press, or to prevent the publication of the Parliamentary debates."



WILKES ON HIS TRIAL. (*From a Contemporary Print.*)

At his inauguration dinner in Guildhall, there was a superabundance of good things; notwithstanding which, a great number of young fellows, after the dinner was over, being heated with liquor, got upon the hustings, and broke all the bottles and glasses within their reach. At this time the Court and Ministry were out of favour in the City; and till the year 1776, when Halifax took as the legend of his mayoralty "Justice is the ornament and protection of liberty," no member of the Government received an invitation to dine at Guildhall.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE LORD MAYORS OF LONDON (*continued*).

John Wilkes: his Birth and Parentage—The *North Briton*—Duel with Martin—His Expulsion—Personal Appearance—Anecdotes of Wilkes—A Reason for making a Speech—Wilkes and the King—The Lord Mayor at the Gordon Riots—"Soap-suds" *versus* "Bar"—Sir William Curtis and his Kilt—A Gambling Lord Mayor—Sir William Staines, Bricklayer and Lord Mayor—"Patty-pan" Birch—Sir Matthew Wood—Waithman—Sir Peter Laurie and the "Dregs of the People"—Recent Lord Mayors.

In 1774 that clever rascal, John Wilkes, ascended the civic throne. We shall so often meet this unscrupulous demagogue about London, that we will not dwell upon him here at much length. Wilkes was born in Clerkenwell, 1727. His father, Israel Wilkes, was a rich distiller (as his father and grandfather had been), who kept a coach and six, and whose house was a resort of persons of rank, merchants, and men of letters. Young Wilkes grew up a man of pleasure, squandered his wife's fortune in gambling and other fashionable vices, and became a notorious member of the Hell Fire Club at Medmenham Abbey. He now eagerly strove for place, asking Mr. Pitt to find him a post in the Board of Trade, or to send him as ambassador to Constantinople. Finding his efforts useless, he boldly avowed his intention of becoming notorious by assailing Government. In 1763, in his scurrilous paper, the *North Britain*, he violently abused the Princess Dowager and her favourite Lord Bute, who were supposed to influence the young king; and in the celebrated No. 45 he accused the ministers of putting a lie in the king's mouth. The Government illegally arresting him by an arbitrary "general warrant," he was committed to the Tower, and at once became the martyr of the people and the idol of the City. Released by Chief-Justice Pratt, he was next proceeded against for an obscene poem, the "Essay on Woman." He fought a duel with Samuel Martin, a brother M.P., who had insulted him, and was expelled the House in 1764. He then went to France in the height of his popularity, having just obtained a verdict in his favour upon the question of the warrant. On his return to England, he daringly stood for the representation of London, and was elected for Middlesex. Riots took place, a man was shot by the soldiers, and Wilkes was committed to the King's Bench prison. After a long contest with the Commons, Wilkes was expelled the House, and being re-elected for Middlesex, the election was declared void.

Eventually Wilkes became Chamberlain of the City, lectured refractory apprentices like a father, and tamed down to an ordinary man of the world, still shameless, ribald, irreligious, but, as Gibbon says, "a good companion with inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge." He quietly took his seat for Middlesex in 1782, and eight years afterwards the resolutions against him were erased from the Journals of the House. He died in 1797, at his house in Grosvenor Square. Wilkes' sallow face, sardonic squint, and projecting jaw, are familiar to us from Hogarth's terrible caricature. He generally wore the dress of a colonel of the militia—scarlet and buff, with a cocked hat and rosette, bag wig, and military boots, and O'Keefe describes seeing him walking in from his house at Kensington Gore, disdaining all offers of a coach. Dr. Franklin, when in England, describes the mob stopping carriages, and compelling their inmates to shout "Wilkes and liberty!" For the first fifteen miles out of London on the Winchester road, he says, and on nearly every door or window-shutter, "No. 45" was chalked. By many Tory writers Wilkes is considered latterly to have turned his coat, but he seems to us to have been perfectly consistent to the end. He was always a Whig with aristocratic tastes. When oppression ceased he ceased to protest. Most men grow more Conservative as their minds weaken, but Wilkes was always resolute for liberty.

A few anecdotes of Wilkes are necessary for seasoning to our chapter.

Horne Tooke having challenged Wilkes, who was then sheriff of London and Middlesex, received the following laconic reply: "Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of his life; but as I am at present High Sheriff of the City of London, it may shortly happen that I shall have an opportunity of attending you in my civil capacity, in which case I will answer for it that *you shall have no ground* to complain of my endeavours to serve you." This is one of the bitterest retorts ever uttered. Wilkes's notoriety led to his head being painted as a public-house sign, which, however, did not invariably raise the original in estimation. An old lady, in passing a public-house distinguished as above, her companion called her attention to the sign. "Ah!" replied she, "Wilkes swings everywhere but where he ought." Wilkes's squint was proverbial; yet even this natural obliquity he turned to humorous account. When Wilkes challenged Lord Townshend, he said, "Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest. Yet, give me but half an hour's start, and I

will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name."

Once, when the house seemed resolved not to hear him, and a friend urged him to desist—"Speak," he said, "I must, for my speech has been in print for the newspapers this half-hour." Fortunately for him, he was gifted with a coolness and effrontery which were only equalled by his intrepidity, all three of which qualities constantly served his turn in the hour of need. As an instance of his audacity, it may be stated that on one occasion he and another person put forth, from a private room in a tavern, a proclamation commencing—"We, the people of England," &c., and concluding—"By order of the meeting." Another amusing instance of his effrontery occurred on the hustings at Brentford, when he and Colonel Luttrell were standing there together as rival candidates for the representation of Middlesex in Parliament. Looking down with great apparent apathy on the sea of human beings, consisting chiefly of his own votaries and friends, which stretched beneath him—"I wonder," he whispered to his opponent, "whether among that crowd the fools or the knaves predominate?" "I will tell them what you say," replied the astonished Luttrell, "and thus put an end to you." Perceiving that Wilkes treated the threat with the most perfect indifference—"Surely," he added, "you don't mean to say you could stand here one hour after I did so?" "Why not?" replied Wilkes; "it is *you* who would not be alive one instant after." "How so?" inquired Luttrell. "Because," said Wilkes, "I should merely affirm that it was a fabrication, and they would destroy you in the twinkling of an eye."

During his latter days Wilkes not only became a courtier, but was a frequent attendant at the levees of George III. On one of these occasions the King happened to inquire after his old friend "Sergeant Glynn," who had been Wilkes's counsel during his former seditious proceedings. "*My friend*, sir!" replied Wilkes; "he is no friend of mine; he was a Wilkite, sir, which I never was."

He once dined with George IV. when Prince of Wales, when overhearing the Prince speak in rather disparaging language of his father, with whom he was then notoriously on bad terms, he seized an opportunity of proposing the health of the King. "Why, Wilkes," said the Prince, "how long is it since you became so loyal?" "Ever since, sir," was the reply, "I had the honour of becoming acquainted with your Royal Highness."

Alderman Sawbridge (Framework Knitter), mayor in 1775, on his return from a state visit to Kew with all his retinue, was stopped and stripped by a single highwayman. The sword-bearer did not even attempt to hew down the robber.

In 1780, Alderman Kennet (Vintner) was mayor during the Gordon riots. He had been a waiter and then a wine merchant, was a coarse and ignorant man, and displayed great incompetence during the week the rioters literally held London. When he was summoned to the House, to be examined about the riots, one of the members observed, "If you ring the bell, Kennet will come in, of course." On being asked why he did not at the outset send for the *posse comitatus*, he replied he did not know where the fellow lived, or else he would. One evening at the Alderman's Club, he was sitting at whist, next Mr. Alderman Pugh, a soap-boiler. "Ring the bell, Soap-suds," said Kennet. "Ring it yourself, Bar," replied Pugh; "you have been twice as much used to it as I have." There is no disgrace in having been a soap-boiler or a wine merchant; the true disgrace is to be ashamed of having carried on an honest business.

Alderman Clarke (Joiner), mayor in 1784, succeeded Wilkes as Chamberlain in 1798, and died aged ninety-two, in 1831. This City patriarch was, when a mere boy, introduced to Dr. Johnson by that insufferable man, Sir John Hawkins. He met Dr. Percy, Goldsmith, and Hawkesworth, with the Polyphemus of letters, at the "Mitre." He was a member of the Essex Head Club. "When he was sheriff in 1777," says Mr. Timbs, "he took Dr. Johnson to a judges' dinner at the Old Bailey, the judges being Blackstone and Eyre." The portrait of Chamberlain Clarke, in the Court of Common Council in Guildhall, is by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and cost one hundred guineas. There is also a bust of Mr. Clarke, by Sievier, at the Guildhall, which was paid for by a subscription of the City officers.

Alderman Boydell, mayor in 1790, we have described fully elsewhere. He presided over Cheap Ward for twenty-three years. Nearly opposite his house, 90, Cheapside, is No. 73, which, before the present Mansion House was built, was used occasionally as the Lord Mayor's residence.

Sir James Saunderson (Draper), from whose curious book of official expenses we quote in our chapter on the Mansion House, was mayor in 1792. It was this mayor who sent a posse of officers to disperse a radical meeting held at that "caldron of sedition," Founders' Hall, and among the persons expelled was a young orator named Waithman, afterwards himself a mayor.

1795–6 was made pleasant to the Londoners by the abounding hospitality of Sir William Curtis,

a portly baronet, who, while he delighted in a liberal feast and a cheerful glass, evidently thought them of small value unless shared by his friends. Many years afterwards, during the reign of George IV., whose good graces he had secured, he went to Scotland with the king, and made Edinburgh merry by wearing a kilt in public. The wits laughed at his costume, complete even to the little dagger in the stocking, but told him he had forgotten one important thing—the spoon.

In 1797, Sir Benjamin Hamet was fined £1,000 for refusing to serve as mayor.

1799. Alderman Combe, mayor, the brewer, whom some saucy citizens nicknamed "Mash-tub." But he loved gay company. Among the members at Brookes's who indulged in high play was Combe, who is said to have made as much money in this way as he did by brewing. One evening, whilst he filled the office of Lord Mayor, he was busy at a full hazard table at Brookes's, where the wit and dice-box circulated together with great glee, and where Beau Brummel was one of the party. "Come, Mash-tub," said Brummel, who was the *caster*, "what do you *set?*" "Twenty-five guineas," answered the alderman. "Well, then," returned the beau, "have at the mare's pony" (twenty-five guineas). The beau continued to throw until he drove home the brewer's twelve ponies running, and then getting up and making him a low bow whilst pocketing the cash, he said, "Thank you, alderman; for the future I shall never drink any porter but yours." "I wish, sir," replied the brewer, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same." Combe was succeeded in the mayoralty by Sir William Staines. They were both smokers, and were seen one night at the Mansion House lighting their pipes at the same taper; which reminds us of the two kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay. (Timbs.)

1800. Sir William Staines, mayor. He began life as a bricklayer's labourer, and by persevering steadily in the pursuit of one object, accumulated a large fortune, and rose to the state coach and the Mansion House. He was Alderman of Cripplegate Ward, where his memory is much respected. In Jacob's Well Passage, in 1786, he built nine houses for the reception of his aged and indigent friends. They are erected on both sides of the court, with nothing to distinguish them from the other dwelling-houses, and without ostentatious display of stone or other inscription to denote the poverty of the inhabitants. The early tenants were aged workmen, tradesmen, &c., several of whom Staines had personally esteemed as his neighbours. One, a peruke-maker, had shaved the worthy alderman during forty years. Staines also built Barbican Chapel, and rebuilt the "Jacob's Well" public-house, noted for dramatic representations. The alderman was an illiterate man, and was a sort of butt amongst his brethren. At one of the Old Bailey dinners, after a sumptuous repast of turtle and venison, Sir William was eating a great quantity of butter with his cheese. "Why, brother," said Wilkes, "you lay it on with *a trowel!*" A son of Sir William Staines, who worked at his father's business (a builder), fell from a lofty ladder, and was killed; when the father, on being fetched to the spot, broke through the crowd, exclaiming, "See that the poor fellow's watch is safe!" His manners may be judged from the following anecdote. At a City feast, when sheriff, sitting by General Tarleton, he thus addressed him, "Eat away at the pines, General; for we must pay, eat or not eat."

In 1806, Sir James Shaw (Scrivener), afterwards Chamberlain, was a native of Kilmarnock, where a marble statue of him has been erected. He was of the humblest birth, but amassed a fortune as a merchant, and sat in three parliaments for the City. He was extremely charitable, and was one of the first to assist the children of Burns. At one of his mayoralty dinners, seven sons of George III. were guests.

Sir William Domville (Stationer), mayor in 1814, gave the great Guildhall banquet to the Prince Regent and the Allied Sovereigns during the short and fallacious peace before Waterloo. The dinner was served on plate valued at £200,000, and the entire entertainment cost nearly £25,000. The mayor was made baronet for this.

In 1815 reigned Alderman Birch, the celebrated Cornhill confectioner. The business at No. 15, Cornhill was established by Mr. Horton, in the reign of George I. Samuel Birch, born in 1787, was for many years a member of the Common Council, a City orator, an Alderman of the Ward of Candlewick, a poet, a dramatic writer, and Colonel of the City Militia. His pastry was, after all, the best thing he did, though he laid the first stone of the London Institution, and wrote the inscription to Chantrey's statue of George III., now in the Council Chamber, Guildhall. "Mr. Pattypan" was Birch's nickname.

Theodore Hook, or some clever versifier of the day, wrote an amusing skit on the vain, fussy, good-natured Jack-of-all-trades, beginning—

> "Monsieur grown tired of fricassee,
> Resolved Old England now to see,
> The country where their roasted beef
> And puddings large pass all belief."

Wherever this inquisitive foreigner goes he find Monsieur Birch—

> "Guildhall at length in sight appears,
> An orator is hailed with cheers.
> 'Zat orator, vat is hees name?'
> 'Birch the pastry-cook—the very same.'"

He meets him again as militia colonel, poet, &c. &c., till he returns to France believing Birch Emperor of London.

Birch possessed considerable literary taste, and wrote poems and musical dramas, of which "The Adopted Child" remained a stock piece to our own time. The alderman used annually to send, as a present, a Twelfth-cake to the Mansion House. The upper portion of the house in Cornhill has been rebuilt, but the ground-floor remains intact, a curious specimen of the decorated shop-front of the last century; and here are preserved two door-plates, inscribed "Birch, successor to Mr. Horton," which are 140 years old. Alderman Birch died in 1840, having been succeeded in the business in Cornhill in 1836, by Ring and Brymer.

In 1816–17, we come to a mayor of great notoriety, Sir Matthew Wood, a druggist in Falcon Square. He was a Devonshire man, who began life as a druggist's traveller, and distinguished himself by his exertions for poor persecuted Queen Caroline. He served as Lord Mayor two successive years, and represented the City in nine parliaments. His baronetcy was the first title conferred by Queen Victoria, in 1837, as a reward for his political exertions. As a namesake of "Jemmy Wood," the miser banker of Gloucester, he received a princely legacy. The Vice-Chancellor Page Wood (Lord Hatherley) was the mayor's second son.

The following sonnet was contributed by Charles and Mary Lamb to Thelwall's newspaper, *The Champion*. Lamb's extreme opinions, as here enunciated, were merely assumed to please his friend Thelwall, but there seems a genuine tone in his abuse of Canning. Perhaps it dated from the time when the "player's son" had ridiculed Southey and Coleridge:—

SONNET TO MATTHEW WOOD, ESQ., ALDERMAN AND M.P.

> "Hold on thy course uncheck'd, heroic Wood!
> Regardless what the player's son may prate,
> St. Stephen's fool, the zany of debate—
> Who nothing generous ever understood.
> London's twice prætor! scorn the fool-born jest,
> The stage's scum, and refuse of the players—
> Stale topics against magistrates and mayors—
> City and country both thy worth attest.
> Bid him leave off his shallow Eton wit,
> More fit to soothe the superficial ear
> Of drunken Pitt, and that pickpocket Peer,
> When at their sottish orgies they did sit,
> Hatching mad counsels from inflated vein,
> Till England and the nations reeled with pain."

In 1818–19 Alderman John Atkins was host at the Mansion House. In early life he had been a Customs' tide-waiter, and was not remarkable for polished manners; but he was a shrewd and worthy man, filling the seat of justice with impartiality, and dispensing the hospitality of the City with an open hand.

In 1821 John Thomas Thorpe (Draper), mayor, officiated as chief butler at the coronation feast of George IV. He and twelve assistants presented the king wine in a golden cup, which the king returned as the cupbearer's fees. Being, however, a violent partisan of Queen Caroline, he was not created a baronet.

In 1823 we come to another determined reformer, Alderman Waithman, whom we have already noticed in the chapter on Fleet Street. As a poor lad, he was adopted by his uncle, a Bath linendraper. He began to appear as a politician in 1794. When sheriff in 1821, in quelling a tumult at Knightsbridge, he was in danger from a Life-guardsman's carbine, and at the funeral of Queen Caroline, a carbine bullet passed through his carriage in Hyde Park. Many of his resolutions in the Common Council were, says Mr. Timbs, written by Sir Richard Phillips, the bookseller.

Alderman Garratt (Goldsmith), mayor in 1825, laid the first stone of London Bridge, accompanied by the Duke of York. At the banquet at the Mansion House, 360 guests were entertained in the Egyptian Hall, and nearly 200 of the Artillery Company in the saloon. The Monument was illuminated the same night.

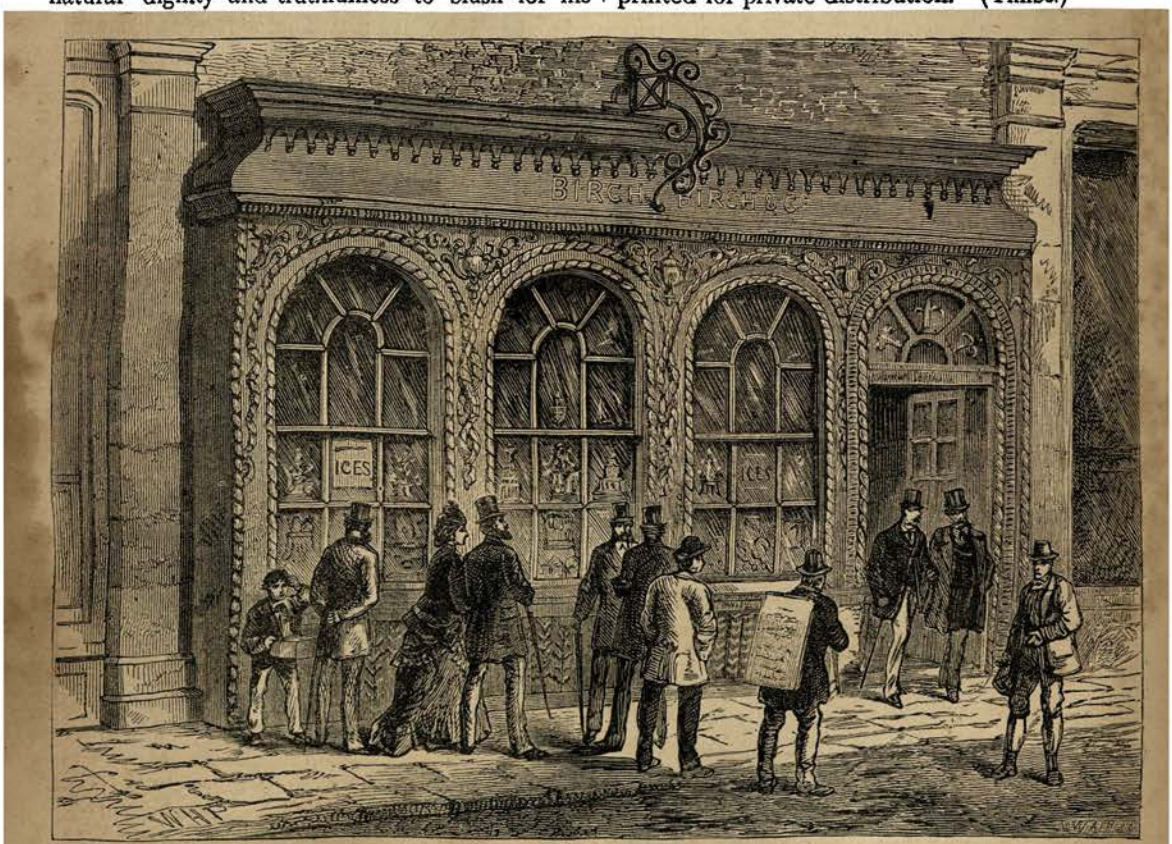
In 1830, Alderman Key, mayor, roused great indignation in the City, by frightening William IV., and preventing his coming to the Guildhall dinner. The show and inauguration dinner were in consequence omitted. In 1831 Key was again mayor, and on the opening of London Bridge was created a baronet.

Sir Peter Laurie, in 1832–3, though certainly possessing a decided opinion on most political questions, which he steadily, and no doubt honestly carried out, frequently incurred criticism on account of his extreme views, and a passion for "putting down" what he imagined social grievances. He lived to a green old age. In manners open, easy, and unassuming; in disposition, friendly and liberal; kind as a master, and unaffectedly hospitable as a host, he gained, as he deserved, "troops of friends," dying lamented and honoured, as he had lived, respected and beloved. (Aleph.)

When Sir Peter Laurie, as Lord Mayor of London, entertained the judges and leaders of the bar, he exclaimed to his guests, in an after-dinner oration:—

"See before you the examples of myself, the chief magistrate of this great empire, and the Chief Justice of England sitting at my right hand; both now in the highest offices of the state, and both *sprung from the very dregs of the people!*"

Although Lord Tenterden possessed too much natural dignity and truthfulness to blush for his humble origin, he winced at hearing his excellent mother and her worthy husband, the Canterbury wig-maker, thus described as belonging to "the very dregs of the people."



BIRCH'S SHOP, CORNHILL (*see page* 412).

1837. Alderman Kelly, Lord Mayor at the accession of her Majesty, was born at Chevening, in Kent, and lived, when a youth, with Alexander Hogg, the publisher, in Paternoster Row, for £10 a year wages. He slept under the shop-counter for the security of the premises. He was reported by his master to be "too slow" for the situation. Mr. Hogg, however, thought him "a bidable boy," and he remained. This incident shows upon what apparently trifling circumstances sometimes a man's future prospects depend. Mr. Kelly succeeded Mr. Hogg in the business, became Alderman of the Ward of Farringdon Within, and served as sheriff and mayor, the cost of which exceeded the fees and allowances by the sum of £10,000. He lived upon the same spot sixty years, and died in his eighty-fourth year. He was a man of active benevolence, and reminded one of the pious Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Abney. He composed some prayers for his own use, which were subsequently printed for private distribution. (Timbs.)

Sir John Cowan (Wax Chandler), mayor in 1838, was created a baronet after having entertained the Queen at his mayoralty dinner.

1839. Sir Chapman Marshall, mayor. He received knighthood when sheriff, in 1831; and at a public dinner of the friends and supporters of the Metropolitan Charity Schools, he addressed the company as follows:—"My Lord Mayor and gentlemen,—I want words to express the emotions of my heart. You see before you a humble individual who has been educated at a parochial school. I came to London in 1803, without a shilling, without a friend. I have not had the benefit of a classical education; but this I will say, my Lord Mayor and gentlemen, that you witness

THE STOCKS' MARKET, SITE OF THE MANSION HOUSE. (*From an Old Print.*) (*See page* 416.)

in me what may be done by the earnest application of honest industry; and I trust that my example may induce others to aspire, by the same means, to the distinguished situation which I have now the honour to fill." Self-made men are too fond of such glorifications, and forget how much wealth depends on good fortune and opportunity.

1839. Alderman Wilson, mayor, signalised his year of office by giving, in the Egyptian Hall, a banquet to 117 connections of the Wilson family being above the age of nine years. At this family festival, the usual civic state and ceremonial were maintained, the sword and mace borne, &c.; but after the loving cup had been passed round, the attendants were dismissed, in order that the free family intercourse might not be restricted during the remainder of the evening. A large number of the Wilson family, including the alderman himself, have grown rich in the silk trade. (Timbs.)

In 1842, Sir John Pirie, mayor, the Royal Exchange was commenced. Baronetcy received on the christening of the Prince of Wales. At his inauguration dinner at Guildhall, Sir John said: "I little thought, forty years ago, when I came to London a poor lad from the banks of the Tweed, that I should ever arrive at so great a distinction." In his mayoralty show, Pirie, being a shipowner, added to the procession a model of a large East Indiaman, fully rigged and manned, and drawn in a car by six horses. (Aleph.)

Alderman Farncomb (Tallow-chandler), mayor in 1849, was one of the great promoters of the Great Exhibition of 1851, that Fair of all Nations which was to bring about universal peace, and wrap the globe in English cotton. He gave a grand banquet at the Mansion House to Prince Albert and a host of provincial mayors; and Prince Albert explained his views about his hobby in his usual calm and sensible way.

In 1850 Sir John Musgrove (Clothworker), at the suggestion of Mr. G. Godwin, arranged a show on more than usually æsthetic principles. There was Peace with her olive-branch, the four quarters of the world, with camels, deer, elephants, negroes, beehives, a ship in full sail, an allegorical car, drawn by six horses, with Britannia on a throne and Happiness at her feet; and great was the delight of the mob at the gratuitous splendour.

Alderman Salomons (1855) was the first Jewish Lord Mayor—a laudable proof of the increased toleration of our age. This mayor proved a liberal and active magistrate, who repressed the mischievous and unmeaning Guy Fawkes rejoicings, and through the exertions of the City Solicitor, persuaded the Common Council to at last erase the absurd inscription on the Monument, which attributed the Fire of London to a Roman Catholic conspiracy.

Alderman Rose, mayor in 1862 (Spectacle-maker), an active encourager of the useful and manly volunteer movement, had the honour of entertaining the Prince of Wales and his beautiful Danish bride at a Guildhall banquet, soon after their marriage. The festivities (including £10,000 for a diamond necklace) cost the Corporation some £60,000. The alderman was knighted in 1867. He was (says Mr. Timbs) Alderman of Queenhithe, living in the same row where three mayors of our time have resided.

Alderman Lawrence, mayor in 1863–4. His father and brother were both aldermen, and all three were in turns Sheriff of London and Middlesex. Alderman Phillips (Spectacle-maker), mayor in 1865, was the second Jewish Lord Mayor, and the first Jew admitted into the municipality of London. This gentleman, of Prussian descent, had the honour of entertaining, at the Mansion House, the Prince of Wales and the King and Queen of the Belgians, and was knighted at the close of his mayoralty.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE POULTRY.

The Early Home of the London Poulterers—Its Mysterious Desertion—Noteworthy Sites in the Poultry—The Birthplace of Tom Hood, Senior—A Pretty Quarrel at the Rose Tavern—A Costly Sign-board—The Three Cranes—The Home of the Dillys—Johnsoniana—St. Mildred's Church, Poultry—Quaint Epitaphs—The Poultry Compter—Attack on Dr. Lamb, the Conjurer—Dekker, the Dramatist—Ned Ward's Description of the Compter—Granville Sharp and the Slave Trade—Important Decision in favour of the Slave—Boyse—Dunton.

THE busy street extending between Cheapside and Cornhill is described by Stow (Queen Elizabeth) as the special quarter, almost up to his time, of the London poulterers, who sent their fowls and feathered game to be prepared in Scalding Alley (anciently called Scalding House, or Scalding Wike). The pluckers and scorchers of the feathered fowl occupied the shops between the Stocks' Market (now the Mansion House) and the Great Conduit. Just before Stow's time the poulterers seem to

have taken wing in a unanimous covey, and settled down, for reasons now unknown to us, and not very material to any one, in Gracious (Gracechurch) Street, and the end of St. Nicholas flesh shambles (now Newgate Market). Poultry was not worth its weight in silver then.

The chief points of interest in the street (past and present) are the Compter Prison, Grocers' Hall, Old Jewry, and several shops with memorable associations. Lubbock's Banking House, for instance, is leased of the Goldsmiths' Company, being part of Sir Martin Bowes' bequest to the Company in Elizabeth's time. Sir Martin Bowes we have already mentioned in our chapter on the Goldsmiths' Company.

The name of one of our greatest English wits is indissolubly connected with the neighbourhood of the Poultry. It falls like a cracker, with merry bang and sparkle, among the graver histories with which this great street is associated. Tom Hood was the son of a Scotch bookseller in the Poultry. The firm was "Vernor and Hood." "Mr. Hood," says Mrs. Broderip, "was one of the 'Associated Booksellers,' who selected valuable old books for reprinting, with great success. Messrs. Vernor and Hood, when they moved to 31, Poultry, took into partnership Mr. C. Sharpe. The firm of Messrs. Vernor and Hood published 'The Beauties of England and Wales,' 'The Mirror,' Bloomfield's poems, and those of Henry Kirke White." At this house in the Poultry, as far as we can trace, in the year 1799, was born his second son, Thomas. After the sudden death of the father, the widow and her children were left rather slenderly provided for. "My father, the only remaining son, preferred the drudgery of an engraver's desk to encroaching upon the small family store. He was articled to his uncle, Mr. Sands, and subsequently was transferred to one of the Le Keux. He was a most devoted and excellent son to his mother, and the last days of her widowhood and decline were soothed by his tender care and affection. An opening that offered more congenial employment presented itself at last, when he was about the age of twenty-one. By the death of Mr. John Scott, the editor of the 'London Magazine,' who was killed in a duel, that periodical passed into other hands, and became the property of my father's friends, Messrs. Taylor and Hessey. The new proprietors soon sent for him, and he became a sort of sub-editor to the magazine." Of this period of his life he says himself:—

"Time was when I sat upon a lofty stool,
At lofty desk, and with a clerkly pen,
Began each morning, at the stroke of ten,
To write to Bell and Co.'s commercial school,
In Warneford Court, a shady nook and cool,
The favourite retreat of merchant men.
Yet would my quill turn vagrant, even then,
And take stray dips in the Castalian pool;
Now double entry—now a flowery trope—
Mingling poetic honey with trade wax;
Blogg Brothers—Milton—Grote and Prescott—Pope,
Bristles and Hogg—Glynn, Mills, and Halifax—
Rogers and Towgood—hemp—the Bard of Hope—
Barilla—Byron—tallow—Burns and flax."

The "King's Head" Tavern (No. 25) was kept at the Restoration by William King, a staunch cavalier. It is said that the landlord's wife happened to be on the point of labour on the day of the king's entry into London. She was extremely anxious to see the returning monarch, and the king, being told of her inclination, drew up at the door of the tavern in his good-natured way, and saluted her.

The King's Head Tavern, which stood at the western extremity of the Stocks' Market, was not at first known by the sign of the "King's Head," but the "Rose." Machin, in his diary, Jan. 5, 1560, thus mentions it:—"A gentleman arrested for debt: Master Cobham, with divers gentlemen and serving men, took him from the officers, and carried him to the Rose Tavern, where so great a fray, both the sheriffs were fain to come, and from the Rose Tavern took all the gentlemen and their servants, and carried them to the Compter." The house was distinguished by the device of a large, well-painted rose, erected over a doorway, which was the only indication in the street of such an establishment. Ned Ward, that coarse observer, in the "London Spy," 1709, describes the "Rose," anciently the "Rose and Crown," as famous for good wine. "There was no parting," he says, "without a glass; so we went into the Rose Tavern in the Poultry, where the wine, according to its merit, had justly gained a reputation; and there, in a snug room, warmed with brush and faggot, over a quart of good claret, we laughed over our night's adventure. The tavern door was flanked by two columns twisted with vines carved in wood, which supported a small square gallery over the portico, surrounded by handsome ironwork. On the front of this gallery was erected the sign. It consisted of a central compartment containing the Rose, behind which the artist had introduced a tall silver cup, called "a standing bowl," with drinking glasses. Beneath the painting was this inscription:—

"This is
THE ROSE TAVERN,
Kept by
WILLIAM KING,
Citizen and Vintner.

This Taverne's like its sign—a lustie Rose,
A sight of joy that sweetness doth enclose;
The daintie Flow're well pictur'd here is seene,
But for its rarest sweets—come, searche within!"

About the time that King altered his sign we find the authorities of St. Peter-upon-Cornhill determining "That the King's Arms, in painted glass, should be refreshed, and forthwith be set up (in one of their church windows) by the churchwarden at the parish charges; with whatsoever he giveth to the glazier as a gratuity."

The sign appears to have been a costly work, since there was the fragment of a leaf of an old account-book found when the ruins of the house were cleared after the Great Fire, on which were written these entries:—"P^d. to Hoggestreete, the Duche paynter, for y^e picture of a Rose, w^th a Standing-bowle and glasses, for a signe, xx *li.*, besides diners and drinkings; also for a large table of walnut-tree, for a frame, and for iron-worke and hanging the picture, v *li.*" The artist who is referred to in this memorandum could be no other than Samuel Van Hoogstraten, a painter of the middle of the seventeenth century, whose works in England are very rare. He was one of the many excellent artists of the period, who, as Walpole contemptuously says, "painted still life, oranges and lemons, plate, damask curtains, cloth of gold, and that medley of familiar objects that strike the ignorant vulgar." At a subsequent date the landlord wrote under the sign—

"Gallants, rejoice! This flow're is now full-blowne!
'Tis a Rose-Noble better'd by a crowne;
All you who love the emblem and the signe,
Enter, and prove our loyaltie and wine."

The tavern was rebuilt after the Great Fire, and flourished many years. It was long a depôt in the metropolis for turtle; and in the quadrangle of the tavern might be seen scores of turtle, large and lively, in huge tanks of water; or laid upward on the stone floor, ready for their destination. The tavern was also noted for large dinners of the City Companies and other public bodies. The house was refitted in 1852, but has since been pulled down. (Timbs.)

Another noted Poultry Tavern was the "Three Cranes," destroyed in the Great Fire, but rebuilt and noticed in 1698, in one of the many paper controversies of that day. A fulminating pamphlet, entitled "Ecclesia et Factio: a Dialogue between Bow Church Steeple and the Exchange Grasshopper," elicited "An Answer to the Dragon and Grasshopper; in a Dialogue between an Old Monkey and a Young Weasel, at the Three Cranes Tavern, in the Poultry."

No. 22 was the house of Johnson's friends, Edward and Charles Dilly, the booksellers. Here, in the year 1773, Boswell and Johnson dined with the Dillys, Goldsmith, Langton, and the Rev. Mr. Toplady. The conversation was of excellent quality, and Boswell devotes many pages to it. They discussed the emigration and nidification of birds, on which subjects Goldsmith seems to have been deeply interested; the bread-fruit of Otaheite, which Johnson, who had never tasted it, considered surpassed by a slice of the loaf before him; toleration, and the early martyrs. On this last subject, Dr. Mayo, "the literary anvil," as he was called, because he bore Johnson's hardest blows without flinching, held out boldly for unlimited toleration; Johnson for Baxter's principle of only "tolerating all things that are tolerable," which is no toleration at all. Goldsmith, unable to get a word in, and overpowered by the voice of the great Polyphemus, grew at last vexed, and said petulantly to Johnson, who he thought had interrupted poor Toplady, "Sir, the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour; pray allow us now to hear him." Johnson replied, sternly, "Sir, I was not interrupting the gentleman; I was only giving him a signal proof of my attention. Sir, you are impertinent."

Johnson, Boswell, and Langton presently adjourned to the club, where they found Burke, Garrick, and Goldsmith, the latter still brooding over his sharp reprimand at Dilly's. Johnson, magnanimous as a lion, at once said aside to Boswell, "I'll make Goldsmith forgive me." Then calling to the poet, in a loud voice he said, "Dr. Goldsmith, something passed to-day where you and I dined; I ask your pardon."

Goldsmith, touched with this, replied, "It must be much from you, sir, that I take ill"—became himself, "and rattled away as usual." Would Goldy have rattled away so had he known what Johnson, Boswell, and Langton had said about him as they walked up Cheapside? Langton had observed that the poet was not like Addison, who, content with his fame as a writer, did not attempt a share in conversation; to which Boswell added, that Goldsmith had a great deal of gold in his cabinet, but, not content with that, was always pulling out his purse. "Yes, sir," struck in Johnson, "and that is often an empty purse."

In 1776 we find Boswell skilfully decoying his great idol to dinner at the Dillys to meet the notorious "Jack Wilkes." To Boswell's horror, when he went to fetch Johnson, he found him covered with dust, and buffeting some books, having forgotten all about the dinner party. A little coaxing, however, soon won him over; Johnson

roared out, "Frank, a clean shirt!" and was soon packed into a hackney coach. On discovering "a certain gentleman in lace," and he Wilkes the demagogue, Johnson was at first somewhat disconcerted, but soon recovered himself, and behaved like a man of the world. Wilkes quickly won the great man.

They soon set to work discussing Foote's wit, and Johnson confessed that, though resolved not to be pleased, he had once at a dinner-party been obliged to lay down his knife and fork, throw himself back in his chair, and fairly laugh it out—"The dog was so comical, sir: he was irresistible." Wilkes and Johnson then fell to bantering the Scotch; Burke complimented Boswell on his successful stroke of diplomacy in bringing Johnson and Wilkes together.

Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness, that he gained upon him insensibly. No man ate more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, sir—it is better there—a little of the brown—some fat, sir—a little of the stuffing—some gravy—let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest." "Sir—sir, I am obliged to you, sir," cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "surly virtue," but, in a short while, of complacency.

But the most memorable evening recorded at Dilly's was April 15, 1778, when Johnson and Boswell dined there, and met Miss Seward, the Lichfield poetess, and Mrs. Knowles, a clever Quaker lady, who for once overcame the giant of Bolt Court in argument. Before dinner Johnson took up a book, and read it ravenously. "He knows how to read it better," said Mrs. Knowles to Boswell, "than any one. He gets at the substance of a book directly. He tears out the heart of it." At dinner Johnson told Dilly that, if he wrote a book on cookery, it should be based on philosophical principles. "Women," he said, contemptuously, "can spin, but they cannot make a good book of cookery."

They then fell to talking of a ghost that had appeared at Newcastle, and had recommended some person to apply to an attorney. Johnson thought the Wesleys had not taken pains enough in collecting evidence, at which Miss Seward smiled. This vexed the superstitious sage of Fleet Street, and he said, with solemn vehemence, "Yes, ma'am, this is a question which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided; a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding."

Johnson, who during the evening had been very thunderous at intervals, breaking out against the Americans, describing them as "rascals, robbers, and pirates," and declaring he would destroy them all—as Boswell says, "He roared out a tremendous volley which one might fancy could be heard across the Atlantic," &c.—grew very angry at Mrs. Knowles for noticing his unkindness to Miss Jane Barry, a recent convert to Quakerism.

"We remained," says Boswell, writing with awe, like a man who has survived an earthquake, "together till it was very late. Notwithstanding occasional explosions of violence, we were all delighted upon the whole with Johnson. I compared him at the time to a warm West Indian climate, where you have a bright sun, quick vegetation, luxurious foliage, luscious fruits, but where the same heat sometimes produces thunder, lightning, and earthquakes in a terrible degree."

St. Mildred's Church, Poultry, is a rectory situate at the corner of Scalding Alley. John de Asswell was collated thereto in the year 1325. To this church anciently belonged the chapel of Corpus Christi and St. Mary, at the end of Conyhoop Lane, or Grocers' Alley, in the Poultry. The patronage of this church was in the prior and canons of St. Mary Overie's in Southwark till their suppression. This church was consumed in the Great Fire, anno 1666, and then rebuilt, the parish of St. Mary Cole being thereunto annexed. Among the monumental inscriptions in this church, Maitland gives the following on the well-known Thomas Tusser, of Elizabeth's reign, who wrote a quaint poem on a farmer's life and duties:—

"Here Thomas Tusser, clad in earth, doth lie,
That some time made the points of husbandrie.
By him then learne thou maist, here learne we must,
When all is done we sleep and turn to dust.
And yet through Christ to heaven we hope to goe,
Who reads his bookes shall find his faith was so.

Among the curious epitaphs in St. Mildred's, Stow mentions the following, which is worth quoting here:—

"HERE LIES BURIED THOMAS IKEN, SKINNER.

"In Hodnet and London
God blessed my life,
Till forty and sixe yeeres,
With children and wife;
And God will raise me
Up to life againe,
Therefore have I thought
My death no paine."

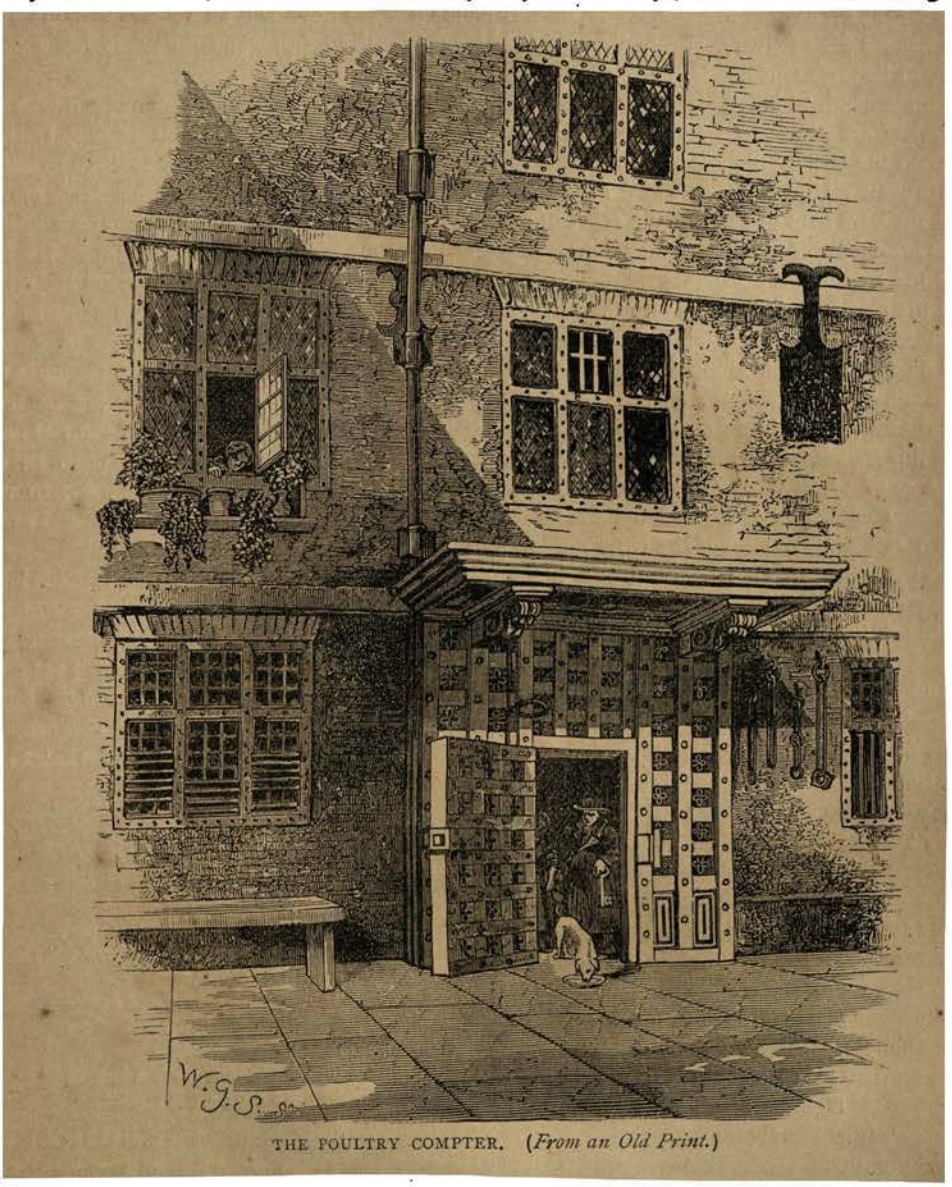
A fair monument of Queen Elizabeth had on the sides the following verses inscribed :—

"If prayers or tears
Of subjects had prevailed,
To save a princesse
Through the world esteemed ;
Then Atropos
In cutting here had fail'd,
And had not cut her thread,
But been redeem'd ;
But pale-faced Death ;
And cruel churlish Fate,
To prince and people
Brings the latest date.
Yet spight of Death and Fate,
Fame will display
Her gracious virtues
Through the world for aye,
Spain's Rod, Rome's Ruine,
Netherlands' Reliefe ;
Heaven's gem, earth's joy,
World's wonder, Nature's chief.
Britaine's blessing, England's splendour,
Religion's Nurse, the Faith's Defender."

JOHN WILKES. (*From an Anthentic Portrait.*)

The Poultry Compter, on the site of the present Grocers' Alley, was one of the old sheriff's *prisons* pulled down in 1817, replaced soon after by a chapel. Stow mentions the prison as four houses west from the parish of St. Mildred, and describes it as having been "there kept and continued time out of mind, for I have not read the original hereof." "It was the only prison," says Mr. Peter Cunningham, "with a ward set apart for Jews (probably from its vicinity to Old Jewry), and it was the only prison in London left unattacked by Lord George Gordon's blue cockaded rioters in

1780." This may have arisen from secret instructions of Lord George, who had sympathies for the Jews, and eventually became one himself. Middleton, 1607 (James I.), speaks ill of it in his play of the *Phœnix*, for prisons at that time were places of cruelty and extortion, and schools of villainy.



THE POULTRY COMPTER. (*From an Old Print.*)

The great playwright makes his "first officer" say, "We have been scholars, I can tell you—we could not have been knaves so soon else; for as in that notable city called London, stand two most famous universities, Poultry and Wood St., where some are of twenty years standing, and have took all their degrees, from the master's side, down to the mistress's side, so in like manner," &c.

It was at this prison, in the reign of Charles I., that Dr. Lamb, the conjurer, died, after being nearly torn to pieces by the mob. He was a creature of the Duke of Buckingham, and had been accused of bewitching Lord Windsor. On the 18th of June Lamb was insulted in the City by a few boys, who soon after being increased by the acceding multitude, they surrounded him with bitter invectives, which obliged him to seek refuge in a tavern in the Old Jewry; but the tumult continuing to increase, the vintner, for his own safety, judged it proper to turn him out of the house, whereupon the mob renewed their exclamations against him, with the appellations of "wizard," "conjuror," and "devil." But at last, perceiving the approach of a guard, sent by the Lord Mayor

to his rescue, they fell upon and beat the doctor in such a cruel and barbarous manner, that he was by the said guard taken up for dead, and carried to the Compter, where he soon after expired. "But the author of a treatise, entitled 'The Forfeiture of the City Charters,'" says Maitland, "gives a different account of this affair, and, fixing the scene of this tragedy on the 14th of July, writes, that as the doctor passed through Cheapside, he was attacked as above mentioned, which forced him to seek a retreat down Wood Street, and that he was there screened from the fury of the mob in a house, till they had broken all the windows, and forced the door; and then, no help coming to the relief of the doctor, the housekeeper was obliged to deliver him up to save the spoiling of his goods.

"When the rabble had got him into their hands, some took him by the legs, and others by the arms, and so dragging him along the streets, cried, 'Lamb, Lamb, the conjuror, the conjuror!' every one kicking and striking him that were nearest.

"Whilst this tumult lasted, and the City was in an uproar, the news of what had passed came to the king's ear, who immediately ordered his guards to make ready, and, taking some of the chief nobility, he came in person to appease the tumult. In St. Paul's Churchyard he met the inhuman villains dragging the doctor along; and after the knight-marshal had proclaimed silence, who was but ill obeyed, the king, like a good prince, mildly exhorted and persuaded them to keep his peace, and deliver up the doctor to be tried according to law; and that if his offence, which they charged him with, should appear, he should be punished accordingly; commanding them to disperse and depart every man to his own home. But the insolent varlets answered, that *they had judged him already;* and thereupon pulled him limb from limb; or, at least, so dislocated his joints, that he instantly died."

This took place just before the Duke of Buckingham's assassination by Felton, in 1628. The king, very much enraged at the treatment of Lamb, and the non-discovery of the real offenders, extorted a fine of £6,000 from the abashed City.

Dekker, the dramatist, was thrown into this prison. This poet of the great Elizabethan race was one of Ben Jonson's great rivals. He thus rails at Shakespeare's special friend, who had made "a supplication to be a poor journeyman player, and hadst been still so, but that thou couldst not set *a good face* upon it. Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'st in leather-pilch, by a play-waggon in the highway; and took'st mad Jeronimo's part, to get service among the mimics," &c.

Dekker thus delineates Ben:—"That same Horace has the most ungodly face, by my fan; it looks for all the world like a rotten russet apple, when 'tis bruised. It's better than a spoonful of cinnamon water next my heart, for me to hear him speak; he sounds it so i' th' nose, and talks and rants like the poor fellows under Ludgate—to see his face make faces, when he reads his songs and sonnets."

Again, we have Ben's face compared with that of his favourite, Horace's—"You staring Leviathan! Look on the sweet visage of Horace; look, parboil'd face, look—has he not his face punchtfull of eylet-holes, like the cover of a warming-pan?"

Ben Jonson's manner in a play-house is thus sketched by Dekker:—"Not to hang himself, even if he thought any man could write plays as well as himself; not to bombast out a new play with the old linings of jests stolen from the Temple's revels; not to sit in a gallery where your comedies have entered their actions, and there make vile and bad faces at every line, to make men have an eye to you, and to make players afraid; not to venture on the stage when your play is ended, and exchange courtesies and compliments with gallants, to make all the house rise and cry—'That's Horace! That's he that pens and purges humours!'"

But, notwithstanding all his bitterness, Dekker could speak generously of the old poet; for he thus sums up Ben Jonson's merits in the following lines:—

"Good Horace! No! My cheeks do blush for thine,
As often as thou speakest so; where one true
And nobly virtuous spirit for thy best part
Loves thee, I wish one, ten; even from my heart!
I make account, I put up as deep share
In any good man's love, which thy worth earns,
As thou thyself; we envy not to see
Thy friends with bays to crown thy poesy.
No, here the gall lies;—we, that know what stuff
Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk
On which thy learning grows, and can give life
To thy one dying baseness; yet must we
Dance anticks on your paper.
But were thy warp'd soul put in a new mould,
I'd wear thee as a jewel set in gold."

Charles Lamb, speaking of Dekker's share in Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*, highly eulogises the impecunious poet. "This play," says Lamb, "has some beauties of so very high an order, that with all my respect for Massinger, I do not think he had poetical enthusiasm capable of rising up to them. His associate, Dekker, who wrote *Old Fortunatus*, had poetry enough for anything. The very impurities which obtrude themselves among the sweet pictures of this play, like Satan among the sons of Heaven, have a strength of contrast, a

raciness, and a glow in them, which are beyond Massinger. They are to the religion of the rest what Caliban is to Miranda."

Ned Ward, in his coarse but clever "London Spy," gives us a most distasteful picture of the Compter in 1698–1700. "When we first entered," says Ward, "this apartment, under the title of the King's Ward, the mixture of scents that arose from *mundungus*, tobacco, foul feet, dirty shirts, stinking breaths, and uncleanly carcases, poisoned our nostrils far worse than a Southwark ditch, a tanner's yard, or a tallow-chandler's melting-room. The ill-looking vermin, with long, rusty beards, swaddled up in rags, and their heads—some covered with thrum-caps, and others thrust into the tops of old stockings. Some quitted their play they were before engaged in, and came hovering round us, like so many cannibals, with such devouring countenances, as if a man had been but a morsel with 'em, all crying out, 'Garnish, garnish,' as a rabble in an insurrection crying, 'Liberty, liberty!' We were forced to submit to the doctrine of non-resistance, and comply with their demands, which extended to the sum of two shillings each."

The Poultry Compter has a special historical interest, from the fact of its being connected with the early struggles of our philanthropists against the slave-trade. It was here that several of the slaves released by Granville Sharp's noble exertions were confined. This excellent man, and true aggressive Christian, was grandson of an Archbishop of York, and son of a learned Northumberland rector. Though brought up to the bar, he never practised, and resigned a place in the Ordnance Office because he could not conscientiously approve of the American War. He lived a bachelor life in the Temple, doing good continually. Sharp opposed the impressment of sailors and the system of duelling; encouraged the distribution of the Bible, and advocated parliamentary reform. But it was as an enemy to slavery, and the first practical opposer of its injustice and its cruelties, that Granville Sharp earned a foremost place in the great bede-roll of our English philanthropists. Mr. Sharp's first interference in behalf of persecuted slaves was in 1765.

In the year 1765, says Clarkson, in his work on slavery, a Mr. David Lisle had brought over from Barbadoes Jonathan Strong, an African slave, as his servant. He used the latter in a barbarous manner at his lodgings, in Wapping, but particularly by beating him over the head with a pistol, which occasioned his head to swell. When the swelling went down a disorder fell into his eyes, which threatened the loss of them. To this a fever and ague succeeded; and he was affected with a lameness in both his legs.

Jonathan Strong having been brought into this deplorable condition, and being therefore wholly useless, was left by his master to go whither he pleased. He applied, accordingly, to Mr. William Sharp, the surgeon, for his advice, as to one who gave up a portion of his time to the healing of the diseases of the poor. It was here that Mr. Granville Sharp, the brother of the former, saw him. Suffice it to say that in process of time he was cured. During this time Mr. Granville Sharp, pitying his hard case, supplied him with money, and afterwards got him a situation in the family of Mr. Brown, an apothecary, to carry out medicines.

In this new situation, when Strong had become healthy and robust in his appearance, his master happened to see him. The latter immediately formed the design of possessing him again. Accordingly, when he had found out his residence, he procured John Ross, keeper of the Poultry Compter, and William Miller, an officer under the Lord Mayor, to kidnap him. This was done by sending for him to a public-house in Fenchurch Street, and then seizing him. By these he was conveyed, without any warrant, to the Poultry Compter, where he was sold by his master to John Kerr for £30. Mr. Sharp, immediately upon this, waited upon Sir Robert Kite, the then Lord Mayor, and entreated him to send for Strong and to hear his case. A day was accordingly appointed, Mr. Sharp attended, also William M'Bean, a notary public, and David Laird, captain of the ship *Thames*, which was to have conveyed Strong to Jamaica, in behalf of the purchaser, John Kerr. A long conversation ensued, in which the opinion of York and Talbot was quoted. Mr. Sharp made his observations. Certain lawyers who were present seemed to be staggered at the case, but inclined rather to re-commit the prisoner. The Lord Mayor, however, discharged Strong, as he had been taken up without a warrant.

As soon as this determination was made known, the parties began to move off. Captain Laird, however, who kept close to Strong, laid hold of him before he had quitted the room, and said aloud, "Then now I seize him as my slave." Upon this Mr. Sharp put his hand upon Laird's shoulder, and pronounced these words, "I charge you, in the name of the king, with an assault upon the person of Jonathan Strong, and all these are my witnesses." Laird was greatly intimidated by this charge, made in the presence of the Lord Mayor and others, and fearing a prosecution, let his prisoner go, leaving him to be conveyed away by Mr. Sharp.

But the great turning case was that of James Somerset, in 1772. James Somerset, an African slave, had been brought to England by his master, Charles Stewart, in November, 1769. Somerset, in process of time, left him. Stewart took an opportunity of seizing him, and had him conveyed on board the *Ann and Mary*, Captain Knowles, to be carried out of the kingdom and sold as a slave in Jamaica. The question raised was, "Whether a slave, by coming into England, became free?"

In order that time might be given for ascertaining the law fully on this head, the case was argued at three different sittings—first, in January, 1772; secondly, in February, 1772; and thirdly, in May, 1772. And that no decision otherwise than what the law warranted might be given, the opinion of the judges was taken upon the pleadings. The great and glorious issue of the trial was, "That as soon as ever any slave set his foot upon English territory he became free."

Thus ended the great case of Somerset, which, having been determined after so deliberate an investigation of the law, can never be reversed while the British Constitution remains. The eloquence displayed in it by those who were engaged on the side of liberty was perhaps never exceeded on any occasion; and the names of the counsellors, Davy, Glynn, Hargrave, Mansfield, and Alleyne, ought always to be remembered with gratitude by the friends of this great cause.

It was after this verdict that Cowper wrote the following beautiful lines:—

> "Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Imbibe our air, that moment they are free;
> They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
> That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
> And jealous of the blessing. Spread on, then,
> And let it circulate through every vein
> Of all your empire, that where Britain's power
> Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too."

It was in this Compter that Boyse, a true type of the Grub Street poet of Dr. Johnson's time, spent many of the latter days of his life. In the year 1740 Boyse was reduced to the lowest state of poverty, having no clothes left in which he could appear abroad; and what bare subsistence he procured was by writing occasional poems for the magazines. Of the disposition of his apparel Mr. Nichols received from Dr. Johnson, who knew him well, the following account. He used to pawn what he had of this sort, and it was no sooner redeemed by his friends, than pawned again. On one occasion Dr. Johnson collected a sum of money* for this purpose, and in two days the clothes were pawned again. In this state Boyse remained in bed with no other covering than a blanket with two holes, through which he passed his arms when he sat up to write. The author of his life in Cibber adds, that when his distresses were so pressing as to induce him to dispose of his shirt, he used to cut some white paper in slips, which he tied round his wrists, and in the same manner supplied his neck. In this plight he frequently appeared abroad, while his other apparel was scarcely sufficient for the purposes of decency.

In the month of May, 1749, Boyse died in obscure lodgings near Shoe Lane. An old acquaintance of his endeavoured to collect money to defray the expenses of his funeral, so that the scandal of being buried by the parish might be avoided. But his endeavours were in vain, for the persons he had selected had been so often troubled with applications during the life of this unhappy man, that they refused to contribute anything towards his funeral.

Of Boyse's best poems "The Deity" contains some vigorous lines, of which the following are a favourable specimen:—

> "Transcendent pow'r! sole arbiter of fate!
> How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great,
> To view from thy exalted throne above
> (Eternal source of light, and life, and love!)
> Unnumbered creatures draw their smiling birth,
> To bless the heav'ns or beautify the earth;
> While systems roll, obedient to thy view,
> And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew!
> * * * * * * * *
> Below, thro' different forms does matter range,
> And life subsists from elemental change,
> Liquids condensing shapes terrestrial wear,
> Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air;
> While we, inquiring phantoms of a day,
> Inconstant as the shadows we survey!
> With them along Time's rapid current pass,
> And haste to mingle with the parent mass;
> But thou, Eternal Lord of life divine!
> In youth immortal shalt for ever shine!
> No change shall darken thy exalted name,
> From everlasting ages still the same!"

Dunton, the eccentric bookseller of William III.'s reign, resided in the Poultry in the year 1688. "The humour of rambling," he says in his autobiography, "was now pretty well off with me, and my thoughts began to fix rather upon business. The shop I took, with the sign of the Black Raven, stood opposite to the Poultry Counter, where I traded ten years, as all other men must expect, with a variety of successes and disappointments. My shop was opened just upon the Revolution, and, as I remember, the same day the Prince of Orange came to London."

*"The sum," said Johnson, "was collected by sixpences, at a time when to me sixpence was a serious consideration."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

OLD JEWRY.

The Old Jewry—Early Settlements of Jews in London and Oxford—Bad Times for the Israelites—Jews' Alms—A King in Debt—Rachel weeping for her Children—Jewish Converts—Wholesale Expulsion of the Chosen People from England—The Rich House of a Rich Citizen—The London Institution, formerly in the Old Jewry—Porsoniana—Nonconformists in the Old Jewry—Samuel Chandler, Richard Price, and James Foster—The Grocers' Company—Their Sufferings under the Commonwealth—Almost Bankrupt—Again they Flourish—The Grocers' Hall Garden—Fairfax and the Grocers—A Rich and Generous Grocer—A Warlike Grocer—Walbrook—Bucklersbury.

THE Old Jewry was the Ghetto of mediæval London. The Rev. Moses Margoliouth, in his interesting "History of the Jews in Great Britain," has clearly shown that Jews resided in England during the Saxon times, by an edict published by Elgbright, Archbishop of York, A.D. 470, forbidding Christians to attend the Jewish feasts. It appears the Jews sometimes left lands to the abbeys; and in the laws of Edward the Confessor we find them especially mentioned as under the king's guard and protection.

The Conqueror invited over many Jews from Rouen, who settled themselves chiefly in London, Stamford, and Oxford. In London the Jews had two colonies—one in Old Jewry, near King Offa's old palace; and one in the liberties of the Tower. Rufus, in his cynical way, marked his hatred of the monks by summoning a convocation, where English bishops met Jewish rabbis, and held a religious controversy, Rufus swearing by St. Luke's face that if the rabbis had the best of it, he would turn Jew at once. In this reign the Jews were so powerful at Oxford that they let three halls—Lombard Hall, Moses Hall, and Jacob Hall—to students; and their rabbis instructed even Christian students in their synagogue. Jews took care of vacant benefices for the king. In the reign of Henry I. the Jews began to make proselytes, and monks were sent to several towns to preach against them. Halcyon times! With the reign of Stephen, however, began the storms, and, with the clergy, the usurper persecuted the Jews, exacting a fine of £2,000 from those of London alone for a pretended manslaughter. The absurd story of the Jews murdering young children, to anoint Israelites or to raise devils with their blood, originated in this reign.

Henry II. was equally ruthless, though he did grant Jews cemeteries outside the towns. Up till this time the London Jews had only been allowed to bury in "the Jews' garden," in the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. In spite of frequent fines and banishments, their historian owns that altogether they throve in this reign, and their physicians were held in high repute. With Richard I., chivalrous to all else, began the real miseries of the English Jews. Even on the day of his coronation there was a massacre of the Jews, and many of their houses were burnt. Two thousand Jews were murdered at York, and at Lynn and Stamford they were also plundered. On his return from Palestine Richard established a tribunal for Jews. In the early part of John's reign he treated the money-lenders, whom he wanted to use, with consideration. He granted them a charter, and allowed them to choose their own chief rabbi. He also allowed them to try all their own causes which did not concern pleas of the Crown; and all this justice only cost the English Jews 4,000 marks, for John was poor. His greed soon broke loose. In 1210 he levied on the Jews 66,000 marks, and imprisoned, blinded, and tortured all who did not readily pay. The king's last act of inhumanity was to compel some Jews to torture and put to death a great number of Scotch prisoners who had assisted the barons. Can we wonder that it is still a proverb among the English Jews, "Thank God that there was only one King John?"

The regent of the early part of the reign of Henry III. protected the Jews, and exempted them from the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts, but they were compelled to wear on their breasts two white tablets of linen or parchment, two inches broad and four inches long; and twenty-four burgesses were chosen in every town where they resided, to protect them from the insults of pilgrims; for the clergy still treated them as excommunicated infidels. But even this lull was short—persecution soon again broke out. In the 14th of Henry III. the Crown seized a third part of all their movables, and their new synagogue in the Old Jewry was granted to the brothers of St. Anthony of Vienna, and turned into a church. In the 17th of Henry III. the Jews were again taxed to the amount of 18,000 silver marks. At the same time the king erected an institution in New Street (Chancery Lane) for Jewish converts, as an atonement for his father's cruelty to the persecuted exiles. Four Jews of Norwich having been dragged at horses' tails and hung, on a pretended charge of

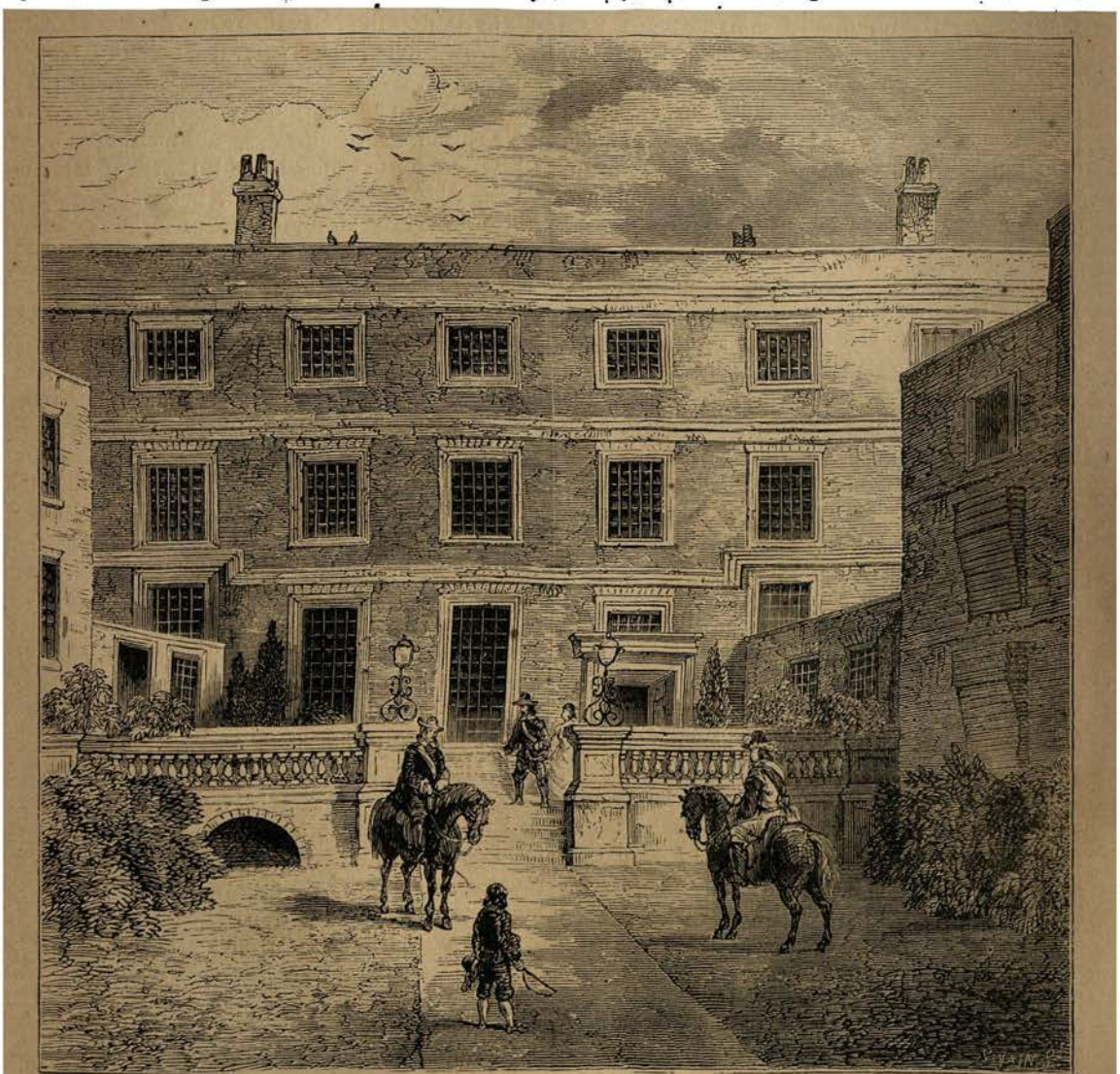
circumcising a Christian boy, led to new persecution, and the Jews were driven out of Newcastle and Southampton; while to defray the expense of entertaining the Queen's foreign uncles 20,000 marks were exacted from the suffering race. In the 19th year of his reign Henry, driven hard for money, extorted from the rich Jews 10,000 more marks, and several were burned alive for plotting to destroy London by fire. The more absurd the accusation the more eagerly it was believed by a superstitious and frightened rabble. In 1244, Matthew of Paris says, the corpse of a child was found buried in London, on whose arms and legs were traced Hebrew inscriptions. It was supposed that the Jews had crucified this child, in ridicule of the crucifixion of Christ. The converted Jews of New Street were called in to read the Hebrew letters, and the canons of St. Paul's took the child's body, which was supposed to have wrought miracles, and buried it with great ceremony not far from their great altar. In order to defray the expenses of his brother Richard's marriage the poor Jews of London were heavily mulcted, and

RICHARD PORSON. (*From an Authentic Portrait.*)

Aaron of York, a man of boundless wealth, was forced to pay 4,000 marks of silver and 400 of gold. Defaulters were transported to Ireland, a punishment especially dreaded by the Jews. A tax called Jews' alms was also sternly enforced; and we find Lucretia, widow of David, an Oxford Jew, actually compelled to pay £2,590 towards the rebuilding of Westminster Abbey. It was about this time that Abraham, a Jew of Berk-

hampstead, strangled his wife, who had refused to help him to defile and deface an image of the Virgin, and was thrown into a dungeon of the Tower; but the murderer escaped, by a present of 7,000 marks to the king. Tormented by the king's incessant exactions, the Jews at last implored leave to quit England before their very bounds of truth. I am deceived on every hand; I am a maimed and abridged king—yea, now only half a king. There is a necessity for me to have money, gotten from what place soever, and from whomsoever."

The king, on Richard's promise to obtain him money, sold him the right which he held over the



SIR R. CLAYTON'S HOUSE, GARDEN FRONT. (*From an Old Print.*)

skins were taken from them. The king broke into a fit of almost ludicrous rage. He had been tender of their welfare, he said to his brother Richard. "Is it to be marvelled at," he cried, "that I covet money? It is a horrible thing to imagine the debts wherein I am held bound. By the head of God, they amount to the sum of two hundred thousand marks; and if I should say three hundred thousand, I should not exceed the Jews. Soon after this, eighty-six of the richest Jews of London were hung, on a charge of having crucified a Christian child at Lincoln, and twenty-three others were thrown into the Tower. Truly Old Jewry must have often heard the voice of Rachel weeping for her children. Their persecutors never grew weary. In a great riot, encouraged by the barons, the great bell of St. Paul's tolled out, 500 Jews were killed in London, and the synagogue

burnt, the leader of the mob, John Fitz-John, a baron, running Rabbi Abraham, the richest Jew in London, through with his sword. On the defeat of the king's party at the battle of Lewes, the London mob accusing the Jews of aiding the king, plundered their houses, and all the Israelites would have perished, had they not taken refuge in the Tower. By royal edict the Christians were forbidden to buy flesh of a Jew, and no Jew was allowed to employ Christian nurses, bakers, brewers, or cooks. Towards the close of Henry's life the synagogue in Old Jewry was again taken from the Jews, and given to the Friars Penitent, whose chapel stood hard by, and who complained of the noise of the Jewish congregation; but the king permitted another synagogue to be built in a more suitable place. Henry then ordered the Jews to pay up all arrears of tallages within four months, and half of the sum in seventeen days. The Tower of London was naturally soon full of grey-bearded Jewish debtors.

No wonder, with all these persecutions, that the Chancery Lane house of converts began soon to fill. "On one of the rolls of this reign," says Mr. Margoliouth, probably quoting Prynne's famous diatribe against the Jews, "about 500 names of Jewish converts are registered." From the 50th year of Henry III. to the 2nd of Edward I., the Crown, says Coke, extorted from the English Jews no less than £420,000 15s. 4d.!

Edward I. was more merciful. In a statute, however, which was passed in his third year, he forbade Jews practising usury, required them to wear badges of yellow taffety, as a distinguishing mark of their nationality, and demanded from each of them threepence every Easter. Then began the plunder. The king wanted money to build Carnarvon and Conway castles, to be held as fortresses against the Welsh, whom he had just recently conquered and treated with great cruelty, and the Jews were robbed accordingly. It was not difficult in those days to find an excuse for extortion if the royal exchequer was empty. In the 7th year of Edward no less than 294 Jews were put to death for clipping money, and all they possessed seized by the king. In his 17th year all the Jews in England were imprisoned in one night, as Selden proves by an old Hebrew inscription found at Winchester; and not released till they had paid £20,000 of silver for a ransom. At last, in the year 1290, came the Jews' final expulsion from England, when 15,000 or 16,000 of these tormented exiles left our shores, not to return till Cromwell set the first great example of toleration. Edward allowed the Jews to take with them part of their money and movables, but seized their houses and other possessions. All their outstanding mortgages were forfeited to the Crown, and ships were to be provided for their conveyance to such places within reasonable distance as they might choose. In spite of this, however, many, through the treachery of the sailors, were left behind in England, and were all put to death with great cruelty.

"Whole rolls full of patents relative to Jewish estates," says Mr. Margoliouth, "are still to be seen at the Tower, which estates, together with their rent in fee, permissions, and mortgages, were all seized by the king." Old Jewry, and Jewin Street, Aldersgate, where their burial-ground was, still preserve a dim memory of their residence among us. There used to be a tradition in England that the Jews buried much of their treasure here, in hopes of a speedy return to the land where they had suffered so much, yet where they had thriven. In spite of the edict of banishment a few converted Jews continued to reside in England, and after the Reformation some unconverted Jews ventured to return. Rodrigo Lopez, a physician of Queen Elizabeth's, for instance, was a Jew. He was tortured to death for being accused of designing to poison the Queen.

No. 8, Old Jewry was the house of Sir Robert Clayton, Lord Mayor in the time of Charles II. It was a fine brick mansion, and one of the grandest houses in the street. It is mentioned by Evelyn in the following terms:—"26th September, 1672.—I carried with me to dinner my Lord H. Howard (now to be made Earl of Norwich and Earl Marshal of England) to Sir Robert Clayton's, now Sheriff of London, at his own house, where we had a great feast; it is built, indeed, for a great magistrate, at excessive cost. The cedar dining-room is painted with the history of the Giants' war, incomparably done by Mr. Streeter, but the figures are too near the eye." We give on the previous page a view of the garden front of this house, taken from an old print. Sir Robert built the house to keep his shrievalty, which he did with great magnificence. It was for some years the residence of Mr. Samuel Sharp, an eminent surveyor.

In the year 1805 was established, by a proprietary in the City, the London Institution, "for the advancement of literature and the diffusion of useful knowledge." This institution was temporarily located in Sir Robert Clayton's famous old house. Upon the first committee of the institution were Mr. R. Angerstein and Mr. Richard Sharp. Porson, the famous Greek scholar and editor of Euripides, was thought an eligible man to be its principal librarian. He was accordingly appointed to the

office by a unanimous resolution of the governors; and Mr. Sharp had the gratification of announcing to the Professor his appointment. His friends rejoiced. Professor Young, of Glasgow, writing to Burney about this time, says:—"Of Devil Dick you say nothing. I see by the newspapers they have given him a post. A handsome salary, I hope, a suite of chambers, coal and candle, &c. Porter and cyder, I trust, are among the *et cæteras*." His salary was £200 a year, with a suite of rooms. Still, Porson was not just the man for a librarian; for no one could use books more roughly. He had no affectation about books, nor, indeed, affectation of any sort. The late Mr. William Upcott, who urged the publication of Evelyn's diary at Wootton, was fellow-secretary with Porson. The institution removed to King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street, in 1812, and thence in 1819 to the present handsome mansion, erected from the classic design of Mr. W. Brooks, on the north side of Moorfields, now Finsbury Circus.

The library is "one of the most useful and accessible in Great Britain;" and Mr. Watson found in a few of the books Porson's handwriting, consisting of critical remarks and notes. In a copy of the Aldine "Herodotus," he has marked the chapters in the margin in Arabic numerals "with such nicety and regularity," says his biographer, "that the eye of the reader, unless upon the closest examination, takes them for print."

Lord Byron remembered Porson at Cambridge; in the hall where he himself dined, at the Vice-Chancellor's table, and Porson at the Dean's, he always appeared sober in his demeanour, nor was he guilty, as far as his lordship knew, of any excess or outrage in public; but in an evening, with a party of undergraduates, he would, in fits of intoxication, get into violent disputes with the young men, and arrogantly revile them for not knowing what he thought they might be expected to know. He once went away in disgust, because none of them knew the name of "the Cobbler of Messina." In this condition Byron had seen him at the rooms of William Bankes, the Nubian discoverer, where he would pour forth whole pages of various languages, and distinguish himself especially by his copious floods of Greek.

Lord Byron further tells us that he had seen Sheridan "drunk, with all the world; his intoxication was that of Bacchus, but Porson's that of Silenus. Of all the disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive, and intolerable, Porson was the most bestial, so far as the few times that I saw him went, which were only at William Bankes's rooms. He was tolerated in this state among the young men for his talents, as the Turks think a madman inspired, and bear with him. He used to write, or rather vomit, pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helot; and certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication."

The library of the institution appears, however, to have derived little advantage from Porson's supervision of it, beyond the few criticisms which were found in his handwriting in some of the volumes. Owing to his very irregular habits, the great scholar proved but an inefficient librarian; he was irregular in attendance, and was frequently brought home at midnight drunk. The directors had determined to dismiss him, and said they only knew him as their librarian from seeing his name attached to receipts of salary. Indeed, he was already breaking up, and his stupendous memory had begun to fail. On the 19th of September, 1806, he left the Old Jewry to call on his brother-in-law, Perry, in the Strand, and at the corner of Northumberland Street was struck down by a fit of apoplexy. He was carried over to the St. Martin's Lane workhouse, and there slowly recovered consciousness. Mr. Savage, the under-librarian, seeing an advertisement in the *British Press*, describing a person picked up, having Greek memoranda in his pocket, went to the workhouse and brought Porson home in a hackney coach; he talked about the fire which the night before had destroyed Covent Garden Theatre, and as they rounded St. Paul's, remarked upon the ill treatment Wren had received. On reaching the Old Jewry, and after he had breakfasted, Dr. Adam Clarke called and had a conversation with Porson about a stone with a Greek inscription, brought from Ephesus; he also discussed a Mosaic pavement recently found in Palestrini, and quoted two lines from the Greek Anthologia. Dr. Adam Clarke particularly noticed that he gave the Greek rapidly, but the English with painful slowness, as if the Greek came more naturally. Then, apparently fancying himself under restraint, he walked out, and went into the African or Cole's coffee-house in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill; there he would have fallen had he not caught hold of one of the brass rods of the boxes. Some wine and some jelly dissolved in brandy and water considerably roused him, but he could hardly speak, and the waiter took him back to the Institution in a coach. He expired exactly as the clock struck twelve, on the night of Sunday, September 25, 1808. He was buried in the Chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, and eulogies of his talent, written in Greek and Latin verse, were affixed to his pall—an old

custom not discontinued till 1822. His books fetched £2,000, and those with manuscript notes were bought by Trinity College. It was said of Porson that he drank everything he could lay his hands upon, even to embrocation and spirits of wine intended for the lamp. Rogers describes him going back into the dining-room after the people had gone, and drinking all that was left in the glasses. He once undertook to learn by heart, in a week, a copy of the *Morning Chronicle*, and he boasted he could repeat "Roderick Random" from beginning to end.

Mr. Luard describes Porson as being, in personal appearance, tall; his head very fine, with an expansive forehead, over which he plastered his brown hair; he had a long, Roman nose (it ought to have been Greek), and his eyes were remarkably keen and penetrating. In general he was very careless as to his dress, especially when alone in his chamber, or when reading hard; but "when in his gala costume, a smart blue coat, white vest, black satin nether garments, and silk stockings, with a shirt ruffled at the wrists, he looked quite the gentleman."

The street where, in 1261, many Jews were massacred, and where again, in 1264, 500 Jews were slain, was much affected by Nonconformists. There was a Baptist chapel here in the Puritan times; and in Queen Anne's reign the Presbyterians built a spacious church, in Meeting House Court, in 1701. It is described as occupying an area of 2,600 square feet, and being lit with six bow windows. The society, says Mr. Pike, had been formed forty years before, by the son of the excellent Calamy, the persecuted vicar of Aldermanbury, who is said to have died from grief at the Fire of London. John Shower was one of the most celebrated ministers of the Old Jewry Chapel. He wrote a protest against the Occasional Conformity Bill, to which Swift (under the name of his friend Harley) penned a bitter reply. He died in 1715. From 1691 to 1708 the assistant lecturer was Timothy Rogers, son of an ejected Cumberland minister, of whom an interesting story is told. Sir Richard Cradock, a High Church justice, had arrested Mr. Rogers and all his flock, and was about to send them to prison, when the justice's granddaughter, a wilful child of seven, pitying the old preacher, threatened to drown herself if the poor people were punished. The preacher blessed her, and they parted. Years after this child, being in London, dreamed of a certain chapel, preacher, and text, and the next day, going to the Old Jewry, saw Mr. Shower, and recognised him as the preacher of her dream. The lady afterwards told this to Mr. Rogers' son, when the lad turned Dissenter. Like many other of the early Nonconformist preachers, Rogers seems to have been a hypochondriac, who looked upon himself as "a broken vessel, a dead man out of mind," and eventually gave up his profession. Shower's successor, Simon Browne, wrote a volume of "Hymns," compiled a lexicon, and wrote a "Defence of the Christian Revelation," in reply to Woolston and other Freethinkers. Browne was also a victim to delusions, believing that God, in his displeasure, had withdrawn his soul from his body. This state of mind is said by some to have arisen from a nervous shock Browne had once received in finding a highwayman with whom he had grappled dead in his grasp. He believed his mind entirely gone, and his head to resemble a parrot's. At times his thoughts turned to self-destruction. He therefore abandoned his pulpit, and retired to Shepton Mallet to study. His "Defence" is dedicated to Queen Caroline as from "a thing."

Samuel Chandler, a celebrated author and divine, and a friend of Butler and Secker, and Bowyer the printer, was for forty years another Old Jewry worthy. He lectured against Popery with great success at Salters' Hall, and held a public dispute with a Romish priest at the "Pope's Head," Cornhill. In a funeral sermon on George II., Chandler drew absurd parallels between him and David, which the Grub Street writers made the most of. Chandler's deformed sister Mary, a milliner at Bath, wrote verses which Pope commended.

In 1744 Richard Price, afterwards chaplain at Stoke Newington, held the lectureship at the Old Jewry. Price's lecture on "Civil Liberty," *apropos* of the American war, gained him Franklin's and Priestley's friendship; as his first ethical work had already won Hume's. Burke denounced him as a traitor; while the Corporation of London presented him with the freedom of the City in a gold box, the Congress offered him posts of honour, and the Premier of 1782 would have been glad to have had him as a secretary. The last pastor at the Old Jewry Chapel was Abraham Rees. This indefatigable man enlarged Harris's "Lexicon Technicum," improved by Ephraim Chambers, into the "Encyclopædia" of forty-five quarto volumes, a book now thought redundant and ill-arranged, and the philological parts defective. In 1808 the Old Jewry congregation removed to Jewin Street.

Dr. James Foster, a Dissenting minister eulogised by Pope, carried on the Sunday evening lecture in Old Jewry for more than twenty years; it was began in 1728. The clergy, wits, and free-

thinkers crowded with equal anxiety to hear him of whom Pope wrote—

"Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well."

And Pope's friend, Lord Bolingbroke, an avowed Deist, commended Foster for the false aphorism —"Where mystery begins religion ends." Dr. Foster attended Lord Kilmarnock before his execution. He wrote in defence of Christianity in reply to Tindal, the Freethinker, and died in 1753. He says in one of his works :—"I value those who are of different professions from me, more than those who agree with me in sentiment, if they are more serious, sober, and charitable." This excellent man was the son of a Northamptonshire clergyman, who turned Dissenter and became a fuller at Exeter.

At Grocers' Hall we stop to sketch the history of an ancient company.

The Grocers of London were originally called Pepperers, pepper being the chief staple of their trade. The earlier Grocers were Italians, Genoese, Florentine or Venetian merchants, then supplying all the west of Christendom with Indian and Arabian spices and drugs, and Italian silks, wines, and fruits. The Pepperers are first mentioned as a fraternity among the amerced guilds of Henry II., but had probably clubbed together at an earlier period. They are mentioned in a petition to Parliament as Grocers, says Mr. Herbert, in 1361 (Edward III.), and they themselves adopted the, at first, opprobrious name in 1376, and some years later were incorporated by charter. They then removed from Soper's Lane (now Queen Street) to Bucklersbury, and waxed rich and powerful.

The Grocers met at five several places previous to building a hall; first at the town house of the Abbots of Bury, St. Mary Axe ; in 1347 they moved to the house of the Abbot of St. Edmund; in 1348 to the Rynged Hall, near Garlick-hythe; and afterwards to the hotel of the Abbot of St. Cross. In 1383 they flitted to the Cornet's Tower, in Bucklersbury, a place which Edward III. had used for his money exchange. In 1411 they purchased of Lord Fitzwalter the chapel of the Fratres du Sac (Brothers of the Sack) in Old Jewry, which had originally been a Jewish synagogue; and having, some years afterwards, purchased Lord Fitzwalter's house adjoining the chapel, began to build a hall, which was opened in 1428. The Friars' old chapel contained a buttery, pantry, cellar, parlour, kitchen, turret, clerk's house, a garden, and a set of almshouses in the front yard was added. The word "grocer," says Ravenhill, in his "Short Account of the Company of Grocers" (1689), was used to express a trader *en gros* (wholesale). As early as 1373 the first complement of twenty-one members of this guild was raised to 124; and in 1583, sixteen grocers were aldermen. In 1347, Nicholas Chaucer, a relation of the poet, was admitted as a grocer; and in 1383, John Churchman (Richard II.) obtained for the Grocers the great privilege of the custody, with the City, of the "King's Beam," in Woolwharf, for weighing wool in the port of London, the first step to a London Custom House. The Beam was afterwards removed to Bucklersbury. Henry VIII. took away the keepership of the great Beam from the City but afterwards restored it. The Corporation still have their weights at the Weigh House, Little East cheap, and the porters there are the tackle porters so called to distinguish them from the ticket porters In 1450, the Grocers obtained the important right of sharing the office of garbeller of spices with the City. The garbeller had the right to enter any shop or warehouse to view and search for drugs and to garble and cleanse them. The office gradually fell into desuetude, and is last mentioned in the Company's books in July, 1687, when the City garbeller paid a fine of £50, and 20s. per annum for leave to hold his office for life. The Grocers seem to have at one time dealt in whale-oil and wool

During the Civil War the Grocers suffered, like all their brother companies. In 1645, the Parliament exacted £50 per week from them toward the support of troops, £6 for City defences, and £8 for wounded soldiers. The Company had soon to sell £1,000 worth of plate. A further demand for arms, and a sum of £4,500 for the defence of the City, drove them to sell all the rest of their plate, except the value of £300. In 1645, the watchful Committee of Safety, sitting at Haberdashers' Hall, finding the Company indebted £50 to one Richard Greenough, a Cavalier delinquent, compelled them to pay that sum.

No wonder, then, that the Grocers shouted at the Restoration, spent £540 on the coronation pageant, and provided sixty riders at Charles' noisy entrance into London. The same year, Sir John Frederick, being chosen Mayor, and not being, as rule required, a member of one of the twelve Great Companies, left the Barber Chirurgeons, and joined the Grocers, who welcomed him with a great pageant. In 1664, the Grocers took a zealous part with their friends and allies, the Druggists, against the College of Physicians, who were trying to obtain a bill granting them power of search, seizure, fine, and imprisonment. The Plague year no election feast was held. The Great Fire followed, and not only greatly damaged Grocers'

Hall, but also consumed the whole of their house property, excepting a few small tenements in Grub Street. They found it necessary to try and raise £20,000 to pay their debts, to sell their melted plate, and to add ninety-four members to the livery. Only succeeding, amid the general distress, in raising £6,000, the Company was almost bankrupt, their hall being seized, and attachments laid on their rent. By a great effort, however, they wore round, called more freemen on the livery, and added in two months eighty-one new members to the Court of Assistants; so that before the Revolution of 1688 they had restored their hall and mowed down most of their rents. Indeed, one of their most brilliant epochs was in 1689, when William III. accepted the office of their sovereign master.

Some writers credit the Grocers' Company with the enrolment of five kings, several princes, eight dukes, three earls, and twenty lords. Of these five kings, Mr. Herbert could, however, only trace Charles II. and William III. Their list of honorary members is one emblazoned with many great names, including Sir Philip Sidney (at whose funeral they assisted), Pitt, Lord Chief Justice Tenterden, the Marquis of Cornwallis, George Canning, &c. Of Grocer Mayors, Strype notes sixty-four between 1231 and 1710 alone.

The garden of the Hall must have been a pleasant place in the old times, as it is now. It is mentioned in 1427 as having vines spreading up before the parlour windows. It had also an arbour; and in 1433 it was generously thrown open to the citizens generally, who had petitioned for this privilege. It contained hedge-rows and a bowling alley, with an ancient tower of stone or brick, called "the Turret," at the north-west corner, which had probably formed part of Lord Fitzwalter's mansion. The garden remained unchanged till the new hall was built in 1798, when it was much curtailed, and in 1802 it was nearly cut in half by the enlargement of Princes Street. For ground which had cost the Grocers, in 1433, only £31 17s. 8d., they received from the Bank of England more than £20,000.

EXTERIOR OF GROCERS' HALL.

The Hall was often lent for dinners, funerals, county feasts, and weddings; and in 1564 the gentlemen of Gray's Inn dined there with the gentlemen of the Middle Temple. This system breeding abuses, was limited in 1610.

In the time of the Commonwealth, Grocers' Hall was the place of meeting for Parliamentary Com-

mittees. Among other subjects there discussed, we find the selection of able ministers to regulate Church government, and providing moneys for the army; and in 1641 the Grand Committee of Safety held its sittings in this Hall.

In 1648 the Grocers had to petition General Fairfax not to quarter his troops in the hall of a charitable Company like theirs. In 1649 a grand entertainment was given by the Grocers to Cromwell and Fairfax. After hearing *two* sermons at Christ's Church, preached by Mr. Goodwin and Dr. Owen, Cromwell, his officers, the Speaker, and the judges, dined together. "No drinking of healths," says a Puritan paper of the time, "nor other uncivill concomitants formerly of such great meetings, nor any other music than the drum and trumpet—a feast, indeed, of Christians and chieftains, whereas others were rather of Chretiens and cormorants." The surplus food was sent to the London prisons, and £40 distributed to the poor. The Aldermen and Council afterwards went to General Fairfax at his house in Queen Street, and, in the name of the City, presented him with a large basin and ewer of beaten gold; while to Cromwell they sent a great present of plate, value £300, and 200 pieces of gold. They afterwards gave a still grander feast to Cromwell in his more glorious time, and one at the Restoration to General Monk. On the latter feast they expended £215, and enrolled "honest George" a brother of the Company.

The Grocers' Hall might never have been rebuilt after the Great Fire, so crippled was the Company.

INTERIOR OF GROCERS' HALL.

but for the munificence of Sir John Cutler, a rich Grocer, whom Pope (not always regardful of truth) has bitterly satirised.

Sir John rebuilt the parlour and dining-room in 1668–9, and was rewarded by "a strong vote of thanks," and by his statue and picture being placed in the Hall as eternal records of the Company's esteem and gratitude. Two years later Grocers' Hall was granted to the parishioners of St. Mildred as a chapel till their own church could be rebuilt. The garden turret, used as a record office, was fitted up for the clerk's residence, and a meeting place for the court; and, "for better order, decorum, and gravity," pipes and pots were forbidden in the court-room during the meetings.

At Grocers' Hall, "to my great surprise," says vivacious Pennant, "I met again with Sir John Cutler, Grocer, in marble and on canvas. In the first he is represented standing, in a flowing wig, waved rather than curled, a laced cravat, and a furred gown, with the folds not ungraceful; in all, except where the dress is inimical to the sculptor's art, it may be called a good performance. By his portrait we may learn that this worthy wore a black wig, and was a good-looking man. He was created a baronet, November 12th, 1660; so that he certainly had some claim of gratitude with the restored monarch. He died in 1693. His kinsman and executor, Edmund Boulton, Esq., expended £7,666 on his funeral expenses. He served as Master of the Company in 1652 and 1653, in 1688, and again a fourth time."

In 1681 the Hall was renovated at an expense of £500, by Sir John Moore, so as to make it fit for the residence of the Lord Mayor. Moore kept his mayoralty here, paying a rent of £200. It continued to be used by the Lord Mayors till 1735, when the Company, now grown rich, withdrew their permission. In 1694 it was let to the Bank of England, who held their court there till the Bank was built in 1734. The Company's present hall was built in 1802, and repaired in 1827, since which the whole has been restored, the statue of Sir John Cutler moved from its neglected post in the garden, and the arms of the most illustrious Grocers of antiquity set up.

The Grocers' charities are numerous; they give away annually £300 among the poor of the Company, and they have had £4,670 left them to lend to poor members of the community. Before 1770, Boyle says, the Company gave away about £700 a year.

Among the bravest of the Grocers, we must mention Sir John Philpot, Mayor, 1378, who fitted out a fleet that captured John Mercer, a Scotch freebooter, and took fifteen Spanish ships. He afterwards transported an English army to Brittany in his own ships, and released more than 1,000 of our victualling vessels. John Churchman, sheriff in 1385, was the founder of the Custom House. Sir Thomas Knolles, mayor in 1399 and 1410, rebuilt St. Antholin's, Watling Street. Sir Robert Chichele (a relation of Archbishop Chichele), mayor in 1411–12, gave the ground for rebuilding the church of St. Stephen, Walbrook, which his descendant, Sir Thomas (Mayor and Grocer), helped to rebuild after the Great Fire. Sir William Sevenoke was founder of the school and college at Sevenoaks, Kent. Sir John Welles (mayor in 1431), built the Standard in Chepe, helped to build the Guildhall Chapel, built the south aisle of St. Antholin's, and repaired the miry way leading to Westminster (the Strand). Sir Stephen Brown, mayor, 1438, imported cargoes of rye from Dantzic, during a great dearth, and as Fuller quaintly says, "first showed Londoners the way to the barn door." Sir John Crosby (Grocer and Sheriff in 1483), lived in great splendour at Crosby House, in Bishopsgate Street: he gave great sums for civic purposes, and repaired London Wall, London Bridge, and Bishopsgate. Sir Henry Keble (mayor, 1510) was six times Master of the Grocers' Company: he left bequests to the Company, and gave £1,000 to rebuild St. Antholin's, Budge Row. Lawrence Sheriff, Warden 1561, was founder of the great school at Rugby.

"The rivulet or running water," says Maitland, "denominated Walbrook, ran through the middle of the city above ground, till about the middle of the fourteenth century, when it was arched over, since which time it has served as a common sewer, wherein, at the depth of sixteen feet, under St. Mildred's Church steeple, runs a great and rapid stream. At the south-east corner of Grocers' Alley, in the Poultry, stood a beautiful chapel, called Corpus Christi and Sancta Maria, which was founded in the reign of Edward III. by a pious man, for a master and brethren, for whose support he endowed the same with lands, to the amount of twenty pounds per annum."

"It hath been a common speech," says Stow (Elizabeth), "that when Walbrook did lie open, barges were rowed out of the Thames, or towed up so far, and therefore the place hath ever since been called *the Old Barge*. Also, on the north side of this street, directly over against the said Bucklersbury, was one antient strong tower of stone, at which tower King Edward III., in the eighteenth of his reign, by the name of the King's House, called *Cornets Tower*, in London, did

appoint to be his exchange of money there to be kept. In the twenty-ninth he granted it to Frydus Guynisane and Lindus Bardoile, merchants of London for £20 the year; and in the thirty-second of his reign, he gave it to his college, or Free Chapel of St. Stephen, at Westminster, by the name of his tower, called Cornettes-Tower, at Bucklesbury, in London. This tower of late years was taken down by one Buckle, a grocer, meaning, in place thereof, to have set up and builded a goodly frame of timber; but the said Buckle greedily labouring to pull down the old tower, a piece thereof fell upon him, which so bruised him, that his life was thereby shortened; and another, that married his widow, set up the new prepared frame of timber, and finished the work.

"This whole street, called Bucklesbury, on both sides, throughout, is possessed by grocers, and apothecaries toward the west end thereof. On the south side breaketh out some other short lane, called in records *Peneritch Street*. It reacheth but to St. Syth's Lane, and St. Syth's Church is the farthest part thereof, for by the west end of the said church beginneth Needlers Lane."

"I have heard," says Pennant, "that Bucklersbury was, in the reign of King William, noted for the great resort of ladies of fashion, to purchase tea, fans, and other Indian goods. King William, in some of his letters, appears to be angry with his queen for visiting these shops, which, it would seem, by the following lines of Prior, were sometimes perverted to places of intrigue, for, speaking of Hans Carvel's wife, the poet says:—

> "'The first of all the Town was told,
> Where newest Indian things were sold;
> So in a morning, without boddice,
> Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's,
> To cheapen tea, or buy a skreen;
> What else could so much virtue mean?'"

In the time of Queen Elizabeth this street was inhabited by chemists, druggists, and apothecaries. Mouffet, in his treatise on foods, calls on them to decide whether sweet smells correct pestilent air; and adds, that Bucklersbury being replete with physic, drugs, and spicery, and being perfumed in the time of the plague with the pounding of spices, melting of gum, and making perfumes, escaped that great plague, whereof such multitudes died, that scarce any house was left unvisited.

Shakespeare mentions Bucklersbury in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, written at Queen Elizabeth's request. He makes Falstaff say to Mrs. Ford—

"What made me love thee? Let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time; I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservedst it." (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii., sc. 3.)

The apothecaries' street is also mentioned in *Westward Ho!* that dangerous play that brought Ben Jonson into trouble:—

"*Mrs. Tenterhook.* Go into Bucklersbury, and fetch me two ounces of preserved melons; look there be no tobacco taken in the shop when he weighs it."

And Ben Johnson, in a self-asserting poem to his bookseller, says:—

> "Nor have my title-leaf on post or walls,
> Or in cleft sticks advanced to make calls
> For termers, or some clerk-like serving man,
> Who scarce can spell th' hard names, whose knight
> If without these vile arts it will not sell, [less can.
> Send it to Bucklersbury, there 'twill well."

That good old Norwich physician, Sir Thomas Browne, also alludes to the herbalists' street in his wonderful "Religio Medico:"—"I know," says he, "most of the plants of my country, and of those about me, yet methinks I do not know so many as when I did but know a hundred, and had scarcely ever simpled further than Cheapside."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE MANSION HOUSE.

The Palace of the Lord Mayor—The old Stocks' Market—A Notable Statue of Charles II.—The Mansion House described—The Egyptian Hall—Works of Art in the Mansion House—The Election of the Lord Mayor—Lord Mayor's Day—The Duties of a Lord Mayor—Days of the Year on which the Lord Mayor holds High State—The Patronage of the Lord Mayor—His Powers—The Lieutenancy of the City of London—The Conservancy of the Thames and Medway—The Lord Mayor's Advisers—The Mansion House Household and Expenditure—Theodore Hook—Lord Mayor Scropps—The Lord Mayor's Insignia—The State Barge—The *Maria Wood*.

THE Lord Mayors in old times often dwelt in the neighbourhood of the Old Jewry; but in 1739 Lord Mayor Perry laid the first stone of the present dull and stately Mansion House, and Sir Crisp Gascoigne, 1753, was the first Lord Mayor that resided in it. The architect, Dance, selected the Greek style for the City palace.

The present palace of the Lord Mayor stands on

the site of the old Stocks' Market, built for the sale of fish and flesh by Henry Walis, mayor in the 10th year of the reign of Edward I. Before this time a pair of stocks had stood there, and they gave their name to the new market house. Walis had designed this market to help to maintain London Bridge, and the bridge keeper had for a long time power to grant leases for the market shops. In 1312–13, John de Gisors, mayor, gave a congregation of honest men of the commonalty the power of letting the Stocks' Market shops. In the reign of Edward II. the Stocks let for £46 13s. 4d. a year, and was one of the five privileged markets of London. It was rebuilt in the reign of Henry IV., and in the year 1543 there were here twenty-five fishmongers and eighteen butchers. In the reign of Henry VIII. a stone conduit was erected. The market-place was about 230 feet long and 108 feet broad, and on the east side were rows of trees "very pleasant to the inhabitants." On the north side were twenty-two covered fruit stalls, at the south-west corner butchers' stalls, and the rest of the place was taken up by gardeners who sold fruit, roots, herbs and flowers. It is said that that rich scented flower, the stock, derived its name from being sold in this market.

"Up farther north," says Strype, "is the Stocks' Market. As to the present state of which it is converted to a quite contrary use; for instead of fish and flesh sold there before the Fire, are now sold fruits, roots and herbs; for which it is very considerable and much resorted unto, being of note for having the choicest in their kind of all sorts, surpassing all other markets in London." "All these things have we at London," says Shadwell, in his "Bury Fair," 1689; "the produce of the best corn-fields at Greenhithe; hay, straw, and cattle at Smithfield, with horses too. Where is such a garden in Europe as the Stocks' Market? where such a river as the Thames? such ponds and decoys as in Leadenhall market for your fish and fowl?"

"At the north end of the market place," says Strype, admiringly, "by a water conduit pipe, is erected a nobly great statue of King Charles II. on horseback, trampling on slaves, standing on a pedestal with dolphins cut in niches, all of free-stone, and encompassed with handsome iron grates. This statue was made and erected at the sole charge of Sir Robert Viner, alderman, knight and baronet, an honourable, worthy, and generous magistrate of this City."

This statue of Charles had a droll origin. It was originally intended for a statue of John Sobieski, the Polish king who saved Vienna from the Turks. In the first year of the Restoration, the enthusiastic Viner purchased the unfinished statue abroad. Sobieski's stern head was removed by Latham, the head of Charles substituted, and the turbaned Turk, on whom Sobieski trampled, became a defeated Cromwell.

"Could Robin Viner have foreseen
The glorious triumphs of his master,
The Wood-Church statue gold had been,
Which now is made of alabaster;
But wise men think, had it been wood,
'Twere for a bankrupt king too good.

"Those that the fabric well consider,
Do of it diversely discourse;
Some pass their censure of the rider,
Others their judgment of the horse;
Most say the steed's a goodly thing,
But all agree 'tis a lewd king."

(*The History of Insipids; a Lampoon*, 1676, *by the Lord Rochester.*)

The statue was set up May 29, 1672, and on that day the Stocks' Market ran with claret. The Stocks' Market was removed in 1737 to Farringdon Street, and was then called Fleet Market. The Sobieski statue was taken down and presented by the City in 1779 to Robert Viner, Esq., a descendant of the convivial mayor who pulled Charles II. back "to take t'other bottle."

"This Mansion House," says Dodsley's "Guide to London," "is very substantially built of Portland stone, and has a portico of six lofty fluted columns, of the Corinthian order, in the front; the same order being continued in pilasters both under the pediment, and on each side. The basement storey is very massive and built in rustic. In the centre of this storey is the door which leads to the kitchens, cellars, and other offices; and on each side rises a flight of steps of very considerable extent, leading up to the portico, in the midst of which is the door which leads to the apartments and offices where business is transacted. The stone balustrade of the stairs is continued along the front of the portico, and the columns, which are wrought in the proportions of Palladio, support a large angular pediment, adorned with a very noble piece in bas-relief, representing the dignity and opulence of the City of London, by Mr. Taylor."

The lady crowned with turrets represents London. She is trampling on Envy, who lies struggling on her back. London's left arm rests on a shield, and in her right she holds a wand which mightily resembles a yard measure. On her right side stands a Cupid, holding the cap of Liberty over his shoulder at the end of a staff. A little further lolls the river Thames, who is emptying a large vase, and near him is an anchor and cable. On London's

left is Plenty, kneeling and pouring out fruit from a cornucopia, and behind Plenty are two naked boys with bales of goods, as emblems of Commerce. The complaint is that the principal figures are too large, and crowd the rest, who, compelled to grow smaller and smaller, seem sheltering from the rain.

Beneath the portico are two series of windows, and above these there used to be an attic storey for the servants, generally known as "the Mayor's Nest," with square windows, crowned with a balustrade. It is now removed.

The Mansion House is an oblong, has an area in the middle, and at the farthest end of it is situated the grand and lofty Egyptian Hall (so called from some Egyptian details that have now disappeared). This noble banquet-room was designed by the Earl of Burlington, and was intended to resemble an Egyptian chamber described by Vitruvius. It has two side-screens of lofty columns supporting a vaulted roof, and is lit by a large west window. It can dine 400 guests. In the side walls are the niches, filled with sculptured groups or figures, some of the best of them by Foley. "To make it regular in rank," says the author of "London and its Environs" (1761), "the architect has raised a similar building on the front, which is the upper part of a dancing-gallery. This rather hurts than adorns the face of the building." Near the end, at each side, is a window of extraordinary height, placed between complex Corinthian pilasters, and extending to the top of the attic storey. In former times the sides of the Mansion House were darkened by the houses that crowded it, and the front required an area before it. It has been seriously proposed lately to take the Poultry front of the Mansion House away, and place it west, facing Queen Victoria Street. In a London Guide of 1820 the state bed at the Mansion House, which cost three thousand guineas, is spoken of with awe and wonder.

There are, says Timbs, other dining-rooms, as the Venetian Parlour, Wilkes's Parlour, &c. The drawing-room and ball-room are superbly decorated; above the latter is the Justice-room (constructed in 1849), where the Lord Mayor sits daily. In a contiguous apartment was the state bed. There is a fine gallery of portraits and other pictures. The kitchen is a large hall, provided with ranges, each of them large enough to roast an entire ox. The vessels for boiling vegetables are not pots, but tanks. The stewing range is a long, broad iron pavement laid down over a series of furnaces. The spits are huge cages formed of iron bars, and turned by machinery.

At the close of the Exhibition of 1851, the Corporation of London, with a view to encourage art, voted £10,000 to be expended in statuary for the Egyptian Hall. Among the leading works we may mention "Alastor" and "Hermione," by Mr. J. Durham; "Egeria" and "The Elder Brother," in "Comus," by Mr. J. H. Foley; Chaucer's "Griselda," by Mr. Calder Marshall; "The Morning Star," by Mr. G. H. Bailey; and "The Faithful Shepherdess," by Mr. Lucas Durrant. In the saloon is the "Caractacus" of Foley, and the "Sardanapalus" of Mr. Weekes.

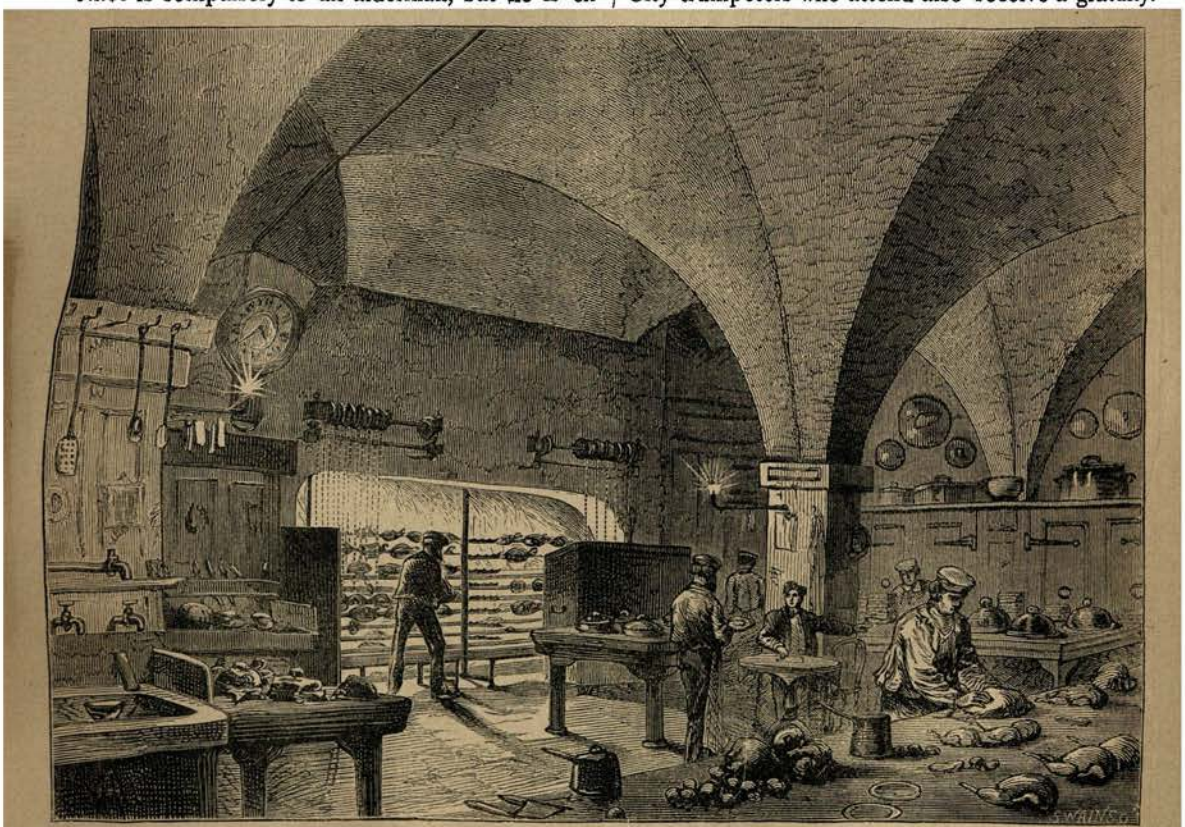
The duties of a Lord Mayor have been elaborately and carefully condensed by the late Mr. Fairholt, who had made City ceremonies the study of half his life.

"None," says our authority, "can serve the office of Lord Mayor unless he be an alderman of London, who must previously have served the office of sheriff, though it is not necessary that a sheriff should be an alderman. The sheriffs are elected by the livery of London, the only requisite for the office being, that he is a freeman and liveryman of the City, and that he possesses property sufficient to serve the office of sheriff creditably, in all its ancient splendour and hospitality, to do which generally involves an expenditure of about £3,000. There are fees averaging from £500 to £600 belonging to the office, but these are given to the under-sheriff by all respectable and honourable men, as it is considered very disreputable for the sheriff to take any of them.

"The Lord Mayor has the privilege, on any day between the 14th of April and the 14th of June, of nominating any one or more persons (not exceeding nine in the whole) to be submitted to the Livery on Midsummer Day, for them to elect the two sheriffs for the year ensuing. This is generally done at a public dinner, when the Lord Mayor proposes the healths of such persons as he intends to nominate for sheriffs. It is generally done as a compliment, and considered as an honour; but in those cases where the parties have an objection to serve, it sometimes gives offence, as, upon the Lord Mayor declaring in the Court of Aldermen the names of those he proposes, the mace-bearer immediately waits upon them, and gives them formal notice; when, if they do not intend to serve, they are excused, upon paying, at the next Court of Aldermen, four hundred guineas; but if they allow their names to remain on the list until elected by the livery, the fine is £1,000.

"The Lord Mayor is elected by the Livery of London, in Common Hall assembled (Guildhall), on Michaelmas Day, the 29th of September, previous

to which election the Lord Mayor and Corporation attend church in state; and on their return, the names of all the aldermen who have not served the office of Lord Mayor are submitted in rotation by the Recorder, and the show of hands taken upon each; when the sheriffs declare which two names have the largest show of hands, and these two are returned to the Court of Aldermen, who elect one to be the Lord Mayor for the year ensuing. (The office is compulsory to an alderman, but he is ex-



THE MANSION HOUSE KITCHEN.

cused upon the payment of £1,000.) The one selected is generally the one next in rotation, unless he has not paid twenty shillings in the pound, or there is any blot in his private character, for it does not follow that an alderman having served the office of sheriff must necessarily become Lord Mayor; the selection rests first with the livery, and afterwards with the Court of Aldermen; and in case of bankruptcy, or compounding with his creditors, an alderman is passed over, and even a junior put in his place, until he has paid twenty shillings in the pound to all his creditors. The selection being made from the nominees, the Lord Mayor and aldermen return to the livery, and the Recorder declares upon whom the choice of the aldermen has fallen, when he is publicly called forth, the chain put round his neck, and he returns thanks to the livery for the honour they have conferred upon him. He is now styled the 'Right Honourable the Lord Mayor elect,' and takes rank next to the Lord Mayor, who takes him home in the state carriage to the Mansion House, to dine with the aldermen. This being his first ride in the state coach, a fee of a guinea is presented to the coachman, and half-a-guinea to the postilion; the City trumpeters who attend also receive a gratuity. The attention of the Lord Mayor elect is now entirely directed to the establishment of his household, and he is beset by applications of all sorts, and tradesmen of every grade and kind, until he has filled up his appointments, which must be done by the 8th of November, when he is publicly installed in his office in the Guildhall.

"The election of mayor is subject to the approbation of the Crown, which is communicated by the Lord Chancellor to the Lord Mayor elect, at an audience in the presence of the Recorder, who presents him to the Lord Chancellor for the purpose of receiving Her Majesty's pleasure and approbation of the man of the City's choice. This ceremony is generally gone through on the first day of Michaelmas term, previous to receiving the

THE MANSION HOUSE IN 1750. (*From a Print published for Stow's "Survey."*)

judges. The Lord Mayor elect is attended to the Chancellor's private residence by the aldermen, sheriffs, under-sheriffs, the sword-bearers, and all the City officers. In the evening he gives his first state dinner, in robes and full-dressed.

"On the 8th of November the Lord Mayor elect is sworn into office publicly in Guildhall, having previously breakfasted with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House; they are attended at this ceremony, as well as at the breakfast, by the members and officers of the Court of the Livery Company to which they respectively belong, in their gowns. After the swearing in at Guildhall, when the Mayor publicly takes the oaths, accepts the sword, the mace, the sceptre, and the City purse, he proceeds with the late Mayor to the Mansion House, and they conjointly give what is called the 'farewell dinner;' the Lord Mayor elect proceeding to his own private residence in the evening, a few days being allowed for the removal of the late Lord Mayor.

"The next day, being what is popularly known as 'Lord Mayor's day,' and which is observed as a close holiday in the City, the shops are closed, as are also the streets in all the principal thoroughfares, except for the carriages engaged in the procession. He used formerly to go to Westminster Hall by water, in the state barge, attended by the state barges of the City Companies, but now by land, and is again sworn in, in the Court of Exchequer, to uphold and support the Crown, and make a due return of all fines and fees passing through his office during the year. He returns in the same state to Guildhall about three o'clock in the afternoon (having left the Mansion House about twelve o'clock), where, in conjunction with the Sheriffs, he gives a most splendid banquet to the Royal Family, the Judges, Ministers of State, Ambassadors, or such of them as will accept his invitation, the Corporation, and such distinguished foreigners as may be visiting in the country. At this banquet the King and Queen attend the first year after their coronation; it is given at the expense of the City, and it generally costs from eight to ten thousand pounds; but when the City entertained the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and the allied Sovereigns in 1814, it cost twenty thousand pounds. On all other Lord Mayor's days the expense is borne by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, the former paying half, and the latter one-fourth each; the Mayor's half generally averaging from twelve to fourteen hundred pounds.

"The next morning the new Lord Mayor enters upon the duties of his office. From ten to twelve he is engaged in giving audience to various applications; at twelve he enters the justice-room, where he is often detained until four in the afternoon, and this is his daily employment. His lordship holds his first Court of Aldermen previous to any other court, to which he goes in full state; the same week he holds his first Court of Common Council, also in state. He attends the first sessions of the Central Criminal Court at Justice Hall, in the Old Bailey; being the Chief Commissioner, he takes precedence of all the judges, and sits in a chair in the centre of the Bench, the sword-bearer placing the sword of justice behind it; this seat is never occupied in the absence of the Lord Mayor, except by an alderman who has passed the chair. The Court is opened at ten o'clock on Monday; the judges come on Wednesday; the Lord Mayor takes the chair for an hour, and then retires till five o'clock, when he entertains the judges at dinner in the Court-house, which is expected to be done every day during the sitting of the Court, which takes place every month, and lasts about eight days; the Lord Mayor and the sheriffs dividing the expenses of the table between them.

"Plough Monday is the next grand day, when the Lord Mayor receives the inquest of every ward in the City, who make a presentment of the election of all ward officers in the City, who are elected on St. Thomas's Day, December 21st, and also of any nuisances or grievances of which the citizens may have to complain, which are referred to the Court of Aldermen, who sit in judgment on these matters on the next Court day. In former times, on the first Sunday in Epiphany, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Corporation, went in state to the Church of St. Lawrence, Guildhall, and there received the sacrament, but this custom has of late years been omitted.

"If any public fast is ordered by the King, the Lord Mayor and Corporation attend St. Paul's Cathedral in their black robes; and if a thanksgiving, they appear in scarlet. If an address is to be presented to the throne, the whole Corporation go in state, the Lord Mayor wearing his gold gown. (Of these gowns only a certain number are allowed, by Act of Parliament, to public officers as a costly badge of distinction; the Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls are among the privileged persons.) On Easter Monday and Tuesday the Lord Mayor attends Christ Church (of which he is a member), on which occasion the whole of the blue-coat boys, nurses, and beadles, master, clerk, and other officers, walk in procession. The President, freemen, and other officers of the Royal Hospital attend the church to hear the sermon, and a statement of the income and expenditure of each of the

hospitals, over which the Mayor has jurisdiction, is read from the pulpit. A public dinner is given at Christ's Hospital on the Monday evening, and a similar one at St. Bartholomew's on the Tuesday. On the Monday evening the Lord Mayor gives the grandest dinner of the year in the Egyptian Hall, at the Mansion House, to 400 persons, at which some of the Royal Family often attend, a ball taking place in the evening. The next day, before going to church, the Lord Mayor gives a purse of fifty guineas, in sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns, to the boys of Christ's Hospital, who pass before him through the Mansion House, each receiving a piece of silver (fresh from the Mint), two plum buns, and a glass of wine. On the first Sunday in term the Lord Mayor and Corporation receive the judges at St. Paul's, and hear a sermon from the Lord Mayor's chaplain, after which his lordship entertains the party at dinner, either on that day or any other, according to his own feeling of the propriety of Sunday dinners.

"In the month of May, when the festival of the Sons of the Clergy is generally held in St. Paul's, the Lord Mayor attends, after which the party dine at Merchant Taylors' Hall. Some of the Royal Family generally attend; always the archbishop and a great body of the clergy. In the same month, the Lord Mayor attends St. Paul's in state, to hear a sermon preached before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at which all the bishops and archbishops attend, with others of the clergy; after which the Lord Mayor gives them a grand dinner; and on another day in the same month, the Archbishop of Canterbury gives a similar state dinner to the Lord Mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and the bishops, at Lambeth Palace." In June the Lord Mayor used to attend the anniversary of the Charity Schools in St. Paul's in state, and in the evening to preside at the public dinner, but this has of late been discontinued.

"On Midsummer Day, the Lord Mayor holds a common hall for the election of sheriffs for the ensuing year; and on the 3rd of September, the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs used to go in state to proclaim Bartholomew Fair, now a thing of the past. They called at the gaol of Newgate on their way, and the governor brought out a cup of wine, from which the Lord Mayor drank.

"On St. Matthias' Day (21st September) the Lord Mayor attends Christ's Hospital, to hear a sermon, when a little Latin oration is made by the two senior scholars, who afterwards carry round a glove, and collect money enough to pay their first year's expenses at college. Then the beadles of the various hospitals of which the Lord Mayor is governor deliver up their staves of office, which are returned if no fault is to be attributed to them; and this is done to denote the Mayor's right to remove them at his will, or upon just cause assigned, although elected by their respective governors."

On the 28th of September, the Lord Mayor swears in the sheriffs at Guildhall, a public breakfast having been first given by them at the hall of the Company to which the senior sheriff belongs. On the 30th of September, the Lord Mayor proceeds with the sheriffs to Westminster, in state; and the sheriffs are again sworn into office before the Barons of the Exchequer. The senior alderman below the chair (the next in rotation for Lord Mayor) cuts some sticks, delivers six horse-shoes, and counts sixty-one hob-nails, as suit and service for some lands held by the City under the Crown. The Barons are then invited to the banquet given by the sheriffs on their return to the City, at which the Lord Mayor presides in state.

"The patronage of the Lord Mayor consists in the appointment of a chaplain, who receives a full set of canonicals, lives and boards in the Mansion House, has a suite of rooms and a servant at command, rides in the state carriage, and attends the Lord Mayor whenever required. He is presented to the King at the first levée, and receives a purse of fifty guineas from the Court of Aldermen, and a like sum from the Court of Common Council, for the sermons he preaches before the Corporation and the judges at St. Paul's the first Sundays in term. The next appointment the Lord Mayor has at his disposal is the Clerk of the Cocket Office, whom he pays out of his own purse. If a harbour master, of whom there are four, dies during the year, the Lord Mayor appoints his successor. The salary is £400 a year, and is paid by the Chamberlain. He also appoints the water-bailiff's assistants, if any vacancy occurs. He presents a boy to Christ's Hospital, in addition to the one he is entitled to present as an alderman; and he has a presentation of an annuity of £21 10s. 5d., under will, to thirteen pensioners, provided a vacancy occurs during his year of office. £4 is given to a poor soldier, and the same sum to a poor sailor.

"The powers of the Lord Mayor over the City, although abridged, like the sovereign power over the State, are still much more extensive than is generally supposed. The rights and privileges of the chief magistrate of the City and its corporation are nearly allied to those of the constitution of the State. The Lord Mayor has the badges of royalty attached to his office—the sceptre, the swords of justice and mercy, and the mace. The gold chain, one of the most ancient honorary distinctions, and

which may be traced from the Eastern manner of conferring dignity, is worn by him, among other honorary badges; and, having passed through the office of Lord Mayor, the alderman continues to wear it during his life. He controls the City purse, the Chamberlain delivering it into his hands, together with the sceptre, on the day he is sworn into office. He has the right of precedence in the City before all the Royal Family, which right was disputed by the Prince of Wales, in St. Paul's Cathedral, during the mayoralty of Sir James Shaw, but maintained by him, and approved and confirmed by the King (George III.). The gates of the City are in his custody, and it is usual to close the only one now remaining, Temple Bar, on the approach of the sovereign when on a visit to the City, who knocks and formally requests admission, the Mayor attending in person to grant it, and receive the visit of royalty; and upon proclaiming war or peace, he also proceeds in state to Temple Bar, to admit the heralds. Soldiers cannot march through the City, in any large numbers, without the Mayor's permission, first obtained by the Commander-in-chief.

"The Lieutenancy of the City of London is in commission. The Lord Mayor, being the Chief Commissioner, issues a new commission, whenever he pleases, by application to the Lord Chancellor, through the Secretary of State. He names in the commission all the aldermen and deputies of the City of London, the directors of the Bank, the members for the City, and such of his immediate friends and relations as he pleases. The commission, being under the Great Seal, gives all the parties named therein the right to be styled esquires, and the name once in the commission remains, unless removed for any valid reason.

"The Lord Mayor enjoys the right of private audience with the Crown; and when an audience is wished for, it is usual to make the request through the Remembrancer, but not necessary. When Alderman Wilson was Lord Mayor, he used to apply by letter to the Lord Chamberlain. In attending levees or drawing-rooms, the Lord Mayor has the privilege of the *entrée*, and, in consideration of the important duties he has to perform in the City, and to save his time, he is allowed to drive direct into the Ambassadors' Court at St. James's, without going round by Constitution Hill. He is summoned as a Privy Councillor on the death of the King; and the Tower pass-word is sent to him regularly, signed by the sovereign.

"He has the uncontrolled conservancy of the river Thames and the waters of the Medway, from London Bridge to Rochester down the river, and from London Bridge to Oxford up the river. He holds Courts of Conservancy whenever he sees it necessary, and summons juries in Kent, from London and Middlesex, who are compelled to go on the river in boats to view and make presentments. In the mayoralty of Alderman Wilson, these courts were held in the state barge, on the water, at the spot with which the inquiry was connected, for the convenience of the witnesses attending from the villages near. It is usual for him to visit Oxford once in fourteen, and Rochester once in seven years.*

"Alderman Wilson, in 1839, was the last Lord Mayor (says Fairholt, whose book was published in 1843) who visited the western boundary; and he, at the request of the Court of Aldermen, made Windsor the principal seat of the festivities, going no farther than Cliefden, and visiting Magna Charta island on his return. Alderman Pirie was the last who visited the eastern boundary, the whole party staying two days at Rochester. The Lord Mayor is privileged by the City to go these journeys every year, should he see any necessity for it; but the expense is so great (about £1,000) that it is only performed at these distant periods, although Alderman Wilson visited the western boundary in the thirteenth, and Alderman Pirie in the fifth year. A similar short view is taken as far as Twickenham yearly, in the month of July, at a cost of about £150, when the Lord Mayor is attended by the aldermen, the sheriffs, and their ladies, with the same show and attendance as on the more infrequent visits. His lordship has also a committee to assist in the duties of his office, who have a shallop of their own, and take a view up and down the river, as far as they like to go, once or twice a month during summer, at an expense of some hundreds per annum.

"The Lord Mayor may be said to have a veto upon the proceedings of the Courts both of Aldermen and Common Council, as well as upon the Court of Livery in Common Hall assembled, neither of these courts being able to meet unless convened by him; and he can at any time dissolve the court by removing the sword and mace from the table, and declaring the business at an end; but this is considered an ungracious display of power when exercised.

"The Lord Mayor may call upon the Recorder for his advice whenever he may stand in need of it, as well as for that of the Common Serjeant, the four City pleaders, and the City solicitor, from whom

* A new Act for the conservancy of the Thames came into operation on September 30th, 1857, the result of a compromise between the City and the Government, after a long law-suit between the Crown and City authorities.

he orders prosecutions at the City expense whenever he thinks the public good requires it. The salary of the Recorder is £2,500 per annum, besides fees; the Common Serjeant £1,000, with an income from other sources of £843 per annum. The solicitor is supposed to make £5,000 per annum.

"The Lord Mayor resides in the Mansion House, the first stone of which was laid the 25th of October, 1739. This house, with the furniture, cost £70,985 13s. 2d., the principal part of which was paid from the fines received from persons who wished to be excused from serving the office of sheriff. About £9,000 was paid out of the City's income. The plate cost £11,531 16s. 3d., which has been very considerably added to since by the Lord Mayors for the time being, averaging about £500 per annum.

"Attached to the household is—

	£	s.	d.
The chaplain, at a salary of	97	10	0
The swordbearer	500	0	0
The macebearer	500	0	0
Water-bailiff	300	0	0
City marshal	550	0	0
Marshal's man	200	0	0
Clerk of the Cocket Office	80	0	0
Gate porter	6	6	0
Seven trumpeters	29	9	0

"These sums, added to the allowance to the Lord Mayor, and the ground-rent and taxes of the Mansion House (amounting to about £692 12s. 6d. per annum), and other expenses, it is expected, cost the City about £19,038 16s. 10d. per annum. There are also four attorneys of the Mayor's court, who formerly boarded at the Mansion House, but are now allowed £105 per annum in lieu of the table. The plate-butler and the housekeeper have each £5 5s. per annum as a compliment from the City, and in addition to their wages, paid by the Lord Mayor (£45 per annum to the housekeeper, and £1 5s. per week to the plate-butler). The marshal's clothing costs £44 16s. per annum, and that of the marshal's man £13 9s. 6d.

"There is also—

	£	s.	d.
A yeoman of the chamber, at	270	0	0
Three serjeants of ditto,* each	280	0	0
Master of the ceremonies	40	0	0
Serjeant of the channel	184	10	0
Yeoman of the channel	25	0	0
Two yeomen of the waterside, each	350	0	0
Deputy water-bailiff	350	0	0
Water-bailiff's first young man	300	0	0
The common hunt's young man	350	0	0
Water-bailiff's second young man	300	0	0
Swordbearer's young man	350	0	0

* These functionaries carve the barons of beef at the banquet on Lord Mayor's Day.

"These sums and others, added to the previous amount, make an annual amount of expense connected with the office of Lord Mayor of £25,034 7s. 1d.

"Most of the last-named officers walk before the Lord Mayor, dressed in black silk gowns, on all state occasions (one acting as his lordship's trainbearer), and dine with the household at a table provided at about 15s. a head, exclusive of wine, which they are allowed without restraint. In the mayoralty of Alderman Atkins, some dispute having arisen with some of the household respecting their tables, the City abolished the daily table, giving each of the officers a sum of money instead, deducting £1,000 a year from the Lord Mayor's allowance, and requiring him only to provide the swordbearer's table on state days."

The estimate made for the expenditure at the Mansion House by the committee of the Corporation, is founded upon the average of many years, but in such mayoralties as Curtis, Pirie, and Wilson, far more must have been spent. It is said that only one Lord Mayor ever saved anything out of his salary.

"Sir James Saunderson, Mayor in 1792–3, left behind him a minute account of the expenses of his year of office, for the edification of his successors. The document is lengthy, but we shall select a few of the more striking items. Paid—Butcher for twelve months, £781 10s. 10d.; one item in this account is for meat given to the prisoners at Ludgate, at a cost of £68 10s. 8d. The wines are, of course, expensive. 1792—Paid, late Lord Mayor's stock, £57 7s. 11d.; hock, 35 dozen, £82 14s. 0d.; champagne, 40 ditto, at 43s., £85 19s. 9d.; claret, 154 ditto, at 34s. 10d. per dozen, £268 12s. 7d.; Burgundy, 30 ditto, £76 5s. 0d.; port, 8 pipes, 400 dozen, £416 4s. 0d.; draught ditto, for Lord Mayor's day, £49 4s. 0d.; ditto, ditto, for Easter Monday, £28 4s. 3d.—£493 12s. 3d.; Madeira, 32 dozen, £59 16s. 4d.; sherry, 61 dozen, £67 1s. 0d.; Lisbon, one hogshead, at 34s. per dozen, £62 12s. 0d.; bottles to make good, broke and stole, £97 13s. 6d.; arrack, £8 8s. 0d.; brandy, 25 gallons, £18 11s. 0d.; rum, 6½ ditto, £3 19s. 6d. Total, £1,309 12s. 10d."

"These items of costume are curious:—Lady Mayoress, November 30.—A hoop, £2 16s. 0d.; point ruffles, £12 12s. 0d.; treble blond ditto, £7 7s. 0d.; a fan, £3 3s. 0d.; a cap and lappets, £7 7s. 0d.; a cloak and sundries, £26 17s. 0d.; hair ornaments, £34 0s. 0d.; a cap, £7 18s. 0d.; sundries, £37 9s. 1d. 1793, Jan. 26.—A silk, for 9th Nov., 3½ guineas per yard, £41 6s. 0d.; a petticoat (Madame Beauvais), £35 3s. 6d.; a

gold chain, £57 15s. od.; silver silk, £13 os. od.; clouded satin, £5 10s. od.; a petticoat for Easter, £29 1s. od.; millinery, for ditto, £27 17s. 6d.; hair-dressing, £13 2s. 3d. July 6th.—A petticoat, £6 16s. 8d.; millinery, £7 8s. 8d.; mantua-maker, in full, £13 14s. 6d.; milliner, in full, £12 6s. 6d. Total, £416 2s. od. The Lord Mayor's dress:—Two wigs, £9 9s. od.; a velvet suit, £54 8s. od.; other clothes, £117 13s. 4d.; hats and hose, £9 6s. 6d.; a scarlet robe, £14 8s. 6d.; a violet ditto, £12 1s. 6d.; a gold chain, £63 os. od.; steel buckles, £5 5s. od.; a steel sword, £6 16s. 6d.; hair-dressing, £16 16s. 11d.—£309 2s. 3d. On the page opposite to that containing this record, under the head of 'Ditto Returned,' we read 'Per Valuation, £0 os. od.' Thus, to dress a Lord Mayor costs £309 2s. od.; but her Ladyship cannot be duly arrayed at a less cost than £416 2s. od. To dress the servants cost £724 5s. 6d."

Then comes a grand summing-up. "Dr. The whole state of the account, £12,173 4s. 3d." Then follow the receipts per contra:—"At Chamberlain's Office, £3,572 8s. 4d.; Cocket Office, £892 5s. 11d.; Bridge House, £60; City Gauger, £250; freedoms, £175; fees on affidavits, £21 16s. 8d.; seals, £67 4s. 9d.; licences, £13 15s.; sheriff's fees, £13 6s. 8d.; corn fees, £15 13s.; venison warrants, £14 4s.; attorneys, Mayor's Court, £26 7s. 9d.; City Remembrancer, £12 12s.; in lieu of baskets, £7 7s.; vote of Common Council, £100; sale of horses and carriages, £450;

INTERIOR OF THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

wine (overplus) removed from Mansion House, £398 18s. 7d. Total received, £6,117 9s. 8d. Cost of mayoralty, as such, and independent of all private expenses, £6,055 14s. 7d."

That clever but unscrupulous tuft-hunter and smart parvenu, Theodore Hook, who talked of Bloomsbury as if it was semi-barbarous, and of citizens (whose wine he drank, and whose hospitality he so often shared) as if they could only eat venison and swallow turtle soup, has left a sketch of the short-lived dignity of a mayor, which exactly represents the absurd caricature of City life that then pleased his West-end readers, half of whom had derived their original wealth from the till. Scropps, the new Lord Mayor, cannot sleep all night for his greatness; the wind down the chimney sounds like the shouts of the people; the cocks crowing in the morn at the back of the house he takes for trumpets sounding his approach; and the ordinary incidental noises in the family he fancies the pop-guns at Stangate announcing his disembarcation at Westminster. Then come his droll mishaps: when he enters the state coach, and throws himself back upon his broad seat, with all imaginable dignity, in the midst of all his ease and elegance, he snaps off the cut-steel hilt of his sword, by accidentally bumping the whole weight of his body right—or rather, wrong—directly upon the top of it.

"Through fog and glory," says Theodore Hook, "Scropps reached Blackfriars Bridge, took water, and in the barge tasted none of the collation, for all he heard, saw, and swallowed was 'Lord Mayor' and 'your lordship,' far sweeter than nectar. At the presentation at Westminster, he saw two of the judges, whom he remembered on the circuit, when he trembled at the sight of them, believing them to be some extraordinary creatures, upon whom all the hair and fur grew naturally.

THE "MARIA WOOD." (*See page* 447.)

"Then the Lady Mayoress. There she was—Sally Scropps (her maiden name was Snob). 'There was my own Sally, with a plume of feathers that half filled the coach, and Jenny and Maria and young Sally, all with their backs to *my* horses, which were pawing with mud, and snorting and smoking like steam-engines, with nostrils like safety-valves, and four of *my* footmen behind the coach, like bees in a swarm.'"

Perhaps the most effective portion of the paper is the *reverse* of the picture. My lord and lady

and their family had just got settled in the Mansion House, and enjoying their dignity, when the 9th of November came again—the consummation of Scropps' downfall. Again did they go in state to Guildhall; again were they toasted and addressed; again were they handed in and led out, flirted with Cabinet ministers, and danced with ambassadors; and at two o'clock in the morning drove home from the scene of gaiety to the old residence in Budge Row. "Never in the world did pickled herrings or turpentine smell so powerfully as on that night when we re-entered the house. . . . The passage looked so narrow; the drawing-room looked so small; the staircase seemed so dark; our apartments appeared so low. In the morning we assembled at breakfast. A note lay upon the table, addressed 'Mrs. Scropps, Budge Row.' The girls, one after the other, took it up, read the superscription, and laid it down again. A visitor was announced—a neighbour and kind friend, a man of wealth and importance. What were his first words? They were the first I had heard from a stranger since my job. 'How are you, Scropps? Done up, eh?'

"Scropps! No obsequiousness, no deference, no respect. No 'My lord, I hope your lordship passed an agreeable night. And how is her ladyship, and her amiable daughters?' No, not a bit of it! 'How's Mrs. S. and the *gals?*' This was quite natural, all as it had been. But how unlike what it *was* only the day before! The very servants—who, when amidst the strapping, stall-fed, gold-laced lackeys of the Mansion House, and transferred, with the chairs and tables, from one Lord Mayor to another, dared not speak, nor look, nor say their lives were their own—strutted about the house, and banged the doors, and spoke of their *missis* as if she had been an old apple-woman.

"So much for domestic miseries. I went out. I was shoved about in Cheapside in the most remorseless manner. My right eye had a narrow escape of being poked out by the tray of a brawny butcher's boy, who, when I civilly remonstrated, turned round and said, 'Vy, I say, who are *you*, I wonder? Why are you so partiklar about your *hysight?*' I felt an involuntary shudder. 'To-day,' thought I, 'I am John Ebenezer Scropps. Two days ago I was Lord Mayor!'"

"Our Lord Mayor," says Cobbett, in his sensible way, "and his golden coach, and his gold-covered footmen and coachmen, and his golden chain, and his chaplain, and his great sword of state, please the people, and particularly the women and girls; and when they are pleased, the men and boys are pleased. And many a young fellow has been more industrious and attentive from his hope of one day riding in that golden coach."

"On ordinary state occasions," says "Aleph," in the *City Press*, "the Lord Mayor wears a massive black silk robe, richly embroidered, and his collar and jewel; in the civic courts, a violet silk robe, furred and bordered with black velvet. The wear of the various robes was fixed by a regulation dated 1562. The present authority for the costumes is a printed pamphlet (by order of the Court of Common Council), dated 1789.

"The jewelled collar (date 1534)," says Mr. Timbs, "is of pure gold, composed of a series of links, each formed of a letter S, a united York and Lancaster (or Henry VII.) rose, and a massive knot. The ends of the chain are joined by the portcullis, from the points of which, suspended by a ring of diamonds, hangs the jewel. The entire collar contains twenty-eight SS, fourteen roses, thirteen knots, and measures sixty-four inches. The jewel contains in the centre the City arms, cut in cameo of a delicate blue, on an olive ground. Surrounding this is a garter of bright blue, edged with white and gold, bearing the City motto, 'Domine, dirige nos,' in gold letters. The whole is encircled with a costly border of gold SS, alternating with rosettes of diamonds, set in silver. The jewel is suspended from the collar by a portcullis, but when worn without the collar, is hung by a broad blue ribbon. The investiture is by a massive gold chain, and, when the Lord Mayor is re-elected, by two chains."

Edward III., by his charter (dated 1534), grants the mayors of the City of London "gold, or silver, or silvered" maces, to be carried before them. The present mace, of silver-gilt, is five feet three inches long, and bears on the lower part "W. R." It is surmounted with a royal crown and the imperial arms; and the handle and staff are richly chased.

There are four swords belonging to the City of London. The "Pearl" sword, presented by Queen Elizabeth when she opened the first Royal Exchange, in 1571, and so named from its being richly set with pearls. This sword is carried before the Lord Mayor on all occasions of rejoicing and festivity. The "Sword of State," borne before the Lord Mayor as an emblem of his authority. The "Black" sword, used on fast days, in Lent, and at the death of any of the royal family. And the fourth is that placed before the Lord Mayor's chair at the Central Criminal Court.

The Corporate seal is circular. The second seal, made in the mayoralty of Sir William Walworth, 1381, is much defaced.

"The 'gondola,' known as the 'Lord Mayor's State Barge,'" says "Aleph," "was built in 1807, at a cost of £2,579. Built of English oak, 85 feet long by 13 feet 8 inches broad, she was at all times at liberty to pass through all the locks, and even go up the Thames as far as Oxford. She had eighteen oars and all other fittings complete, and was profusely gilt. But when the Conservancy Act took force, and the Corporation had no longer need of her, she was sold at her moorings at Messrs. Searle's, Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, on Thursday, April 5th, 1860, by Messrs. Pullen and Son, of Cripplegate. The first bid was £20, and she was ultimately knocked down for £105. Where she is or how she has fared we know not. The other barge is that famous one known to all City personages and all civic pleasure parties. It was built during the mayoralty of Sir Matthew Wood, in 1816, and received its name of *Maria Wood* from the eldest and pet daughter of that 'twice Lord Mayor.' It cost £3,300, and was built by Messrs. Field and White, in consequence of the old barge *Crosby* (built during the mayoralty of Brass Crosby, 1771) being found past repairing. *Maria Wood* measures 140 feet long by 19 feet wide, and draws only 2 feet 6 inches of water. The grand saloon, 56 feet long, is capable of dining 140 persons. In 1851 she cost £1,000 repairing. Like her sister, this splendid civic barge was sold at the Auction-mart, facing the Bank of England, by Messrs. Pullen and Son, on Tuesday, May 31, 1859. The sale commenced at £100, next £200, £220, and thence regular bids, till finally it got to £400, when Mr. Alderman Humphrey bid £410, and got the prize. Though no longer civic property, it is yet, I believe, in the hands of those who allow it to be made the scene of many a day of festivity."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SAXON LONDON.

A Glance at Saxon London—The Three Component Parts of Saxon London—The First Saxon Bridge over the Thames—Edward the Confessor at Westminster—City Residences of the Saxon Kings—Political Position of London in Early Times—The first recorded Great Fire of London—The Early Commercial Dignity of London—The Kings of Norway and Denmark besiege London in vain—A Great *Gemot* held in London—Edmund Ironside elected King by the Londoners—Canute besieges them, and is driven off—The Seamen of London—Its Citizens as Electors of Kings.

OUR materials for sketching Saxon London are singularly scanty; yet some faint picture of it we may perhaps hope to convey.

Our readers must, therefore, divest their minds entirely of all remembrance of that great ocean of houses that has now spread like an inundation from the banks of the winding Thames, surging over the wooded ridges that rise northward, and widening out from Whitechapel eastward to Kensington westward. They must rather recall to their minds some small German town, belted in with a sturdy wall, raised not for ornament, but defence, with corner turrets for archers, and pierced with loops whence the bowmen may drive their arrows at the straining workers of the catapult and mangonels (those Roman war-engines we used against the cruel Danes), and with stone-capped places of shelter along the watchmen's platforms, where the sentinels may shelter themselves during the cold and storm, when tired of peering over the battlements and looking for the crafty enemy Essex-wards or Surrey way. No toy battlements of modern villa or tea-garden are those over which the rough-bearded men, in hoods and leather coats, lean in the summer, watching the citizens disporting themselves in the Moorfields, or in winter sledging over the ice-pools of Finsbury. Not for mere theatrical pageant do they carry those heavy axes and tough spears. Those bossed targets are not for festival show; those buff jackets, covered with metal scales, have been tested before now by Norsemen's ponderous swords and the hatchets of the fierce Jutlanders.

In such castle rooms as antiquaries now visit, the Saxon earls and eldermen quaffed their ale, and drank "wassail" to King Egbert or Ethelwolf. In such dungeons as we now see with a shudder at the Tower, Saxon traitors and Danish prisoners once peaked and pined.

We must imagine Saxon London as having three component parts—fortresses, convents, and huts. The girdle of wall, while it restricted space, would give a feeling of safety and snugness which in our great modern city—which is really a conglomeration, a sort of pudding-stone, of many towns and villages grown together into one shapeless mass—the citizen can never again experience. The streets would in some degree resemble those of Moscow, where, behind fortress, palace, and church, you come upon rows of mere wooden sheds, scarcely better than the log huts of the peasants, or the sombre felt tents of the Turcoman. There would be large

vacant spaces, as in St. Petersburg; and the suburbs would rapidly open beyond the walls into wild woodland and pasture, fen, moor, and common. A few dozen fishermen's boats from Kent and Norfolk would be moored by the Tower, if, indeed, any Saxon fort had ever replaced the somewhat hypothetical Roman fortress of tradition; and lower down some hundred or so cumbrous Dutch, French, and German vessels would represent our trade with the almost unknown continent whence we drew wine and furs and the few luxuries of those hardy and thrifty days.

In the narrow streets, the fortress, convent, and hut would be exactly represented by the chieftain and his bearded retinue of spearmen, the priest with his train of acolytes, and the herd of half-savage churls who plodded along with rough carts laden with timber from the Essex forests, or driving herds of swine from the glades of Epping. The churls we picture as grim but hearty folk, stolid, pugnacious, yet honest and promise-keeping, over-inclined to strong ale, and not disinclined for a brawl; men who had fought with Danes and wolves, and who were ready to fight them again. The shops must have been mere stalls, and much of the trade itinerant. There would be, no doubt, rudimentary market-places about Cheapside (Chepe is the Saxon word for market); and the lines of some of our chief streets, no doubt, still follow the curves of the original Saxon roads.

The date of the first Saxon bridge over the Thames is extremely uncertain, as our chapter on London Bridge will show; but it is almost as certain as history can be that, soon after the Dane Olaf's invasion of England (994) in Ethelred's reign, with 390 piratical ships, when he plundered Staines and Sandwich, a rough wooden bridge was built, which crossed the Thames from St. Botolph's wharf to the Surrey shore. We must imagine it a clumsy rickety structure, raised on piles with rough-hewn timber planks, and with drawbridges that lifted to allow Saxon vessels to pass. There was certainly a bridge as early as 1006, probably built to stop the passage of the Danish pirate boats. Indeed, Snorro Sturleson, the Icelandic historian, tells us that when the Danes invaded England in 1008, in the reign of Ethelred the Unready (ominous name!), they entrenched themselves in Southwark, and held the fortified bridge, which had pent-houses, bulwarks, and shelter-turrets. Ethelred's ally, Olaf, however, determined to drive the Danes from the bridge, adopted a daring expedient to accomplish this object, and, fastening his ships to the piles of the bridge, from which the Danes were raining down stones and beams, dragged it to pieces, upon which, on very fair provocation, Ottar, a Norse bard, broke forth into the following eulogy of King Olaf, the patron saint of Tooley Street:—

"And thou hast overthrown their bridge, O thou storm of the sons of Odin, skilful and foremost in the battle, defender of the earth, and restorer of the exiled Ethelred! It was during the fight which the mighty King fought with the men of England, when King Olaf, the son of Odin, valiantly attacked the bridge at London. Bravely did the swords of the Volsces defend it; but through the trench which the sea-kings guarded thou camest, and the plain of Southwark was crowded with thy tents."

It may seem as strange to us, at this distance of time, to find London Bridge ennobled in a Norse epic, as to find a Sir Something de Birmingham figuring among the bravest knights of Froissart's record; but there the Norse song stands on record, and therein we get a stormy picture of the Thames in the Saxon epoch.

It is supposed that the Saxon kings dwelt in a palace on the site of the Baynard's Castle of the Middle Ages, which stood at the river-side just west of St. Paul's, although there is little proof of the fact. But we get on the sure ground of truth when we find Edward the Confessor, one of the most powerful of the Saxon kings, dwelling in saintly splendour at Westminster, beside the abbey dedicated by his predecessors to St. Peter. The combination of the palace and the monastery was suitable to such a friend of the monks, and to one who saw strange visions, and claimed to be the favoured of Heaven. But beyond and on all sides of the Saxon palace everywhere would be fields—St. James's Park (fields), Hyde Park (fields), Regent's Park (fields), and long woods stretching northward from the present St. John's Wood to the uplands of Epping.

As to the City residences of the Saxon kings, we have little on record; but there is indeed a tradition that in Wood Street, Cheapside, King Athelstane once resided; and that one of the doors of his house opened into Addle Street, Aldermanbury (*addle*, from the German word *edel*, noble). But Stow does not mention the tradition, which rests, we fear, on slender evidence.

Whether the Bread Street, Milk Street, and Cornhill markets date from the Saxon times is uncertain. It is not unlikely that they do, yet the earliest mention of them in London chronicles is found several centuries later.

We must be therefore content to search for allusions to London's growth and wealth in Saxon

history, and there the allusions are frequent, clear, and interesting.

In the earlier time London fluctuated, according to one of the best authorities on Saxon history, between an independent mercantile commonwealth and a dependency of the Mercian kings. The Norsemen occasionally plundered and held it as a *point d'appui* for their pirate galleys. Its real epoch of greatness, however ancient its advantage as a port, commences with its re-conquest by Alfred the Great in 886. Henceforward, says that most reliable writer on this period, Mr. Freeman, we find it one of the firmest strongholds of English freedom, and one of the most efficient bulwarks of the realm. There the English character developed the highest civilisation of the country, and there the rich and independent citizens laid the foundations of future liberty.

In 896 the Danes are said to have gone up the Lea, and made a strong work twenty miles above Lundenburgh. This description, says Earle, would be particularly appropriate, if Lundenburgh occupied the site of the Tower. Also one then sees the reason why they should go up the Lea—viz., because their old passage up the Thames was at that time intercepted.

"London," says Earle, in his valuable Saxon Chronicles, "was a flourishing and opulent city, the chief emporium of commerce in the island, and the residence of foreign merchants. Properly it was more an Angle city, the chief city of the Anglian nation of Mercia; but the Danes had settled there in great numbers, and had numerous captives that they had taken in the late wars. Thus the Danish population had a preponderance over the Anglian free population, and the latter were glad to see Alfred come and restore the balance in their favour. It was of the greatest importance to Alfred to secure this city, not only as the capital of Mercia (*caput regni Merciorum*, Malmesbury), but as the means of doing what Mercia had not done—viz., of making it a barrier to the passage of pirate ships inland. Accordingly, in the year 886, Alfred *planted* the *garrison* of London (*i.e.*, not as a town is garrisoned in our day, with men dressed in uniform and lodged in barracks, but) with a military colony of men to whom land was given for their maintenance, and who would live in and about a fortified position under a commanding officer. It appears to me not impossible that this may have been the first military occupation of Tower Hill, but this is a question for the local antiquary."

In 982 (Ethelred II.), London, still a mere cluster of wooden and wattled houses, was almost entirely destroyed by a fire. The new city was, no doubt, rebuilt in a more luxurious manner. "London in 993," says Mr. Freeman, in a very admirable passage, "fills much the same place in England that Paris filled in Northern Gaul a century earlier. The two cities, in their several lands, were the two great fortresses, placed on the two great rivers of the country, the special objects of attack on the part of the invaders, and the special defence of the country against them. Each was, as it were, marked out by great public services to become the capital of the whole kingdom. But Paris became a national capital only because its local count gradually grew into a national king. London, amidst all changes, within and without, has always preserved more or less of her ancient character as a free city. Paris was merely a military bulwark, the dwelling-place of a ducal or a royal sovereign. London, no less important as a military post, had also a greatness which rested on a surer foundation. London, like a few other of our great cities, is one of the ties which connect our Teutonic England with the Celtic and Roman Britain of earlier times. Her British name still remains unchanged by the Teutonic conquerors. Before our first introduction to London as an English city, she had cast away her Roman and imperial title; she was no longer Augusta; she had again assumed her ancient name, and through all changes she had adhered to her ancient character. The commercial fame of London dates from the early days of Roman dominion. The English conquest may have caused a temporary interruption, but it was only temporary. As early as the days of Æthelberht the commerce of London was again renowned. Ælfred had rescued the city from the Dane; he had built a citadel for her defence, the germ of that Tower which was to be first the dwelling-place of kings, and then the scene of the martyrdom of their victims. Among the laws of Æthelstan, none are more remarkable than those which deal with the internal affairs of London, and with the regulation of her earliest commercial corporations. Her institutes speak of a commerce spread over all the lands which bordered on the Western Ocean. Flemings and Frenchmen, men of Ponthieu, of Brabant, and of Lüttich, filled her markets with their wares, and enriched the civic coffers with their toils. Thither, too, came the men of Rouen, whose descendants were, at no distant day, to form a considerable element among her own citizens; and, worthy and favoured above all, came the seafaring men of the old Saxon brother-land, the pioneers of the mighty Hansa of the north, which was in days to come to knit together London and Novgorod in one bond of commerce, and to dictate laws and distribute crowns among the nations

by whom London was now threatened. The demand for toll and tribute fell lightly on those whom the English legislation distinguished as the *men of the Emperor*."

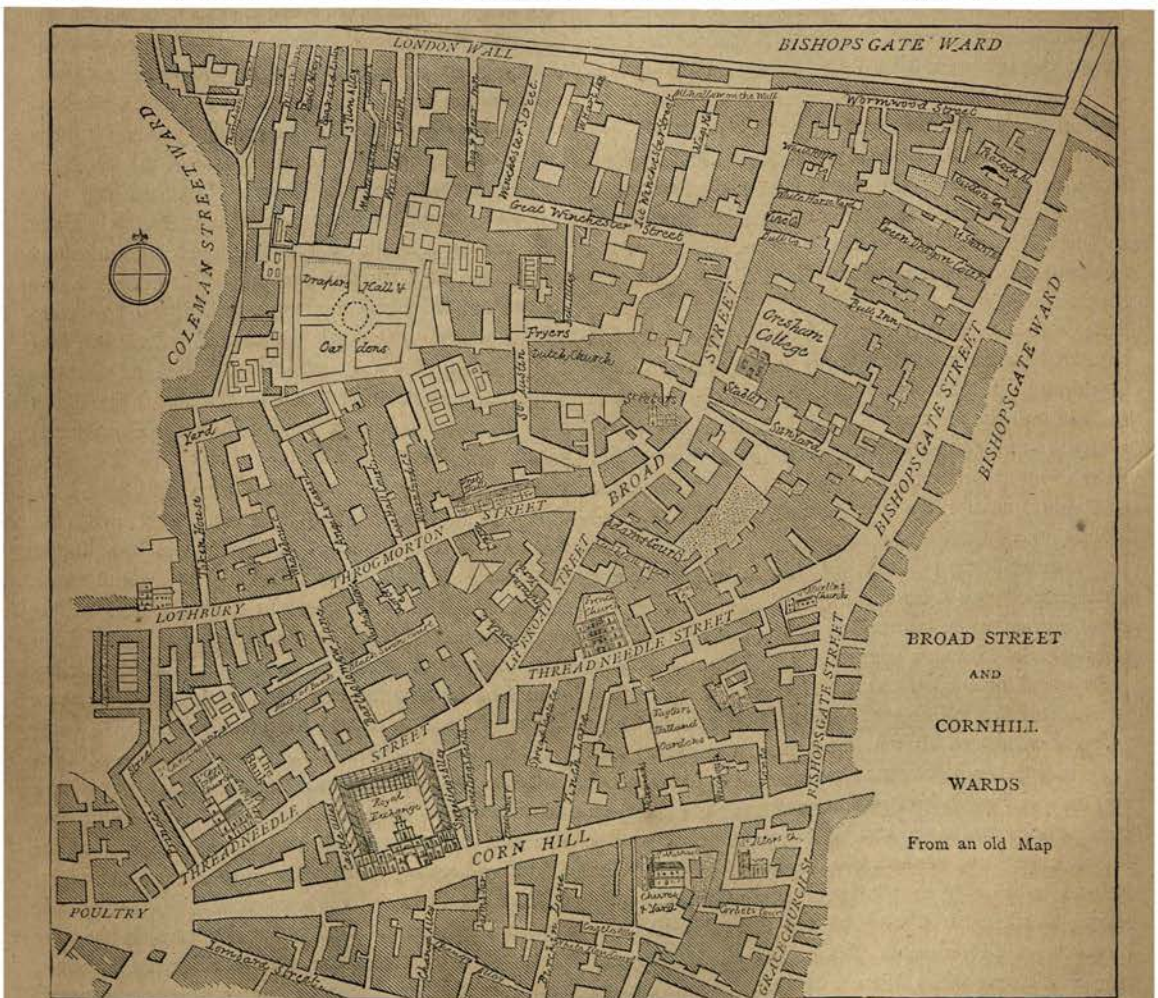
In 994, Olaf king of Norway, and Sweyn king of Denmark, summoning their robber chieftains from their fir-woods, fiords, and mountains, sailed up the Thames in ninety-four war vessels, eager to plunder the wealthy London of the Saxons. The brave burghers, trained to handle spear and sword, beat back, however, the hungry foemen from their walls —the rampart that tough Roman hands had reared, and the strong tower which Alfred had seen arise on the eastern bank of the river.

But it was not only to such worldly bulwarks that the defenders of London trusted. On that day, says the chronicler, the Mother of God, "of her mild-heartedness," rescued the Christian city from its foes. An assault on the wall, coupled with an attempt to burn the town, was defeated, with great slaughter of the besiegers; and the two kings sailed away the same day in wrath and sorrow.

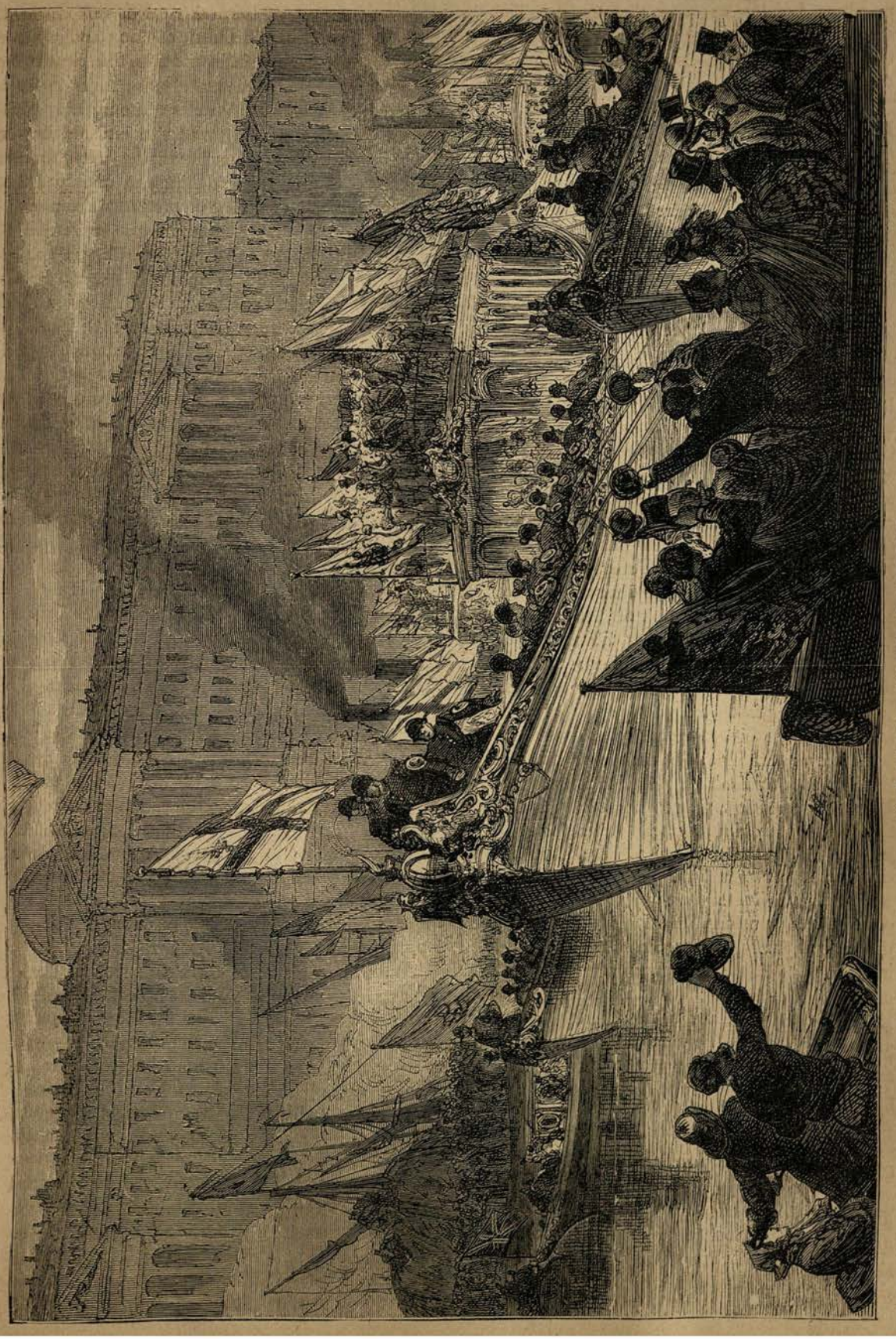
During the year 998 a great "gemot" was held at London. Whether any measures were taken to resist the Danes does not appear; but the priests were busy, and Wulfsige, Bishop of the Dorsætas, took measures to substitute monks for canons in his cathedral church at Sherborne; and the king restored to the church of Rochester the lands of which he had robbed it in his youth.

In 1009 the Danes made several vain attempts on London.

In 1013 Sweyn, the Dane, marched upon the much-tormented city of ships; but the hardy citizens were again ready with bow and spear. Whether the bridge still existed then or not is uncertain; as many of the Danes are said to have



BROAD STREET AND CORNHILL WARDS. (*From a Map of* 1750.)



LORD MAYOR'S WATER PROCESSION.

perished in vainly seeking for the fords. The assaults were as unsuccessful as those of Sweyn and Olaf, nineteen years before, for King Ethelred's right hand was Thorkill, a trusty Dane. "For the fourth time in this reign," says Mr. Freeman, "the invaders were beaten back from the great merchant city. Years after London yielded to Sweyn; then again, in Ethelred's last days, it resisted bravely its enemies; till at last Ethelred, weary of Dane and Saxon, died, and was buried in St. Paul's. The two great factions of Danes and Saxons had now to choose a king.

Canute the Dane was chosen as king at Southampton; but the Londoners were so rich, free, and powerful that they held a rival *gemot*, and with one voice elected the Saxon atheling Edmund Ironside, who was crowned by Archbishop Lyfing within the city, and very probably at St. Paul's. Canute, enraged at the Londoners, at once sailed for London with his army, and, halting at Greenwich, planned the immediate siege of the rebellious city. The great obstacle to his advance was the fortified bridge that had so often hindered the Danes. Canute, with prompt energy, instantly had a great canal dug on the southern bank, so that his ships might turn the flank of the bridge; and, having overcome this great difficulty, he dug another trench round the northern and western sides of the city. London was now circumvallated, and cut off from all supply of corn and cattle; but the citizen's hearts were staunch, and, baffling every attempt of Canute to sap or escalade, the Dane soon raised the siege. In the meantime, Edmund Ironside was not forgetful of the city that had chosen him as king. After three battles, he compelled the Danes to raise their second siege. In a fourth battle, which took place at Brentford, the Danes were again defeated, though not without considerable losses on the side of the victors, many of the Saxons being drowned in trying to ford the river after their flying enemies. Edmund then returned to Wessex to gather fresh troops, and in his absence Canute for the third time laid siege to London. Again the city held out against every attack, and "Almighty God," as the pious chroniclers say, "saved the city."

After the division of England between Edmund and Canute had been accomplished, the London citizens made peace with the Danes, and the latter were allowed to winter as friends in the unconquered city; but soon after the partition Edmund Ironside died in London, and thus Canute became the sole king of England.

On the succession of Harold I. (Canute's natural son), says Mr. Freeman, we find a new element, the "lithsmen," the seamen of London. "The great city still retained her voice in the election of kings; but that voice would almost seem to have been transferred to a new class among the population. We hear now not of the citizens, but of the sea-faring men. Every invasion, every foreign settlement of any kind within the kingdom too, in every age, added a new element to the population of London. As a Norman colony settled in London later in the century, so a Danish colony settled there now. Some accounts tell us, doubtless with great exaggeration, that London had now almost become a Danish city (William of Malmesbury, ii. 188); but it is, at all events, quite certain the Danish element in the city was numerous and powerful, and that its voice strongly helped to swell the cry which was raised in favour of Harold."

It seems doubtful how far the London citizens in the Saxon times could claim the right to elect kings. The latest and best historian of this period seems to think that the Londoners had no special privileges in the *gemot*; but, of course, when the *gemot* was held in London, the citizens, intelligent and united, had a powerful voice in the decision. Hence it arose that the citizens both of London and Winchester (which had been an old seat of the Saxon kings) "seem," says Mr. Freeman, "to be mentioned as electors of kings as late as the accession of Stephen. (See William of Malmesbury, "Hist. Nov.," i. 11.) Even as late as the year 1461, Edward Earl of March was elected king by a tumultuous assembly of the citizens of London;" and again, at a later period, we find the citizens foremost in the revolution which placed Richard III. on the throne in 1483. These are plainly vestiges of the right which the citizens had more regularly exercised in the elections of Edmund Ironside and of Harold the son of Cnut.

The city of London, there can be no doubt, soon emancipated itself from the jurisdiction of earls like Leofwin, who ruled over the home counties. It acquired, by its own secret power, an unwritten charter of its own, its influence being always important in the wars between kings and their rivals, or kings and their too-powerful nobles. "The king's writs for homage," says a great authority, "in the Saxon times, were addressed to the bishop, the portreeve or portreeves, to the burgh thanes, and sometimes to the whole people."

Thus it may clearly be seen, even from the scanty materials we are able to collect, that London, as far back as the Saxon times, was destined to achieve greatness, political and commercial.

CHAPTER XL.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Jews and the Lombards—The Goldsmiths the first London Bankers—William Paterson, Founder of the Bank of England—Difficult Parturition of the Bank Bill—Whig Principles of the Bank of England—The Great Company described by Addison—A Crisis at the Bank—Effects of a Silver Re-coinage—Paterson quits the Bank of England—The Ministry resolves that it shall be enlarged—The Credit of the Bank shaken—The Whigs to the Rescue—Effects of the Sacheverell Riots—The South Sea Company—The Cost of a New Charter—Forged Bank Notes—The Foundation of the "Three per Cent. Consols"—Anecdotes relating to the Bank of England and Bank Notes—Description of the Building—Statue of William III.—Bank Clearing House—Dividend Day at the Bank.

THE English Jews, that eminently commercial race, were, as we have shown in our chapter on Old Jewry, our first bankers and usurers. To them, in immediate succession, followed the enterprising Lombards, a term including the merchants and goldsmiths of Genoa, Florence, and Venice. Utterly blind to all sense of true liberty and justice, the strong-handed king seems to have resolved to squeeze and crush them, as he had squeezed and crushed their unfortunate predecessors. They were rich and they were strangers—that was enough for a king who wanted money badly. At one fell swoop Edward seized the Lombards' property and estates. Their debtors naturally approved of the king's summary measure. But the Lombards grew and flourished, like the trampled camomile, and in the fifteenth century advanced a loan to the state on the security of the Customs. The Steelyard merchants also advanced loans to our kings, and were always found to be available for national emergencies, and so were the Merchants of the Staple, the Mercers' Company, the Merchant Adventurers, and the traders of Flanders.

Up to a late period in the reign of Charles I. the London merchants seem to have deposited their surplus cash in the Mint, the business of which was carried on in the Tower. But when Charles I., in an agony of impecuniosity, seized like a robber the £200,000 there deposited, calling it a loan, the London goldsmiths, who ever since 1386 had been always more or less bankers, now monopolised the whole banking business. Some merchants, distrustful of the goldsmiths in these stormy times, entrusted their money to their clerks and apprentices, who too often cried, "Boot, saddle and horse, and away!" and at once started with their spoil to join Rupert and his pillaging Cavaliers. About 1645 the citizens returned almost entirely to the goldsmiths, who now gave interest for money placed in their care, bought coins, and sold plate. The Company was not particular. The Parliament, out of plate and old coin, had coined gold, and seven millions of half-crowns. The goldsmiths culled out the heavier pieces, melted them down, and exported them. The merchants' clerks, to whom their masters' ready cash was still sometimes entrusted, actually had frequently the brazen impudence to lend money to the goldsmiths, at fourpence per cent. per diem; so that the merchants were often actually lent their own money, and had to pay for the use of it. The goldsmiths also began now to receive rent and allow interest for it. They gave receipts for the sums they received, and these receipts were to all intents and purposes marketable as bank-notes.

Grown rich by these means, the goldsmiths were often able to help Cromwell with money in advance on the revenues, a patriotic act for which we may be sure they took good care not to suffer. When the great national disgrace occurred—the Dutch sailed up the Medway and burned some of our ships—there was a run upon the goldsmiths, but they stood firm, and met all demands. The infamous seizure by Charles II. of £1,300,000, deposited by the London goldsmiths in the Exchequer, all but ruined these too confiding men, but clamour and pressure compelled the royal embezzler to at last pay six per cent. on the sum appropriated. In the last year of William's reign, interest was granted on the whole sum at three per cent., and the debt still remains undischarged. At last a Bank of England, which had been talked about and wished for by commercial men ever since the year 1678, was actually started, and came into operation.

That great financial genius, William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, was born in 1658, of a good family, at Lochnaber, in Dumfriesshire. He is supposed, in early life, to have preached among the persecuted Covenanters. He lived a good deal in Holland, and is believed to have been a wealthy merchant in New Providence (the Bahamas), and seems to have shared in Sir William Phipps' successful undertaking of raising a Spanish galleon with £300,000 worth of sunken treasure. It is absurdly stated that he was at one time a buccaneer, and so gained a knowledge of Darien and the ports of the Spanish main. That he knew and obtained information from Captains

Sharpe, Dampier, Wafer, and Sir Henry Morgan (the taker of Panama), is probable. He worked zealously for the Restoration of 1688, and he was the founder of the Darien scheme. He advocated the union of Scotland, and the establishment of a Board of Trade.

The project of a Bank of England seems to have been often discussed during the Commonwealth, and was seriously proposed at the meeting of the First Council of Trade at Mercers' Hall after the Restoration. Paterson has himself described the first starting of the Bank, in his "Proceedings at the Imaginary Wednesday's Club," 1717. The first proposition of a Bank of England was made in July, 1691, when the Government had contracted £3,000,000 of debt in three years, and the Ministers even stooped, hat in hand, to borrow £100,000 or £200,000 at a time of the Common Council of London, on the first payment of the land-tax, and all payable with the year, the common councillors going round and soliciting from house to house. The first project was badly received, as people expected an immediate peace, and disliked a scheme which had come from Holland—"they had too many Dutch things already." They also doubted the stability of William's Government. The money, at this time, was terribly debased, and the national debt increasing yearly. The ministers preferred ready money by annuities for ninety-nine years, and by a lottery. At last they ventured to try the Bank, on the express condition that if a moiety, £1,200,000, was not collected by August, 1699, there should be no Bank, and the whole £1,200,000 should be struck in halves for the managers to dispose of at their pleasure. So great was the opposition, that the very night before, some City men wagered deeply that one-third of the £1,200,000 would never be subscribed. Nevertheless, the next day £346,000, with a fourth paid in at once, was subscribed, and the remainder in a few days after. The whole subscription was completed in ten days, and paid into the Exchequer in rather more than ten weeks. Paterson expressly tells us that the Bank Act would have been quashed in the Privy Council but for Queen Mary, who, following the wish of her husband. expressed firmly in a letter from Flanders, pressed the commission forward, after a six hours' sitting.

The Bank Bill, timidly brought forward, purported only to impose a new duty on tonnage, for the benefit of such loyal persons as should advance money towards carrying on the war. The plan was for the Government to borrow £1,200,000, at the modest interest of eight per cent. To encourage capitalists, the subscribers were to be incorporated by the name of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Both Tories and Whigs broke into a fury at the scheme. The goldsmiths and pawnbrokers, says Macaulay, set up a howl of rage. The Tories declared that banks were republican institutions; the Whigs predicted ruin and despotism. The whole wealth of the nation would be in the hands of the "Tonnage Bank," and the Bank would be in the hands of the Sovereign. It was worse than the Star Chamber, worse than Oliver's 50,000 soldiers. The power of the purse would be transferred from the House of Commons to the Governor and Directors of the new Company. Bending to this last objection, a clause was inserted, inhibiting the Bank from advancing money to the House without authority from Parliament. Every infraction of this rule was to be punished by a forfeiture of three times the sum advanced, without the king having power to remit the penalty. Charles Montague, an able man, afterwards First Lord of the Treasury, carried the bill through the House; and Michael Godfrey (the brother of the celebrated Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, supposed to have been murdered by the Papists), an upright merchant and a zealous Whig, propitiated the City. In the Lords (always the more prejudiced and conservative body than the Commons) the bill met with great opposition. Some noblemen imagined that the Bank was intended to exalt the moneyed interest and debase the landed interest; and others imagined the bill was intended to enrich usurers, who would prefer banking their money to lending it on mortgage. "Something was said," says Macaulay, "about the danger of setting up a gigantic corporation, which might soon give laws to the King and the three estates of the realm." Eventually the Lords, afraid to leave the King without money, passed the bill. During several generations the Bank of England was emphatically a Whig body. The Stuarts would at once have repudiated the debt, and the Bank of England, knowing that their return implied ruin, remained loyal to William, Anne, and George. "It is hardly too much to say," writes Macaulay, "that during many years the weight of the Bank, which was constantly in the scale of the Whigs, almost counterbalanced the weight of the Church, which was as constantly in the scale of the Tories." "Seventeen years after the passing of the Tonnage Bill," says the same eminent writer, to show the reliance of the Whigs on the Bank of England, "Addison, in one of his most ingenious and graceful little allegories, described the situation of the great company through which the immense wealth of London was constantly circulating. He

saw Public Credit on her throne in Grocers' Hall, the Great Charter over her head, the Act of Settlement full in her view. Her touch turned everything to gold. Behind her seat bags filled with coin were piled up to the ceiling. On her right and on her left the floor was hidden by pyramids of guineas. On a sudden the door flies open, the Pretender rushes in, a sponge in one hand, in the other a sword, which he shakes at the Act of Settlement. The beautiful Queen sinks down fainting; the spell by which she has turned all things around her into treasure is broken; the money-bags shrink like pricked bladders; the piles of gold pieces are turned into bundles of rags, or fagots of wooden tallies."

In 1696 (very soon after its birth) the Bank experienced a crisis. There was a want of money in England. The clipped silver had been called in, and the new money was not ready. Even rich people were living on credit, and issued promissory notes. The stock of the Bank of England had gone rapidly down from 110 to 83. The goldsmiths, who detested the corporation that had broken in on their system of private banking, now tried to destroy the new company. They plotted, and on the same day they crowded to Grocers' Hall, where the Bank was located from 1694 to 1734, and insisted on immediate payment—one goldsmith alone demanding £30,000. The directors paid all their honest creditors, but refused to cash the goldsmiths' notes, and left them their remedy in Westminster Hall. The goldsmiths triumphed in scurrilous pasquinades entitled, "The Last Will and Testament," "The Epitaph," "The Inquest on the Bank of England." The directors, finding it impossible to procure silver enough to pay every claim, had recourse to an expedient. They made a call of 20 per cent. on the proprietors, and thus raised a sum enabling them to pay every applicant 15 per cent. in milled money on what was due to him, and they returned him his note, after making a minute upon it that part had been paid. A few notes thus marked, says Macaulay, are still preserved among the archives of the Bank, as memorials of that terrible year. The alternations were frightful. The discount, at one time 6 per cent., was presently 24. A £10 note, taken for more than £9 in the morning, was before night worth less than £8.

Paterson attributes this danger of the Bank to bad and partial payments, the giving and allowing exorbitant interest, high premiums and discounts, contracting dear and bad bargains; the general debasing and corrupting of coin, and such like, by which means things were brought to such a pass that even 8 per cent. interest on the land-tax, although payable within the year, would not answer. Guineas, he says, on a sudden rose to 30s. per piece, or more; all currency of other money was stopped, hardly any had wherewith to pay; public securities sank to about a moiety of their original values, and buyers were hard to be found even at those prices. No man knew what he was worth; the course of trade and correspondence almost universally stopped; the poorer sort of people were plunged into irrepressible distress, and as it were left perishing, whilst even the richer had hardly wherewith to go to market for obtaining the common conveniences of life.

The King, in Flanders, was in great want of money. The Land Bank could not do much. The Bank, at last, generously offered to advance £200,000 in gold and silver to meet the King's necessities. Sir Isaac Newton, the new Master of the Mint, hastened on the re-coinage. Several of the ministers, immediately after the Bank meeting (over which Sir John Houblon presided), purchased stock, as a proof of their gratitude to the body which had rendered so great a service to the State.

The diminution of the old hammered money continued to increase, and public credit began to be put to a stand. The opposers of Paterson wished to alter the denomination of the money, so that 9d. of silver should pass for 1s., but at last agreed to let sterling silver pass at 5s. 2d. an ounce, being the equivalent of the milled money. The loss of the re-coinage to the nation was about £3,000,000. Paterson, who was one of the first Directors of the Bank of England, upon a qualification of £2,000 stock, disagreed with his colleagues on the question of the Bank's legitimate operations, and sold out in 1695. In 1701, Paterson says, after the peace of Ryswick, he had an audience of King William, and drew his attention to the importance of three great measures —the union with Scotland, the seizing the principal Spanish ports in the West Indies, and the holding a commission of inquiry into the conduct of those who had mismanaged the King's affairs during his absence in Flanders. Paterson died in 1719, on the eve of the fatal South Sea Bubble.

When the notes of the Bank were at 20 per cent. discount, the Government (says Francis) empowered the corporation to add £1,001,171 10s. to their original stock, and public faith was restored by four-fifths of the subscriptions being received in tallies and orders, and one-fifth in bank-notes at their full value, although both were at a heavy discount in the market.

The past services of the Bank were not for-

gotten. The Ministry resolved that it should be enlarged by new subscriptions; that provision should be made for paying the principal of the tallies subscribed in the Bank; that 8 per cent. should be allowed on all such tallies, to meet which a duty on salt was imposed; that the charter should be prolonged to August, 1710; that before the beginning of the new subscriptions the old capital should be made up to each member 100 per cent.; and what might exceed that value

The charter was at the same time extended to 1710, and not even then to be withdrawn, unless Government paid the full debt. Forgery of the Company's seal, notes, or bills was made felony without benefit of clergy. Sir Gilbert Heathcote, one of the Bank Directors, gained £60,000 by this scheme. The Bank is said to have offered the King at this time the loan of a million without interest for twenty-one years, if the Government would extend the charter for that time. Bank

THE OLD BANK, LOOKING FROM THE MANSION HOUSE. (*From a Print of* 1730.)

should be divided among the new members; that the Bank might circulate additional notes to the amount subscribed, provided they were payable on demand, and in default they were to be paid by the Exchequer out of the first money due to the Bank; that no other bank should be allowed by Act of Parliament during the continuance of the Bank of England; that it should be exempt from all tax or imposition; and that no contract made for any Bank stock to be bought or sold should be valid unless registered in the Bank books, and transferred within fourteen days. It was also enacted that not above two-thirds of the directors should be re-elected in the succeeding year. These vigorous measures were thoroughly successful.

stock, given to the proprietors in exchange for tallies at 50 per cent. discount, rose to 112. The Bank had lowered the interest of money. As early as 1697 it had proposed to have branch Banks in every city and market town of England.

In 1700–1704, the conquests of Louis XIV. alarmed England, and shook the credit of the Bank. In the latter year the Bank Directors were once more obliged to issue sealed bills bearing interest for a large sum, in order to keep up their credit. In 1707 the fears of an invasion threatened by the Pretender brought down stocks 14 or 15 per cent. The goldsmiths then gathered up Bank bills, and tried to press the Directors. Hoare and Child both joined in the attack, and the latter pre-

tended to refuse the bills of the Bank. The loyal Whigs, however, instead of withdrawing their deposits, helped it with all their available cash. The Dukes of Marlborough, Newcastle, and Somerset, with others of the nobility, hurried to the Bank with their coaches brimming with heavy bags of long hoarded guineas. A private individual, who had but £500, carried it to the Bank; and on the story being told to the Queen, she sent him £100, with an obligation on the Treasury to repay the whole £500. Lord Godolphin, seeing the crisis, astutely persuaded Queen Anne to allow the Bank for six months an interest of 6 per cent. on their sealed bills. This, and a call of 20 per cent. on the proprietors, saved the credit of the Bank.

In 1708 the charter was extended to 1732. This concession was again vehemently opposed by the enemies of the Bank. Nathaniel Tench, who wrote a reply for the directors, proved that the Bank had never bought land, or monopolised any other commodity, and had, on the contrary, increased and encouraged trade. He asserted that they had never influenced an elector, and had been the chief cause of lowering the interest of money, even in war time. The Government wishing to circulate Exchequer bills, the Bank raised their capital by new subscriptions to £5,000,000. The new subscriptions were raised in a few hours, and nearly one million more could have been obtained on the same day.

OLD PATCH. (*See page* 459.)

During the absurd Tory riots of 1709 the Bank was in considerable danger. A vain, mischievous High Church clergyman named Sacheverell had been foolishly prosecuted for attacking the Whig Government, and calling the Lord Treasurer Godolphin "Volpone" (a character in a celebrated play written by Ben Jonson). A guard of butchers escorted the firebrand to his trial at Westminster Hall, at which Queen Anne was present. Riots then broke out, and the High Church mob sacked several Dissenting chapels, burning the pews and pulpits in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Holborn, and elsewhere, and even threatened to use a Dissenting preacher as a holocaust. The rioters at last threatened the Bank. The Queen at once sent her guards, horse and foot, to the City, and left herself unprotected. "Am I to preach or fight?" was the first question of Captain Horsey, who led the cavalry. But the question needed no answer, for the rioters at once dispersed.

In 1713 the Bank charter was renewed until 1742. The great catastrophe of the South Sea Bubble in 1720, which we shall sketch fully in another chapter, did not injure the Bank. The directors generously tried to save the fallen company, but (as might have been expected) utterly failed. With prudence, perhaps, gained from this national cataclysm, the Bank, in 1722, commenced keeping a reserve—the "rest"—that rock on which unshakable credit has ever since been proudly built. In 1728 no notes were issued by the Bank for less than £20, and as part of the note only was printed the clerk's pen supplied the remainder.

In 1742, when the charter was renewed till 1762, the loan of £1,600,000, without interest, was required by the Government for the favour. By the act of renewal forging bank-notes, &c., was declared punishable with death.

The Bank was at this time a small and modest building, surrounded by houses, and almost invisible to passers by. There was a church called Christopher le Stocks, afterwards pulled down for fear it should ever be occupied by rioters, and three taverns, too, on the south side, in Bartholomew Lane, just where the chief entrance now is, and about fifteen or twenty private buildings. A few years later visitors used to be shown in the bullion office the original bank chest, no larger than a seamen's, and the original shelves and cases for the books of business, to show the extraordinary rapidity with which the institution had struck root and borne fruit.

In 1746, the capital on which the Bank stock proprietors divided amounted to £10,780,000. It had been more than octupled in little more than half a century. The year 1752 is remarkable as that in which the foundation of the present "Three per Cent. Consols" was laid. "The stock," says Francis, "was thus termed from the balance of some annuities granted by George I. being consolidated into one fund with a Three per Cent. stock formed in 1731."

In 1759 bank-notes of a smaller value than £20 were first circulated. In 1764 the Bank charter was renewed on a gift of £110,000, and an advance of one million for Exchequer bills for two years, at 3 per cent. interest. It was at the same time made felony without benefit of clergy to forge powers of attorney for receiving dividends, transferring or selling stock. The Government, which had won twelve millions before the Seven Years' War, annihilated the navy of France, and wrested India from the French sway, was glad to recruit its treasury by so profitable a bargain with the Bank. In 1773 an Act was passed making it punishable with death to copy the water-mark of the bank note paper. By an Act of 1775 notes of a less amount than twenty shillings were prohibited, and two years afterwards the amount was limited to £5.

During the formidable riots of 1780 the Bank was in considerable danger. In one night there rose the flames of six-and-thirty fires. The Catholic chapels and the tallow-chandlers' shops were universally destroyed; Newgate was sacked and burned. The mob, half thieves, at last decided to march upon the Bank, but precautions had been taken there. The courts and roof of the building were defended by armed clerks and volunteers, and there were soldiers ready outside. The old pewter inkstands had been melted into bullets. The rioters made two rushes; the first was checked by a volley from the soldiers; at the second, which was less violent, Wilkes rushed out, and with his own hand dragged in some of the ringleaders. Leaving several killed and many wounded, the discomfited mob at last retired.

In 1781, the Bank charter, having nearly expired, Lord North proposed a renewal for twenty-five years, the terms being a loan of two millions for three years, at 3 per cent., to pay off the navy debt. In 1783 the notes and bills of the Bank were exempted from the operation of the Stamp Act, on consideration of an annual payment of £12,000. The Government allowance of £562 10s per million for managing the National Debt was reduced at this time to £450. Five years later our debt was calculated at 242 millions, which taken in £10 notes, would weigh, it was curiously calculated, 47,265 lbs.

It was about 1784 that the first attempts at forgery on a tremendous scale were discovered by the Bank. A rogue of genius, generally known, from his favourite disguise, as "Old Patch," by a long series of forgeries secured a sum of more than £200,000. He was the son of an old clothes' man in Monmouth Street; and had been a lottery-office keeper, stockbroker, and gambler. At one time he was a partner with Foote, the celebrated comedian, in a brewery. He made his own ink, manufactured his own paper, and with a private press worked off his own notes. His mistress was his only confidante. His disguises were numerous and perfect. His servants or boys, hired from the street, always presented the forged notes. When seized and thrown into prison, Old Patch hung himself in his cell.

During the wars with France Pitt was always soliciting the help of the Bank. In 1796; great alarm was felt at the diminution of gold, and Tom Paine wrote a pamphlet to prove that the Bank cellars could not hold more than a million of specie, while there were sixty millions of bank-notes in circulation. It was, however, proved that the specie amounted to about three millions, and the circulation to only nine or ten. Early in 1796, when the specie sank to £1,272,000, the Bank suspended cash payments, and notes under £5 were issued, and dollars prepared for circulation. The Bank Restriction Act was soon after passed, discontinuing cash payments till the conclusion of the war. For the renewal of the charter in 1800, the Bank proposed to lend three millions for six years, without interest, a right being reserved to them of claiming repayment at any time before the expiration of six years, if Consols should be at or above 80 per cent. In 1802, Mr. Addington said in the House of Commons that since 1797 the forgeries of bank-notes had so alarmingly increased as to require seventy additional clerks merely to detect them, and that every year no less than thirty or forty persons had been executed for forgery.

In 1807, the celebrated chief cashier of the Bank, Abraham Newland, the hero of Dibdin's well-known song—

> "Sham Abraham you may,
> But you mustn't sham Abraham Newland,"

retired from his duties, obtained a pension, and the same year died. His property amounted to £200,000, besides £1,000 a year landed estate. He had made large sums by loans during the war, a certain amount of which were always reserved for the cashier's office. It is supposed the faithful old Bank servant had lent large sums to the Goldsmiths, the great stockbrokers, the contractors for many of these loans, as he left them £500 each to buy mourning-rings.

The Bullion Committee of 1809 was moved for by Mr. Horner to ascertain if the rise in the price of gold did not arise from the over-issue of notes. There was a growing feeling that bank-notes did not represent the specified amount of gold, and the committee recommended a speedy return to cash payments. In Parliament Mr. Fuller, that butt of the House, proposed if the guinea was really worth 24s., to raise it at once to that price. Guineas at this time were exported to France in large numbers by smugglers in boats made especially for the purpose. The Bank, which had before issued dollars, now circulated silver tokens for 5s. 6d., 3s., and 1s. 6d.

Peel's currency bill of 1819 secured a gradual return of cash payments, and the old metallic standard was restored. It was Peel's great principle that a national bank should always be prepared to pay specie for its notes on demand, a principle he afterwards worked out in the Bank Charter. The same year a new plan was devised to prevent bank-notes being forged. The Committee's report says:—"A number of squares will appear in chequer-work upon the note, filled with hair lines in elliptic curves of various degrees of eccentricity, the squares to be alternately of red and black lines; the perfect mathematical coincidence of the extremity of the lines of different colours on the sides of the squares will be effected by machinery of singular fidelity. But even with the use of this machinery a person who has not the key to the proper disposition would make millions of experiments to no purpose. Other obstacles to imitation will also be presented in the structure of the note; but this is the one principally relied upon. It is plain that any failure in the imitation will be made manifest to the observation of the most careless, and the most skilful merchants who have seen the operation declare that the note cannot be imitated. The remarkable machine works with three cylinders, and the impression is made by small convex cylindrical plates."

In 1821 the real re-commencement of specie payments took place. In 1822 Turner, a Bank clerk, stole £10,000 by altering the transfer book. The rascal, however, was too clever for the Bank, and escaped. In 1822 Mr. Pascoe Grenfell put the profits of the Bank at twenty-five millions, in twenty-five years, after seven per cent. was divided.

By Fauntleroy's (the banker) forgeries in 1824, the Bank lost £360,000, and the interest alone, which was regularly paid, had amounted to £9,000 or £10,000 a year. Fauntleroy's bank was in

Berners Street. He had forged powers of attorney to enable him to sell out stock. An epicure and a voluptuary, he had lived in extraordinary luxury. In a private desk was found a list of his forgeries, ending with these words: "The Bank first began to refuse our acceptances, thereby destroying the credit of our house. The Bank shall smart for it." After Fauntleroy was hung at Newgate there were obscure rumours in the City that he had been saved by a silver tube being placed in his throat, and that he had escaped to Paris.

Having given a summary of the history of the Bank of England, we now propose to select a series of anecdotes, arranged by dates, which will convey a fuller and more detailed notion of the romance and the vicissitudes of banking life.

The Bank was first established (says Francis) in Mercers' Hall, and afterwards in Grocers' Hall, since razed for the erection of a more stately structure. Here, in one room, with almost primitive simplicity, were gathered all who performed the duties of the establishment. "I looked into the great hall where the Bank is kept," says the graceful essayist of the day, "and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their several stations according to the parts they hold in that just and regular economy."

Mr. Michael Godfrey, to whose exertions, with those of William Paterson, may be traced the successful establishment of the Bank, met with a somewhat singular fate, on the 17th of July, 1695. At that time the transmission of specie was difficult and full of hazard, and Mr. Godfrey left his peaceful avocations to visit Namur, then vigorously besieged by the English monarch. The deputy-governor, willing to flatter the King, anxious to forward his mission, or possibly imagining the vicinity of the Sovereign to be the safest place he could choose, ventured into the trenches. "As you are no adventurer in the trade of war, Mr. Godfrey," said William, "I think you should not expose yourself to the hazard of it." "Not being more exposed than your Majesty," was the courtly reply, "should I be excusable if I showed more concern?" "Yes," returned William; "I am in my duty, and therefore have a more reasonable claim to preservation." A cannon-ball at this moment answered the "reasonable claim to preservation" by killing Mr. Godfrey; and it requires no great stretch of imagination to fancy a saturnine smile passing over the countenance of the monarch, as he beheld the fate of the citizen who paid so heavy a penalty for playing the courtier in the trenches of Namur.

On the 31st of August, 1731, a scene was presented, which strongly marks the infatuation and ignorance of lottery adventurers. The tickets for the State lottery were delivered out to the subscribers at the Bank of England; when the crowd becoming so great as to obstruct the clerks, they told them, "We deliver blanks to-day, but to-morrow we shall deliver the prizes;" upon which many, who were by no means for blanks, retired, and by this bold stratagem the clerks obtained room to proceed in their business. In this lottery, we read, "Her Majesty presented his Royal Highness the Duke with ten tickets."

In 1738 the roads were so infested by highwaymen, and mails were so frequently stopped by the gentlemen in the black masks, that the post-master made a representation to the Bank upon the subject; and the directors in consequence advertised an issue of bills payable at "seven days' sight," that, in case of the mail being robbed, the proprietor of stolen bills might have time to give notice.

The effect of the arrival, in 1745, of Charles Edward at Derby, upon the National Bank, was alarming indeed. Its interests were involved in those of the State, and the creditors flocked in crowds to obtain payment for their notes. The directors, unprepared for such a casualty, had recourse to a justifiable stratagem; and it was only by this that they escaped bankruptcy. Payment was not refused, but the corporation retained its specie, by employing agents to enter with notes, who, to gain time, were paid in sixpences; and as those who came first were entitled to priority of payment, the agents went out at one door with the specie they had received, and brought it back by another, so that the *bonâ-fide* holders of notes could never get near enough to present them. "By this artifice," says our authority, somewhat quaintly, "the Bank preserved its credit, and literally faced its creditors."

An extraordinary affair happened about the year 1740. One of the directors, a very rich man, had occasion for £30,000, which he was to pay as the price of an estate he had just bought. To facilitate the matter, he carried the sum with him to the Bank, and obtained for it a bank-note. On his return home he was suddenly called out upon particular business; he threw the note carelessly on the chimney, but when he came back a few minutes afterwards to lock it up, it was not to be found. No one had entered the room; he could not, therefore, suspect any person. At last, after much ineffectual search, he was persuaded that it had fallen from the chimney into the fire. The director went to acquaint his colleagues with the misfortune that had happened to him; and as he

was known to be a perfectly honourable man, he was readily believed. It was only about twenty-four hours from the time that he had deposited the money; they thought, therefore, that it would be hard to refuse his request for a second bill. He received it upon giving an obligation to restore the first bill, if it should ever be found, or to pay the money himself, if it should be presented by any stranger. About thirty years afterwards (the director having been long dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune) an unknown person presented the lost bill at the Bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which that bill was annulled; he would not listen to it. He maintained that it came to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer, and the £30,000 were paid him. The heirs of the director would not listen to any demands of restitution, and the Bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterwards that an architect having purchased the director's house, and taken it down, in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the Bank.

In the early part of last century, the practice of bankers was to deliver in exchange for money deposited a receipt, which might be circulated like a modern cheque. Bank-notes were then at a discount; and the Bank of England, jealous of Childs' reputation, secretly collected the receipts of their rivals, determined, when they had procured a very large number, suddenly to demand money for them, hoping that Childs' would not be able to meet their liabilities. Fortunately for the latter, they got scent of this plot; and in great alarm applied to the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, who gave them a single cheque of £700,000 on their opponents. Thus armed, Childs' waited the arrival of the enemy. It was arranged that this business should be transacted by one of the partners, and that a confidential clerk, on a given signal, should proceed with all speed to the Bank to get the cheque cashed. At last a clerk from the Bank of England appeared, with a full bag, and demanded money for a large number of receipts. The partner was called, who desired him to present them singly. The signal was given; the confidential clerk hurried on his mission; the partner was very deliberate in his movements, and long before he had taken an account of all the receipts, his emissary returned with £700,000; and the whole amount of £500,000 or £600,000 was paid by Childs' in Bank of England notes. In addition to the triumph of this manœuvre, Childs' must have made a large sum, from Bank paper being at a considerable discount.

The day on which a forged note was first presented at the Bank of England forms a remarkable era in its history; and to Richard William Vaughan, a Stafford linendraper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new phase of crime, in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary, or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed—and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes—the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty, and deposited them in the hands of a young lady, to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth. There is no calculating how much longer Bank notes might have been free from imitation, had this man not shown with what ease they might be counterfeited. (Francis.)

The circulation of £1 notes led to much forgery, and to a melancholy waste of human life. Considering the advances made in the mechanical arts, small notes were rough, and even rude in their execution. Easily imitated, they were also easily circulated, and from 1797 the executions for forgery augmented to an extent which bore no proportion to any other class of crime. During six years prior to their issue there was but one capital conviction; during the four following years eighty-five occurred. The great increase produced inquiry, which resulted in an Act "For the better prevention of the forgery of the notes and bills of exchange of persons carrying on the business of banker."

In the year 1758 a judgment was given by the Lord Chief Justice in connection with some notes which were stolen from one of the mails. The robber, after stopping the coach and taking out all the money contained in the letters, went boldly to a Mr. Miller, at the Hatfield post-office, who unhesitatingly exchanged one of them. Here he ordered a post-chaise, with four horses, and at several stages passed off the remainder. They were, however, stopped at the Bank, and an action was brought by the possessor to recover the money. The question was an important one, and it was decided by the law authorities, "that any person paying a valuable consideration for a Bank note, payable to bearer, in a fair course of business, has an undoubted right to recover the money of the Bank." The action was maintained upon the plea that the figure 11, denoting the date, had been converted by the robber to a 4.

A new crime was discovered in 1767. The notice of the clerks at the Bank had been attracted by the habit of William Guest, a teller, of picking new from old guineas without assigning any reason. An indefinite suspicion—increased by the knowledge that an ingot of gold had been seen in Guest's possession—arose, and although he asserted that it came from Holland, it was very unlike the regular bars of gold, and had a large quantity of copper at the back. Attention being thus drawn to the behaviour of Guest, he was observed to hand one Richard Still some guineas, which he took from a private drawer, and placed with the others on the table. Still was immediately followed, and on the examination of his money three of the guineas in his possession were deficient in weight. An inquiry was immediately instituted. Forty of the guineas in the charge of Guest looked fresher than the others upon the edges, and weighed much less than the legitimate amount. On searching his house some gold filings were found, with instruments calculated to produce artificial edges. Proofs soon multiplied, and the prisoner was found guilty. The instrument with which he had effected his fraud, of which one of the witnesses asserted it was the greatest improvement he had ever seen, is said to be yet in the Mint.

In 1772 an action interesting to the public was brought against the Bank. It appeared from the evidence that some stock stood in the joint names of a man and his wife; and by the rules of the corporation the signatures of both were required before it could be transferred. To this the husband objected, and claimed the right of selling without his wife's signature or consent. The Court of King's Bench decided in favour of the plaintiff, with full costs of suit, Lord Mansfield believing that "it was highly *cruel and oppressive* to withhold from the husband his right of transferring."

THE BANK PARLOUR, EXTERIOR VIEW.

On the 10th of June, 1772, Neale and Co., bankers, in Threadneedle Street, stopped payment; other failures resulted in consequence, and throughout the City there was a general consternation. The timely interposition of the Bank, and the generous assistance of the merchants, prevented many of the expected stoppages, and trade appeared restored to its former security. It was, however, only an appearance; for on Monday, the 22nd of the same month, may be read, in a contemporary authority, a description of the prevailing agitation, which

DIVIDEND DAY AT THE BANK.

forcibly reminds us of a few years ago. "It is beyond the power of words to describe the general consternation of the metropolis at this instant. No event for fifty years has been remembered to give so fatal a blow to trade and public credit. A universal bankruptcy was expected; the stoppage of almost every banker's house in London was looked for; the whole city was in an uproar; many of the first families were in tears. This melancholy scene began with a rumour that one of the greatest bankers in London had stopped, which afterwards proved true. A report at the same time was propagated that an immediate stoppage of the greatest Bank of all must take place. Happily this proved groundless; the principal merchants assembled, and means were concocted to revive trade and preserve the national credit."

The desire of the directors to discover the makers of forged notes produced a considerable amount of anxiety to one whose name is indelibly associated with British art. George Morland—a name rarely mentioned but with feelings of pity and regret—had, in his eagerness to avoid incarceration for debt, retired to an obscure hiding-place in the suburbs of London. "On one occasion," says Allan Cunningham, "he hid himself in Hackney, where his anxious looks and secluded manner of life induced some of his charitable neighbours to believe him a maker of forged notes. The directors of the Bank dispatched two of their most dexterous emissaries to inquire, reconnoitre, search and seize. The men arrived, and began to draw lines of circumvallation round the painter's retreat. He was not, however, to be surprised: mistaking those agents of evil mien for bailiffs, he escaped from behind as they approached in front, fled into Hoxton, and never halted till he had hid himself in London. Nothing was found to justify suspicion; and when Mrs. Morland, who was his companion in this retreat, told them who her husband was, and showed them some unfinished pictures, they made such a report at the Bank, that the directors presented him with a couple of Bank notes of £20 each, by way of compensation for the alarm they had given him."

The proclamation of peace in 1783, says Francis, was indirectly an expense to the Bank, although hailed with enthusiasm by the populace. The war with America had assumed an aspect which, with all thinking men, crushed every hope of conquest. It was therefore amid a general shout of joy that on Monday, the 1st of October, 1783, the ceremonial took place. A vast multitude attended, and the people were delighted with the suspension of war. The concourse was so great that Temple Bar was opened with difficulty, and the Lord Mayor's coachman was kept one hour before he was able to turn his vehicle. The Bank only had reason to regret, or at least not to sympathise so freely with the public joy. During the hurry attendant on the proclamation at the Royal Exchange, when it may be supposed the sound of the music and the noise of the trumpet occupied the attention of the clerk more than was beneficial for the interests of his employers, fourteen notes of £50 each were presented at the office and cash paid for them. The next day they were found to be forged.

In 1783 Mathison's celebrated forgeries were committed. John Mathison was a man of great mechanical capacity, who, becoming acquainted with an engraver, unhappily acquired that art which ultimately proved his ruin. A yet more dangerous qualification was his of imitating signatures with remarkable accuracy. Tempted by the hope of sudden wealth, his first forgeries were the notes of the Darlington Bank. This fraud was soon discovered, and a reward being offered, with a description of his person, he escaped to Scotland. There, scorning to let his talents lie idle, he counterfeited the notes of the Royal Bank of Edinburgh, amused himself by negotiating them during a pleasure excursion through the country, and reached London, supported by his imitative talent. Here a fine sphere opened for his genius, which was so active, that in twelve days he had bought the copper, engraved it, fabricated notes, forged the water-mark, printed and negotiated several. When he had a sufficient number, he travelled from one end of the kingdom to the other, disposing of them. Having been in the habit of procuring notes from the Bank (the more accurately to copy them), he chanced to be there when a clerk from the Excise Office paid in 7,000 guineas, one of which was scrupled. Mathison, from a distance, said it was a good one; "then," said the Bank clerk, on the trial, "I recollected him." The frequent visits of Mathison, who was very incautious, together with other circumstances, created some suspicion that he might be connected with those notes, which, since his first appearance, had been presented at the Bank. On another occasion, when Mathison was there, a forged note of his own was presented, and the teller, half in jest and half in earnest, charged Maxwell, the name by which he was known, with some knowledge of the forgeries. Further suspicion was excited, and directions were given to detain him at some future period. The following day the teller was informed that "his friend Maxwell," as he was styled ironically, was in Cornhill. The clerk

instantly went, and under pretence of having paid Mathison a guinea too much on a previous occasion, and of losing his situation if the mistake were not rectified in the books, induced him to return with him to the hall; from which place he was taken before the directors, and afterwards to Sir John Fielding. To all the inquiries he replied, "He had a reason for declining to answer. He was a citizen of the world, and knew not how he had come into it, or how he should go out of it." Being detained during a consultation with the Bank solicitor, he suddenly lifted up the sash and jumped out of the window. On being taken and asked his motive, if innocent, he said, "It was his humour."

In the progress of the inquiry, the Darlington paper, containing his description, was read to him, when he turned pale, burst into tears, and saying he was a dead man, added, "Now I will confess all." He was, indeed, found guilty only on his own acknowledgment, which stated he could accomplish the whole of a note in one day. It was asserted at the time, that, had it not been for his confession, he could not have been convicted. He offered to explain the secret of his discovery of the method of imitating the water-mark, on the condition that the corporation would spare his life; but his proposal was rejected, and he subsequently paid the full penalty of his crime.

The conviction that some check was necessary grew more and more peremptory as the evils of the system were exposed. In fourteen years from the first issue of small notes, the number of convictions had been centupled. In the first ten years of the present century, £101,061 were refused payment, on the plea of forgery. In the two years preceding the appointment of the commission directed by Government to inquire into the facts connected with forging notes, nearly £60,000 were presented, being an increase of 300 per cent. In 1797, the entire cost of prosecutions for forgeries was £1,500, and in the last three months of 1818 it was near £20,000. Sir Samuel Romilly said that "pardons were sometimes found necessary; but few were granted except under circumstances of peculiar qualification and mitigation. He believed the sense and feeling of the people of England were against the punishment of death for forgery. It was clear the severity of the punishment had not prevented the crimes."

The first instance of fraud, to a great amount, was perpetrated by one of the confidential servants of the corporation. In the year 1803, Mr. Bish, a member of the Stock Exchange, was applied to by Mr. Robert Astlett, cashier of the Bank of England, to dispose of some Exchequer bills. When they were delivered into Mr. Bish's hands, he was greatly astonished to find not only that these bills had been previously in his possession, but that they had been also delivered to the Bank. Surprised at this, he immediately opened a communication with the directors, which led to the discovery of the fraud and the apprehension of Robert Astlett. By the evidence produced on the trial, it appeared that the prisoner had been placed in charge of all the Exchequer bills brought into the Bank, and when a certain number were collected, it was his duty to arrange them in bundles, and deliver them to the directors in the parlour, where they were counted and a receipt given to the cashier. This practice had been strictly adhered to; but the prisoner, from his acquaintance with business, had induced the directors to believe that he had handed them bills to the amount of £700,000, when they were only in possession of £500,000. So completely had he deceived these gentlemen, that two of the body vouched by their signatures for the delivery of the larger amount.

He was tried for the felonious embezzlement of three bills of exchange of £1,000 each. He escaped hanging, but remained a miserable prisoner in Newgate for many years.

In 1808 Vincent Alessi, a native of one of the Italian States, went to Birmingham, to choose some manufactures likely to return a sufficient profit in Spain. Amongst others he sought a brass-founder, who showed him that which he required, and then drew his attention to "another article," which he said he could sell cheaper than any other person in the trade. Mr. Alessi declined purchasing this, as it appeared to be a forged bank-note; upon which he was shown some dollars, as fitter for the Spanish market. These also were declined, though it is not much to the credit of the Italian that he did not at once denounce the dishonesty of the Birmingham brass-founder. It would seem, however, from what followed, that Mr. Alessi was not quite unprepared, as, in the evening, he was called on by one John Nicholls, and after some conversation, he agreed to take a certain quantity of notes, of different values, which were to be paid for at the rate of six shillings in the pound.

Alessi thought this a very profitable business, while it lasted, as he could always procure as many as he liked, by writing for so many dozen candlesticks, calling them Nos. 5, 2, or 1, according to the amount of the note required. The vigilance of the English police, however, was too much even for the subtlety of an Italian; he was taken by them, and allowed to turn king's evidence, it being

thought very desirable to discover the manufactory whence the notes emanated.

In December John Nicholls received a letter from Alessi, stating that he was going to America; that he wanted to see Nicholls in London; that he required twenty dozen candlesticks, No. 5; twenty-four dozen, No. 1; and four dozen, No. 2. Mr. Nicholls, unsuspicious of his correspondent's captivity, and consequent frailty, came forthwith to town, to fulfil so important an order. Here an interview was planned, within hearing of the police officers. Nicholls came with the forged notes. Alessi counted up the whole sum he was to pay, at six shillings in the pound, saying, "Well, Mr. Nicholls, you will take all my money from me." "Never mind, sir," was the reply; "it will all be returned in the way of business." Alessi then remarked that it was cold, and put on his hat. This was the signal for the officers. To the dealer's surprise and indignation, he found himself entrapped with the counterfeit notes in his possession, to the precise amount in number and value that had been ordered in the letter.

A curious scene took place in May, 1818, at the Bank. On the 26th of that month, a notice had been posted, stating that books would be opened on the 31st of May, and two following days, for receiving subscriptions to the amount of £7,000,000 from persons desirous of funding Exchequer bills. It was generally thought that the whole of the sum would be immediately subscribed, and great anxiety was shown to obtain an early admission to the office of the chief cashier. Ten o'clock is the usual time for public business; but at two in the morning many persons were assembled outside the building, where they remained for several hours, their numbers gradually augmenting. The opening of the outer door was the signal for a general rush, and the crowd, for it now deserved that name, next established themselves in the passage leading to the chief cashier's office, where they had to wait another hour or two, to cool their collective impatience. When the time arrived, a further contest arose, and they strove lustily for an entrance. The struggle for preference was tremendous; and the door separating them from the chief cashier's room, and which is of a most substantial size, was forced off its hinges. By far the greater part of those who made this effort failed, the whole £7,000,000 being subscribed by the first ten persons who gained admission.

In 1820 a very extraordinary appeal was made to the French tribunals by a man named J. Costel, who was a merchant of Hamburg, while the free city was in the hands of the French. He accused the general commanding there of employing him to get £5,000 worth of English bank-notes changed which proved to be forged, and he was, in consequence of this discovery, obliged to fly from Hamburg. He also said that Savary, Duke of Rovigo and Desnouettes, were the fabricators, and that they employed persons to pass them into England one of whom was seized by the London police and hanged. Mr. Doubleday asserts that some one had caused a large quantity of French assignats to be forged at Birmingham, with the view of depreciating the credit of the French Republic.

Merchants and bankers now began to declare that they would rather lose their entire fortunes than pour forth the life which it was not theirs to give. A general feeling pervaded the whole interest, that it would be better to peril a great wrong than to suffer an unavailing remorse. One petition against the penalty of death was presented, which bore three names only; but those were an honourable proof of the prevalent feeling. The name of Nathan Meyer Rothschild was the first, "through whose hands," said Mr. Smith, on presenting the petition, "more bills pass than through those of any twenty firms in London." The second was that of Overend, Gurney, and Co., through whom thirty millions passed the preceding year; and the third was that of Mr. Sanderson, ranking among the first in the same profession, and a member of the Legislature.

A principal clerk of one of our bankers having robbed his employer of Bank of England notes to the amount of £20,000, made his escape to Holland. Unable to present them himself, he sold them to a Jew. The price which he received does not appear; but there is no doubt that, under the circumstances, a good bargain was made by the purchaser. In the meantime every plan was exhausted to give publicity to the loss. The numbers of the notes were advertised in the newspapers, with a request that they might be refused and for about six months no information was received of the lost property. At the end of that period the Jew appeared with the whole of his spoil, and demanded payment, which was at once refused on the plea that the bills had been stolen and that payment had been stopped.

The owner insisted upon gold, and the Bank persisted in refusing. But the Jew was an energetic man, and was aware of the credit of the corporation. He was known to be possessed of immense wealth, and he went deliberately to the Exchange, where, to the assembled merchants of London, in the presence of her citizens, he related publicly that the Bank had refused to honour their own

bills for £20,000; that their credit was gone, their affairs in confusion; and that they had stopped payment. The Exchange wore every appearance of alarm; the Hebrew showed the notes to corroborate his assertion. He declared that they had been remitted to him from Holland, and as his transactions were known to be extensive, there appeared every reason to credit his statement. He then avowed his intention of advertising this refusal of the Bank, and the citizens thought there must be some truth in his bold announcement. Information reached the directors, who grew anxious, and a messenger was sent to inform the holder that he might receive cash in exchange for his notes.

In 1843 the light sovereigns were called in. The total amount of light coin received from the 11th of June to the 28th of July was £4,285,837, and 2¾d. was the loss on each, taking an average of 35,000. The large sum of £1,400, in £1 notes, was paid into the Bank this year. They had probably been the hoard of some eccentric person, who evinced his attachment to the obsolete paper at the expense of his interest. A few years afterwards a £20 note came in which had been outstanding for about a century and a quarter, and the loss of interest on which amounted to some thousands.

And now a few anecdotes about bank-notes. An eccentric gentleman in Portland Street, says Mr. Grant, in his "Great Metropolis," framed and exhibited for five years in one of his sitting-rooms a Bank post bill for £30,000. The fifth year he died, and down came the picture double quick, and was cashed by his heirs. Some years ago, at a nobleman's house near the Park, a dispute arose about a certain text, and a dean present denying there was any such text at all, a Bible was called for. A dusty old Bible was produced, which had never been removed from its shelf since the nobleman's mother had died some years before. When it was opened a mark was found in it, which, on examination, turned out to be a Bank post bill for £40,000. It might, it strikes us, have been placed there as a reproof to the son, who perhaps did not consult his Bible as often as his mother could have wished. The author of "The American in England" describes, in 1835, one of the servants of the Bank putting into his hand Bank post bills, which, before being cancelled by having the signatures torn off, had represented the sum of five millions sterling. The whole made a parcel that could with ease be put into the waistcoat pocket.

The largest amount of a bank-note in current circulation in 1827 was £1,000. It is said that two notes for £100,000 each, and two for £50,000, were once engraved and issued. A butcher who had amassed an immense fortune in the war time, went one day with one of these £50,000 notes to a private bank, asking the loan of £5,000, and wishing to deposit the big note as security in the banker's hands, saying that he had kept it for years. The £5,000 were at once handed over, but the banker hinted at the same time to the butcher the folly of hoarding such a sum and losing the interest. "Werry true, sir," replied the butcher, "but I likes the look on't so wery well that I keeps t'other one of the same kind at home."

As the Bank of England pays an annual average sum of £70,000 to the Stamp Office for their notes, while other banks pay a certain sum on every note as stamped, the Bank of England never re-issues its notes, but destroys them on return. A visitor to the Bank was one day shown a heap of cinders, which was the ashes of £40,000,000 of notes recently burned. The letters could here and there be seen. It looked like a piece of laminated larva, and was about three inches long and two inches broad, weighing probably from ten to twelve ounces.

The losses of the Bank are considerable. In 1820 no fewer than 352 persons were convicted, at a great expense, of forging small notes. In 1832 the yearly losses of the Bank from forgeries on the public funds were upwards of £40,000.

It is said that in the large room of the Bank a quarter of a million sovereigns will sometimes change hands in the course of the day. The entire amount of money turned over on an average in the day has been estimated as low as £2,000,000, and as high as £2,500,000. At a rough guess, the number of persons who receive dividends on the first day of every half year exceeds 100,000, and the sum paid away has been estimated at £500,000.

The number of clerks in the Bank of England was computed, in 1837, at 900; the engravers and bank-note printers at thirty-eight. The salaries vary from £700 per annum to £75, and the amount paid to the servants of the entire establishment, about 1,000, upwards of £200,000. Some years ago the proprietors met four times a year. Three directors sat daily in the Bank parlour. On Wednesday a Court of Directors sat to decide on London applications for discount, and on Thursdays the whole court met to consider all notes exceeding £2,000. The directors, twenty-four, exclusive of the Governor and Deputy-Governor, decide by majority all matters of importance.

The Bank of England (says Dodsley's excellent

and well-written "Guide to London," 1761) is a noble edifice situated at the east of St. Christopher's Church, near the west end of Threadneedle Street. The front next the street is about 80 feet in length, and is of the Ionic order, raised on a rustic basement, and is of a good style. Through this you pass into the court-yard, in which is the hall. This is one of the Corinthian order, and in the middle is a pediment. The top of the building is adorned with a balustrade and handsome vases, and in the face of the above pediment is engraved in relievo the Company's seal, Britannia sitting with her shield and spear, and at her feet a cornucopia pouring out fruit. The hall, which is in this last building, is 79 feet in length and 40 in breadth; it is wainscoted about 8 feet high, has a fine fretwork ceiling, and is adorned with a statue of King William III., which stands in a niche at the upper end, on the pedestal of which is the following inscription in Latin—in English, thus :—

THE CHURCH OF ST. BENET FINK.

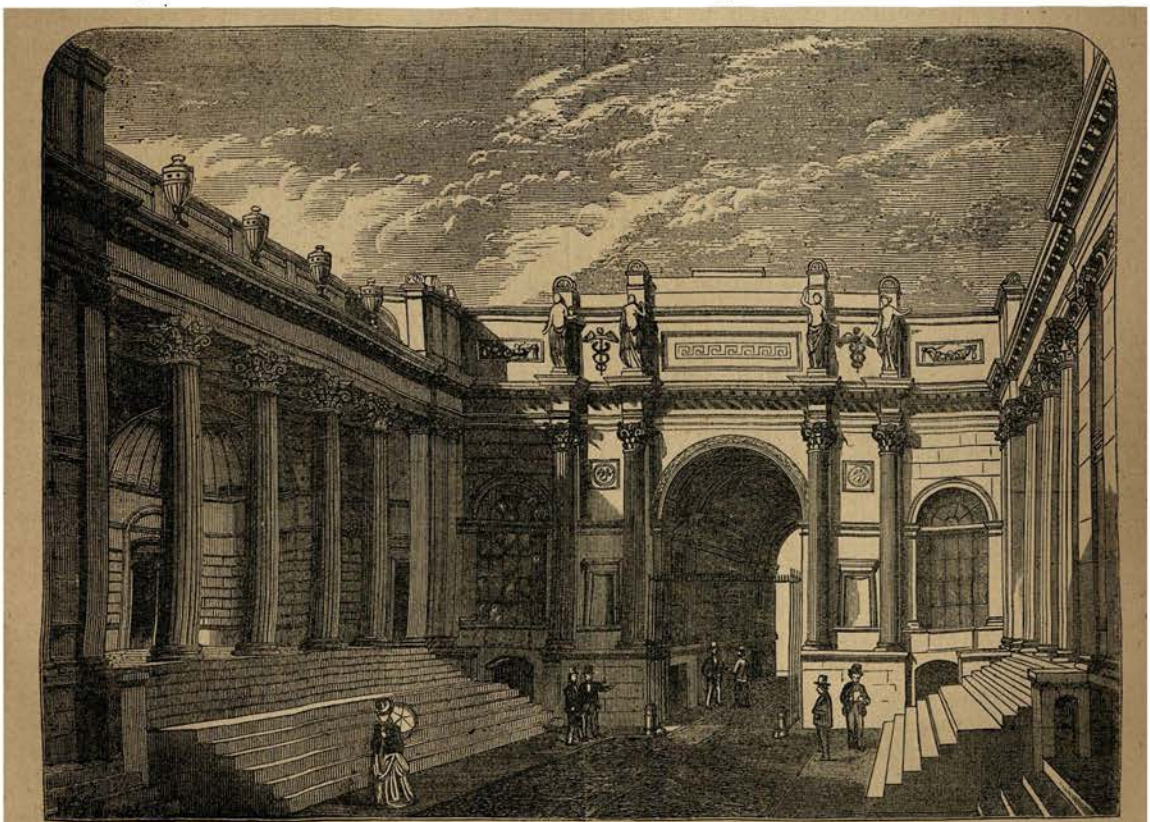
"For restoring efficiency to the Laws,
Authority to the Courts of Justice,
Dignity to the Parliament,
To all his subjects their Religion and Liberties,
And confirming them to Posterity,
By the succession of the Illustrious House of Hanover
To the British Throne:
To the best of Princes, William the Third.

Founder of the Bank,
This Corporation, from a sense of Gratitude,
Has erected this Statue,
And dedicated it to his memory,
In the Year of our Lord MDCCXXXIV.,
And the first year of this Building."

Further backward is another quadrangle, with an arcade on the east and west sides of it; and on the north side is the accountant's office, which is 60 feet long and 28 feet broad. Over this, and the other sides of the quadrangle, are handsome apartments, with a fine staircase adorned with fretwork; and under are large vaults, that have strong walls and iron gates, for the preservation of the cash. The back entrance from Bartholomew Lane is by a grand gateway, which opens into a commodious and spacious courtyard for coaches or wagons, that frequently come loaded with gold and silver bullion; and in the room fronting the gate the transfer-office is kept.

The entablature rests on fluted Corinthian columns, supporting statues, which indicate the four quarters of the globe. The intercolumniations are ornamented by allegories representing the Thames and the Ganges, executed by Thomas Banks, Academician, the roses on the vaulting of the arch being copied from the Temple of Mars the Avenger, at Rome.

On the death of Sir John Soane, in 1837, Mr. Cockerell was chosen to succeed him in his important position. The style of this gentleman, in the office he designed for the payment of dividend warrants, now employed as the private drawing-office, is very different to the erections of his predecessor. The taste which produced the elaborate and exquisite ornaments in this room is in strong contrast to the severe simplicity of the works of Sir John Soane.



COURT OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND (*see page* 470).

Stow, speaking of St. Christopher's, the old church removed when the Bank was built, says, "Towards the Stokes Market is the parish church of St. Christopher, but re-edified of new; for Richard Shore, one of the sheriffes, 1506, gave money towards the building of the steeple."

Richard at Lane was collated to this living in the year 1368. "Having seen and observed the said parish church of St. Christopher, with all the grave-stones and monuments therein, and finding a faire tombe of touch, wherein lyeth the body of Robert Thorne, Merchant Taylor and a batchelor, buried, having given by his testament in charity 4,445 pounds to pious uses; then looking for

some such memory, as might adorne and beautifie the name of another famous batchelor, Mr. John Kendricke; and found none, but only his hatchments and banners." Many of the Houblons were buried in this church.

"The court-room of the Bank," says Francis, "is a noble apartment, by Sir Robert Taylor, of the Composite order, about 60 feet long and 31 feet 6 inches wide, with large Venetian windows on the south, overlooking that which was formerly the churchyard of St. Christopher. The north side is remarkable for three exquisite chimney-pieces of statuary marble, the centre being the most magnificent. The east and west are distinguished by columns detached from the walls, supporting beautiful arches, which again support a ceiling rich with ornament. The west leads by folding doors to an elegant octagonal committee-room, with a fine marble chimney-piece. The Governor's room is square, with various paintings, one of which is a portrait of William III. in armour, an intersected ceiling, and semi-circular windows. This chimney-piece is also of statuary marble; and on the wall is a fine painting, by Marlow, of the Bank, Bank Buildings, Cornhill, and Royal Exchange. An ante-room contains portraits of Mr. Abraham Newland and another of the old cashiers, taken as a testimony of the appreciation of the directors. In the waiting-room are two busts, by Nollekens, of Charles James Fox and William Pitt. The original Rotunda, by Sir Robert Taylor, was roofed in with timber; but when a survey was made, in 1794, it was found advisable to take it down; and in the ensuing year the present Rotunda was built, under the superintendence of Sir John Soane. It measures 57 feet in diameter and about the same in height to the lower part of the lantern. It is formed of incombustible materials, as are all the offices erected under the care of Sir John Soane. For many years this place was a scene of constant confusion, caused by the presence of the stockbrokers and jobbers. In 1838 this annoyance was abolished, the occupants were ejected from the Rotunda, and the space employed in cashing the dividend-warrants of the fundholders. The offices appropriated to the management of the various stocks are all close to or branch out from the Rotunda. The dividends are paid in two rooms devoted to that purpose, and the transfers are kept separate. They are arranged in books, under the various letters of the alphabet, containing the names of the proprietors and the particulars of their property. Some of the stock-offices were originally constructed by Sir Robert Taylor, but it has been found necessary to make great alterations, and most of them are designed from some classical model; thus the Three per Cent. Consol office, which, however, was built by Sir John Soane, is taken from the ancient Roman baths, and is 89 feet 9 inches in length and 50 feet in breadth. The chief cashier's office, an elegant and spacious apartment, is built after the style of the Temple of the Sun and Moon at Rome, and measures 45 feet by 30.

"The fine court which leads into Lothbury presents a magnificent display of Greek and Roman architecture. The buildings on the east and west sides are nearly hidden by open screens of stone, consisting of a lofty entablature, surmounted by vases, and resting on columns of the Corinthian order, the bases of which rest on a double flight of steps. This part of the edifice was copied from the beautiful temple of the Sybils, near Tivoli. A noble arch, after the model of the triumphal arch of Constantine, at Rome, forms the entrance into the bullion yard."

The old Clearing House of 1821 is thus described:—"In a large room is a table, with as numerous drawers as there are City bankers, with the name of each banker on his drawer, having an aperture to introduce the cheque upon him, whereof he retains the key.

"A clerk going with a charge of £99,000, perhaps, upon all the other bankers, puts the cheques through their respective apertures into their drawers at three o'clock. He returns at four, unlocks his own drawer, and finds the others have collectively put into his drawer drafts upon him to the amount, say, of £100,000; consequently he has £1,000, the difference, to pay. He searches for another, who has a larger balance to receive, and gives him a memorandum for this £1,000; he, for another; so that it settles with two, who frequently, with a very few thousands in bank-notes, settle millions bought and sold daily in London, without the immense repetition of receipts and payments that would otherwise ensue, or the immense increase of circulating medium that would be otherwise necessary."

The illustration on page 475 represents the appearance of the present Clearing House. The business done at this establishment daily is enormous, amounting to something like £150,000,000 each day.

"All the sovereigns," says Mr. Wills, "returned from the banking-houses are consigned to a secluded cellar; and, when you enter it, you will possibly fancy yourself on the premises of a clock-maker who works by steam. Your attention is speedily concentrated on a small brass box, not larger than an eight-day pendule, the works of which are im-

pelled by steam. This is a self-acting weighing machine, which, with unerring precision, tells which sovereigns are of standard weight, and which are light, and of its own accord separates the one from the other. Imagine a long trough or spout—half a tube that has been split into two sections—of such a semi-circumference as holds sovereigns edge-ways, and of sufficient length to allow of two hundred of them to rest in that position one against another. The trough thus charged is fixed slopingly upon the machine, over a little table, as big as the plate of an ordinary sovereign-balance. The coin nearest to the Lilliputian platform drops upon it, being pushed forward by the weight of those behind. Its own weight presses the table down; but how far down? Upon that hangs the whole merit and discriminating power of the machine. At the back and on each side of this small table, two little hammers move by steam backwards and forwards at different elevations. If the sovereign be full weight, down sinks the table too low for the higher hammer to hit it, but the lower one strikes the edge, and off the sovereign tumbles into a receiver to the left. The table pops up again, receiving, perhaps, a light sovereign, and the higher hammer, having always first strike, knocks it into a receiver to the right, time enough to escape its colleague, which, when it comes forward, has nothing to hit, and returns, to allow the table to be elevated again. In this way the reputation of thirty-three sovereigns is established or destroyed every minute. The light weights are taken to a clipping machine, slit at the rate of two hundred a minute, weighed in a lump, the balance of deficiency charged to the banker from whom they were received, and sent to the Mint to be re-coined. Those which have passed muster are re-issued to the public. The inventor of this beautiful little detector was Mr. Cotton, a former Governor. The comparatively few sovereigns brought in by the general public are weighed in ordinary scales by the tellers."

The Bank water-mark—or, more properly, the wire-mark—is obtained by twisting wires to the desired form or design, and sticking them on the face of the mould; therefore the design is above the level face of the mould by the thickness of the wires it is composed of. Hence the pulp, in settling down on the mould, must of necessity be thinner on the wire design than on the other parts of the sheet. When the water has run off through the sieve-like face of the mould, the new-born sheet of paper is "couched," the mould gently but firmly pressed upon a blanket, to which the spongy sheet clings. Sizing is a subsequent process, and, when dry, the water-mark is plainly discernible, being, of course, transparent where the substance is thinnest. The paper is then dried, and made up into reams of 500 sheets each, ready for press. The water-mark in the notes of the Bank of England is secured to that establishment by virtue of a special Act of Parliament. It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that imitation of anything whatever connected with a bank-note is an extremely unsafe experiment.

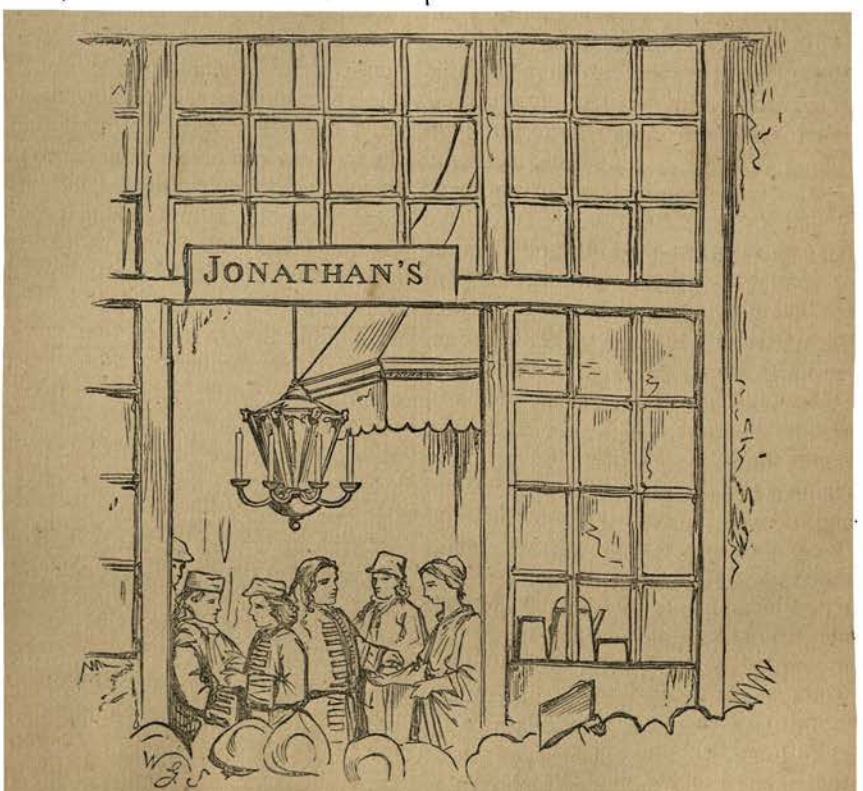
This curious sort of paper is unique. There is nothing like it in the world of sheets. Tested by the touch, it gives out a crisp, crackling, sharp music, which resounds from no other quires. To the eye it shows a colour belonging neither to blue-wove, nor yellow-wove, nor cream-laid, but a white, like no other white, either in paper and pulp. The three rough fringy edges are called the "deckelled" edges, being the natural boundary of the pulp when first moulded; the fourth is left smooth by the knife, which eventually cuts the two notes in twain. This paper is so thin that, when printed, there is much difficulty in making erasures; yet it is so strong, that "a water-leaf" (a leaf before the application of size) will support thirty-six pounds, and, with the addition of one grain of size, will hold half a hundredweight, without tearing. Yet the quantity of fibre of which it consists is no more than eighteen grains and a half.

Dividend day at the Bank has been admirably described, in the wittiest manner, by a modern essayist in *Household Words*:—"Another public creditor," says the writer, "appears in the shape of a drover, with a goad, who has run in to present his claim during his short visit from Essex. Near him are a lime-coloured labourer, from some wharf at Bankside, and a painter who has left his scaffolding in the neighbourhood during his dinner hour. Next come several widows—some florid, stout, and young; some lean, yellow, and careworn, followed by a gay-looking lady, in a showy dress, who may have obtained her share of the national debt in another way. An old man, attired in a stained, rusty, black suit, crawls in, supported by a long staff, like a weary pilgrim who has at last reached the golden Mecca. Those who are drawing money from the accumulation of their hard industry, or their patient self-denial, can be distinguished at a glance from those who are receiving the proceeds of unexpected and unearned legacies. The first have a faded, anxious, almost disappointed look, while the second are sprightly, laughing, and observant of their companions.

"Towards the hour of noon, on the first day of the quarterly payment, the crowd of national creditors becomes more dense, and is mixed up with sub-

stantial capitalists in high check neckties, double-breasted waistcoats, curly-rimmed hats, narrow trousers, and round-toed boots. Parties of thin, limp, damp-smelling women, come in with mouldy umbrellas and long, chimney-cowl-shaped bonnets, made of greasy black silk, or threadbare black velvet—the worn-out fashions of a past generation. Some go about their business in confidential pairs; some in company with a trusted maid-servant as fossilised as themselves; some under the guidance of eager, ancient-looking girl-children; while some stand alone in corners, suspicious of help or observation. One national creditor is unwilling, not only that the visitors shall know what amount her country owes her, but also what particular funds she holds as security. She stands carelessly in the centre of the Warrant Office, privately scanning the letters and figures nailed all round the walls, which direct the applicant at what desk to apply; her long tunnel of a bonnet, while it conceals her face, moves with the guarded action of her head, like the tube of a telescope when the astronomer is searching for a lost planet. Some of these timid female creditors, when their little claim has been satisfied (for £1,000 in the Consols only produces £7 10s. a quarter), retire to an archway in the Rotunda, where there are two high-backed leathern chairs, behind the shelter of which, with a needle and thread, they stitch the money into some secret part of their antiquated garments. The two private detective officers on duty generally watch these careful proceedings with amusement and interest, and are looked upon by the old fund-holders and annuitants as highly dangerous and suspicious characters."

Among the curiosities shown to visitors are the Bank parlour, the counting-room, and the printing-room; the albums containing original £1,000 notes, signed by various illustrious persons; and the Bank-note library, now containing ninety million notes that have been cancelled during the last seven years. There is one note for a million sterling, and a note for £25 that had been out 111 years.



"JONATHAN'S." *From an Old Sketch.*

In the early part of the century, when "the Green Man," "the Lady in Black," and other oddities notorious for some peculiarity of dress, were well known in the City, the "White Lady of Threadneedle Street" was a daily visitor to the Bank of England. She was, it is said, the sister of a poor young clerk who had forged the signature to a transfer-warrant, and who was hung in

1809. She had been a needle-worker for an army contractor, and lived with her brother and an old aunt in Windmill Street, Finsbury. Her mind became affected at her brother's disgraceful death, and every day after, at noon, she used to cross the Rotunda to the pay-counter. Her one unvarying question was, "Is my brother, Mr. Frederick, here to-day?" The invariable answer was, "No, miss, not to-day." She seldom remained above five minutes, and her last words always were, "Give my love to him when he returns. I will call to-morrow."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The Kingdom of Change Alley—A William III. Reuter—Stock Exchange Tricks—Bulls and Bears—Thomas Guy, the Hospital Founder—Sir John Barnard, the "Great Commoner"—Sampson Gideon, the famous Jew Broker—Alexander Fordyce—A cruel Quaker Criticism—Stockbrokers and Longevity—The Stock Exchange in 1795—The Money Articles in the London Papers—The Case of Benjamin Walsh, M.P.—The De Berenger Conspiracy—Lord Cochrane unjustly accused—"Ticket Pocketing"—System of Business at the Stock Exchange—"Popgun John"—Nathan Rothschild—Secrecy of his Operations—Rothschild outdone by Stratagem—Grotesque Sketch of Rothschild—Abraham Goldsmid—Vicissitudes of the Stock Exchange—The Spanish Panic of 1835—The Railway Mania—Ricardo's Golden Rules—A Clerical Intruder in Capel Court—Amusements of Stockbrokers—Laws of the Stock Exchange—The Pigeon Express—The "Alley Man"—Purchase of Stock—Eminent Members of the Stock Exchange.

THE Royal Exchange, in the reign of William III., being found vexatiously thronged, the money-dealers, in 1698, betook themselves to Change Alley, then an unappropriated area. A writer of the period says:—"The centre of jobbing is in the kingdom of 'Change Alley. You may go over its limits in about a minute and a half. Stepping out of Jonathan's into the Alley, you turn your face full south; moving on a few paces, and then turning to the east, you advance to Garraway's; from thence, going out at the other door, you go on, still east, into Birchin Lane; and then, halting at the Sword-blade Bank, you immediately face to the north, enter Cornhill, visit two or three petty provinces there on your way to the west; and thus, having boxed your compass, and sailed round the stock-jobbing globe, you turn into Jonathan's again."

Sir Henry Furnese, a Bank director, was the Reuter of those times. He paid for constant despatches from Holland, Flanders, France, and Germany. His early intelligence of every battle, and especially of the fall of Namur, swelled his profits amazingly. King William gave him a diamond ring as a reward for early information; yet he condescended to fabricate news, and his plans for influencing the funds were probably the types of similar modern tricks. If Furnese wished to buy, his brokers looked gloomy; and, the alarm spread, completed their bargains. In this manner prices were lowered four or five per cent. in a few hours. The Jew Medina, we are assured, granted Marlborough an annuity of £6,000 for permission to attend his campaigns, and amply repaid himself by the use of the early intelligence he obtained.

When, in 1715, says "Aleph," the Pretender landed in Scotland, after the dispersion of his forces, a carriage and six was seen in the road near Perth, apparently destined for London. Letters reached the metropolis announcing the capture of the discomfited Stuart; the funds rose, and a large profit was realised by the trick. Stock-jobbers must have been highly prosperous at that period, as a Quaker, named Quare, a watchmaker of celebrity, who had made a large fortune by money speculations, had for his guests at his daughter's wedding-feast the famous Duchess of Marlborough and the Princess of Wales, who attended with 300 quality visitors.

During the struggle between the old and new East India Companies, boroughs were sold openly in the Alley to their respective partisans; and in 1720 Parliamentary seats came to market there as commonly as lottery tickets. Towards the close of Anne's reign, a well-dressed horseman rode furiously down the Queen's Road, loudly proclaiming her Majesty's demise. The hoax answered, the funds falling with ominous alacrity; but it was observed, that while the Christian jobbers kept aloof, Sir Manasseh Lopez and the Hebrew brokers bought readily at the reduced rate.

The following extracts from Cibber's play of *The Refusal; or, the Ladies' Philosophy*, produced in 1720, show the antiquity of the terms "bull" and "bear." This comedy abounds in allusions to the doings in 'Change Alley, and one of the characters, Sir Gilbert Wrangle, is a South Sea director:—

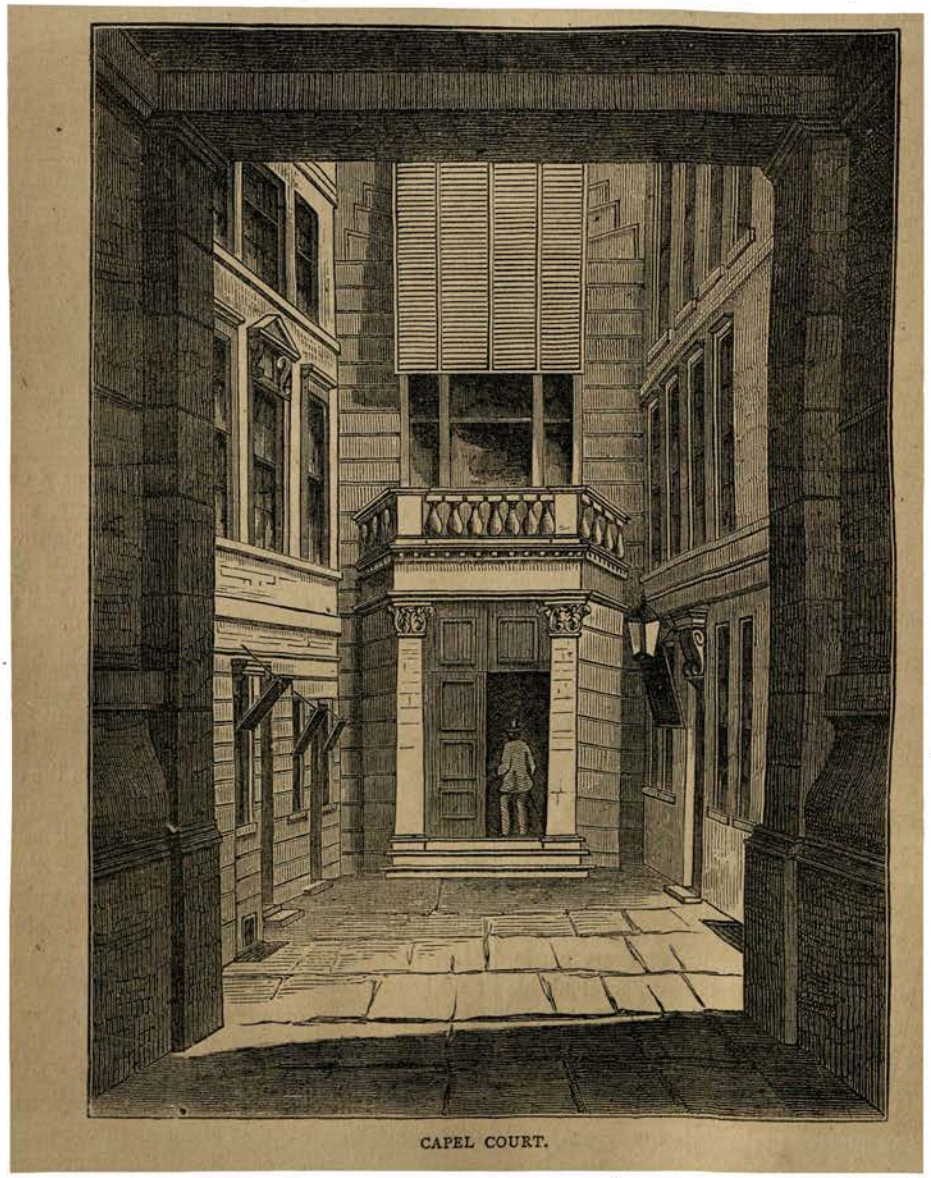
Granger (*to Witling, who has been boasting of his gain*): And all this out of 'Change Alley?

Witling: Every shilling, sir; all out of stocks, puts, bulls, shams, bears and bubbles.

And again:—

There (in the Alley) you'll see a duke dangling after a director; here a peer and a 'prentice haggling for an eighth; there a Jew and a parson making up differences; there a young woman of quality buying bears of a Quaker; and there an old one selling refusals to a lieutenant of grenadiers.

The following is from an old paper, dated July 15th, 1773: "Yesterday the brokers and others at 'New Jonathan's' came to a resolution, that instead of its being called 'New Jonathan's,' it should be called 'The Stock Exchange,' which is to be wrote over the door. The brokers then collected sixpence each, and christened the House with punch."



CAPEL COURT.

One of the great stockbrokers of Queen Anne's reign was Thomas Guy, the founder of one of the noblest hospitals in the world, who died in 1724. He was the son of a lighterman, and for many years stood behind a counter and sold books. Acquiring a small amount of ready cash, he was tempted to employ it in Change Alley; it turned to excellent account, and soon led him to a far more profitable traffic in those tickets with which, from the time of Charles II., our seamen were remunerated. They were paid in paper, not readily convertible, and were forced to part with their wages at any discount which it pleased the money-lenders to fix. Guy made large purchases in these tickets at an immense reduction, and by such not very creditable means, with some windfalls during the South Sea agitation, he realised a fortune of £500,000. Half a million was then almost a fabulous sum, and it was constantly increasing, owing to his penurious habits. He died at the age of eighty-one, leaving by will £240,000 to the hospital which bears his name. His body lay in

state at Mercers' Chapel, and was interred in the asylum he raised, where, ten years after his death, a statue was erected to his memory.

Sir John Barnard, a great opponent of stock-brokers, proposed, in 1737, to reduce the interest on the National Debt from four to three per cent., the public being at liberty to receive their principal in full if they preferred. This anticipation of a modern financial change was not adopted. At this period, £10,000,000 were held by foreigners in British funds. In 1750, the reduction from four to three per cent. interest on the funded debt was effected, and though much clamour followed, no reasonable ground for complaint was alleged, as the measure was very cautiously carried out. Sir John Barnard, the Peel of a bygone age, was commonly denominated the "great commoner." Of the stock-jobbers he always spoke with supreme contempt; in return, they hated him most cordially. On the money market it was not unusual to hear the merchants inquire, "What does Sir John say to this? What is Sir John's opinion?" He refused the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1746, and from the moment his statue was set up in Gresham's Exchange he would never enter the building, but carried on his monetary affairs outside. The Barnard blood still warms the veins of some of our wealthiest commercial magnates, since his son married the daughter of a capitalist, known in the City as "the great banker, Sir John Hankey."

THE CLEARING HOUSE.

Sampson Gideon, the famous Jew broker, died in 1762. Some of his shrewd sayings are pre-

served. Take a specimen: "Never grant a life annuity to an old woman; they wither, but they never die." If the proposed annuitant coughed, Gideon called out, "Ay, ay, you may cough, but it shan't save you six months' purchase!" In one of his dealings with Snow, a banker alluded to by Dean Swift, Snow lent Gideon £20,000. The "Forty-five" followed, and the banker forwarded a whining epistle to him speaking of stoppage, bankruptcy, and concluding the letter with a passionate request for his money. Gideon procured 21,000 bank-notes, rolled them round a phial of hartshorn, and thus mockingly repaid the loan. Gideon's fortune was made by the advance of the rebels towards London. Stocks fell awfully, but hastening to "Jonathan's," he bought all in the market, spending all his cash, and pledging his name for more. The Pretender retreated, and the sagacious Hebrew became a millionaire. Mr. Gideon had a sovereign contempt for fine clothes; an essayist of the day writes, "Neither Guy nor Gideon ever regarded dress." He educated his children in the Christian faith; "but," said he, "I'm too old to change." "Gideon is dead," says one of his biographers, "worth more than the whole land of Canaan. He has left the reversion of all his milk and honey—after his son and daughter, and their children—to the Duke of Devonshire, without insisting on his assuming his name, or being circumcised!" His views must have been liberal, for he left a legacy of £2,000 to the Sons of the Clergy, and of £1,000 to the London Hospital. He also gave £1,000 to the synagogue, on condition of having his remains interred in the Jewish burying-place.

In 1772, the occurrence of some Scotch failures led to a Change-Alley panic, and the downfall of Alexander Fordyce, who, for years, had been the most thriving jobber in London. He was a hosier in Aberdeen, but came to London to improve his fortunes. The money game was in his favour. He was soon able to purchase a large estate. He built a church at his private cost, and spent thousands in trying to obtain a seat in Parliament. Marrying a lady of title, on whom he made a liberal settlement, he bought several Scotch lairdships, endowed an hospital, and founded several charities. But the lease of his property was short. His speculations suddenly grew desperate; hopeless ruin ensued; and a great number of capitalists were involved in his fall. The consternation was extreme, nor can we wonder, since his bills, to the amount of £4,000,000, were in circulation. He earnestly sought, but in vain, for pecuniary aid. The Bank refused it, and when he applied for help to a wealthy Quaker, "Friend Fordyce," was the answer, "I have known many men ruined by *two dice*, but I will not be ruined by *Four-dice*."

In 1785, a stockbroker, named Atkinson, probably from the "North Countree," speculated enormously, but skilfully, we must suppose, for he realised a fortune of £500,000. His habits were eccentric. At a friend's dinner party he abruptly turned to a lady who occupied the next chair, saying, "If you, madam, will entrust me with £1,000 for three years, I will employ it advantageously." The speaker was well known, and his offer accepted; and at the end of the three years, to the very day, Atkinson called on the lady with £10,000, to which, by his adroit management, her deposit had increased.

In general (says "Aleph," in the *City Press*), a stock-jobber's pursuits tend to shorten life; violent excitement, and the constant alternation of hope and fear, wear out the brain, and soon lead to disease or death. Yet instances of great longevity occur in this class: John Rive, after many active years in the Alley, retired to the Continent, and died at the age of 118.

The author of "The Bank Mirror" (circa 1795) gives a graphic description of the Stock Exchange of that period. "The scene opens," he says, "about twelve, with the call of the prices of stock, the shouting out of names, the recital of news, &c., much in the following manner:—'A mail come in—What news? what news?—Steady, steady—Consols for to-morrow—Here, Consols!—You old Timber-toe, have you got any scrip?—Private advices from—A wicked old peer in disguise sold—What do you do?—Here, Consols! Consols!—Letters from—A great house has stopt—Payment of the Five per Cents commences—Across the Rhine—The Austrians routed—The French pursuing!—Four per Cents for the opening!—Four per Cents—Sir Sydney Smith exchanged for—Short Annuities—Shorts! Shorts! Shorts!—A messenger extraordinary sent to—Gibraltar fortifying against—A Spanish fleet seen in—Reduced Annuities for to-morrow—I'm a seller of—Lame ducks waddling—Under a cloud hanging over—The Cape of Good Hope retaken by—Lottery tickets!—Here, tickets! tickets! tickets!—The Archduke Charles of Austria fled into—India Stock!—Clear the way, there, Moses!—Reduced Annuities for money!—I'm a buyer — Reduced! Reduced! (*Rattles spring.*) What a d—d noise you make there with the rattles!—Five per Cents!—I'm a seller!—Five per Cents! Five per Cents!—The French in full march for—The Pope on his knees—following the direction of his native meekness into—Consols! Consols!—

Smoke the old girl in silk shoes there! Madam, do you want a broker?—Four per Cents—The Dutch fleet skulked into—Short Annuities!—The French army retreating!—The Austrians pursuing!—Consols! Consols! Bravo!—Who's afraid?—Up they go! up they go!—'De Empress de Russia dead!'—You lie, Mordecai! I'll stuff your mouth with pork, you dog!—Long Annuities! Long Annuities! Knock that fellow's hat off, there!—He'll waddle, to-morrow—Here, Long Annuities! Short Annuities!—Longs and Shorts!—The Prince of Condé fled!—Consols!—The French bombarding Frankfort!—Reduced Annuities—Down they go! down they go!—You, Levi, you're a thief, and I'm a gentleman—Step to Garraway's, and bid Isaacs come here—Bank Stock!—Consols!—Give me thy hand, Solomon!—Didst thou not hear the guns fire?—Noble news! great news!—Here, Consols! St. Lucia taken!—St. Vincent taken!—French fleets blocked up! English fleets triumphant! Bravo! Up we go! up, up, up!—Imperial Annuities! Imperial! Imperial!—Get out of my sunshine, Moses, you d—d little Israelite!—Consols! Consols! &c.' . . . The noise of the screech-owl, the howling of the wolf, the barking of the mastiff, the grunting of the hog, the braying of the ass, the nocturnal wooing of the cat, the hissing of the snake, the croaking of toads, frogs, and grasshoppers—all these in unison could not be more hideous than the noise which these beings make in the Stock Exchange. And as several of them get into the Bank, the beadles are provided with rattles, which they occasionally spring, to drown their noise and give the fair purchaser or seller room and opportunity to transact their business; for that part of the Rotunda to which the avenue from Bartholomew Lane leads is often so crowded with them that people cannot enter."

About 1799, the shares of this old Stock Exchange having fallen into few hands, they boldly attempted, instead of a sixpenny diurnal admission to every person presenting himself at the bar, to make it a close subscription-room of ten guineas per annum for each member, and thereby to shut out all petty or irregular traffickers, to increase the revenues of this their monopolised market. A violent democracy revolted at this imposition and invasion of the rights, privileges, and immunities of a public market for the public stock. They proposed to raise 263 shares of £50 each, creating a fund of £13,150 wherewith to build a new, uninfluenced, unaristocraticised, free, open market. Those shares were never, as in the old conventicle, to condense into a few hands, for fear of a dread aristocracy returning. Mendoza's boxing-room, the debating-forum up Capel Court, and buildings contiguous with the freehold site, were purchased, and the foundation-stone was laid for this temple, to be, when completed, consecrated to free, open traffic.

In 1805 Ambrose Charles, a Bank clerk, publicly charged the Earl of Moira, a cabinet minister, with using official intelligence to aid him in speculating in the funds. The Premier was compelled to investigate the charge, but no truthful evidence could be adduced, and the falsehood of his allegations was made apparent.

Mark Sprat, a remarkable speculator, died in 1808. He came to London with small means, but getting an introduction to the Stock Exchange, was wonderfully successful. In 1799 he contracted for the Lottery; and in 1800 and the three following years he was foremost among those who contracted for the loans. During Lord Melville's trial, he was asked whether he did not act as banker for members of both houses. "I never do business with privileged persons!" was his reply, which might have referred to the following fact:—A broker came to Sprat in great distress. He had acted largely for a principal who, the prices going against him, refused to make up his losses. "Who was the scoundrel?" "A nobleman of immense property." Sprat volunteered to go with him to his dishonest debtor. The great man coolly answered, it was not convenient to pay. The broker declared that unless the account was settled by a fixed hour next day, his lordship would be posted as a defaulter. Long before the time appointed the matter was arranged, and Sprat's friend rescued from ruin.

The history of the money articles in the London papers is thus given by the author of "The City." In 1809 and 1810 (says the writer), the papers had commenced regularly to publish the prices of Consols and the other securities then in the market, but the list was merely furnished by a stockbroker, who was allowed, as a privilege for his services, to append his name and address, thereby receiving the advantages of an advertisement without having to pay for it. A further improvement was effected by inserting small paragraphs, giving an outline of events occurring in relation to City matters, but these occupied no acknowledged position, and only existed as ordinary intelligence. However, from 1810 up to 1817, considerable changes took place in the arrangements of the several daily journals; and a new era almost commenced in City life with the numerous companies started on the joint-stock principle at the more advanced period, and then it was that this department appears to have received serious attention from the heads of the leading journals.

The description of matter comprised in City articles has not been known in its present form more than fifty years. There seems a doubt whether they first originated with the *Times* or the *Herald*. Opinion is by some parties given in favour of the last-mentioned paper. Whichever establishment may be entitled to the praise for commencing so useful a compendium of City news, one thing appears very certain—viz., that no sooner was it adopted by the one paper, than the other followed closely in the line chalked out. The regular City article appears only to have had existence since 1824–25, when the first effect of that over-speculating period was felt in the insolvency of public companies, and the breakage of banks. Contributions of this description had been made and published, as already noticed, in separate paragraphs throughout the papers as early as 1811 and 1812; but these took no very prominent position till the more important period of the close of the war, and the declaration of peace with Europe.

In 1811, the case of Benjamin Walsh, M.P., a member of the Stock Exchange, occasioned a prodigious sensation. Sir Thomas Plomer employed him as his broker, and, buying an estate, found it necessary to sell stock. Walsh advised him not to sell directly, as the funds were rising; the deeds were not prepared, and the advice was accepted. Soon after, Walsh said the time to sell was come, for the funds would quickly fall. The money being realised, Walsh recommended the purchase of exchequer bills as a good investment. Till the cash was wanted, Sir Thomas gave a cheque for £22,000 to Walsh, who undertook to lodge the notes at Gosling's. In the evening he brought an acknowledgment for £6,000, promising to make up the amount next day. Sir Thomas called at his bankers, and found that a cheque for £16,000 had been sent, but too late for presentation, and in the morning the cheque was refused. In fact, Walsh had disposed of the whole; giving £1,000 to his broker, purchasing £11,000 of American stock, and buying £5,000 worth of Portuguese doubloons. He was tried and declared guilty; but certain legal difficulties were interposed; the judges gave a favourable decision; he was released from Newgate, and formally expelled from the House of Commons. Such crimes seem almost incredible, for such culprits can have no chance of escape; as, even when the verdict of a jury is favourable, their character and position must be absolutely and hopelessly lost.

In these comparatively steady-going times, the funds often remain for months with little or no variation; but during the last years of the French war, a difference of eight or even ten per cent. might happen in an hour, and scripholders might realise eighteen or twenty per cent. by the change in the loans they so eagerly sought. From what a fearful load of ever-increasing expenditure the nation was relieved by the peace resulting from the battle of Waterloo, may be judged from the fact that the decrease of Government charges was at once declared to exceed £2,000,000 per month.

One of the most extraordinary Stock Exchange conspiracies ever devised was that carried out by De Berenger and Cochrane Johnstone in 1814. It was a time when Bonaparte's military operations against the allies had depressed the funds, and great national anxiety prevailed. The conspiracy was dramatically carried out. On the 21st of February, 1824, about one a.m., a violent knocking was heard at the door of the "Ship Inn," then the principal hotel of Dover. On the door being opened, a person in richly embroidered scarlet uniform, wet with spray, announced himself as Lieutenant-Colonel De Bourg, aide-de-camp of Lord Cathcart. He had a star and silver medals on his breast, and wore a dark fur travelling cap, banded with gold. He said he had been brought over by a French vessel from Calais, the master of which, afraid of touching at Dover, had landed him about two miles off, along the coast. He was the bearer of important news—the allies had gained a great victory and had entered Paris. Bonaparte had been overtaken by a detachment of Sachen's Cossacks, who had slain and cut him into a thousand pieces. General Platoff had saved Paris from being reduced to ashes. The white cockade was worn everywhere, and an immediate peace was now certain. He immediately ordered out a post-chaise and four, but first wrote the news to Admiral Foley, the port-admiral at Deal. The letter reached the admiral about four a.m., but the morning proving foggy, the telegraph would not work. Off dashed De Bourg (really De Berenger, an adventurer, afterwards a livery-stable keeper), throwing napoleons to the post-boys every time he changed horses. At Bexley Heath, finding the telegraph could not have worked, he moderated his pace and spread the news of the Cossacks fighting for Napoleon's body. At the Marsh Gate, Lambeth, he entered a hackney coach, telling the post-boys to spread the news on their return. By a little after ten, the rumours reached the Stock Exchange, and the funds rose; but on its being found that the Lord Mayor had had no intelligence, they soon went down again.

In the meantime other artful confederates were at work. The same day, about an hour before

daylight, two men, dressed as foreigners, landed from a six-oar galley, and called on a gentleman of Northfleet, and handed him a letter from an old friend, begging him to take the bearers to London, as they had great public news to communicate; they were accordingly taken. About twelve or one the same afternoon, three persons (two of whom were dressed as French officers) drove slowly over London Bridge in a post-chaise, the horses of which were bedecked with laurel. The officers scattered billets to the crowd, announcing the death of Napoleon and the fall of Paris. They then paraded through Cheapside and Fleet Street, passed over Blackfriars Bridge, drove rapidly to the Marsh Gate, Lambeth, got out, changed their cocked hats for round ones, and disappeared as De Bourg had done.

The funds once more rose, and long bargains were made; but still some doubt was felt by the less sanguine, as the ministers as yet denied all knowledge of the news. Hour after hour passed by, and the certainty of the falsity of the news gradually developed itself. "To these scenes of joy," says a witness, "and of greedy expectations of gain, succeeded, in a few hours, disappointment and shame at having been gulled, the clenching of fists, the grinding of teeth, the tearing of hair, all the outward and visible signs of those inward commotions of disappointed avarice in some, consciousness of ruin in others, and in all boiling revenge." A committee was appointed by the Stock Exchange to track out the conspiracy, as on the two days before Consols and Omnium, to the amount of £826,000, had been purchased by persons implicated. Because one of the gang had for a blind called on the celebrated Lord Cochrane, and because a relation of his engaged in the affair had purchased Consols for him, that he might unconsciously benefit by the fraud, the Tories, eager to destroy a bitter political enemy, concentrated all their rage on as high-minded, pure, and chivalrous a man as ever trod a frigate's deck. He was tried June 21, 1817, at the Court of Queen's Bench, fined £1,000, and sentenced ignominiously to stand one hour in the pillory. This latter part of his sentence the Government was, however, afraid to carry out, as Sir Francis Burdett had declared that if it was done, he would stand beside his friend on the scaffold of shame. To crown all, Cochrane's political enemies had him stripped of his knighthood, and the escutcheon of his order disgracefully kicked down the steps of the chapel in Westminster Abbey. For some years this true successor of Nelson remained a branded exile, devoting his courage to the cause of universal liberty, lost to the country which he loved so much. In his old age tardy justice restored to him his unsoiled coronet, and finally awarded him a grave among her heroes.

The ticket pocketing of 1821 is thus described by the author of "An Exposé of the Mysteries of the Stock Exchange:"—"Of all the tricks," he says, "practised against Goldschmidt, the ticket pocketing scheme was, perhaps, the most iniquitous: it was to prevent the buying in on a settling day the balance of the account, and to defeat the consequent rise, thereby making the real bear a fictitious bull account. To give the reader a conception of this, and of the practices as well as the interior of the Stock Exchange, the following attempted delineation is submitted:—The doors open before ten, and at the minute of ten the spirit-stirring rattle grates to action. Consols are, suppose, 69 to 69⅛—that is, buyers at the lower and sellers at the higher price. Trifling manœuvres and puffing up till twelve, as neither party wish the Government broker to buy under the highest price; the sinking-fund purchaser being the point of diurnal altitude, as the period before a loan is the annually depressed point of price, when the Stock Exchange have the orbit of these revolutions under their own control.

"At twelve the broker mounts the rostrum and opens: 'Gentlemen, I am a buyer of £60,000 Consols for Government, at 69.' 'At ⅛th, sir,' the jobbers resound; 'ten thousand of me—five of me—two of me,' holding up as many fingers. Nathan, Goldschmidt's agent, says, 'You may have them all of me at your own bidding, 69.' In ten minutes this commission is earned from the public, and this state sinking-fund joint stock jobbed. Nathan is hustled, his hat and wig thrown upon the commissioner's sounding-board, and he must stand bare-headed until the porter can bring a ladder to get it down. Out squalls a ticket-carrier, 'Done at ⅞;' again, 'At ¾, all a-going;' and the contractors must go, too; they have served the commissioners at 69, when the market was full one-eighth. All must come to market before next omnium payment; they cannot keep it up (yet this operation might have suited the positions of the market). Nathan cries out, 'Where done at ¾th's?' 'Here — there, there, there!' Mr. Doubleface, going out at the door, meets Mr. Ambush, a brother bear, with a wink, 'Sir, they are ¾ths, I believe, sellers, you may have £2,000 thereat, and £10,000 at ⅝ths.' This is called fiddling: it is allowable to jobbers thus to bring the turn to $\frac{1}{16}$th, or a 32nd, but not to brokers, as thereby the public would not be fleeced ⅛th, to the house benefit.

'Sir, I would not take them at ¼th,' replies Mr. Ambush. 'Offered at ⅜ths and ⅝ths,' bawls out an urchin scout, holding up his face to the ceiling, that by the re-echo his spot may not be discovered."

The system of business at the Stock Exchange is thus described by an accomplished writer on the subject: "Bargains are made in the presence of a third person. The terms are simply entered in a pocket-book, but are checked the next day; and the jobber's clerk (also a member of the house) pays or receives the money, and sees that the securities are correct. There are but three or four dealers in Exchequer bills. Most members of the Stock Exchange keep their money in convertible securities, so that it can be changed from hand to hand almost at a moment's notice. The brokers execute the orders of bankers, merchants, and private individuals; and the jobbers are the persons with whom they deal. When the broker appears in the market, he is at once surrounded by eager jobbers. One of the cries of the Stock Exchange is, 'Borrow money? borrow money?'—a singular cry to general apprehension, but it of course implies that the credit of the borrower must be first-rate, or his security of the most satisfactory nature, and that it is not the principal who goes into the market, but only the principal's broker. 'Have you money to lend to-day?' is a startling question often asked with perfect *nonchalance* in the Stock Exchange. If the answer is 'Yes,' the borrower says, 'I want £10,000 or £20,000.'—'At what security?' is the vital question that soon follows.

"Another mode of doing business is to conceal the object of the borrower or lender, who asks, 'What are Exchequer?' The answer may be, 'Forty and forty-two.' That is, the party addressed will buy £1,000 at 40 shillings, and sell £1,000 at 42 shillings. The jobbers cluster round the broker, who perhaps says, 'I must have a price in £5,000' If it suits them, they will say, 'Five with me,' 'Five with me,' 'Five with me,' making fifteen: or they will say, 'Ten with me;' and it is the broker's business to get these parties pledged to buy of him at 40, or to sell to him at 42, they not knowing whether he is a buyer or a seller. The broker then declares his purpose, saying, for example, 'Gentlemen, I sell to you £20,000 at 40;' and the sum is then apportioned among them. If the money were wanted only for a month, and the Exchequer market remained the same during the time, the buyer would have to give 42 in the market for what he sold at 40, being the difference between the buying and the selling price, besides which h would have to pay the broker 1s. per cent. com mission on the sale, and 1s. per cent. on the pu chase, again on the bills, which would mak altogether 4s. per cent. If the object of the broke be to buy Consols, the jobber offers to buy hi £10,000 at 96, or to sell him that amount a 96½, without being at all aware which he i engaging himself to do. The same person ma not know on any particular day whether he wil be a borrower or a lender. If he has sold stock and has not re-purchased about one or two o'cloc in the day, he would be a lender of money; but i he has bought stock, and not sold, he would be borrower. Immense sums are lent on conditio of being recalled on the short notice of a fe hours."

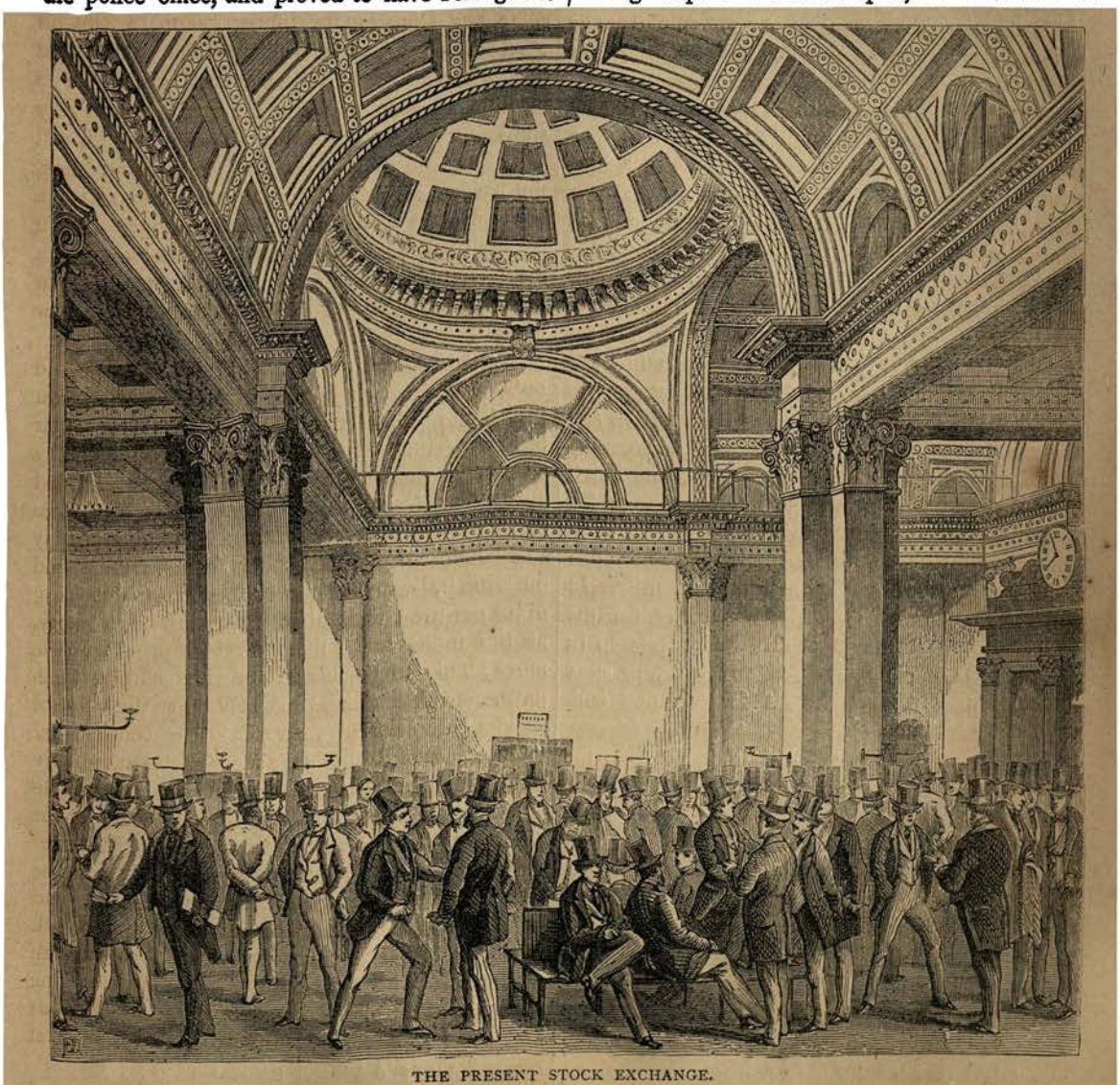
The uninitiated wonder that any man shoul borrow £10,000 or £20,000 for a day, or at mos a fortnight, when it is liable to be called for a the shortest notice. The directors of a railwa company, instead of locking up their money, send the £12,000 or £14,000 a week to a broker, t be lent on proper securities. Persons who pa large duties to Government at fixed periods, len the sums for a week or two. A person intendin to lay out his capital in mortgage or real property lends out the sum till he meets with a suitabl offer. The great bankers lend their surplus cas on the Stock Exchange. A jobber, at the close c the day, will lend his money at 1 per cent., rathe than not employ it at all. The extraordina fluctuations in the rate of interest even in a sing day are a great temptation to the money-lend to resort to the Stock Exchange. "Instanc have occurred," says our authority, "when in th morning everybody has been anxious to len money at 4 per cent., when about two o'cloc money has become so scarce that it could wit difficulty be borrowed at 10 per cent. If th price of Consols be low, persons who are desirou of raising money will give a high rate of intere rather than sell stock."

The famous Pop-gun Plot was generally suppose to have been a Stock Exchange trick. A writ on stockbroking says: "The Pop-gun Plot, i Palace Yard, on a memorable occasion of th King going to the Parliament House, was neve understood or traced home. It is said to hav originated in a Stock Exchange hoax. 'Popgu John' was at the time a low republican in th Stock Exchange, and had a house in or nea Palace Yard, from which a missile had been pro jected. He subsequently grew rich."

The journals of that day described the ho

pursuit by the myrmidons being cooled by a well-got-up story that the fugitive suspected had been unfortunately drowned; and in proof, a hat picked up by a waterman at the Nore was brought wet to the police office, and proved to have belonged to the person pursued. The plotter disappeared after this "drowning" for some months, while the hush-money and sinister manœuvres were baffling the pursuers. Afterwards, the affair dying away, he reappeared, resuscitated, in the Stock Exchange, making very little secret of this extraordinary affair, and would relate it in ordinary conversation on the Stock Exchange benches, as a philosophical experiment, not intended to endanger the king's life, but certainly planned to frighten the public, so as to effect a fall, and realise a profitable bear account; if sufficient to trip up the contractors, the better.

While the dupes of the Cato Street conspiracy were dangling before the "debtor's door," the surviving adept of the former plot, from his villa not ten miles from London, was mounting his carriage to drive to the Stock Exchange, to operate upon the effect this example might produce in the public mind, and, consequently, realising his now large portion of funded property.



THE PRESENT STOCK EXCHANGE.

"If there are any members now of that standing in the Stock Exchange, they must remember how artlessly the tale of this philosophical experiment used to be told by the contriver of it in a year or two afterwards, in reliance upon Stock Exchange men's honour and confidence.

In the year 1798, Nathan, the third son of Meyer Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfort, intimated to his father that he would go to England, and there commence business. The father knew the intrepidity of Nathan, and had great confidence in his financial skill: he interposed, therefore, no difficulties. The plan was proposed on Tuesday, and on Thursday it was put into execution.

Nathan was entrusted with £20,000, and though perfectly ignorant of the English language, he commenced a most gigantic career, so that in a brief period the above sum increased to the amount of £60,000. Manchester was his starting-point. He took a comprehensive survey of its products, and observed that by proper management a treble harvest might be reaped from them. He secured the three profitable trades in his grasp—viz., the raw material, the dyeing, and the manufacturing—and was consequently able to sell goods cheaper than any one else. His profits were immense, and Manchester soon became too little for his speculative mind. Nevertheless, he would not have left it were it not a private pique against one of his co-religionists, which originated by the dishonouring of a bill which was made payable to him, disgusted him with the Manchester community. In 1800, therefore, he quitted Manchester for the metropolis. With giant strides he progressed in his prosperity. The confused and insecure state of the Continent added to his fortune, and contributed to his fame.

The Prince of Hesse Cassel, in flying from the approach of the republican armies, desired, as he passed through Frankfort, to store a vast amount of wealth, in such a manner as might leave him a chance of recovery after the storm had passed by. He sought out Meyer Anselm Rothschild, and confided all his worldly possessions to the keeping of the Hebrew banker. Meyer Anselm, either from fear of loss or hope of gain, sent the money to his son Nathan, settled in London, and the latter thus alluded to this circumstance: "The Prince of Hesse Cassel gave my father his money; there was no time to be lost; he sent it to me. I had £600,000 arrive by post unexpectedly; and I put it to so good use, that the prince made me a present of all his wine and linen."

"When the late Mr. Rothschild was alive, if business," says the author of "The City," "ever became flat and unprofitable in the Stock Exchange, the brokers and jobbers generally complained, and threw the blame upon this leviathan of the money market. Whatever was wrong, was always alleged to be the effects of Mr. Rothschild's operations, and, according to the views of these parties, he was either bolstering up, or unnecessarily depressing prices for his own object. An anecdote is related of this great speculator, that hearing on one occasion that a broker had given very strong expression to his feelings in the open market on this subject, dealing out the most deadly anathemas against the Jews, and consigning them to the most horrible torments, he sent the broker, through the medium of another party, an order to sell £600,000 Consols, saying, 'As he always so abuses me, they will never suspect he is *bearing* the market on my account.' Mr. Rothschild employed several brokers to do his business, and hence there was no ascertaining what in reality was the tendency of his operations. While perchance one broker was buying a certain quantity of stock on the order of his principal in the market, another at the same moment would be instructed to sell; so that it was only in the breast of the principal to know the probable result. It is said that Mrs. Rothschild tried her hand in speculating, and endeavoured by all her influence to get at the secret of her husband's dealings. She, however, failed, and was therefore not very successful in her ventures. Long before Mr. Rothschild's death, it was prophesied by many of the brokers that, when the event occurred, the public would be less alarmed at the influence of the firm, and come forward more boldly to engage in stock business. They have, notwithstanding, been very much mistaken."

The chronicler of the "Stock Exchange" says: "One cause of Rothschild's success, was the secrecy with which he shrouded all his transactions, and the tortuous policy with which he misled those the most who watched him the keenest. If he possessed news calculated to make the funds rise, he would commission the broker who acted on his behalf to sell half a million. The shoal of men who usually follow the movements of others, sold with him. The news soon passed through Capel Court that Rothschild was bearing the market, and the funds fell. Men looked doubtingly at one another; a general panic spread; bad news was looked for; and these united agencies sunk the price two or three per cent. This was the result expected; other brokers, not usually employed by him, bought all they could at the reduced rate. By the time this was accomplished the good news had arrived; the pressure ceased, the funds arose instantly, and Mr. Rothschild reaped his reward."

It sometimes happened that notwithstanding Rothschild's profound secrecy, he was overcome by stratagem. The following circumstance, which was related to Mr. Margoliouth by a person who

knew Rothschild well, will illustrate the above statement. When the Hebrew financier lived at Stamford Hill, there resided opposite to him another very wealthy dealer in the Stock Exchange, Lucas by name. The latter returning home one night at a late hour from a convivial party, observed a carriage and four standing before Rothschild's gate, upon which he ordered his own carriage out of the way, and commanded his coachman to await in readiness his return. Lucas went stealthily and watched, unobserved, the movements at Rothschild's gate. He did not lie long in ambush before he heard some one leaving the Hebrew millionaire's mansion, and going towards the carriage. He saw Rothschild, accompanied by two muffled figures, step into the carriage, and heard the word of command, "To the City." He followed Rothschild's carriage very closely, but when he reached the top of the street in which Rothschild's office was situated, Lucas ordered his carriage to stop, from which he stepped out, and proceeded, reeling to and fro through the street, feigning to be mortally drunk. He made his way in the same mood as far as Rothschild's office, and *sans ceremonie* opened the door, to the great consternation and terror of the housekeeper, uttering sundry ejaculations in the broken accents of Bacchus' votaries. Heedless of the affrighted housekeeper's remonstrances, he opened Rothschild's private office, in the same staggering attitude, and fell down flat on the floor.

Rothschild and his friends became very much alarmed. Efforts were made to restore and remove the would-be drunkard, but Lucas was too good an actor, and was therefore in such a fit as to be unable to be moved hither or thither. "Should a physician be sent for?" asked Rothschild. But the housekeeper threw some cold water into Lucas's face, and the patient began to breathe a little more naturally, and fell into a sound snoring sleep. He was covered over, and Rothschild and the strangers proceeded unsuspectingly to business. The strangers brought the good intelligence that the affairs in Spain were all right, respecting which the members of the Exchange were, for a few days previous, very apprehensive, and the funds were therefore in a rapidly sinking condition. The good news could not, however, in the common course of despatch, be publicly known for another day. Rothschild therefore planned to order his brokers to buy up, cautiously, all the stock that should be in the market by twelve o'clock the following day. He sent for his principal broker thus early, in order to entrust him with the important instruction.

The broker was rather tardier than Rothschild's patience could brook; he therefore determined to go himself. As soon as Rothschild was gone, Lucas began to recover, and by degrees was able to get up, though distracted, as he said, "with a violent headache," and insisted, in spite of the housekeeper's expostulations, upon going home. But Lucas went to his broker, and instructed him to buy up all the stock he could get by ten o'clock the following morning. About eleven o'clock Lucas met Rothschild, and inquired satirically how he, Rothschild, was off for stock. Lucas won the day, and Rothschild is said never to have forgiven "the base, dishonest, and nefarious stratagem."

Yet, with all his hoardings, says Mr. Margoliouth, Rothschild was by no means a happy man. Dangers and assassinations seemed to haunt his imagination by day and by night, and not without grounds. Many a time, as he himself said, just before he sat down to dinner, a note would be put into his hand, running thus:—"If you do not send me immediately the sum of five hundred pounds, I will blow your brains out." He affected to despise such threats; they, nevertheless, exercised a direful effect upon the millionaire. He loaded his pistols every night before he went to bed, and put them beside him. He did not think himself more secure in his country house than he did in his bed. One day, while busily engaged in his golden occupation, two foreign gentlemen were announced as desirous to see Baron Rothschild *in propriâ personâ*. The strangers had not the foresight to have the letters of introduction in readiness. They stood, therefore, before the Baron in the ludicrous attitude of having their eyes fixed upon the Hebrew Crœsus, and with their hands rummaging in large European coat-pockets. The fervid and excited imagination of the Baron conjured up a multitudinous array of conspiracies. Fancy eclipsed his reason, and, in a fit of excitement, he seized a huge ledger, which he aimed and hurled at the mustachioed strangers, calling out, at the same time, for additional physical force. The astonished Italians, however, were not long, after that, in finding the important documents they looked for, which explained all. The Baron begged the strangers' pardon for the unintentional insult, and was heard to articulate to himself, "Poor unhappy me! a victim to nervousness and fancy's terrors! and all because of my money!"

Rothschild's mode of doing business when engaging in large transactions (says Mr. Grant) was this. Supposing he possessed exclusively, which he often did, a day or two before it could be generally known, intelligence of some event, which had occurred in any part of the Continent, sufficiently important to cause a rise in the French funds, and through them on the English funds, he would em-

power the brokers he usually employed to sell out stock, say to the amount of £500,000. The news spread in a moment that Rothschild was selling out, and a general alarm followed. Every one apprehended that he had received intelligence from some foreign part of some important event which would produce a fall in prices. As might, under such circumstances, be expected, all became sellers at once. This, of necessity, caused the funds, to use Stock Exchange phraseology, "to tumble down at a fearful rate." Next day, when they had fallen, perhaps, one or two per cent., he would make purchases, say to the amount of £1,500,000, taking care, however, to employ a number of brokers whom he was not in the habit of employing, and commissioning each to purchase to a certain extent, and giving all of them strict orders to preserve secrecy in the matter. Each of the persons so employed was, by this means, ignorant of the commission given to the others. Had it been known the purchases were made by him, there would have been as great and sudden a rise in the prices as there had been in the fall, so that he could not purchase to the intended extent on such advantageous terms. On the third day, perhaps, the intelligence which had been expected by the jobbers to be unfavourable arrived, and, instead of being so, turned out to be highly favourable. Prices instantaneously rise again, and possibly they may get one and a-half or even two per cent. higher than they were when he sold out his £500,000. He now sells out, at the advanced price, the entire £1,500,000 he had purchased at the reduced prices. The gains by such extensive transactions, when so skilfully managed, will be at once seen to be enormous. By the supposed transaction, assuming the rise to be two per cent., the gain would be £35,000. But this is not the greatest gain which the late leviathian of modern capitalists made by such transactions. He, on more than one occasion, made upwards of £100,000 on one account.

But though no person during the last twelve or fifteen years of Rothschild's life (says Grant) was ever able, for any length of time, to compete with him in the money market, he on several occasions was, in single transactions, outwitted by the superior tactics of others. The gentleman to whom I allude was then and is now the head of one of the largest private banking establishments in town. Abraham Montefiore, Rothschild's brother-in-law, was the principal broker to the great capitalist, and in that capacity was commissioned by the latter to negotiate with Mr. —— a loan of £1,500,000. The security offered by Rothschild was a proportionate amount of stock in Consols, which were at that time 84. This stock was, of course, to be transferred to the name of the party advancing the money, Rothschild's object being to raise the price of Consols by carrying so large a quantity out of the market. The money was lent, and the conditions of the loan were these—that the interest on the sum advanced should be at the rate of 4½ per cent., and that if the price of Consols should chance to go down to 74, Mr. —— should have the right of claiming the stock at 70. The Jew, no doubt, laughed at what he conceived his own commercial dexterity in the transaction; but, ere long, he had abundant reason to laugh on the wrong side of his mouth; for, no sooner was the stock poured into the hand of the banker, than the latter sold it, along with an immensely large sum which had been previously standing in his name, amounting altogether to little short of £3,000,000. But even this was not all. Mr. —— also held powers of attorney from several of the leading Scotch and English banks, as well as from various private individuals, who had large property in the funds, to sell stock on their account. On these powers of attorney he acted, and at the same time advised his friends to follow his example. They at once did so, and the consequence was that the aggregate amount of stock sold by himself and his friends conjointly exceeded £10,000,000. So unusual an extent of sales, all effected in the shortest possible time, necessarily drove down the prices. In an incredibly short time they fell to 74; immediately on which, Mr. —— claimed of Rothschild his stock at 70. The Jew could not refuse: it was in the bond. This climax being reached, the banker bought in again all the stock he had previously sold out, and advised his friends to re-purchase also. They did so; and the result was, that in a few weeks Consols reached 84 again, their original price, and from that to 86. Rothschild's losses were very great by this transaction; but they were by no means equal to the banker's gains, which could not have been less than £300,000 or £400,000.

The following grotesque sketch of the great Rothschild is from the pen of a clever anonymous writer:—"The thing before you," says the author quoted, "stands cold, motionless, and apparently speculationless, as the pillar of salt into which the avaricious spouse of the patriarch was turned: and while you start with wonder at what it can be or mean, you pursue the association, and think upon the fire and brimstone that were rained down. It is a human being of no very Apollo-like form or face: short, squat, with its shoulders drawn up to its ears, and its hands delved into its

breeches'-pockets. The hue of its face is a mixture of brick-dust and saffron; and the texture seems that of the skin of a dead frog. There is a rigidity and tension in the features, too, which would make you fancy, if you did not see that that were not the fact, that some one from behind was pinching it with a pair of hot tongs, and that it were either afraid or ashamed to tell. Eyes are usually denominated the windows of the soul; but here you would conclude that the windows are false ones, or that there is no soul to look out at them. There comes not one pencil of light from the interior, neither is there one scintillation of that which comes from without reflected in any direction. The whole puts you in mind of 'a skin to let;' and you wonder why it stands upright without at least something within. By-and-by another figure comes up to it. It then steps two paces aside, and the most inquisitive glance that ever you saw, and a glance more inquisitive than you would ever have thought of, is drawn out of the erewhile fixed and leaden eye, as if one were drawing a sword from a scabbard. The visiting figure, which has the appearance of coming by accident, and not by design, stops but a second or two, in the course of which looks are exchanged which, though you cannot translate, you feel must be of most important meaning. After these, the eyes are sheathed up again, and the figure resumes its stony posture. During the morning numbers of visitors come, all of whom meet with a similar reception, and vanish in a similar manner; and last of all the figure itself vanishes, leaving you utterly at a loss as to what can be its nature and functions."

Abraham Goldsmid, a liberal and honourable man, who almost rivalled Rothschild as a speculator, was ruined at last by a conspiracy. Goldsmid, in conjunction with a banking establishment, had taken a large Government loan. The leaguers contrived to produce from the collectors and receivers of the revenue so large an amount of floating securities—Exchequer Bills and India Bonds—that the omnium fell to 18 discount. The result was Goldsmid's failure, and eventually his suicide. The conspirators purchased omnium when at its greatest discount, and on the following day it went up to 3 premium, being then a profit of about £2,000,000.

Goldsmid seems to have been a kind-hearted man, not so wholly absorbed in speculation and self as some of the more greedy and vulgar members of the Stock Exchange. One day Mr. Goldsmid observed his favourite waiter at the City of London Tavern very melancholy and abstracted. On being pressed, John confessed that he had just been arrested for a debt of £55, and that he was thinking over the misery of his wife and five children. Goldsmid instantly drew out his cheque-book, and wrote a cheque for £100, the sight of which gladdened poor John's heart and brought tears into his eyes. On one occasion, after a carriage accident in Somersetshire, Goldsmid was carried to the house of a poor curate, and there attended for a fortnight with unremitting kindness. Six weeks after the millionaire's departure a letter came from Goldsmid to the curate, saying that, having contracted for a large Government loan, he (the writer) had put down the curate's name for £20,000 omnium. The poor curate, supposing some great outlay was expected from him for this share in the loan, wrote back to say that he had not £20,000, or even £20, in the world. By the next post came a letter enclosing the curate £1,500, the profit on selling out the £20,000 omnium, the premium having risen since the curate's name had been put down.

The vicissitudes of the Stock Exchange are like those of the gambling-table. A story is related specially illustrative of the rapid fortunes made in the old war-time, when the funds ran up and down every time Napoleon mounted his horse. Mr. F., afterwards proprietor of one of the largest estates in the county of Middlesex, had lost a fortune on the Stock Exchange, and had, in due course, been ruthlessly gibbeted on the cruel black board. In a frenzy, as he passed London Bridge, contemplating suicide, F. threw the last shilling he had in the world over the parapet into the water. Just at that moment some one seized him by the hand. It was a French ensign. He was full of a great battle that had been fought (Waterloo), which had just annihilated Bonaparte, and would restore the Bourbons. The French ambassador had told him only an hour before. A gleam of hope, turning the black board white, arose before the miserable man. He hurried off to a firm on the Stock Exchange, and offered most important news on condition that he should receive half of whatever profits they might realise by the operation. He told them of Waterloo. They rushed into the market, and purchased Consols to a large amount. In the meantime F., sharpened by misfortune, instantly proceeded to another firm, and made a second offer, which was also accepted. There were two partners, and the keenest of them whispered the other not to let F. out of his sight, while he sent brokers to purchase Consols. He might tell some one else. Lunch was then brought in, and the key turned on them. Presently the partner returned, red and seething, from the Stock Exchange. Most

unaccountably Consols had gone up 3 per cent., and he was afraid to purchase. But F. urged the importance of the victory, and declared the funds would soon rise 10 or 12 per cent. The partners, persuaded, made immense purchases. The day the news of Waterloo arrived the funds rose 15 per cent., the greatest rise they were ever known to experience; and F.'s share of the profits from the two houses in one day exceeded £100,000. He returned next day to the Stock Exchange, and soon amassed a large fortune; he then wisely purchased an estate, and left the funds alone for ever.

Some terrible failures occurred in the Stock Exchange during the Spanish panic of 1835. A few facts connected with this disastrous time will serve excellently to illustrate the effects of such reactions among the speculators in stocks. A decline of 20 or 30 per cent. in the Peninsular securities within a week or ten days ruined many of the members. They, like card houses in a puff of wind, brought down others; so that in one short month the greater part of the Stock Exchange had fallen into difficulties. The failure of principals out of doors, who had large differences to pay, caused much of this trouble to the brokers. Men with limited means had plunged into what they considered a certain speculation, and when pay-day arrived and the account was against them, they were obliged to confess their inability to scrape together the required funds. For instance, at the time Zumalacarregui was expected to die, a principal, a person who could not command more than £1,000, "stood," as the Stock Exchange phrase runs, to make a "pot of money" by the event. He speculated heavily, and had the Spanish partisan general good-naturedly died during the account, the commercial gambler would have certainly netted nearly £40,000. The general, however, obstinately delayed his death till the next week, and by that time the speculator was ruined, and all he had sold. Many of the dishonest speculators whose names figured on the black board in 1835 had been "bulls" of Spanish stock. When the market gave way and prices fell, the principals attempted to put off the evil day, says a writer of the period, by "carrying over instead of closing their accounts." The weather, however, grew only the more stormy, and at last, when payment could no longer be evaded, they coolly turned round, and with brazen faces refused, although some of them were able to adjust the balances which their luckless brokers exhibited against them. Now a broker is obliged either to make good his principal's losses from his own pocket, or be declared a defaulter and expelled the Stock Exchange. This rule often presses heavily, says an authority on the subject, on honest but not over-opulent brokers, who transact business for other persons, and become liable if they turn out either insolvent or rogues. Brokers are in most cases careful in the choice of principals if they speculate largely, and often adopt the prudent and very justifiable plan of having a certain amount of stock deposited in their "strong box" as security before any important business is undertaken. Every principal who dabbles in rickety stock without a certain reserve as a security is set down by most men as little better than a swindler.

During the rumours of war which prevailed in October, 1840, shortly before the fall of the Thiers administration in France, the fluctuations in Consols were as much as 4 per cent. The result was great ruin to speculators. The speculators for the rise—the "bulls," in fact—of £400,000 Consols sustained a loss of from £10,000 to £15,000, for which more than one broker found it necessary, for sustaining his credit, to pay.

The railway mania produced many changes in the Stock Exchange. The share market, which previously had been occupied by only four or five brokers and a number of small jobbers, now became a focus of vast business. Certain brokers, it is said, made £3,000 or £4,000 a day by their business. One fortunate man outside the house, who held largely of Churnett Valley scrip before the sanction of the Board of Trade was procured, sold at the best price directly the announcement was made, and netted by that *coup* £27,000. The "Alley men" wrote letters for shares, and when the allotments were obtained made some 10s. on each share. Some of these "dabblers" are known to have made only fifty farthings of fifty shares of a railway now the first in the kingdom. The sellers of letters used to meet in the Royal Exchange before business hours, till the beadle had at last to drive them away to make room for the merchants. There is a story told of an "Alley man" during the mania contriving to sell some rotten shares by bowing to Sir Isaac Goldsmid in the presence of his victim. Sir Isaac returned the bow, and the victim at once believed in the respectability of the gay deceiver.

With the single exception of Mr. David Ricardo, the celebrated political economist, says Mr. Grant, there are few names of any literary distinction connected with the Stock Exchange. Mr. Ricardo is said to have amassed his immense fortune by a scrupulous attention to his own golden rules:—

> "Never refuse an option when you can get it;
> Cut short your losses;
> Let your profits run on."

By the second rule, which, like the rest, is strictly technical, Mr. Ricardo meant that purchasers of

ON CHANGE. (*From an Old Print, about* 1800. *The Figures by Rowlandson; Architecture by Nash.*)

stock ought to re-sell immediately prices fell. By the third he meant that when a person held stock and prices were rising, he ought not to sell until prices had reached their highest, and were beginning to fall.

Gentlemen of the Stock Exchange are rough with intruders. A few years since, says a writer in the *City Press*, an excellent clergyman of my acquaintance, who had not quite mastered the Christian philosophy of turning the right cheek to those who smote the left, had business in the City, and being anxious to see his broker, strayed into the Stock Exchange, in utter ignorance of the great liberty he was committing. Instantly known as an interloper, he was surrounded and hustled by some dozen of the members. "What did he want?" "How dared he to intrude there?"

"I wish to speak with a member, Mr. A——, and was not aware it was against the rules to enter the building."

"Then we'll make you aware for the future," said a coarse but iron-fisted jobber, prepared to suit the action to the word.

My friend disengaged himself as far as possible, and speaking in a calm but authoritative tone, said, "Sirs, I am quite sure you do not mean to insult, in my person, a minister of the Church of England; but take notice, the first man who dares to molest me shall feel the weight of my fist, which is not a light one. Stand by, and let me leave this inhospitable place." They did stand by, and he rushed into the street without sustaining any actual violence.

Practical joking, says an *habitué*, relieves the excitement of this feverish gambling. The stock-brokers indulge in practical jokes which would be hardly excusable in a schoolboy. No member can wear a new hat in the arena of bulls and bears without being tormented, and his chapeau irrecoverably spoiled. A new coat cannot be worn without peril; it is almost certain to be ticketed "Moses and Son—dear at 18s. 6d." The pounce-box is a formidable missile, and frequently nearly blinds the unwary. As P. passes K.'s desk, the latter slily extends his foot in order to trip him up; and when K. rises from his stool, he finds his coat-tail pinned to the cushion, and is likely to lose a portion of it before he is extricated. Yet these men are capable of extreme liberality. Some years ago knocking off hats and chalking one another's backs was a favourite amusement on the Stock Exchange, as a vent for surplus excitement, and on the 5th of November a cart-load of crackers was let off during the day, to the destruction of coats. The cry when a stranger is detected is "Fourteen hundred," and the usual test question is, "Will you purchase any new Navy Five per Cents., sir?" The moment after a rough hand drives the novice's hat over his nose, and he is spun from one to another; his coat-tails are often torn off, and he is then jostled into the street. There have been cases, however, where the jobbers have caught a Tartar, who, after half-strangling one and knocking down two or three more, has fairly fought his way out, pretty well unscathed, all but his hat.

The amount of business done at the Stock Exchange in a day is enormous. In a few hours property, including time bargains, to the amount of £10,000,000, has changed hands. Rothschild is known in one day to have made purchases to the extent of £4,000,000. This great speculator never appeared on the Stock Exchange himself, and on special occasions he always employed a new set of brokers to buy or sell. The boldest attempt ever made to overthrow the power of Rothschild in the money market was that made by a Mr. H. He was the son of a wealthy country banker, with money-stock in his own name, though it was really his father's, to the extent of £50,000. He began by buying, as openly as possible, and selling out again to a very large amount in a very short period of time. About this time Consols were as high as 96 or 97, and there were signs of a coming panic. Mr. H. determined to depress the market, and carry on war against Rothschild, the leader of the "bulls." He now struck out a bold game. He bought £200,000 in Consols at 96, and at once offered any part of £100,000 at 94, and at once found purchasers. He then offered more at 93, 92, and eventually as low as 90. The next day he brought them down to 74; a run on the Bank of England began, which almost exhausted it of its specie. He then purchased to a large extent, so that when the reaction took place, the daring adventurer found his gains had exceeded £100,000. Two years after he had another "operation," but Rothschild, guessing his plan, laid a trap, into which he fell, and the day after his name was up on the black board. It was then discovered that the original £50,000 money-stock had been in reality his father's. A deputation from the committee waited upon Mr. H. immediately after his failure, and quietly suggested to him an immediate sale of his furniture and the mortgage of an annuity settled on his wife. He, furious at this, rang the bell for his footman, and ordered him to show the deputation down stairs. He swore at the treatment that he had received, and said, "As for you, you vagabond, 'My son Jack' (the nickname

of the spokesman), who has had the audacity to make me such a proposal, if you don't hurry down stairs I'll pitch you out of window."

Nicknames are of frequent occurrence on the Stock Exchange. "My son Jack" we have just mentioned. Another was known as "The Lady's Broker," in consequence of being employed in an unfortunate speculation by a lady who had ventured without the knowledge of her husband. The husband refused to pay a farthing, and the broker, to save himself from the black board, divulged the name of the lady who was unable to meet her obligations.

It is a fact not generally known, says a writer on the subject, that by one of the regulations of the Stock Exchange, any person purchasing stock in the funds, or any of the public companies, has a right to demand of the seller as many transfers as there are even thousand pounds in the amount bought. Suppose, for instance, that any person were to purchase £10,000 stock, then, instead of having the whole made over to him by one ticket of transfer, he has a right to demand, if he so pleases, ten separate transfers from the party or parties of whom he purchased.

The descriptions of English stock which are least generally understood are scrip and omnium. Scrip means the receipt for any instalment or instalments which may have been paid on any given amount which has been purchased on any Government loan. This receipt, or scrip, is marketable, the party purchasing it, either at a premium or discount, as the case chances to be, becoming of course bound to pay up the remainder of the instalments, on pain of forfeiting the money he has given for it. Omnium means the various kinds of stock in which a loan is absorbed, or, to make the thing still more intelligible, a person purchasing a certain quantity of omnium, purchases given proportions of the various descriptions of Government securities.

Bargains made one day are always checked the following day, by the parties themselves or their clerks. This is done by calling over their respective books one against another. In most transactions what is called an option is given, by mutual consent, to each party. This is often of great importance to the speculator. It is said that the business at the Stock Exchange is illegal, since an unrepealed Act of Parliament exists which directs all buying and selling of Bank securities shall take place in the Rotunda of the Bank.

There are about 1,700 members of the Stock Exchange, who pay twelve guineas a year each. The election of members is always by ballot, and every applicant must be recommended by three persons, who have been members of the house for at least two years. Each recommender must engage to pay the sum of £500 to the candidate's creditors in case any such candidate should become a defaulter, either in the Stock Exchange or the Foreign Stock market, within two years from the date of his admission. A foreigner must have been resident in the United Kingdom for five years previous, unless he is recommended by five members of the Stock Exchange, each of whom becomes security for £300. The candidate must not enter into partnership with any of his recommenders for two years after his admission, unless additional security be provided, and one partner cannot recommend another. Bill and discount brokers are excluded from the Stock Exchange, says the same writer, and no applicant's wife can be engaged in any sort of business. No applicant who has been a bankrupt is eligible until two years after he has obtained his certificate, or fulfilled the conditions of his deed of composition, or unless he has paid 6s. 8d. in the pound. No one who has been twice bankrupt is eligible unless on the same very improbable condition.

If a member makes any bargains before or after the regular business hours—ten to four—the bargain is not recognised by the committee. No bonds can be returned as imperfect after three days' detention. If a member comes to private terms with his creditors, he is put upon the black board of the Exchange as a defaulter, and expelled: A further failure can be condoned for, after six months' exile, provided the member pays at least one-third of any loss that may have occurred on his speculations. For dishonourable conduct the committee can also chalk up a member's name.

It is said that a member of the Stock Exchange who fails and gives up his last farthing to his creditors is never thought as well of as the man who takes care to keep a reserve, in order to step back again into business. For instance, a stockbroker once lost on one account £10,000, and paid the whole without a murmur. Being, however, what is called on the Stock Exchange "a little man," he never again recovered his credit, it being suspected that his back was irretrievably broken.

But a still more striking and very interesting illustration of the estimation in which sterling integrity is held among a large proportion of the members was afforded (says Mr. Grant) in the case of the late Mr. L. A. de la Chaumette, a gentleman of foreign extraction. He had previously been in the Manchester trade, but had been unfortunate. Being a man much respected, and extensively

known, his friends advised him to go on the Stock Exchange. He adopted their advice, and became a member. He at once established an excellent business as a broker. Not only did he make large sums, in the shape of commissions on the transactions in which he was employed by others, but one of the largest mercantile houses in London, having the highest possible opinion of his judgment and integrity, entrusted him with the sole disposal of an immense sum of money belonging to the French refugees, which was in their hands at the time. He contrived to employ this money so advantageously, both to his constituents and himself, that he acquired a handsome fortune. Before he had been a member three years, he invited his creditors to dine with him on a particular day at the London Tavern, but concealed from them the particular object he had in view in so doing. On entering the room, they severally found their own names on the different plates, which were reversed, and on turning them up, each found a cheque for the amount due to him, with interest. The entire sum which Mr. L. A. de la Chaumette paid away on this occasion, and in this manner, was upwards of £30,000. Next day, he went into the house as usual, and such was the feeling entertained of his conduct, that many members refused to do a bargain with him to the extent of a single thousand. They looked on his payment of the claims of his former creditors as a foolish affair, and fancied that he might have exhausted his resources, never dreaming that, even if he had, a man of such honourable feeling and upright principle was worthy of credit to any amount. He eventually died worth upwards of £500,000.

The locality of the Stock Exchange (says the author of "The Great Babylon," probably the Rev. Dr. Croly)[1] is well chosen, being at a point where intelligence from the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, and the different coffee-houses where private letters from abroad are received, may be obtained in a few minutes, and thus "news from all nations" may be very speedily manufactured with an air of authenticity. One wide portal gapes toward the Bank, in Bartholomew Lane; and there is a sally-port into Threadneedle Street, for those who do not wish to be seen entering or emerging the other way. From the dull and dingy aspect of these approaches, which, it seems, cannot be whitened, one could form no guess at the mighty deeds of the place; and when the hourly quotations of the price of stocks are the same, the place is silent, and only a few individuals, with faces which grin but cannot smile, are seen crawling in and out, or standing yawning in the court, with their hands in their breeches' pockets. If, however, the quotations fluctuate, and the Royal Exchange, where most of the leading men of the money market lounge, be full of bustling and rumours, and especially if characters, with eyes like basilisks, and faces lined and surfaced like an asparagus bed ere the plants come up, be ever and anon darting in at the north door of the Royal Exchange, bounding toward the chief priests of Mammon, like pith balls to the conductor of an electric machine, and, when they have "got their charge," bounding away again, then you may be sure that the Stock Exchange is worth seeing, if it could be seen with comfort, or even with safety. At those times, however, a stranger might as well jump into a den of lions, or throw himself into the midst of a herd of famishing wolves.

Among the various plans adopted for securing early intelligence for Stock Exchange purposes before the invention of the telegraph, none proved more successful than that of "pigeon expresses." Till about the beginning of the century the ordinary courier brought the news from the Continent; and it was only the Rothschilds, and one or two other important firms, that "ran" intelligence, in anticipation of the regular French mail. However, many years ago, the project was conceived of establishing a communication between London and Paris by means of pigeons, and in the course of two years it was in complete operation. The training of the birds took considerable time before they could be relied on; and the relays and organisation required to perfect the scheme not only involved a vast expenditure of time, but also of money. In the first place, to make the communication of use on both sides of the Channel, it was necessary to get two distinct establishments for the flight of the pigeons—one in England and another in France. It was then necessary that persons in whom reliance could be placed should be stationed in the two capitals, to be in readiness to receive or dispatch the birds that might bring or carry the intelligence, and make it available for the parties interested. Hence it became almost evident that one speculator, without he was a very wealthy man, could not hope to support a pigeon "express." The consequence was, that, the project being mooted, two or three of the speculators, including brokers of the house, themselves joined, and worked it for their own benefit. Through this medium several of the dealers rapidly made large sums of money; but the trade became less profitable, because the success of the first operators induced others to follow the example of establishing this species of communication. The cost of keeping a "pigeon express" has

been estimated at £600 or £700 a year; but whether this amount was magnified, with the view of deterring others from venturing into the speculation, is a question which never seems to have been properly explained. It is stated that the daily papers availed themselves of the news brought by these "expresses;" but, in consideration of allowing the speculators to read the despatches first, the proprietors, it is said, bore but a minimum proportion of the expense. The birds generally used were of the Antwerp breed, strong in the wing, and fully feathered. The months in which they were chiefly worked were the latter end of May, June, July, August, and the beginning of September; and, though the news might not be always of importance, a communication was generally kept up daily between London and Paris in this manner.

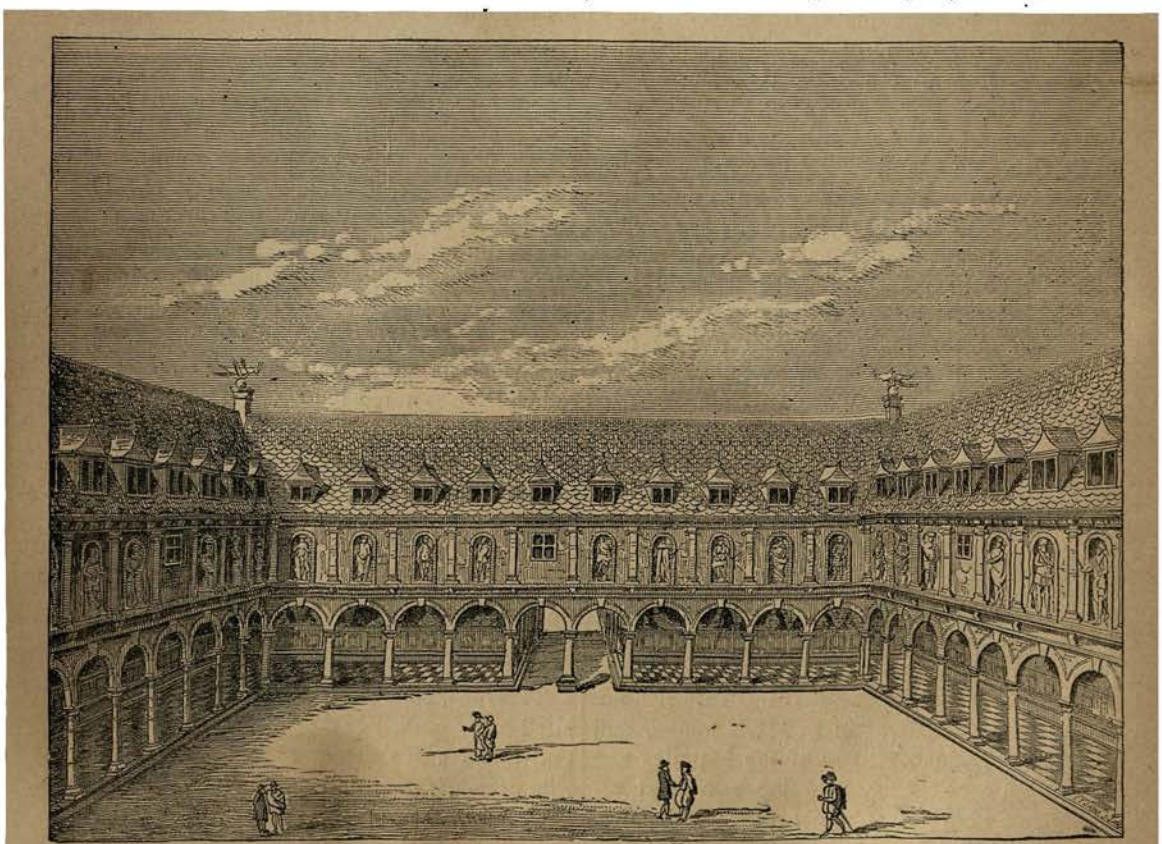
In 1837–38–39, and 1840, a great deal of money was made by the "pigeon men," as the speculators supposed to have possession of such intelligence were familiarly termed; and their appearance in the market was always indicative of a rise or fall, according to the tendency of their operations. Having the first chance of buying or selling, they, of course, had the market for a while in their own hands; but as time progressed, and it was found that the papers, by their "second editions," would communicate the news, the general brokers refused to do business till the papers reached the City. The pigeons bringing the news occasionally got shot on their passage; but, as a flock of some eight or a dozen were usually started at a time, miscarriage was not of frequent occurrence. At the time of the death of Mr. Rothschild, one was caught at Brighton, having been disabled by a gun-shot wound, and beneath the shoulder-feathers of the left wing was discovered a small note, with the words "Il est mort," followed by a number of hieroglyphics. Each pigeon had a method of communication entirely their own; and the conductors, if they fancied the key to it was in another person's power, immediately varied it. A case of this description occurred worth noting. The parties interested in the scheme fancied that, however soon they received intelligence, there were others in the market who were quite equal with them. In order to arrive at the real state of affairs, the chief proprietor consented, at the advice of a friend, to pay £10 for the early perusal of a supposed rival's "pigeon express." The "express" came to hand, he read it, and was not a little surprised to find that he was in reality paying for the perusal of his own news! The truth soon came out. Somebody had bribed the keepers of his pigeons, who were thus not only making a profit by the sale of his intelligence, but also on the speculations they in consequence conducted. The defect was soon remedied by changing the style of characters employed, and all went right as before.

When a defalcation takes place in the Stock Exchange (says a City writer of 1845), the course pursued is as follows:—At the commencement of the "settling day," should a broker or jobber—the one through the default of his principals, and the other in consequence of unsuccessful speculations—find a heavy balance on the wrong side of his accounts, which he is unfortunately unable to settle, and should an attempt to get the assistance from friends prove unavailing, he must fail. Excluded from the house, the scene of his past labours and speculations, he dispatches a short but unimportant communication to the committee of the Stock Exchange. The other members of the institution being all assembled in the market, busied in arranging and settling their accounts, some of them, interested parties, become nervous and fidgety at the non-appearance of Mr. ——— (the defaulter in question). The doubt is soon explained, for the porter stationed at the door suddenly gives three loud and distinctly repeated knocks with a mallet, and announces that Mr.——— presents his respects to the house, and regrets to state that he is unable to comply with his "bargains"—*Anglicè*, to fulfil his engagements.

Visit Bartholomew Lane at any time of the year, says a City writer, and you will be sure to find several people of shabby exterior holding converse at the entrance of Capel Court, or on the steps of the auction mart. These are the "Alley men." You will see one, perhaps, take from his pocket a good-sized parcel of dirty-backed letters, all arranged, and tied round with string or red tape, which he sorts with as much care and attention as if they were bank-notes. That parcel is his stock-in-trade. Perhaps those letters may contain the allotment of shares, in various companies, to an amount, if the capital subscribed was paid, of many hundreds of thousands of pounds.

To describe fairly the "Alley man," we must take him from the first of his career. He is generally some broken-down clerk or tradesman, who, having lost every prospect of life, chooses this description of business as a *dernier ressort*. First started in his calling, he associates with the loiterers at the Stock Exchange, where, by mixing with them, and perhaps making the acquaintance through the introduction of Sir John Barleycorn, at the tap of a tavern, he is initiated by degrees into the secrets of the business, and, perhaps, before long, becomes as great an adept in the sale or purchase of letters as the oldest man on

the walk. When he has acquired the necessary information respecting dealing, he can commence letter-writing for shares. This is effected at the expense of a penny only for postage, pen and ink being always attainable, either in the tavern-parlour or coffee-house he frequents. When a new company comes out, and is advertised, he immediately calls for a form of application, fills it up, and dispatches it, with the moderate request to be allotted one hundred or two hundred shares, the amount of call



INNER COURT OF THE FIRST ROYAL EXCHANGE. (*See page* 495).

or share being quite immaterial to him, as he never intends to pay upon or keep them, his only aim being to increase his available stock of letters, so that he can make a "deal," and pocket the profit, should they have a price among the fraternity.

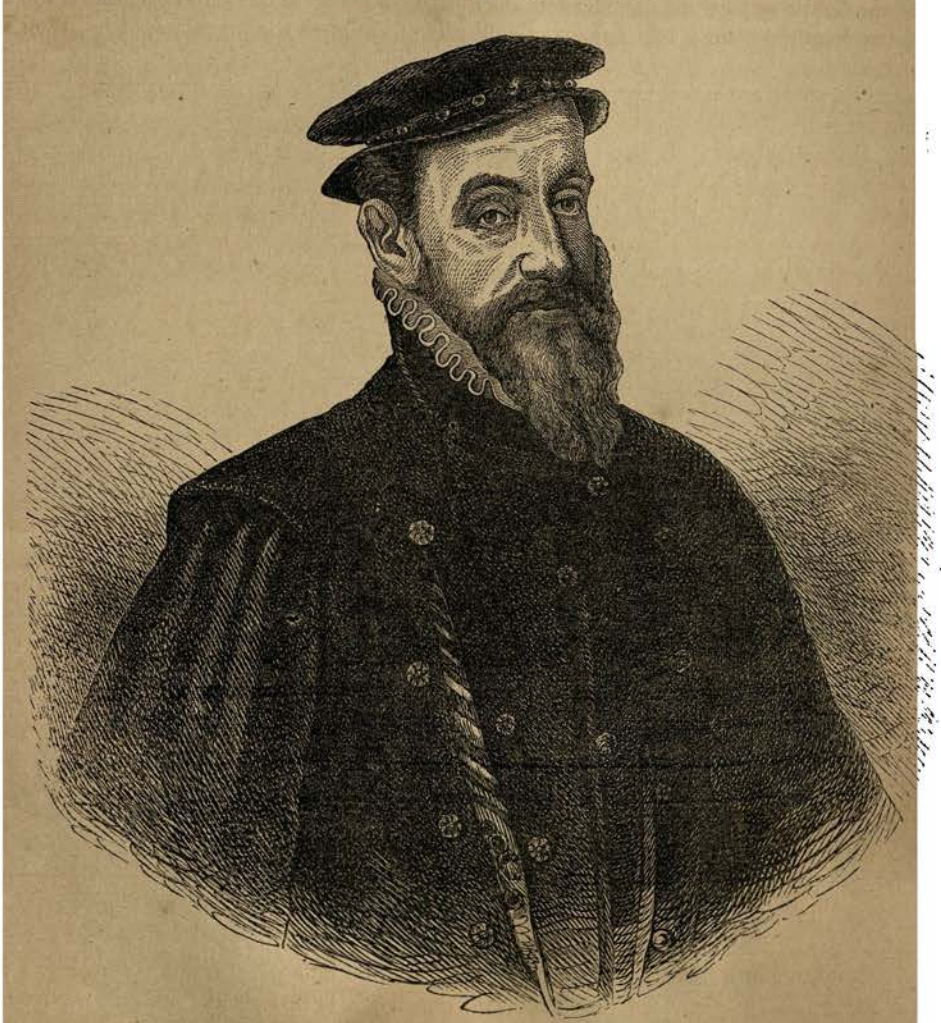
The purchase of stock is thus described by an *habitué*. "Suppose I went," he says, "to buy £100 stock in the Four per Cents. I soon know whether the funds are better, or worse, or steady; for this is the language of the place. If they are *better*, they are on the rise from the preceding day; if *worse*, they are lower than on that day; if *steady*, they have not fluctuated at all, or very little. To render the matter as intelligible as possible, we will suppose the price to be 80⅛, that is, £80 2s. 6d. sterling for £100 stock. Upon my asking the price of the Four per Cents., the answer probably is, "Buyers at an eighth, and sellers at a quarter;" that is, the jobbers who either buy or sell will have the *turn*, or ⅛. Now if I leave the purchase to a broker, he probably gives, without the least hesitation, 80⅜, because he may have a friendly turn to make to his brother broker, for a similar act of kindness the preceding day. Well, but I do *not* leave the purchase to a broker; I manage it myself. I direct my broker to buy me £100 stock at 80¼. He takes my name, profession, and place of residence; he then makes a purchase, and the seller of the stock transfers it to me, my heirs, assigns, &c., and makes his signature. On the same leaf of the same book in which the *transfer* is made to me, there is a form of acceptance of the stock transferred to me, and to which I also put my signature; the clerk then witnesses the receipt, and the whole business is done. The seller of the stock gives me the receipt, with his signature to it, which I may keep till I receive a dividend, when it is no longer any use. The

payment of the dividend is an acknowledgment of my right to the stock; and therefore the receipt then becomes useless."

The usual commission charged by a broker is one-eighth (2s. 6d.) per cent. upon the stock sold or purchased; although of late years the charge has often been reduced fifty per cent., especially in speculators' charges, a reduction ascribed to the influx into the market of a body of brokers who will "do business" almost for nothing, provided they can procure customers. The broker deals with the "jobbers," a class of members, or "middle-men," who remain stationary in the stock market, ready to act upon the orders received from brokers.

There is, moreover, a fund subscribed by the members for their decayed associates, the invested capital of which, exclusive of annual contributions, amounts to upwards of £30,000.

The Stock Exchange has numbered amongst its subscribers some valuable members of society, including David Ricardo and several of his descendants, Francis Baily the astronomer, and many others, down to Charles Stokes, F.R.S., not long ago deceased. Horace Smith and the author of the "Last of the Plantagenets"—himself in his prosperity a munificent patron of literature—also for a long time enlivened its precincts. The writer of the successful play of "The Templar," and other elegant productions, was one of the body.



SIR THOMAS GRESHAM.

The managers, in 1854, expended about £6,000 in securing additional space for the Stock Exchange prior to the commencement of the works, and the contract was taken at £10,400, some subsequent alterations respecting ventilation having caused the amount to be already exceeded.

The fabric belongs to a private company, con-

sisting of 400 shareholders, and the shares were originally of £50 each, but are now of uncertain amount, the last addition being a call of £25 per share, made for the construction of the new edifice. The affairs of this company are conducted under a cumbersome and restrictive deed of settlement, by nine "managers," elected for life by the shareholders, no election taking place till there are four vacancies. The members or subscribers, however, entirely conduct their own affairs by a committee of thirty of their own body. Neither members nor committee are elected for more than one year.

The number of members at present exceeds 1,700. The subscription is paid to the "managers," who liquidate all expenses, and adopt alterations in the building, upon the representations of the committee of the members, or even on the application of the subscribers. Of the 400 shares mentioned above, the whole, with scarcely an exception, are held by the members themselves. No one person is allowed to hold, directly or indirectly, more than four.

The present building stands in the centre of the block of buildings fronting Bartholomew Lane, Threadneedle Street, Old Broad Street, and Throgmorton Street. The principal entrance is from Bartholomew Lane through Capel Court. There are also three entrances from Throgmorton Street, and one from Threadneedle Street. The area of the new house is about 75 square yards, and it would contain 1,100 or 1,200 members. There are, however, seldom more than half that number present. The site is very irregular, and has enforced some peculiar construction in covering it, into which iron enters largely.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

The Greshams—Important Negotiations—Building of the Old Exchange—Queen Elizabeth visits it—Its Milliners' Shops—A Resort for Idlers—Access of Nuisances—The various Walks in the Exchange—Shakespeare's Visits to it—Precautions against Fire—Lady Gresham and the Council—The "Eye of London"—Contemporary Allusions—The Royal Exchange during the Plague and the Great Fire—Wren's Design for a New Royal Exchange—The Plan which was ultimately accepted—Addison and Steele upon the Exchange—The Shops of the Second Exchange.

In the year 1563 Sir Thomas Gresham, a munificent merchant of Lombard Street, who traded largely with Antwerp, carrying out a scheme of his father, offered the City to erect a Bourse at his own expense, if they would provide a suitable plot of ground; the great merchant's local pride having been hurt at seeing Antwerp provided with a stately Exchange, and London without one.

A short sketch of the Gresham family is here necessary, to enable us to understand the antecedents of this great benefactor of London. The family derived its name from Gresham, a little village in Norfolk; and one of the early Greshams appears to have been clerk to Sir William Paston, a judge. The family afterwards removed to Holt, near the sea. John Gresham married an heiress, by whom he had four sons, William, Thomas, Richard, and John. Thomas became Chancellor of Lichfield, the other three brothers turned merchants, and two of them were knighted by Henry VIII. Sir Richard, the father of Sir Thomas Gresham, was an eminent London merchant, elected Lord Mayor in 1537. Being a trusty foreign agent of Henry VII., and a friend of Cromwell and Wolsey, he received from the king five several gifts of church lands. Sir Richard died at Bethnal Green, 1548–9. He was buried in the church of St. Lawrence Jewry. Thomas Gresham was sent to Gonville College, Cambridge, and apprenticed probably before that to his uncle Sir John, a Levant merchant, for eight years. In 1543 we find the young merchant applying to Margaret, Regent of the Low Countries, for leave to export gunpowder to England for King Henry, who was then preparing for his attack on France, and the siege of Boulogne. In 1554 Gresham married the daughter of a Suffolk gentleman, and the widow of a London mercer. By her he had several children, none of whom, however, reached maturity.

It was in 1551 or 1552 that Gresham's real fortune commenced, by his appointment as king's merchant factor, or agent, at Antwerp, to raise private loans from German and Low Country merchants to meet the royal necessities, and to keep the privy council informed in the local news. The wise factor borrowed in his own name, and soon raised the exchange from 16s. Flemish for the pound sterling to 22s., at which rate he discharged all the king's debts, and made money plentiful. He says, in a letter to the Duke of Northumberland, that

he hoped in one year to save England £20,000. It being forbidden to export further from Antwerp, Gresham had to resort to various stratagems, and in 1553 (Queen Mary) we find him writing to the Privy Council, proposing to send £200 (in heavy Spanish rials), in bags of pepper, four at a time, and the English ambassador at Brussels was to bring over with him £20,000 or £30,000, but he afterwards changed his mind, and sent the money packed up in bales with suits of armour and £3,000 in each, rewarding the searcher at Gravelines with new year presents of black velvet and black cloth. About the time of the Queen's marriage to Philip Gresham went to Spain, to start from Puerto Real fifty cases, each containing 22,000 Spanish ducats. All the time Gresham resided at Antwerp, carrying out these sagacious and important negociations, he was rewarded with the paltry remuneration of £1 a day, of which we often find him seriously complaining. It was in Antwerp, that vast centre of commerce, that Gresham must have gained that great knowledge of business by which he afterwards enriched himself. Antwerp exported to England at this time, says Mr. Burgon, in his excellent life of Gresham, almost every article of luxury required by English people.

Later in Queen Mary's reign Gresham was frequently displaced by rivals. He made trips to England, sharing largely in the dealings of the Mercers' Company, of which he was a member, and shipping vast quantities of cloth to sell to the Italian merchants at Antwerp, in exchange for silks. A few years later the Mercers are described as sending forth, twice a year, a fleet of 50 or 60 ships, laden with cloth, for the Low Countries. Gresham is mentioned, in 1555, as presenting Queen Mary, as a new year's gift, with "a bolt of fine Holland," receiving in return a gilt jug, weighing 16½ ounces. That the Queen considered Gresham a faithful and useful servant there can be no doubt, for she gave him, at different times, a priory, a rectory, and several manors and advowsons.

Gresham, like a prudent courtier, seems to have been one of the first persons of celebrity who visited Queen Elizabeth on her accession. She gave the wise merchant her hand to kiss, and told him that she would always keep one ear ready to hear him; "which," says Gresham, "made me a young man again, and caused me to enter on my present charge with heart and courage."

The young Queen also promised him on her faith that if he served her as well as he had done her brother Edward, and Queen Mary, her sister, she would give him as much land as ever they both had. This gracious promise Gresham reminded the Queen of years after, when he had to complain to his friend Cecil that the Marquis of Winchester had tried to injure him with the Queen.

Gresham soon resumed his visits to Flanders, to procure money, and send over powder, armour, and weapons. He was present at the funeral of Charles V., seems to have foreseen the coming troubles in the Low Countries, and commented on the rash courage of Count Egmont.

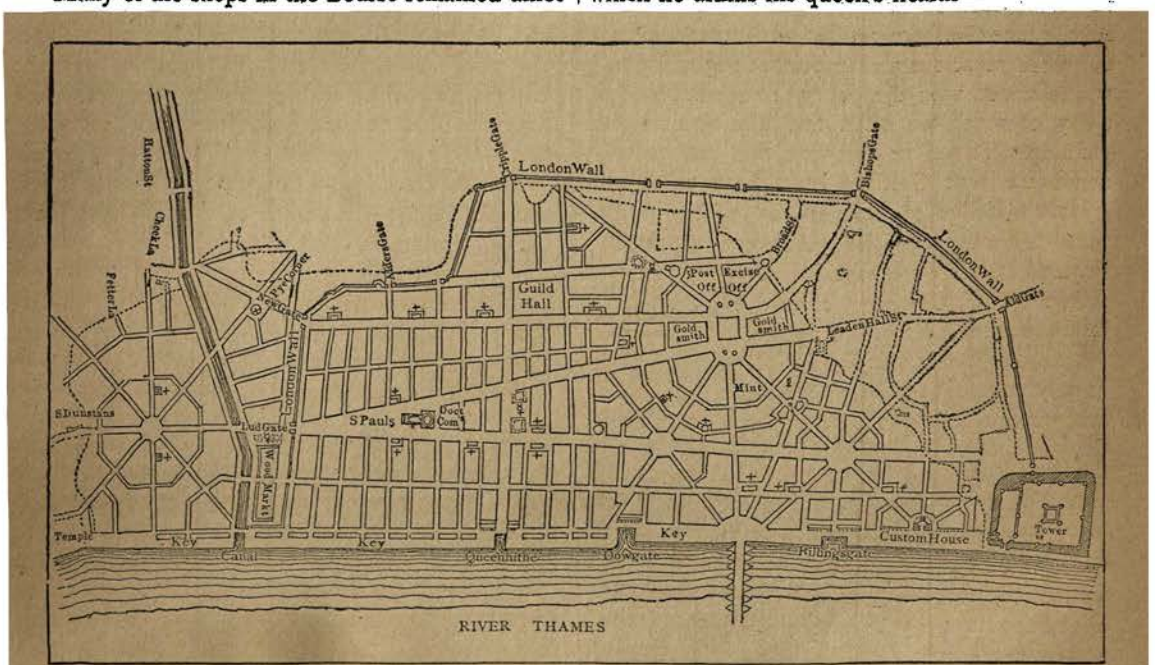
The death of Gresham's only son Richard, in the year 1564, was the cause, Mr. Burgon thinks, of Gresham's determining to devote his money to the benefit of his fellow-citizens. Lombard Street had long become too small for the business of London. Men of business were exposed there to all weathers, and had to crowd into small shops, or jostle under the pent-houses. As early as 1534 or 1535 the citizens had deliberated in common council on the necessity of a new place of resort, and Leadenhall Street had been proposed. In the year 1565 certain houses in Cornhill, in the ward of Broad Street, and three alleys—Swan Alley, Cornhill; New Alley, Cornhill, near St. Bartholomew's Lane; and St. Christopher's Alley, comprising in all fourscore householders—were purchased for £3,737 6s. 6d., and the materials sold for £478. The amount was subscribed for in small sums by about 750 citizens, the Ironmongers' Company giving £75. The first brick was laid by Sir Thomas, June 7, 1566. A Flemish architect superintended the sawing of the timber, at Gresham's estate at Ringshall, near Ipswich, and on Battisford Tye (common) traces of the old sawpits can still be seen. The slates were bought at Dort, the wainscoting and glass at Amsterdam, and other materials in Flanders. The building, pushed on too fast for final solidity, was slated in by November, 1567, and shortly after finished. The Bourse, when erected, was thought to resemble that of Antwerp, but there is also reason to believe that Gresham's architect closely followed the Bourse of Venice.

The new Bourse, Flemish in character, was a long four-storeyed building, with a high double balcony. A bell-tower, crowned by a huge grasshopper, stood on one side of the chief entrance. The bell in this tower summoned merchants to the spot at twelve o'clock at noon and six o'clock in the evening. A lofty Corinthian column, crested with a grasshopper, apparently stood outside the north entrance, overlooking the quadrangle. The brick building was afterwards stuccoed over, to imitate stone. Each corner of the building, and the peak of every dormer window, was crowned by a grasshopper. Within Gresham's Bourse were piazzas for wet weather, and the covered walks

were adorned with statues of English kings. A statue of Gresham stood near the north end of the western piazza. At the Great Fire of 1666 this statue alone remained there uninjured, as Pepys and Evelyn particularly record. The piazzas were supported by marble pillars, and above were 100 small shops. The vaults dug below, for merchandise, proved dark and damp, and were comparatively valueless. Hentzner, a German traveller who visited England in the year 1598, particularly mentions the stateliness of the building, the assemblage of different nations, and the quantities of merchandise.

Many of the shops in the Bourse remained unlet till Queen Elizabeth's visit, in 1570, which gave them a lustre that tended to make the new building fashionable. Gresham, anxious to have the Bourse worthy of such a visitor, went round twice in one day to all the shopkeepers in "the upper pawn," and offered them all the shops they would furnish and light up with wax rent free for a whole year. The result of this liberality was that in two years Gresham was able to raise the rent from 40s. a year to four marks, and a short time after to £4 10s. The milliners' shops at the Bourse, in Gresham's time, sold mousetraps, birdcages, shoeing-horns, lanthorns, and Jews' trumps. There were also sellers of armour, apothecaries, booksellers, goldsmiths, and glass-sellers; but the shops soon grew richer and more fashionable, so that in 1631 the editor of Stow says, "Unto which place, on January 23, 1570, Queen Elizabeth came from Somerset House through Fleet Street past the north side of the Bourse to Sir Thomas Gresham's house in Bishopsgate Street, and there dined. After the banquet she entered the Bourse on the south side, viewed every part; especially she caused the building, by herald's trumpet, to be proclaimed 'the Royal Exchange,' so to be called from henceforth, and not otherwise."

Such was the vulgar opinion of Gresham's wealth, that Thomas Heywood, in his old play, *If You know not Me, You know Nobody*, makes Gresham crush an invaluable pearl into the wine-cup in which he drinks his queen's health—

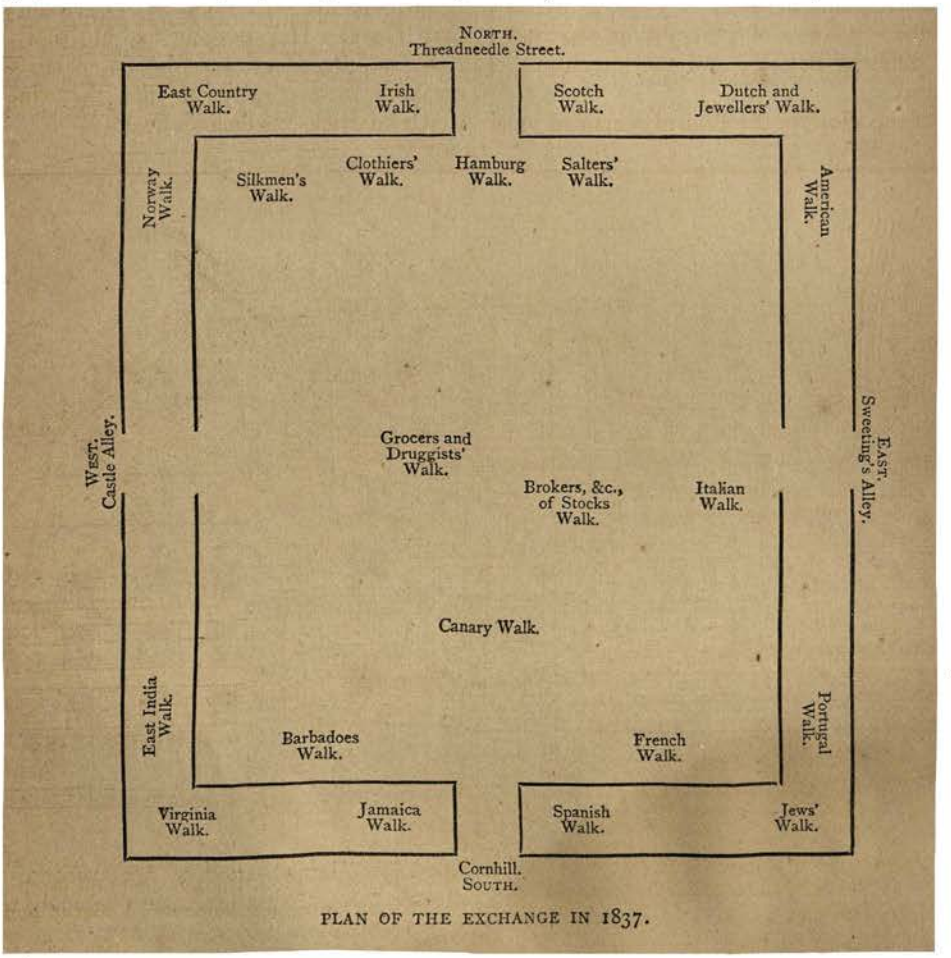


WREN'S PLAN FOR REBUILDING LONDON. (*See page* 501.)

> "Here fifteen hundred pounds at one clap goes.
> Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks the pearl
> Unto his queen and mistress. Pledge it, lords!"

The new Exchange, like the nave of St. Paul's, soon became a resort for idlers. In the Inquest Book of Cornhill Ward, 1574 (says Mr. Burgon), there is a presentment against the Exchange, because on Sundays and holidays great numbers of boys, children, and "young rogues," meet there, and shout and holloa, so that honest citizens cannot quietly walk there for their recreation, and the parishioners of St. Bartholomew could not hear the sermon. In 1590 we find certain women prosecuted for selling apples and oranges at the Exchange gate in Cornhill, and "amusing themselves in cursing and swearing, to the great annoyance and grief of the inhabitants and passers-by." In 1592 a tavern-keeper,

who had vaults under the Exchange, was fined for allowing tippling, and for broiling herrings, sprats, and bacon, to the vexation of worshipful merchants resorting to the Exchange. In 1602 we find that oranges and lemons were allowed to be sold at the gates and passages of the Exchange. In 1622 complaint was made of the rat-catchers, and sellers of dogs, birds, plants, &c., who hung about the south gate of the Bourse, especially at exchange



PLAN OF THE EXCHANGE IN 1837.

time. It was also seriously complained of that the bear-wards, Shakespeare's noisy neighbours in Southwark, before special bull or bear baitings, used to parade before the Exchange, generally in business hours, and there make proclamation of their entertainments, which caused tumult, and drew together mobs. It was usual on these occasions to have a monkey riding on the bear's back, and several discordant minstrels fiddling, to give additional publicity to the coming festival.

No person frequenting the Bourse was allowed to wear any weapon, and in 1579 it was ordered that no one should walk in the Exchange after ten p.m. in summer, and nine p.m. in winter. Bishop Hall, in his Satires (1598), sketching the idlers of his day, describes "Tattelius, the new-come traveller, with his disguised coat and new-ringed ear [Shakespeare wore earrings], tramping the Bourse's marble twice a day."

And Hayman, in his "Quodlibet" (1628), has the following epigram on a "loafer" of the day, whom he dubs "Sir Pierce Penniless," from Naish's clever pamphlet, and ranks with the moneyless loungers of St. Paul's:—

> "Though little coin thy purseless pockets line,
> Yet with great company thou'rt taken up;
> For often with Duke Humfray thou dost dine,
> And often with Sir Thomas Gresham sup."

Here, too, above all, the monarch of English poetry must have often paced, watching the Antonios and Shylocks of his day, the anxious wistful faces of the debtors or the embarrassed, and the greedy anger of the creditors. In the Bourse he may first have thought over to himself the beautiful lines in the "Merchant of Venice" (act i.), where

he so wonderfully epitomises the vicissitudes of a merchant's life:—

"My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanced, would make me sad?"

THE FIRST ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Gresham seems to have died before the Exchange was thoroughly furnished, for in 1610 (James I.) Mr. Nicholas Leete, Ironmonger, preferred a petition to the Court of Aldermen, lugubriously setting forth that thirty pictures of English kings and queens had been intended to have been placed in the Exchange rooms, and praying that a fine, in future, should be put on every citizen, when elected an alderman, to furnish a portrait of some king or queen at an expense of not exceeding one hundred nobles. The pictures were "to be graven on wood, covered with lead, and then gilded and paynted in oil cullors."

In Gresham's Exchange great precautions were taken against fire. Feather-makers and others were forbidden to keep pans of fire in their shops. Some care was also taken to maintain honesty among the shopkeepers, for they were forbidden to use blinds to their windows, which might obscure the shops, or throw false lights on the articles vended.

On the sudden death of Sir Thomas Gresham, in 1579, it was found that he had left, in accordance with his promise, the Royal Exchange jointly to the City of London and the Mercers' Company after the decease of his wife. Lady Gresham appears not to have been as generous, single-minded, and large-hearted as her husband. She contested the will, and was always repining at the thought of the property passing away from her at death. She received £751 7s. per annum from the rent of the Exchange, but tried hard to be allowed to grant leases for twenty-one years, or three lives, keeping the fines to herself; and this was pronounced by the Council as utterly against both her husband's will and the 23rd Elizabeth, to which she had been privy. She complained querulously that the City did not act well. The City then began to complain with more justice of Lady Gresham's parsimony. The Bourse, badly and hastily built, began to fall out of repair, gratings by the south door gave way in 1582, and the clock was always out of order. Considering Lady Gresham had been left £2,388 a year, these

THE SECOND ROYAL EXCHANGE, CORNHILL.

neglects were unworthy of her, but they nevertheless continued till her death, in 1596. As the same lady contributed £100 in 1588 for the defence of the country against the Armada, let us hope that she was influenced not so much by her own love of money as the importunities of some relatives of her first husband's family.

"The Eye of London," as Stow affectionately calls the first Royal Exchange, rapidly became a vast bazaar, where fashionable ladies went to shop, and sometimes to meet their lovers.

Contemporary allusions to Gresham's Exchange are innumerable in old writers. Donald Lupton, in a little work called "London and the Country Carbonadoed and Quartered into Severall Characters," published in 1632, says of the Exchange:—"Here are usually more coaches attendant than at church doors. The merchants should keep their wives from visiting the upper rooms too often, lest they tire their purses by attiring themselves. . . . There's many gentlewomen come hither that, to help their faces and complexion, break their husbands' backs; who play foul in the country with their land, to be fair and play false in the city."

"I do not look upon the structure of this Exchange to be comparable to that of Sir Thomas Gresham in our City of London," says Evelyn, writing from Amsterdam in 1641; "yet in one respect it exceeds — that ships of considerable burthen ride at the very key contiguous to it." He writes from Paris in the same strain: "I went to the Exchange; the late addition to the buildings is very noble; but the gallerys, where they sell their pretty merchandize, are nothing so stately as ours in London, no more than the place is where they walk below, being only a low vault." Even the associations which the Rialto must have awakened failed to seduce him from his allegiance to the City of London. He writes from Venice, in June, 1645: "I went to their Exchange—a place like ours, frequented by merchants, but nothing so magnificent."

During the Civil War the Exchange statue of Charles I. was thrown down, on the 30th of May, 1648, and the premature inscription, "Exit tyrannorum ultimus," put up in its place, which of course was removed immediately after the Restoration, when a new statue was ordered. The Acts for converting the Monarchy into a Commonwealth were burnt at the Royal Exchange, May 28, 1661, by the hands of the common hangman.

Samuel Rolle, a clergyman who wrote on the Great Fire, has left the following account of this edifice as it appeared in his day:—"How full of riches," he exclaims, "was that Royal Exchange! Rich men in the midst of it, rich goods both above and beneath! There men walked upon the top of a wealthy mine, considering what Eastern treasures, costly spices, and such-like things were laid up in the bowels (I mean the cellars) of that place. As for the upper part of it, was it not the great storehouse whence the nobility and gentry of England were furnished with most of those costly things wherewith they did adorn either their closets or themselves? Here, if anywhere, might a man have seen the glory of the world in a moment. What artificial thing could entertain the senses, the fantasies of men, that was not there to be had? Such was the delight that many gallants took in that magazine of all curious varieties, that they could almost have dwelt there (going from shop to shop like bee from flower to flower), if they had but had a fountain of money that could not have been drawn dry. I doubt not but a Mohamedan (who never expects other than sensual delights) would gladly have availed himself of that place, and the treasures of it, for his heaven, and have thought there was none like it."

In 1665, during the Plague, great fires were made at the north and south entrances of the Exchange, to purify the air. The stoppage of public business was so complete that grass grew within the area of the Royal Exchange. The strange desertion thus indicated is mentioned in Pepys' "Notes." Having visited the Exchange, where he had not been for a good while, the writer exclaims: "How sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people, and very few upon the 'Change, jealous of every door that one sees shut up, lest it should be the Plague, and about us two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up."

At the Great Fire the King and the Duke of York, afterwards James II., attended to give directions for arresting the calamity. They could think of nothing calculated to be so effectual as blowing up or pulling down houses that stood in its expected way. Such precautions were used in Cornhill; but in the confusion that prevailed, the timbers which they had contained were not removed, and when the flames reached them, "they," says Vincent, who wrote a sermon on the Fire, "quickly cross the way, and so they lick the whole street up as they go; they mount up to the top of the highest houses; they descend down to the bottom of the lowest vaults and cellars, and march along on both sides of the way with such a roaring noise as never was heard in the City of London: no stately building so great as to resist their fury; the Royal Exchange itself, the glory of the merchants, is now invaded with much violence.

When the fire was entered, how quickly did it run around the galleries, filling them with flames; then descending the stairs, compasseth the walks, giving forth flaming vollies, and filling the court with sheets of fire. By and by the kings fell all down upon their faces, and the greater part of the stone building after them (the founder's statue alone remaining), with such a noise as was dreadful and astonishing."

In Wren's great scheme for rebuilding London, he proposed to make the Royal Exchange the centre nave of London, from whence the great sixty-feet wide streets should radiate like spokes in a huge wheel. The Exchange was to stand free, in the middle of a great piazza, and was to have double porticoes, as the Forum at Rome had. Evelyn wished the new building to be at Queenhithe, to be nearer the water-side, but eventually both his and Wren's plan fell through, and Mr. Jerman, one of the City surveyors, undertook the design for the new Bourse.

For the east end of the new building the City required to purchase 700 or 800 fresh superficial feet of ground from a Mr. Sweeting, and 1,400 more for a passage. It was afterwards found that the City only required 627 feet, and the improvement of the property would benefit Mr. Sweeting, who, however, resolutely demanded £1,000. The refractory, greedy Sweeting declared that his tenants paid him £246 a year, and in fines £620; and that if the new street cut near St. Benet Fink Church, another £1,000 would not satisfy him for his damage. It is supposed that he eventually took £700 for the 783 feet 4 inches of ground, and for an area 25 feet long by 12 wide.

Jerman's design for the new building being completed, and the royal approbation of it obtained, together with permission to extend the south-west angle of the new Exchange into the street, the building (of which the need was severely felt) was immediately proceeded with; and the foundation was laid on the 6th of May, 1667. On the 23rd of October, Charles II. laid the base of the column on the west side of the north entrance; after which he was plentifully regaled "with a chine of beef, grand dish of fowle, gammons of bacon, dried tongues, anchovies, caviare, &c., and plenty of several sorts of wine. He gave twenty pounds in gold to the workmen. The entertainment was in a shed, built and adorned on purpose, upon the Scotch Walk." Pepys has given some account of this interesting ceremony in his Diary, where we read, "Sir W. Pen and I back to London, and there saw the King with his kettle-drums and trumpets, going to the Exchange, which, the gates being shut, I could not get in to see. So, with Sir W. Pen to Captain Cockes, and thence again towards Westminster; but, in my way, stopped at the Exchange, and got in, the King being nearly gone, and there find the bottom of the first pillar laid. And here was a shed set up, and hung with tapestry, and a canopy of state, and some good victuals, and wine for the King, who, it seems, did it."

James II., then Duke of York, laid the first stone of the eastern column on the 31st of October. He was regaled in the same manner as the King had been; and on the 18th of November following, Prince Rupert laid the first stone of the east side of the south entrance, and was entertained by the City and company in the same place." (*Vide* "Journals of the House of Commons.")

The ground-plan of Jerman's Exchange, we read in Britton and Pugin's "Public Buildings," presented nearly a regular quadrangle, including a spacious open court with porticoes round it, and also on the north and south sides of the building. The front towards Cornhill was 210 feet in extent. The central part was composed of a lofty archway, opening from the middle intercolumniation of four Corinthian three-quarter columns, supporting a bold entablature, over the centre of which were the royal arms, and on the east side a balustrade, &c., surmounted by statues emblematical of the four quarters of the globe. Within the lateral intercolumniations, over the lesser entrance to the arcade, were niches, containing the statues of Charles I. and II., in Roman habits, by Bushnell. The tower, which rose from the centre of the portico, consisted of three storeys. In front of the lower storey was a niche, containing a statue of Sir Thomas Gresham; and over the cornice, facing each of the cardinal points, a bust of Queen Elizabeth; at the angles were colossal griffins, bearing shields of the City arms. Within the second storey, which was of an octagonal form with trusses at the angles, was an excellent clock with four dials; there were also four wind-dials. The upper storey (which contained the bell) was circular, with eight Corinthian columns supporting an entablature, surmounted by a dome, on which was a lofty vane of gilt brass, shaped like a grasshopper, the crest of the Gresham family. The attic over the columns, in a line with the basement of the tower, was sculptured with two alto-relievos, in panels, one representing Queen Elizabeth, with attendant figures and heralds, proclaiming the original building, and the other Britannia, seated amidst the emblems of commerce, accompanied by the polite arts, manufactures, and agriculture.

The height from the basement line to the top of the dome was 128 feet 6 inches.

Within the quadrangle there was a spacious area, measuring 144 feet by 117 feet, surrounded by a wide arcade, which, as well as the area itself, was, for the general accommodation, arranged into several distinct parts, called "walks," where foreign and domestic merchants, and other persons engaged in commercial pursuits, daily met. The area was paved with real Turkey stones, of a small size, the gift, as tradition reports, of a merchant who traded to that country.

In the centre, on a pedestal, surrounded by an iron railing, was a statue of Charles II., in a Roman habit, by Spiller. At the intersections of the groining was a large ornamented shield, displaying either the City arms, the arms of the Mercers' Company, viz., a maiden's head, crowned, with dishevelled hair; or those of Gresham, viz., a chrevron, ermine, between three mullets.

On the centre of each cross-rib, also in alternate succession, was a maiden's head, a grasshopper, and a dragon. The piazza was formed by a series of semi-circular arches, springing from columns. In the spandrils were tablets surrounded by festoons, scrolls, and other enrichments. In the wall of the back of the arcade were twenty-eight niches, only two of which were occupied by statues, viz., that toward the north-west, in which was Sir Thomas Gresham, by Cibber; and that toward the south-west, in which was Sir John Barnard, whose figure was placed here, whilst he was yet living, at the expense of his fellow-citizens, "in testimony of his merits as a merchant, a magistrate, and a faithful representative of the City in Parliament."

Over the arches of the portico of the piazza were twenty-five large niches with enrichments, in which were the statues of our sovereigns. Many of these statues were formerly gilt, but the whole were latterly of a plain stone colour. Walpole says that the major part were sculptured by Cibber.

We append a few allusions to the second 'Change in Addison's works, and elsewhere.

In 1683, the following idle verses appeared, forming part of Robin Conscience's "Progress through Court, City, and Country:"—

"Now I being thus abused below,
Did walk up-stairs, where on a row,
Brave shops of ware did make a shew
Most sumptious.

"The gallant girls that there sold knacks,
Which ladies and brave women lacks,
When they did see me, they did wax
In choler.

"Quoth they, We ne'er knew Conscience yet,
And, if he comes our gains to get,
We'll banish him; he'll here not get
One scholar."

"There is no place in the town," says that rambling philosopher, Addison, "which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon High 'Change to be a great council in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negociate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London; or to see a subject of the great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times; or rather, fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world."

"When I have been upon the 'Change" (such are the concluding words of the paper), "I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating, like princes, for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the land themselves." (*Spectator*, No. 69.)

It appears, from one of Steele's contributions to the *Spectator*, that so late as the year 1712 the shops continued to present undiminished attraction. They were then 160 in number, and, letting at £20 or £30 each, formed, in all, a yearly rent of £4,000: so, at least, it is stated on a print published in 1712, of which a copy may be seen in Mr. Crowle's "Pennant." Steele, in describing the adventures of a day, relates that, in the course of his rambles, he went to divert himself on 'Change. "It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey," says he, "to go up-stairs and pass the shops of agreeable females; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted."

"On evening 'Change," says Steele, "the mumpers, the halt, the blind, and the lame; your vendors of trash, apples, plums; your ragamuffins, rake-shames, and wenches—have jostled the greater number of honourable merchants, substantial tradesmen, and knowing masters of ships, out of that place. So that, what with the din of squallings, oaths, and cries of beggars, men of the greatest consequence in our City absent themselves from the Royal Exchange."

The cost of the second Exchange to the City and Mercers' Company is estimated by Strype at £80,000, but Mr. Burgon calculates it at only £69,979 11s. The shops in the Exchange, leading to a loss, were forsaken about 1739, and eventually done away with some time after by the unwise Act of 1768, which enabled the City authorities to pull down Gresham College. From time to time frequent repairs were made in Jerman's building. Those effected between the years 1819 and 1824 cost £34,390. This sum included the cost of a handsome gate tower and cupola, erected in 1821, from the design of George Smith, Esq., surveyor to the Mercers' Company, in lieu of Jerman's dilapidated wooden tower.

The clock of the second Exchange, set up by Edward Stanton, under the direction of Dr. Hooke, had chimes with four bells, playing six, and latterly seven tunes. The sound and tunable bells were bought for £6 5s. per cwt. The balconies from the inner pawn into the quadrangle cost about £300. The signs over the shops were not hung, but were over the doors.

Caius Gabriel Cibber, the celebrated Danish sculptor, was appointed carver of the royal statues of the piazza, but Gibbons executed the statue of Charles II. for the quadrangle. Bushnell, the mad sculptor of the fantastic statues on Temple Bar, carved statues for the Cornhill front, as we have before mentioned. The statue of Gresham in the arcade was by Cibber; George III., in the piazza, was sculptured by Wilton; George I. and II. were by Rysbrach.

The old clock had four dials, and chimed four times daily. The chimes played at three, six, nine, and twelve o'clock—on Sunday, "The 104th Psalm;" Monday, "God save the King;" Tuesday, "The Waterloo March;" Wednesday, "There's nae Luck aboot the Hoose;" Thursday, "See the Conquering Hero comes;" Friday, "Life let us cherish;" Saturday, "Foot Guards' March."

The outside shops of the second Exchange were lottery offices, newspaper offices, watchmakers, notaries, stock-brokers, &c. The shops in the galleries were superseded by the Royal Exchange Assurance Offices, Lloyd's Coffee-house, the Merchant Seamen's Offices, the Gresham Lecture Room, and the Lord Mayor's Court Office. "The latter," says Timbs, "was a row of offices, divided by glazed partitions, the name of each attorney being inscribed in large capitals upon a projecting board. The vaults were let to bankers, and to the East India Company for the stowage of pepper."

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Second Exchange on Fire—Chimes Extraordinary—Incidents of the Fire—Sale of Salvage—Designs for the New Building—Details of the Present Exchange—The Ambulatory, or Merchants' Walk—Royal Exchange Assurance Company—"Lloyd's"—Origin of "Lloyd's"—Marine Assurance—Benevolent Contributions of "Lloyd's"—A "Good" and "Bad" Book.

THE second Exchange was destroyed by fire on the 10th of January, 1838. The flames, which broke out probably from an over-heated stove in Lloyd's Coffee-house, were first seen by two of the Bank watchmen about half-past ten. The gates had to be forced before entrance could be effected, and then the hose of the fire-engine was found to be frozen and unworkable. About one o'clock the

fire reached the new tower. The bells chimed "Life let us cherish," "God save the Queen," and one of the last tunes heard, appropriately enough, was "There's nae Luck aboot the Hoose." The eight bells finally fell, crushing in the roof of the of Gresham was entirely destroyed. In the ruins of the Lord Mayor's Court Office the great City Seal, and two bags, each containing £200 in gold, were found uninjured. The flames were clearly seen at Windsor (twenty-four miles from London),

THE PRESENT ROYAL EXCHANGE.

entrance arch. The east side of Sweeting's Alley was destroyed, and all the royal statues but that of Charles II. perished. One of Lloyd's safes, containing bank-notes for £2,580, was discovered after the fire, with the notes reduced to a cinder, but the numbers still traceable. A bag of twenty sovereigns, thrown from a window, burst, and some of the mob benefited by the gold. The statue and at Roydon Mount, near Epping (eighteen miles). Troops from the Tower kept Cornhill clear, and assisted the sufferers to remove their property. If the wind had been from the south, the Bank and St. Bartholomew's Church would also have perished.

An Act of Parliament was passed in 1838, giving power to purchase and remove all the buildings

(called Bank Buildings) west of the Exchange, and also the old buildings to the eastward, nearly as far as Finch Lane. The Treasury at first claimed the direction of the whole building, but eventually gave way, retaining only a veto on the design. The cost of the building was, from the first, limited to £150,000, to be raised on the credit of the London Bridge Fund. Thirty designs were sent in by the rival architects, and exhibited in Mercers' Hall, but none could be decided upon; and so the judges themselves had to compete. Eventually the competition lay between Mr. Tite and Mr. Cockerell, and the former was appointed by the Committee. Mr. Tite was a classical man, and the result was a *quasi*-Greek, Roman, and Composite building. Mr. Tite at once resolved to design the new building with simple and unbroken lines, like the Paris Bourse, and, as much as possible, to take the Pantheon at Rome as his guide. The portico was to be at the west end, the tower at the east. The first Exchange had been built on piles; the foundations of the third cost £8,124. In excavating for it, the workmen came on what had evidently been the very centre of Roman London. In a gravel-pit, which afterwards seemed to have been a pond (perhaps the fountain of a grand Roman court-yard), were found heaps of rubbish, coins of copper, yellow brass, silver, and silver-plated brass, of Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, Vespasian, Domitian, &c., Henry IV. of England, Elizabeth, &c., and stores of Flemish, German, Prussian, Danish, and Dutch money. They also discovered fragments of Roman stucco, painted shards of delicate Samian ware, an amphora and terra-cotta lamps (seventeen feet below the surface), glass, bricks and tiles, jars, urns, vases, and potters' stamps. In the Corporation Museum at the Guildhall, where Mr. Tite deposited these interesting relics, are also fine wood tablets, and styles (for writing on wax) of iron, brass, bone, and wood. There are also in the same collection, from the same source, artificers' tools and leather-work, soldiers' sandals and shoes, and a series of horns, shells, bones, and vegetable remains. Tesselated pavements have been found in Threadneedle Street, and other spots near the Exchange.

BLACKWELL HALL IN 1812.

The cost of enlarging the site of the Exchange, including improvements, and the widening of Cornhill, Freeman's Court, and Broad Street, the removal of the French Protestant Church, and demolition of St. Benet Fink, Bank Buildings, and Sweeting's

Alley, was, according to the City Chamberlain's return of 1851, £223,578 1s. 10d. The cost of the building was £150,000.

The portico, one of the finest of its kind, is ninety-six feet wide, and seventy-four feet high. That of St. Martin's Church is only sixty-four wide, and the Post Office seventy-six. The whole building was rapidly completed. The foundation-stone was laid by Prince Albert, January 17th, 1842, John Pirie, Esq., being Lord Mayor. A huge red-striped pavilion had been raised for the ceremonial, and the Duke of Wellington and all the members of the Peel Cabinet were present. A bottle full of gold, silver, and copper coins was placed in a hollow of the huge stone, and the following inscription (in Latin), written by the Bishop of London, and engraved on a zinc plate:—

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM, Knight,
Erected at his own charge
A Building and Colonnade
For the convenience of those Persons
Who, in this renowned Mart,
Might carry on the Commerce of the World;
Adding thereto, for the relief of Indigence,
And for the advancement of Literature and Science,
An Almshouse and a College of Lecturers;
The City of London aiding him;
Queen Elizabeth favouring the design,
And, when the work was complete,
Opening it in person, with a solemn Procession.
Having been reduced to ashes,
Together with almost the entire City,
By a calamitous and widely-spreading Conflagration,
They were Rebuilt in a more splendid form
By the City of London
And the ancient Company of Mercers,
King Charles the Second commencing the building
On the 23rd October, A.D. 1667;
And when they had been again destroyed by Fire,
On the 10th January, A.D. 1838,
The same Bodies, undertaking the work,
Determined to restore them, at their own cost,
On an enlarged and more ornamental Plan,
The munificence of Parliament providing the means
Of extending the Site,
And of widening the Approaches and Crooked Streets
In every direction,
In order that there might at length arise,
Under the auspices of Queen Victoria,
Built a third time from the ground,
An Exchange
Worthy of this great Nation and City,
And suited to the vastness of a Commerce
Extended to the circumference
Of the habitable Globe.
His Royal Highness
Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha,
Consort of Her Sacred Majesty,
Laid the First Stone
On the 17th January, 1842,
In the Mayoralty of the Right Hon. John Pirie.
Architect, William Tite, F.R.S.

May God our Preserver
Ward off destruction
From this Building,
And from the whole City.

At the sale of the salvage, the porter's large hand-bell, rung daily before closing the 'Change (with the handle burnt), fetched £3 3s.; City griffins, £30 and £35 the pair; busts of Queen Elizabeth, £10 15s. and £18 the pair; figures of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, £110; the statue of Anne, £10 5s.; George II., £9 5s.; George III. and Elizabeth, £11 15s. each; Charles II., £9; and the sixteen other royal statues similar sums. The copper-gilt grasshopper vane was reserved.

The present Royal Exchange was opened by Queen Victoria on October 28, 1844. The procession walked round the ambulatory, the Queen especially admiring Lang's (of Munich) encaustic paintings, and proceeded to Lloyd's Reading-room, which was fitted up as a throne-room. Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Sale, and other celebrities, were present. There the City address was read. After a sumptuous *déjeuner* in the Underwriters' room, the Queen went to the quadrangle, and there repeated the formula, "It is my royal will and pleasure that this building be hereafter called 'The Royal Exchange.' The mayor, the Right Hon. William Magnay, was afterwards made a baronet, in commemoration of the day.

A curious fact connected with the second Exchange should not be omitted. On the 16th of September, 1787, a deserted child was found on the stone steps of the Royal Exchange that led from Cornhill to Lloyd's Coffee-house. The then churchwarden, Mr. Samuel Birch, the well-known confectioner, had the child taken care of and respectably brought up. He was named Gresham, and christened Michael, after the patron saint of the parish in which he was found. The lad grew up shrewd and industrious, eventually became rich, and established the celebrated Gresham Hotel in Sackville Street, Dublin. About 1836 he sold the hotel for £30,000, and retired to his estate, Raheny Park, near Dublin. He was a most liberal and benevolent man, and took an especial interest in the Irish orphan societies.

The tower at the east end of the Exchange is 177 feet to the top of the vane. The inner area of the building is 170 feet by 112, of which 111 feet by 53 are open to the sky.

The south front is one unbroken line of pilasters, with rusticated arches on the ground floor for shops and entrances, the three middle spaces being

simple recesses. Over these are richly-decorated windows, and above the cornice there are a balustrade and attic. On the north side the centre projects, and the pilasters are fewer. The arches on the ground floor are rusticated, and there are two niches. In one of them stands a statue of Sir Hugh Myddelton, who brought the New River to London in 1614; and another of Sir Richard Whittington, by Carew. Whittington was, it must be remembered, a Mercer, and the Exchange is specially connected with the Mercers' Company.

On the east front of the tower is a niche where a statue of Gresham, by Behnes, keeps watch and ward. The vane is Gresham's former grasshopper, saved from the fire. It is eleven feet long. The various parts of the Exchange are divided by party walls and brick arches of such great strength as to be almost fire-proof—a compartment system which confines any fire that should break out into a small and restricted area.

West of the Exchange stands Chantrey's bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. It was Chantrey's last work; and he died before it was completed. The sculptor received £9,000 for this figure; and the French cannon from which it was cast, and valued at £1,500, were given by Government for the purpose. The inauguration took place on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, 1844, the King of Saxony being present.

On the frieze of the portico is inscribed, "ANNO XIII. ELIZABETHÆ R. CONDITVM; ANNO VIII. VICTORIA R. RESTAVRATVM." Over the central doorway are the royal arms, by Carew. The key-stone has the merchant's mark of Gresham, and the key-stones of the side arches the arms of the merchant adventurers of his day, and the staple of Calais. North and south of the portico, and in the attic, are the City sword and mace, with the date of Queen Elizabeth's reign and 1844, and in the lower panels mantles bearing the initials of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria respectively. The imperial crown is twelve inches in relief, and seven feet high. The tympanum of the pediment of the portico is filled with sculpture, by Richard Westmacott, R.A., consisting of seventeen figures carved in limestone, nearly all entire and detached. The centre figure, ten feet high, is Commerce, with her mural crown, upon two dolphins and a shell. She holds the charter of the Exchange. On her right is a group of three British merchants—as Lord Mayor, Alderman, and Common Councilman—a Hindoo, a Mohammedan, a Greek bearing a jar, and a Turkish merchant. On the left are two British merchants and a Persian, a Chinese, a Levant sailor, a negro, a British sailor, and a supercargo. The opposite angles are filled with anchors, jars, packages, &c. Upon the pedestal of Commerce is this inscription, selected by Prince Albert: "THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S, AND THE FULNESS THEREOF."—Psalm xxiv. 1. The ascent to the portico is by thirteen granite steps. It was discussed at the time whether a figure of Gresham himself should not have been substituted for that of Commerce; but perhaps the abstract figure is more suitable for a composition which is, after all, essentially allegorical.

The clock, constructed by Dent, with the assistance of the Astronomer Royal, is true to a second of time, and has a compensation pendulum. The chimes consist of a set of fifteen bells, by Mears, and cost £500, the largest being also the hour-bell of the clock. In the chime-work, by Dent, there are two hammers to several of the bells, so as to play rapid passages; and three and five hammers strike different bells simultaneously. All irregularity of force is avoided by driving the chime-barrel through wheels and pinions. There are no wheels between the weight that pulls and the hammer to be raised. The lifts on the chime-barrel are all epicycloidal curves; and there are 6,000 holes pierced upon the barrel for the lifts, so as to allow the tunes to be varied. The present airs are "God save the Queen," "The Roast Beef of Old England," "Rule Britannia," and the 104th Psalm. The bells, in substance, form, dimensions, &c., are from the Bow bells' patterns; still, they are thought to be too large for the tower. The chime-work is stated to be the first instance in England of producing harmony in bells.

The interior of the Exchange is an open court-yard, resembling the *cortile* of Italian palaces. It was almost unanimously decided by the London merchants (in spite of the caprices of our charming climate) to have no covering overhead, a decision probably long ago regretted. The ground floor consists of Doric columns and rusticated arches. Above these runs a series of Ionic columns, with arches and windows surmounted by a highly-ornamented pierced parapet. The keystones of the arches of the upper storey are decorated with the arms of all the principal nations of the world, in the order determined by the Congress of Vienna. In the centre of the eastern side are the arms of England.

The ambulatory, or Merchants' Walk, is spacious and well sheltered. The arching is divided by beams and panelling, highly painted and decorated in encaustic. In the centre of each panel, on the four sides, the arms of the nations are repeated,

emblazoned in their proper colours; and in the four angles are the arms of Edward the Confessor, who granted the first and most important charter to the City, Edward III., in whose reign London first grew powerful and wealthy, Queen Elizabeth, who opened the first Exchange, and Charles II., in whose reign the second was built. In the south-east angle is a statue of Queen Elizabeth, by Watson, and in the south-west a marble statue of Charles II., which formerly stood in the centre of the second Exchange, and which escaped the last fire unscathed.

In eight small circular panels of the ambulatory are emblazoned the arms of the three mayors (Pirie, Humphrey, and Magnay), and of the three masters of the Mercers' Company in whose years of office the Exchange was erected. The arms of the chairman of the Gresham Committee, Mr. R. L. Jones, and of the architect, Mr. Tite, complete the heraldic illustrations. The Yorkshire pavement of the ambulatory is panelled and bordered with black stone, and squares of red granite at the intersections. The open area is paved with the traditional "Turkey stones," from the old Exchange, which are arranged in Roman patterns, with squares of red Aberdeen granite at the intersections.

On the side-wall panels are the names of the walks, inscribed upon chocolate tablets. In each of the larger compartments are the arms of the 'walk," corresponding with the merchants'. As you enter the colonnade by the west are the arms of the British Empire, with those of Austria on the right, and Bavaria on the reverse side; then, in rotation, are the arms of Belgium, France, Hanover, Holland, Prussia, Sardinia, the Two Sicilies, Sweden and Norway, the United States of America, the initials of the Sultan of Turkey, Spain, Saxony, Russia, Portugal, Hanseatic Towns, Greece, and Denmark. On a marble panel in the Merchants' Area are inscribed the dates of the building and opening of the three Exchanges.

"Here are the same old-favoured spots, changed though they be in appearance," says the author of the "City" (1845); "and notwithstanding we have lost the great Rothschild, Jeremiah Harman, Daniel Hardcastle, the younger Rothschilds occupy a pillar on the south side of the Exchange, much in the same place as their father; and the Barings, the Bateses, the Salomons, the Doxats, the Durrants, the Crawshays, the Curries, and the Wilsons, and other influential merchants, still come and go as in olden days. Many sea-captains and brokers still go on 'Change; but the 'walks' are disregarded. The hour at High 'Change is from 3.30 to 4.30 p.m., the two great days being Tuesday and Friday for foreign exchanges."

A City writer of 1842 has sketched the chief celebrities of the Exchange of an earlier date. Mr. Salomon, with his old clothes-man attire, his close-cut grey beard, and his crutch-stick, toddling towards his offices in Shooter's Court, Throgmorton Street; Jemmy Wilkinson, with his old-fashioned manner, and his long-tailed blue coat with gilt buttons.

On the south and east sides of the Exchange are the arms of Gresham, the City, and the Mercers' Company, for heraldry has not even yet died out. Over the three centre arches of the north front are the three following mottoes:—Gresham's (in old French), "Fortun—à my;" the City, "Domine dirige nos;" the Mercers', "Honor Deo."

Surely old heraldry was more religious than modern trade, for the shoddy maker, or the owner of overladen vessels, could hardly inscribe their vessels or their wares with the motto "Honor Deo;" nor could the director of a bubble company with strict propriety head the columns of his ledger with the solemn words, "Domine dirige nos." But these are cynical thoughts, for no doubt trade ranks as many generous, honourable, and pious people among its followers as any other profession; and we have surely every reason to hope that the moral standard is still rising, and that "the honour of an Englishman" will for ever remain a proverb in the East.

The whole of the west end of the Exchange is taken up by the offices and board-rooms of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, first organised in 1717, at meetings in Mercers' Hall. It was an amalgamation of two separate plans. The petition for the royal sanction made, it seems, but slow way through the Council and the Attorney-General's department, for the South Sea Bubble mania was raging, and many of the Ministers, including the Attorney-General himself (and who was indeed afterwards prosecuted), had shares in the great bubble scheme, and wished as far as possible to secure for it the exclusive attention of the company. The petitioners, therefore (under high legal authority), at once commenced business under the temporary title of the Mining, Royal Mineral, and Batteries Works, and in three-quarters of a year insured property to the amount of nearly two millions sterling. After the lapse of two years, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, eager for the money to be paid for the charter, and a select committee having made a rigid inquiry into the project, and the cash lodged at the Bank to meet losses, recommended the grant to the House of

Commons. The Act of the 6th George I., cap. 18, authorised the king to grant a charter, which was accordingly done, June 22nd, 1720. The "London Assurance," which is also lodged in the Exchange, obtained its charter at the same time. Each of these companies paid £300,000 to the Exchequer. They were both allowed to assure on ships at sea, and going to sea, and to lend money on bottomry; and each was to have "perpetual succession" and a common seal. To prevent a monopoly, however, no person holding stock in either of the companies was allowed to purchase stock in the other. In 1721, the "Royal Exchange Assurance" obtained another charter for assurances on lives, and also of houses and goods from fire. In consequence of the depression of the times, the company was released from the payment of £150,000 of the £300,000 originally demanded by Government.

At the close of the last, and commencement of the present century, the monopolies of the two companies in marine assurance were sharply assailed. Their enemies at last, however, agreed to an armistice, on their surrendering their special privileges, which (in spite of Earl Grey's exertions) were at last annulled, and any joint-stock company can now effect marine assurances. The loss of the monopoly did not, however, injure either excellent body of underwriters.

"Lloyd's," at the east end of the north side of the Royal Exchange, contains some magnificent apartments, and the steps of the staircase leading to them are of Craigleath stone, fourteen feet wide. The subscribers' room (for underwriting) is 100 feet long, by 48 feet wide, and runs from north to south, on the east side of the Merchants' Quadrangle. This noble chamber has a library attached to it, with a gallery round for maps and charts, which many a shipowner, sick at heart, with fears for his rich argosy, has conned and traced. The captains' room, the board-room, and the clerks' offices, occupy the eastern end; and along the north front is the great commercial room, 80 feet long, a sort of club-room for strangers and foreign merchants visiting London. The rooms are lit from the ceilings, and also from windows opening into the quadrangle. They are all highly decorated, well warmed and ventilated, and worthy, as Mr. Effingham Wilson, in his book on the Exchange, justly observes, of a great commercial city like London.

The system of marine assurance seems to have been of great antiquity, and probably began with the Italian merchants in Lombard Street. The first mention of marine insurance in England, says an excellent author, Mr. Burgon, in his "Life of Gresham," is in a letter from the Protector Somerset to the Lord Admiral, in 1548 (Edward VI.), still preserved. Gresham, writing from Antwerp to Sir Thomas Parry, in May, 1560 (Elizabeth), speaks of armour, ordered by Queen Elizabeth, bought by him at Antwerp, and sent by him to Hamburg for shipment (though only about twelve ships a year came from thence to London). He had also adventured at his own risk, one thousand pounds' worth in a ship which, as he says, "I have caused to be assured upon the Burse at Antwerp."

The following preamble to the Statute, 43rd Elizabeth, proves that marine assurance was even then an old institution in England:—

"Whereas it has been, time out of mind, an usage among merchants, both of this realm and of foreign nations, when they make any great adventures (specially to remote parts), to give some considerable money to other persons (which commonly are no small number) to have from them assurance made of their goods, merchandize, ships, and things adventured, or some part thereof, at such rates, and in such sorts as the parties assurers and the parties assured can agree, which course of dealing is commonly termed a policy of assurance, by means of which it cometh to pass upon the loss or perishing of any ship, there followeth not the undoing of any man, but the loss lighteth rather easily upon many, than heavy upon few; and rather upon them that adventure not, than upon them that adventure; whereby all merchants, specially the younger sort, are allowed to venture more willingly and more freely."

In 1622, Malynes, in his "Lex Mercatoria," says that all policies of insurance at Antwerp, and other places in the Low Countries, then and formerly always made, mention that it should be in all things concerning the said assurances, as it was accustomed to be done in Lombard Street, London.

In 1627 (Charles I.), the marine assurers had rooms in the Royal Exchange, as appears by a law passed in that year, "for the sole making and registering of all manners of assurances, intimations, and renunciations made upon any ship or ships, goods or merchandise in the Royal Exchange, or any other place within the City of London;" and the Rev. Samuel Rolle, in his "CX. Discourses on the Fire of London," mentions an assurance office in the Royal Exchange, "which undertook for those ships and goods that were hazarded at sea, either by boistrous winds, or dangerous enemies, yet could not secure itself, when sin, like Samson, took hold of the pillars of it, and went about to pull it down."

After the Fire of London the underwriters met

in a room near Cornhill; and from thence they removed to a coffee-house in Lombard Street, kept by a person named Lloyd, where intelligence of vessels was collected and made public. In a copy of *Lloyd's List*, No. 996, still extant, dated Friday, June 7th, 1745, and quoted by Mr. Effingham Wilson, it is stated: "This List, which was formerly published once a week, will now continue to be published every Tuesday and Friday, with the addition of the Stocks, course of Exchange, &c. Subscriptions are taken in at three shillings per quarter, at the bar of Lloyd's coffee-house in Lombard Street." *Lloyd's List* must therefore have begun about 1726.

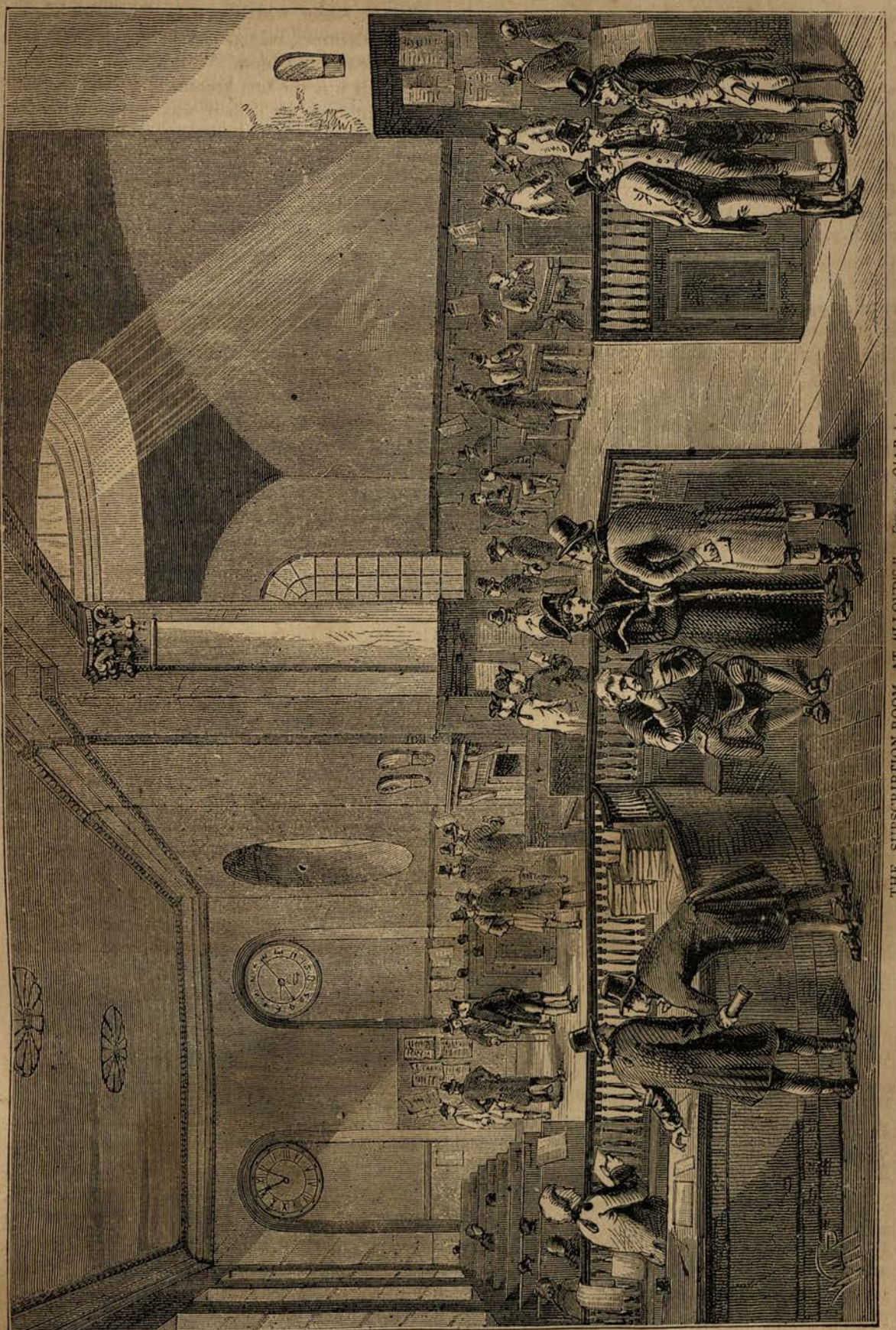
In the *Tatler* of December 26th, 1710, is the following:—"This coffee-house being provided with a pulpit, for the benefit of such auctions that are frequently made in this place, it is our custom, upon the first coming in of the news, to order a youth, who officiates as the Kidney of the coffee-house, to get into the pulpit, and read every paper, with a loud and distinct voice, while the whole audience are sipping their respective liquors."

The following note is curious:—"11th March, 1740.—Mr. Baker, master of Lloyd's Coffee-house, in Lombard Street, waited on Sir Robert Walpole with the news of Admiral Vernon's taking Portobello. This was the first account received thereof, and, proving true, Sir Robert was pleased to order him a handsome present." (*Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1740.)

The author of "The City" (1845) says: "The affairs of Lloyd's are now managed by a committee of underwriters, who have a secretary and five or six clerks, besides a number of writers to attend upon the rooms. The rooms, three in number, are called respectively the Subscribers' Room, the Merchants' Room, and the Captains' Room, each of which is frequented by various classes of persons connected with shipping and mercantile life. Since the opening of the Merchants' Room, which event took place when business was re-commenced at the Royal Exchange, at the beginning of this year, an increase has occurred in the number of visitors, and in which numbers the subscribers to Lloyd's are estimated at 1,600 individuals.

"Taking the three rooms in the order they stand, under the rules and regulations of the establishment,

INTERIOR OF LLOYD'S.



THE SUBSCRIPTION-ROOM AT "LLOYD'S." *From an Old Print.*

we shall first describe the business and appearance of the Subscribers' Room. Members to the Subscribers' Room, if they follow the business of underwriter or insurance broker, pay an entrance fee of twenty-five guineas, and an annual subscription of four guineas. If a person is a subscriber only, without practising the craft of underwriting, the payment is limited to the annual subscription fee of four guineas. The Subscribers' Room numbers about 1,000 or 1,100 members, the great majority of whom follow the business of underwriters and insurance brokers. The most scrupulous attention is paid to the admission of members, and the ballot is put into requisition to determine all matters brought before the committee, or the meeting of the house.

"The Underwriters' Room, as at present existing, is a fine spacious room, having seats to accommodate the subscribers and their friends, with drawers and boxes for their books, and an abundant supply of blotting and plain paper, and pens and ink. The underwriters usually fix their seats in one place, and, like the brokers on the Stock Exchange, have their particular as well as casual customers.

"'Lloyd's Books,'" which are two enormous ledger-looking volumes, elevated on desks at the right and left of the entrance to the room, give the principal arrivals, extracted from the lists so received at the chief outposts, English and foreign, and of all losses by wreck or fire, or other accidents at sea, written in a fine Roman hand, sufficiently legible that 'he who runs may read.' Losses or accidents, which, in the technicality of the room, are denominated 'double lines,' are almost the first read by the subscribers, who get to the books as fast as possible, immediately the doors are opened for business.

"All these rooms are thrown open to the public as the 'Change clock strikes ten, when there is an immediate rush to all parts of the establishment, the object of many of the subscribers being to seize their favourite newspaper, and of others to ascertain the fate of their speculation, as revealed in the double lines before mentioned."

Not only has Lloyd's — a mere body of merchants — without Government interference or patronage, done much to give stability to our commerce, but it has distinguished itself at critical times by the most princely generosity and benevolence. In the great French war, when we were pushed so hard by the genius of Napoleon, which we had unwisely provoked, Lloyd's opened a subscription for the relief of soldiers' widows and orphans, and commenced an appeal to the general public by the gift of £20,000 Three per Cent. Consols. In three months only the sum subscribed at Lloyd's amounted to more than £70,000. In 1809 they gave £5,000 more, and in 1813 £10,000. This was the commencement of the Patriotic Fund, placed under three trustees, Sir Francis Baring, Bart., John Julius Angerstein, Esq., and Thomson Bonar, Esq., and the subscriptions soon amounted to more than £700,000. In other charities Lloyd's were equally munificent. They gave £5,000 to the London Hospital, for the admission of London merchant-seamen; £1,000 for suffering inhabitants of Russia, in 1813; £1,000 for the relief of the North American Militia (1813); £10,000 to the Waterloo subscription of 1815; £2,000 for the establishment of lifeboats on the English coast. They also instituted rewards for those brave men who save, or attempt to save, life from shipwreck, and to those who do not require money a medal is given. This medal was executed by W. Wyon, Esq., R.A. The subject of the obverse is the sea-nymph Leucothea appearing to Ulysses on the raft; the moment of the subject chosen is found in the following lines:—

> "This heavenly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,
> And live; give all thy terrors to the wind."

The reverse is from a medal of the time of Augustus — a crown of fretted oak-leaves, the reward given by the Romans to him who saved the life of a citizen; and the motto, "Ob cives servatos." By the system upon which business is conducted in Lloyd's, information is given to the insurers and the insured; there are registers of almost every ship which floats upon the ocean, the places where they were built, the materials and description of timber used in their construction, their age, state of repair, and general character. An index is kept, showing the voyages in which they have been and are engaged, so that merchants may know the vessel in which they entrust their property, and assurers may ascertain the nature and value of the risk they undertake. Agents are appointed for Lloyd's in almost every seaport in the globe, who send information of arrivals, casualties, and other matters interesting to merchants, shipowners, and underwriters, which information is published daily in *Lloyd's List*, and transmitted to all parts of the world. The collection of charts and maps is one of the most correct and comprehensive in the world. The Lords of the Admiralty presented Lloyd's with copies of all the charts made from actual surveys, and the East India Company was equally generous. The King of Prussia presented Lloyd's with copies of the charts of the Baltic, all made from surveys, and printed by the Prussian Government. Masters

of all ships, and of whatever nation, frequenting the port of London, have access to this collection.

Before the last fire at the Exchange there was, on the stairs leading to Lloyd's, a monument to Captain Lydekker, the great benefactor to the London Seamen's Hospital. This worthy man was a shipowner engaged in the South Sea trade, and some of his sick sailors having been kindly treated in the "Dreadnought" hospital ship, in 1830, he gave a donation of £100 to the Society. On his death, in 1833, he left four ships and their stores, and the residue of his estate, after the payment of certain legacies. The legacy amounted to £48,434 16s. 11d. in the Three per Cents., and £10,295 11s. 4d. in cash was eventually received. The monument being destroyed by the fire in 1838, a new monument, by Mr. Sanders, sculptor, was executed for the entrance to Lloyd's rooms.

The remark of "a good book" or "a bad book" among the subscribers to Lloyd's is a sure index to the prospects of the day, the one being indicative of premium to be received, the other of losses to be paid. The life of the underwriter, like the stock speculator, is one of great anxiety, the events of the day often raising his expectations to the highest, or depressing them to the lowest pitch; and years are often spent in the hope for acquisition of that which he never obtains. Among the old stagers of the room there is often strong antipathy expressed against the insurance of certain ships, but we never recollect its being carried out to such an extent as in the case of one vessel. She was a steady trader, named after one of the most venerable members of the room, and it was a most curious coincidence that he invariably refused to "write her" for "a single line." Often he was joked upon the subject, and pressed "to do a little" for his namesake, but he as frequently denied, shaking his head in a doubtful manner. One morning the subscribers were reading the "double lines," or the losses, and among them was the total wreck of this identical ship.

There seems to have been a regret on the first opening of the Exchange for the coziness and quiet comfort of the old building. Old frequenters missed the firm oak benches in the old ambulatoria, the walls covered with placards of ships about to sail, the amusing advertisements and lists of the sworn brokers of London, and could not acquire a rapid friendship for the encaustic flowers and gay colours of the new design. They missed the old sonorous bell, and the names of the old walks.

CHAPTER XLIII.

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE BANK:—LOTHBURY.

Lothbury—Its Former Inhabitants—St. Margaret's Church—Tokenhouse Yard—Origin of the Name—Farthings and Tokens—Silver Halfpence and Pennies—Queen Anne's Farthings—Sir William Petty—Defoe's Account of the Plague in Tokenhouse Yard.

OF Lothbury, a street on the north side of the Bank of England, Stow says: "The Street of Lothberie, Lathberie, or Loadberie (for by all those names have I read it), took the name as it seemeth of *berie*, or *court*, of old time there kept, but by whom is grown out of memory. This street is possessed for the most part by founders that cast candlesticks, chafing dishes, spice mortars, and such-like copper or laton works, and do afterwards turn them with the foot and not with the wheel, to make them smooth and bright with turning and scratching (as some do term it), making a loathsome noise to the by-passers that have not been used to the like, and therefore by them disdainfully called Lothberie."

"Lothbury," says Hutton (Queen Anne), "was in Stow's time much inhabited by founders, but now by merchants and warehouse-keepers, though it is not without such-like trades as he mentions."

Ben Jonson brings in an allusion to once noisy Lothbury in the "Alchemist." In this play Sir Epicure Mammon says:—

> This night I'll change
> All that is metal in my house to gold;
> And early in the morning will I send
> To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
> And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury
> For all the copper.
> *Surly.* What, and turn that too? [Cornwall,
> *Mammon.* Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and
> And make them perfect Indies.

And again in his mask of "The Gipsies Metamorphosed"—

> Bless the sovereign and his seeing.
> * * * *
> From a fiddle out of tune,
> As the cuckoo is in June,
> From the candlesticks of Lothbury
> And the loud pure wives of Banbury.

Stow says of St. Margaret's, Lothbury: "I find it called the Chappel of St. Margaret's de Lothberie, in the reign of Edward II., when in the 15th

of that king's reign, license was granted to found a chauntry there. There be monuments in this church of Reginald Coleman, son to Robert Coleman, buried there 1383. This said Robert Coleman may be supposed the first builder or owner of Coleman Street; and that St. Stephen's Church, there builded in Coleman Street, was but a chappel belonging to the parish church of St. Olave, in the Jewry." In niches on either side of the altar-piece are two flat figures, cut out of wood, and painted to represent Moses and Aaron. These were originally in the Church of St. Christopher le Stocks, but when that church was pulled down to make way for the west end of the Bank of England, and the parish was united by Act of Parliament to that of St. Margaret, Lothbury (in 1781), they were removed to the place they now occupy. At the west end of the church is a metal bust inscribed to Petrus le Maire, 1631; this originally stood in St. Christopher's, and was brought here after the fire.

This church, which is a rectory, seated over the ancient course of Walbrook, on the north side of Lothbury, in the Ward of Coleman Street (says Maitland), owes its name to its being dedicated to St. Margaret, a virgin saint of Antioch, who suffered in the reign of Decius.

Maitland also gives the following epitaph on Sir John Leigh, 1564:—

"No wealth, no praise, no bright renowne, no skill,
No force, no fame, no prince's love, no toyle,
Though forraine lands by travel search you will,
No faithful service of thy country soile,
Can life prolong one minute of an houre;
But Death at length will execute his power.
For Sir John Leigh, to sundry countries knowne,
A worthy knight, well of his prince esteemed,
By seeing much to great experience growne,
Though safe on seas, though sure on land he seemed,
Yet here he lyes, too soone by Death opprest;
His fame yet lives, his soule in Heaven hath rest."

The bowl of the font (attributed to Grinling Gibbons) is sculptured with representations of Adam and Eve in Paradise, the return of the dove to the ark, Christ baptised by St. John, and Philip baptising the eunuch.

In the reign of Henry VIII. a conduit (of which no trace now exists) was erected in Lothbury. It was supplied with water from the spring of Dame Anne's, the "Clear," mentioned by Ben Jonson in his "Bartholomew Fair."

Tokenhouse Yard, leading out of Lothbury, derived its name from an old house which was once the office for the delivery of farthing pocket-pieces, or tokens, issued for several centuries by many London tradesmen. Copper coinage, with very few exceptions, was unauthorised in England till 1672. Edward VI. coined silver farthings, but Queen Elizabeth conceived a great prejudice to copper coins, from the spurious "black money," or copper coins washed with silver, which had got into circulation. The silver halfpenny, though inconveniently small, continued down to the time of the Commonwealth. In the time of Elizabeth, besides the Nuremberg tokens which are often found in Elizabethan ruins, many provincial cities issued tokens for provincial circulation, which were ultimately called in. In London no less than 3,000 persons, tradesmen and others, issued tokens, for which the issuer and his friends gave current coin on delivery. In 1594 the Government struck a small copper coin, "the pledge of a halfpenny," about the size of a silver twopence, but Queen Elizabeth could never be prevailed upon to sanction the issue. Sir Robert Cotton, writing in 1607 (James I.), on how the kings of England have supported and repaired their estates, says there were then 3,000 London tradesmen who cast annually each about £5 worth of lead tokens, their store amounting to some £15,000. London having then about 800,000 inhabitants, this amounted to about 2d. a person; and he urged the King to restrain tradesmen from issuing these tokens. In consequence of this representation, James, in 1613, issued royal farthing tokens (two sceptres in saltier and a crown on one side, and a harp on the other), so that if the English took a dislike to them they might be ordered to pass in Ireland. They were not made a legal tender, and had but a narrow circulation. In 1635 Charles I. struck more of these, and in 1636 granted a patent for the coinage of farthings to Henry Lord Maltravers and Sir Francis Crane. During the Civil War tradesmen again issued heaps of tokens, the want of copper money being greatly felt. Charles II. had halfpence and farthings struck at the Tower in 1670, and two years afterwards they were made a legal tender, by proclamation; they were of pure Swedish copper. In 1685 there was a coinage of tin farthings, with a copper centre, and the inscription, "*Nummorum famulus.*" The following year halfpence of the same description were issued, and the use of copper was not resumed till 1693, when all the tin money was called in. Speaking of the supposed mythical Queen Anne's farthing, Mr. Pinkerton says:—"All the farthings of the following reign of Anne are trial pieces, since that of 1712, her last year. They are of most exquisite workmanship, exceeding most copper coins of ancient or modern times, and will do honour to the engraver, Mr. Croker, to the end of time. The one whose reverse is Peace in a car, *Pax missa per*

orbem, is the most esteemed; and next to it the Britannia under a portal; the other farthings are not so valuable." We possess a complete series of silver pennies, from the reign of Egbert to the present day (with the exception of the reigns of Richard and John, the former coining in France, the latter in Ireland).

Tokenhouse Yard was built in the reign of Charles I., on the site of a house and garden of the Earl of Arundel (removed to the Strand), by Sir William Petty, an early writer on political economy, and a lineal ancestor of the present Marquis of Lansdowne. This extraordinary genius, the son of a Hampshire clothier, was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society. He studied anatomy with Hobbes in Paris, wrote numerous philosophical works, suggested improvements for the navy, and, in fact, explored almost every path of science. Aubrey says that, being challenged by Sir Hierom Sankey, one of Cromwell's knights, Petty being short-sighted, chose for place a dark cellar, and for weapons a big carpenter's axe. Petty's house was destroyed in the Fire of London. John Grant, says Peter Cunningham, also had property in Tokenhouse Yard. It was for Grant that Petty is said to have compiled the bills of mortality which bear his name.

Defoe, who, however, was only three years old when the Plague broke out, has laid one of the most terrible scenes in his "History of the Plague" in Tokenhouse Yard. "In my walks," he says, "I had many dismal scenes before my eyes, as particularly of persons falling dead in the streets, terrible shrieks and screeching of women, who in their agonies would throw open their chamber windows, and cry out in a dismal surprising manner. Passing through Tokenhouse Yard, in Lothbury, of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful screeches, and then cried, 'Oh! death, death, death!" in a most inimitable tone, which struck me with horror, and a chilliness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole street, neither did any other window open, for people had no curiosity now in any case, nor could anybody help one another. Just in Bell Alley, on the right hand of the passage, there was a more terrible cry than that, though it was not so directed out at the window; but the whole family was in a terrible fright, and I could hear women and children run screaming about the rooms like distracted; when a garret window opened, and somebody from a window on the other side the alley called and asked, 'What is the matter?' upon which, from the first window it was answered, 'Ay, ay, quite dead and cold!' This person was a merchant, and a deputy-alderman, and very rich. But this is but one. It is scarce credible what dreadful cases happened in particular families every day. People in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of their swellings, which was, indeed, intolerable, running out of their own government, raving and distracted, oftentimes laid violent hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out at their windows, shooting themselves, &c.; mothers murdering their own children in their lunacy; some dying of mere grief, as a passion; some of mere fright and surprise, without any infection at all; others frighted into idiotism and foolish distractions, some into despair and lunacy, others into melancholy madness."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THROGMORTON STREET.—THE DRAPERS' COMPANY.

Halls of the Drapers' Company—Throgmorton Street and its many Fair Houses—Drapers and Wool Merchants—The Drapers in Olden Times—Milborne's Charity—Dress and Livery—Election Dinner of the Drapers' Company—A Draper's Funeral—Ordinances and Pensions—Fifty-three Draper Mayors—Pageants and Processions of the Drapers—Charters—Details of the present Drapers' Hall—Arms of the Drapers' Company.

THROGMORTON STREET is at the north-east corner of the Bank of England, and was so called after Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who is said to have been poisoned by Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favourite. There is a monument to his memory in the Church of St. Catherine Cree.

The Drapers' first Hall, according to Herbert, was in Cornhill; the second was in Throgmorton Street, to which they came in 1541 (Henry VIII.), on the beheading of Cromwell, Earl of Essex, its previous owner; and the present structure was re-erected on its site, after the Great Fire of London.

Stow, describing the Augustine Friars' Church, says there have been built at its west end "many feyre houses, namely, in Throgmorton Streete;" and among the rest, "one very large and spacious,"

builded, he says, "in place of olde and small tenements, by Thomas Cromwell, minister of the King's jewell-house, after that Maister of the Rolls, then Lord Cromwell, Knight, Lord Privie Seale, Vicker-Generall, Earle of Essex, High Chamberlain of England, &c.;" and he then tells the following story respecting it:—

"This house being finished, and having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden, hee caused the pales of the gardens adjoining to the north parte thereof, on a sodaine, to bee taken down, twenty-two foote to be measured forth right into the north of every man's ground, a line there to be drawne, a trench to be cast, a foundation laid, and a high bricke wall to be builded. My father had a garden there, and an house standing close to his south pale; this house they loosed from the ground, and bore upon rollers into my father's garden, twenty-two foot, ere my father heard thereof. No warning was given him, nor other answere, when hee spoke to the surveyors of that worke, but that their mayster, Sir Thomas, commanded them so to doe; no man durst go to argue the matter, but each man lost his land, and my father payde his whole rent, whiche was vj$^{s.}$ viij$^{d.}$ the yeare, for that halfe which was left. Thus much of mine owne knowledge have I thought goode to note, that the sodaine rising of some men causeth them to forget themselves." ("Survaie of London," 1598.)

The Company was incorporated in 1439 (Henry VI.), but it also possesses a charter granted them by Edward III., that they might regulate the sale of cloths according to the statute. Drapers were originally makers, not merely, as now, dealers in cloth. (Herbert.) The country drapers were called clothiers; the wool-merchants, staplers. The Britons and Saxons were both, according to the best authorities, familiar with the art of cloth-making; but the greater part of English wool, from the earliest times, seems to have been sent to the Netherlands, and from thence returned in the shape of fine cloth, since we find King Ethelred, as early as 967, exacting from the Easterling merchants of the Steel Yard, in Thames Street, tolls of cloth, which were paid at Billingsgate.

INTERIOR OF DRAPERS' HALL.

The width of woollen cloth is prescribed in Magna Charta. There was a weavers' guild in the reign of Henry I., and the drapers are mentioned soon after as flourishing in all the large provincial

cities. It is supposed that the cloths sold by such drapers were red, green, and scarlet cloths, made in Flanders. In the next reign English cloths, made of Spanish wool, are spoken of. Drapers are recorded in the reign of Henry II. as paying fines to the king for permission to sell dyed cloths. In the same reign, English cloths made of Spanish wool are mentioned. In the reign of Edward I., the cloth of Candlewick Street (Cannon Street) was famous. The guild paid the king two marks of gold every year at the feast of Michaelmas.

DRAPERS' HALL GARDEN.

But Edward III., jealous of the Netherlands, set to work to establish the English cloth manufacture. He forbade the exportation of English wool, and invited over seventy Walloon weaver families, who settled in Cannon Street. The Flemings had their meeting-place in St. Lawrence Poultney churchyard, and the Brabanters in the churchyard of St. Mary Somerset. In 1361 the king removed the wool staple from Calais to Westminster and nine English towns. In 1378 Richard II. again changed the wool staple from Westminster to Staples' Inn, Holborn; and in 1397 a weekly cloth-market was established at Blackwell Hall, Basinghall Street; the London drapers at first opposing the right of the country clothiers to sell in gross.

The drapers for a long time lingered about Cornhill, where they had first settled, living in Birchin Lane, and spreading as far as the Stocks' Market; but in the reign of Henry VI. the drapers had all removed to Cannon Street, where we find them tempting Lydgate's "London Lickpenny" with their wares. In this reign arms were granted to the Company, and the grant is still preserved in the British Museum.

The books of the Company commence in the reign of Edward IV., and are full of curious details relating to dress, observances, government, and trade. Edward IV., it must be remembered, in 1479, when he had invited the mayor and aldermen to a great hunt at Waltham Forest, not to forget the City ladies, sent them two harts, six bucks, and a tun of wine, with which noble present the lady mayoress (wife of Sir Bartholomew James, Draper) entertained the aldermen's wives at Drapers' Hall, St. Swithin's Lane, Cannon Street. The chief extracts from the Drapers' records made by Herbert are the following:—

In 1476 forty of the Company rode to meet

Edward IV. on his return from France, at a cost of £20. In 1483 they sent six persons to welcome the unhappy Edward V., whom the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, preparatory to his murder, had brought to London; and in the following November, the Company dispatched twenty-two of the livery, in many-coloured coats, to attend the coronation procession of Edward's wicked hunchback uncle, Richard III. Presently they mustered 200 men, on the rising of the Kentish rebels; and again, in Finsbury Fields, at "the coming of the Northern men." They paid 9s. for boat hire to Westminster, to attend the funeral of Queen Anne (Richard's queen).

In Henry VII.'s reign, we find the Drapers again boating to Westminster, to present their bill for the reformation of cloth-making. The barge seems to have been well supplied with ribs of beef, wine, and pippins. We find the ubiquitous Company at many other ceremonies of this reign, such as the coronation of the queen, &c.

In 1491 the Merchant Taylors came to a conference at Drapers' Hall, about some disputes in the cloth trade, and were hospitably entertained with bread and wine. In the great riots at the Steel Yard, when the London 'prentices tried to sack the Flemish warehouses, the Drapers helped to guard the depôt, with weapons, cressets, and banners. They probably also mustered for the king at Blackheath against the Cornish insurgents. We meet them again at the procession that welcomed Princess Katherine of Spain, who married Prince Arthur; then, in the Lady Chapel at St. Paul's, listening to Prince Arthur's requiem; and, again, bearing twelve enormous torches of wax at the burial of Henry VII., the prince's father.

In 1514 (Henry VIII.) Sir William Capell left the Drapers' Company houses in various parts of London, on condition of certain prayers being read for his soul, and certain doles being given. In 1521 the Company, sorely against its will, was compelled by the arbitrary king to help fit out five ships of discovery for Sebastian Cabot, whose father had discovered Newfoundland. They called it "a sore adventure to jeopard ships with men and goods unto the said island, upon the singular trust of one man, called, as they understood, Sebastian." But Wolsey and the King would have no nay, and the Company had to comply. The same year, Sir John Brugge, Mayor and Draper, being invited to the Serjeants' Feast at Ely House, Holborn, the masters of the Drapers and seven other crafts attended in their best livery gowns and hoods; the Mayor presiding at the high board, the Master of the Rolls at the second, the Master of the Drapers at the third. Another entry in the same year records a sum of £22 15s. spent on thirty-two yards of crimson satin, given as a present to win the good graces of "my Lord Cardinal," the proud Wolsey, and also twenty marks given him, "as a pleasure," to obtain for the Company more power in the management of the Blackwell Hall trade.

In 1527 great disputes arose between the Drapers and the Crutched Friars. Sir John Milborne, who was several times master of the Company, and mayor in 1521, had built thirteen almshouses, near the friars' church, for thirteen old men, who were daily at his tomb to say prayers for his soul. There was also to be an anniversary obit. The Drapers' complaint was that the religious services were neglected, and that the friars had encroached on the ground of Milborne's charity. Henry VIII. afterwards gave Crutched Friars to Sir Thomas Wyat, the poetical friend of the Earl of Surrey, who built a mansion there, which was afterwards Lumley House. At the dissolution of monasteries, the Company paid £1,402 6s. for their chantries and obits.

The dress or livery of the Company seems to have varied more than that of any other—from violet, crimson, murrey, blue, blue and crimson, to brown, puce. In the reign of James I. a uniform garb was finally adopted. The observances of the Company at elections, funerals, obits, and pageants were quaint, friendly, and clubable enough. Every year, at Lady Day, the whole body of the fellowship in new livery went to Bow Church (afterwards to St. Michael's, Cornhill), there heard the Lady Mass, and offered each a silver penny on the altar. At evensong they again attended, and heard dirges chanted for deceased members. On the following day they came and heard the Mass of Requiem, and offered another silver penny. On the day of the feast they walked two and two in livery to the dining-place, each member paying three shillings the year that no clothes were supplied, and two shillings only when they were. The year's quarterage was sevenpence. In 1522 the election dinner consisted of fowls, swans, geese, pike, half a buck, pasties, conies, pigeons, tarts, pears, and filberts. The guests all washed after dinner, standing. At the side-tables ale and claret were served in wooden cups; but at the high table they gave pots and wooden cups for ale and wine, but for red wine and hippocras gilt cups. After being served with wafers and spiced wine, the masters went among the guests and gathered the quarterage. The old master then rose and went into the parlour, with a garland on his head

and his cupbearer before him, and, going straight to the upper end of the high board, without minstrels, chose the new master, and then sat down. Then the masters went into the parlour, and took their garlands and four cupbearers, and crossed the great parlour till they came to the upper end of the high board; and there the chief warden delivered his garland to the warden he chose, and the three other wardens did likewise, proffering the garlands to divers persons, and at last delivering them to the real persons selected. After this all the company rose and greeted the new master and wardens, and the dessert began. At some of these great feasts some 230 people sat down. The lady members and guests sometimes dined with the brothers, and sometimes in separate rooms. At the Midsummer dinner, or dinners, of 1515, six bucks seem to have been eaten, besides three boars, a barrelled sturgeon, twenty-four dozen quails; three hogsheads of wine, twenty-one gallons of muscadel, and thirteen and a half barrels of ale. It was usual at these generous banquets to have players and minstrels.

The funerals of the Company generally ended with a dinner, at which the chaplains and a chosen few of the Company feasted. The Company's pall was always used; and on one occasion, in 1518, we find a silver spoon given to each of the six bearers. Spiced bread, bread and cheese, fruit, and ale were also partaken of at these obits, sometimes at the church, sometimes at a neighbouring tavern. At the funeral of Sir Roger Achilley, Lord Mayor in 1513, there seem to have been twenty-four torch-bearers. The pews were apparently hung with black, and children holding torches stood by the hearse. The Company maintained two priests at St. Michael's, Cornhill. The funeral of Sir William Roche, Mayor in 1523, was singularly splendid. First came two branches of white wax, borne before the priests and clerks, who paced in surplices, singing as they paced. Then followed a standard, blazoned with the dead man's crest—a red deer's head, with gilt horns, and gold and green wings. Next followed mourners, and after them the herald, with the dead man's coat armour, checkered silver and azure. Then followed the corpse, attended by clerks and the livery. After the corpse came the son, the chief mourner, and two other couples of mourners. The sword-bearer and Lord Mayor, in state, walked next; then the aldermen, sheriffs, and the Drapery livery, followed by all the ladies, gentlewomen, and aldermen's wives. After the dirge, they all went to the dead man's house, and partook of spiced bread and comfits, with ale and beer. The next day the mourners had a collection at the church. Then the chief mourners presented the target, sword, helmet, and banners to the priests, and a collection was made for the poor. Directly after the sacrament, the mourners went to Mrs. Roche's house, and dined, the livery dining at the Drapers' Hall, the deceased having left £6 15s. 4d. for that purpose. The record concludes thus: "And my Lady Roche, of her gentylness, sent them moreover four gallons of French wine, and also a box of wafers, and a pottell of ipocras. For whose soul let us pray, and all Christian souls. Amen." The Company maintained priests, altars, and lights at St. Mary Woolnoth's, St. Michael's, Cornhill, St. Thomas of Acon, Austin Friars, and the Priory of St. Bartholomew.

The Drapers' ordinances are of great interest. Every apprentice, on being enrolled, paid fees, which went to a fund called "spoon silver." The mode of correcting these wayward lads was sometimes singular. Thus we find one Needswell in the parlour, on court day, flogged by two tall men, disguised in canvas frocks, hoods, and vizors, twopennyworth of birchen rods being expended on his moral improvement. The Drapers had a special ordinance, in the reign of Henry IV., to visit the fairs of Westminster, St. Bartholomew, Spitalfields, and Southwark, to make a trade search, and to measure doubtful goods by the "Drapers' ell," a standard said to have been granted them by King Edward III. Bread, wine, and pears seem to have been the frugal entertainment of the searchers.

Decayed brothers were always pensioned; thus we find, in 1526, Sir Laurence Aylmer, who had actually been mayor in 1507, applying for alms, and relieved, we regret to state, somewhat grudgingly. In 1834 Mr. Lawford, clerk of the Company, stated to the Commissioners of Municipal Inquiry that there were then sixty poor freemen on the charity roll, who received £10 a year each. The master and wardens also gave from the Company's bounty quarterly sums of money to about fifty or sixty other poor persons. In cases where members of the court fell into decay, they received pensions during the court's pleasure. One person of high repute, then recently deceased, had received the sum of £200 per annum, and on this occasion the City had given him back his sheriff's fine. The attendance fee given to members of the court was two guineas.

From 1531 to 1714, Strype reckons fifty-three Draper mayors. Eight of these were the heads of noble families, forty-three were knights or baronets, fifteen represented the City in Parliament, seven

were founders of churches and public institutions. The Earls of Bath and Essex, the Barons Wotton, and the Dukes of Chandos are among the noble families which derive their descent from members of this illustrious Company. That great citizen, Henry Fitz-Alwin, the son of Leofstan, Goldsmith, and provost of London, was a Draper, and held the office of mayor for twenty-four successive years.

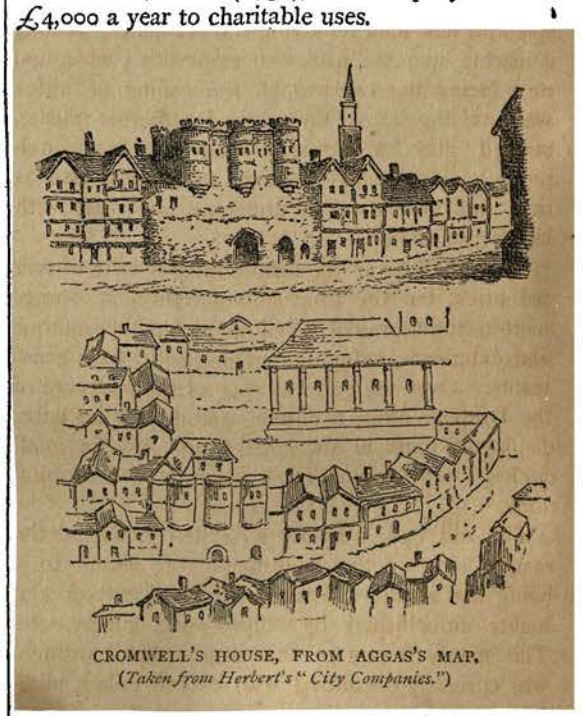
In the Drapers' Lord Mayors' shows the barges seem to have been covered with blue or red cloth. The trumpeters wore crimson hats; and the banners, pennons, and streamers were fringed with silk, and "beaten with gold." The favourite pageants were those of the Assumption and St. Ursula. The Drapers' procession on the mayoralty of one of their members, Sir Robert Clayton, is thus described by Jordan in his "London Industre:"—

"*In proper habits, orderly arrayed,*
The movements of the morning are displayed.
Selected citizens i' th' morning all,
At seven a clock, do meet at *Drapers' Hall.*
The master, wardens, and assistants joyn
For the first rank, in their gowns fac'd with Foyn.
The second order do, in merry moods,
March in gowns fac'd with Budge and livery hoods.
In gowns and scarlet hoods thirdly appears
A youthful number of Foyn's Batchellors;
Forty Budge Batchellors the triumph crowns,
Gravely attir'd in scarlet hoods and gowns.
Gentlemen Ushers which white staves do hold
Sixty, in velvet coats and chains of gold.
Next, thirty more in plush and buff there are,
That several colours wear, and banners bear.
The Serjeant Trumpet thirty-six more brings
(Twenty the Duke of York's, sixteen the King's).
The Serjeant wears two scarfs, whose colours be
One the Lord Mayor's, t'other's the Company.
The King's Drum Major, follow'd by four more
Of the King's drums and fifes, make *London roar.*"

"What gives the festivities of this Company an unique zest," says Herbert, "however, is the visitors at them, and which included a now extinct race. We here suddenly find ourselves in company with abbots, priors, and other heads of monastic establishments, and become so familiarised with the abbot of Tower Hill, the prior of St. Mary Ovary, Christ Church, St. Bartholomew's, the provincial and the prior of 'Freres Austyn's,' the master of St. Thomas Acon's and St. Laurence Pulteney, and others of the metropolitan conventual clergy, most of whom we find amongst their constant yearly visitors, that we almost fancy ourselves living in their times, and of their acquaintance."

The last public procession of the Drapers' Company was in 1761, when the master wardens and court of assistants walked in rank to hear a sermon at St. Peter's, Cornhill; a number of them each carried a pair of shoes, stockings, and a suit of clothes, the annual legacy to the poor of this Company.

The Drapers possess seven original charters, all of them with the Great Seal attached, finely written, and in excellent preservation. These charters comprise those of Edward I., Henry VI., Edward IV., Philip and Mary, Elizabeth, and two of James I. The latter is the acting charter of the company. In 4 James I., the company is entitled "The Master and Wardens and Brothers and Sisters of the Guild or Fraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of the Mystery of Drapers of the City of London." In Maitland's time (1756), the Company devoted £4,000 a year to charitable uses.



CROMWELL'S HOUSE, FROM AGGAS'S MAP.
(*Taken from Herbert's "City Companies."*)

Aggas's drawing represents Cromwell House almost windowless, on the street side, and with three small embattled turrets; and there was a footway through the garden of Winchester House, which forms the present passage (says Herbert) from the east end of Throgmorton Street, through Austin Friars to Great Winchester Street. The Great Fire stopped northwards at Drapers' Hall. The renter warden lost £446 of the Company's money, but the Company's plate was buried safely in a sewer in the garden. Till the hall could be rebuilt, Sir Robert Clayton lent the Drapers a large room in Austin Friars. The hall was rebuilt by Jarman, who built the second Exchange and Fishmongers' Hall. The hall had a very narrow escape (says Herbert) in 1774 from a fire, which

broke out in the vaults beneath the hall (let out as a store-cellar), and destroyed a considerable part of the building, together with a number of houses on the west side of Austin Friars.

The present Drapers' Hall is Mr. Jarman's structure, but altered, and partly rebuilt after the fire in 1774, and partly rebuilt again in 1870. It principally consists of a spacious quadrangle, surrounded by a fine piazza or ambulatory of arches, supported by columns. The quiet old garden greatly improves the hall, which, from this appendage, and its own elegance, might be readily supposed the mansion of a person of high rank.

The present Throgmorton Street front of the building is of stone and marble, and was built by Mr. Herbert Williams, who also erected the splendid new hall, removing the old gallery, adding a marble staircase fit for an emperor's palace, and new facing the court-room, the ceiling of which was at the same time raised. Marble pillars, stained glass windows, carved marble mantelpieces, gilt panelled ceilings—everything that is rich and tasteful—the architect has used with lavish profusion.

The buildings of the former interior were of fine red brick, but the front and entrance, in Throgmorton Street, was of a yellow brick; both interior and exterior were highly enriched with stone ornaments. Over the gateway was a large sculpture of the Drapers' arms, a cornice and frieze, the latter displaying lions' heads, rams' heads, &c., in small circles, and various other architectural decorations.

The old hall, properly so called, occupied the eastern side of the quadrangle, the ascent to it being by a noble stone staircase, covered, and highly embellished by stucco-work, gilding, &c. The stately screen of this magnificent apartment was curiously decorated with carved pillars, pilasters, arches, &c. The ceiling was divided into numerous compartments, chiefly circular, displaying, in the centre, Phaeton in his car, and round him the signs of the zodiac, and various other enrichments. In the wainscoting was a neat recess, with shelves, whereon the Company's plate, which, both for quality and workmanship, is of great value, was displayed at their feasts. Above the screen, at the end opposite the master's chair, hung a portrait of Lord Nelson, by Sir William Beechey, for which the Company paid four hundred guineas, together with the portrait of Fitz-Alwin, the great Draper, already mentioned. "In denominating this portrait *curious*," says Herbert, "we give as high praise as can be afforded it. Oil-painting was totally unknown to England in Fitz-Alwin's time; the style of dress, and its execution as a work of art, are also too modern."

In the gallery, between the old hall and the livery-room, were full-length portraits of the English sovereigns, from William III. to George III. together with a full-length portrait of George IV., by Lawrence, and the celebrated picture of Mary Queen of Scots, and her son, James I., by Zucchero. The portrait of the latter king is a fine specimen of the master, and is said to have cost the Company between £600 and £700. "It has a fault, however," says Herbert, "observable in other portraits of this monarch, that of the likeness being flattered. If it was not uncourteous so to say, we should call it George IV. with the face of the Prince of Wales." Respecting the portrait of Mary and her son, there has been much discussion. Its genuineness has been doubted, from the circumstance of James having been only a twelvemonth old when this picture is thought to have been painted, and his being here represented of the age of four or five; but the anachronism might have arisen from the whole being a composition of the artist, executed not from the life, but from other authorities furnished to him." It was cleaned and copied by Spiridione Roma, for Boydell's print, who took off a mask of dirt from it, and is certainly a very interesting picture. There is another tradition of this picture: that Sir Anthony Babington, confidential secretary to Queen Mary, had her portrait which he deposited, for safety, either at Merchant Taylors' Hall or Drapers' Hall, and that it has never come back to Sir Anthony or his family. It has been insinuated that Sir William Boreman, clerk to the Board of Green Cloth in the reign of Charles II., purloined this picture from one of the royal palaces. Some absurdly suggest that it is the portrait of Lady Dulcibella Boreman, the wife of Sir William. There is a tradition that this valuable picture was thrown over the wall into Drapers' Garden during the Great Fire, and never reclaimed.

The old court-room adjoined the hall, and formed the north side of the quadrangle. It was wainscoted, and elegantly fitted up, like the last. The fire-place was very handsome, and had over the centre a small oblong compartment in white marble, with a representation of the Company receiving their charter. The ceiling was stuccoed, somewhat similarly to the hall, with various subjects allusive to the Drapers' trade and to the heraldic bearings of the Company. Both the (dining) hall and this apartment were rebuilt after the fire in 1774.

The old gallery led to the ladies' chamber and livery-room. In the former, balls, &c., were occasionally held. This was also a very elegant room

The livery-room was a fine lofty apartment, and next in size to the hall. Here were portraits of Sir Joseph Sheldon, Lord Mayor, 1677, by Gerard Soest, and a three-quarter length of Sir Robert Clayton, by Kneller, 1680, seated in a chair—a great benefactor to Christ's Hospital, and to that of St. Thomas, in Southwark; and two benefactors—Sir William Boreman, an officer of the Board of Green Cloth in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II., who endowed a free school at Greenwich; and Henry Dixon, of Enfield, who left land in that parish for apprenticing boys of the same parish, and giving a sum to such as were bound to freemen of London at the end of their apprenticeship. Here was also a fine portrait of Mr. Smith, late clerk of the Company (three-quarters); a smaller portrait of Thomas Bagshaw, who died in 1794, having been beadle to the Company forty years, and who for his long and faithful services has been thus honoured. The windows of the livery-room overlook the private garden, in the midst of which is a small basin of water, with a fountain and statue. The large garden, which adjoins this, is constantly open to the public, from morning till night, excepting Saturdays, Sundays, and the Company's festival days. This is a pleasant and extensive plot of ground, neatly laid out with gravelled walks, a grass-plot, flowering shrubs, lime-trees, pavilions, &c. Beneath what was formerly the ladies' chamber is the record-room, which is constructed of stone and iron, and made fire-proof, for the more effectually securing of the Company's archives, books, plate, and other valuable and important documents.

Howell, in his "Letters," has the following anecdote about Drapers' Hall. "When I went," he says, "to bind my brother Ned apprentice, in Drapers' Hall, casting my eyes upon the chimney-piece of the great room, I spyed a picture of an ancient gentleman, and underneath, 'Thomas Howell;' I asked the clerk about him, and he told me that he had been a Spanish merchant in Henry VIII.'s time, and coming home rich, and dying a bachelor, he gave that hall to the Company of Drapers, with other things, so that he is accounted one of the chiefest benefactors. I told the clerk that one of the sons of Thomas Howell came now thither to be bound; he answered that, if he be a right Howell, he may have, when he is free, three hundred pounds to help to set him up, and pay no interest for five years. It may be, hereafter, we will make use of this."

The Drapers' list of livery states their modern arms to be thus emblazoned, viz.—Azure, three clouds radiated *proper*, each adorned with a triple crown *or*. Supporters—two lions *or*, pelletted. Crest—on a wreath, a ram couchant *or*, armed *sables*, on a mount *vert*. Motto—"Unto God only be honour and glory."

CHAPTER XLV.

BARTHOLOMEW LANE AND LOMBARD STREET.

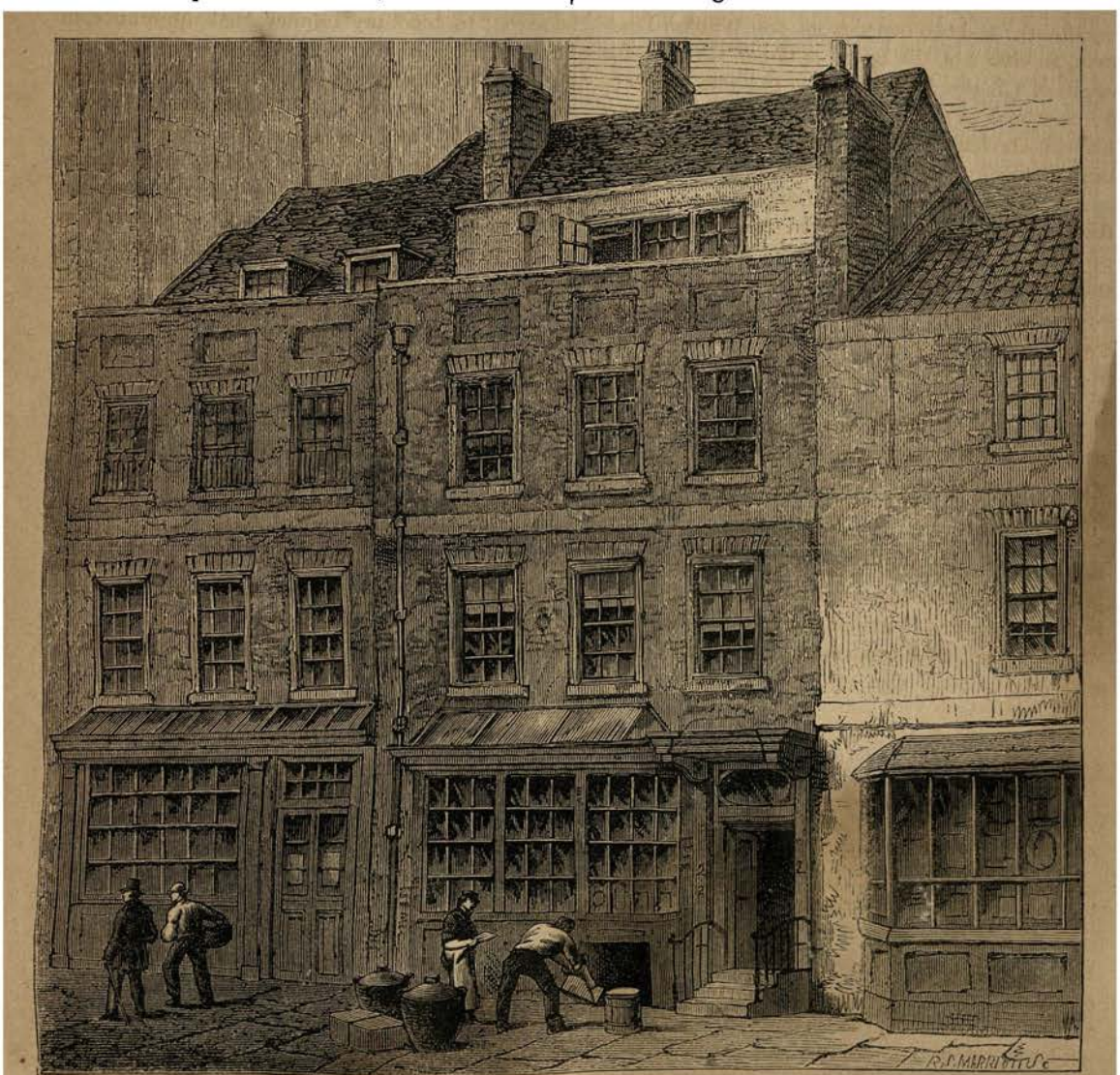
George Robins—His Sale of the Lease of the Olympic—St. Bartholomew's Church—The Lombards and Lombard Street—William de la Pole—Gresham—The Post Office, Lombard Street—Alexander Pope's Father in Plough Court—Lombard Street Tributaries—St. Mary Woolnoth—St. Clement's—Dr. Benjamin Stone—Discovery of Roman Remains—St. Mary Abchurch.

BARTHOLOMEW LANE is associated with the memory of Mr. George Robins, one of the most eloquent auctioneers who ever wielded an ivory hammer. The Auction Mart stood opposite the Rotunda of the Bank. It is said that Robins was once offered £2,000 and all his expenses to go and dispose of a valuable property in New York. His annual income was guessed at £12,000. It is said that half the landed property in England had passed under his hammer. Robins, with incomparable powers of blarney and soft sawder, wrote poetical and alluring advertisements (attributed by some to eminent literary men), which were irresistibly attractive. His notice of the sale of the twenty-seven years' lease of the Olympic, at the death of Mr. Scott, in 1840, was a marvel of adroitness:—

"Mr. George Robins is desired to announce
To the Public, and more especially to the
Theatrical World, that he is authorised to sell
By Public Auction, at the Mart,
On Thursday next, the twentieth of June, at twelve,
The Olympic Theatre, which for so many years
Possessed a kindly feeling with the Public,
And has, for many seasons past, assumed
An unparalleled altitude in theatricals, since
It was fortunately demised to Madame Vestris;
Who, albeit, not content to move at the slow rate
Of bygone time, gave to it a spirit and a
Consequence, that the march of improvement
And her own consummate taste and judgment
Had conceived. To crown her laudable efforts
With unquestionable success, she has caused
To be completed (with the exception of St. James's)
THE MOST SPLENDID LITTLE THEATRE IN EUROPE;
Has given to the entertainments a new life;

Has infused so much of her own special tact,
That it now claims to be one of the most
FAMED OF THE METROPOLITAN THEATRES. Indeed,
It is a fact that will always remain on record,
That amid the vicissitudes of all other theatrical
Establishments, with Madame at its head, success has
Never been equivocal for a moment, and the

made it as clear as any proposition in Euclid that Madame Vestris could not possibly succeed in Covent Garden; that, in fact, she could succeed in no other house than the Olympic; and that consequently the purchaser was quite sure of her as a tenant as long as he chose to let the theatre to her.



POPE'S HOUSE, PLOUGH COURT, LOMBARD STREET.

Receipts have for years past averaged nearly
As much as the patent theatres. The boxes are
In such high repute, that double the present low
Rental is available by this means alone. Madame
Vestris has a lease for three more seasons at only one
Thousand pounds a year," &c.

The sale itself is thus described by Mr. Grant, who writes as if he had been present:—"Mr. Robins," says Grant, "had exhausted the English language in commendation of that theatre; he He proved to demonstration that the theatre would always fill, no matter who should be the lessee; and that consequently it would prove a perfect mine of wealth to the lucky gentleman who was sufficiently alive to his own interests to become the purchaser. By means of such representations, made in a way and with an ingenuity peculiar to himself, Mr. Robins had got the biddings up from the starting sum, which was £3,000, to £3,400.

There, however, the aspirants to the property came to what Mr. Robins called a dead stop. For at least three or four minutes he put his ingenuity to the rack in lavishing encomiums on the property, without his zeal and eloquence being rewarded by a single new bidding. It was at this extremity—and he never resorts to the expedient until the bidders have reached what they themselves at the time conceive to be the highest point—it was at this crisis of the Olympic, Mr. Robins, causing the hammer to descend in the manner I have described, and accompanying the slow and solemn movement with a 'Going—going—go——,' that the then highest bidder exclaimed, 'The theatre is mine!' and at which Mr. Robins, apostrophising him in his own bland and fascinating manner, remarked, 'I don't wonder, my friend, that your anxiety to possess the property at such a price should anticipate my decision; but,' looking round the audience and smiling, as if he congratulated them on the circumstance, 'it is still in the market, gentlemen: you have still an opportunity of making your fortunes without risk or trouble.' The bidding that instant recommenced, and proceeded more briskly than ever. It eventually reached £5,850, at which sum the theatre was 'knocked down.'"

St. Bartholomew's behind the Exchange was built in 1438. Stow gives the following strange epitaph, date 1615:—

Here lyes a Margarite that most excell'd
(Her father Wyts, her mother Lichterveld,
Rematcht with Metkerke) of remarke for birth,
But much more gentle for her genuine worth;
Wyts (rarest) Jewell (so her name bespeakes)
In pious, prudent, peaceful, praise-full life,
Fitting a Sara and a Sacred's wife,
Such as Saravia and (her second) Hill,
Whose joy of life, Death in her death did kill.

Quam pie obiit, Puerpera, Die 29, Junii,
Anno Salutis 1615. Ætatis 39.

From my sad cradle to my sable chest,
Poore Pilgrim, I did find few months of rest.
In Flanders, Holland, Zeland, England, all,
To Parents, troubles, and to me did fall.
These made me pious, patient, modest, wise;
And, though well borne, to shun the gallants' guise;
But now I rest my soule, where rest is found,
My body here, in a small piece of ground,
And from my Hill, that hill I have ascended,
From whence (for me) my Saviour once descended.

Margarita, a Jewell.

I, like a Jewell, tost by sea to land,
Am bought by him, who weares me on his hand.

Margarita, Margareta.

One night, two dreames
Made two propheticals,
Thine of thy coffin,
Mine of thy funerals.

If women all were like to thee,
We men for wives should happy be.

The first stone of the Gresham Club House, No. 1, King William Street, corner of St. Swithin's Lane, was laid in 1844, the event being celebrated by a dinner at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate Street, the Lord Mayor, Sir William Magnay, in the chair. The club was at first under the presidency of John Abel Smith, Esq., M.P. The building was erected from the design of Mr. Henry Flower, architect.

After the expulsion of the Jews, the Lombards (or merchants of Genoa, Lucca, Florence, and Venice) succeeded them as the money-lenders and bankers of England. About the middle of the thirteenth century these Italians established themselves in Lombard Street, remitting money to Italy by bills of exchange, and transmitting to the Pope and Italian prelates their fees, and the incomes of their English benefices. Mr. Burgon has shown that to these industrious strangers we owe many of our commercial terms, such, for instance, as *debtor*, *creditor*, *cash*, *usance*, *bank*, *bankrupt*, *journal*, *diary*, *ditto*, and even our £ *s. d.*, which originally stood for *libri*, *soldi*, and *denari*. In the early part of the fifteenth century we find these swarthy merchants advancing loans to the State, and having the customs mortgaged to them by way of security. Pardons and holy wafers were also sold in this street before the Reformation.

One of the celebrated dwellers in mediæval Lombard Street was William de la Pole, father of Michael, Earl of Suffolk. He was king's merchant or factor to Edward III., and in 1338, at Antwerp, lent that warlike and extravagant monarch a sum equivalent to £400,000 of our current money. He received several munificent grants of Crown land, and was created chief baron of the exchequer and a knight banneret. He is always styled in public instruments "dilectus mercator et valectus noster." His son Michael, who died at the siege of Harfleur in 1415, succeeded to his father's public duties and his house in Lombard Street, near Birchin Lane. Michael's son fell at Agincourt. The last De la Pole was beheaded during the wars of the Roses.

About the date 1559, when Gresham was honoured by being sent as English ambassador to the court of the Duchess of Parma, he resided in Lombard Street. His shop (about the present No. 18) was distinguished by his father's crest—viz., a grasshopper. The original sign was seen by Pennant; and Mr. Burgon assures us that it continued in existence as late as 1795, being removed or stolen on the erection of the present

building. Gresham was not only a mercer and merchant adventurer, but a banker—a term which in those days of 10 or 12 per cent. interest meant also, "a usurer, a pawnbroker, a money scrivener, a goldsmith, and a dealer in bullion" (Burgon). After his knighthood, Gresham seems to have thought it undignified to reside at his shop, so left it to his apprentice, and removed to Bishopsgate, where he built Gresham House. It was a vulgar tradition of Elizabeth's time, according to Lodge, that Gresham was a foundling, and that an old woman who found him was attracted to the spot by the increased chirping of the grasshoppers. This story was invented, no doubt, to account for his crest.

During the first two years of Gresham's acting as the king's factor, he posted from Antwerp no fewer than forty times. Between the 1st of March, 1552, and the 27th of July his payments amounted to £106,301 4s. 4d.; his travelling expenses for riding in and out eight times, £102 10s., including a supper and a banquet to the Schetz and the Fuggers, the great banks with whom he had to transact business, £26 being equal, Mr. Burgon calculates, to £250 of the present value of money. The last-named feast must have been one of great magnificence, as the guests appear to have been not more than twenty. On such occasions Gresham deemed it policy to "make as good chere as he could."

He was living in Lombard Street, no doubt, at that eventful day when, being at the house of Mr. John Byvers, alderman, he promised that "within one month after the founding of the Burse he would make over the whole of the profits, in equal moities, to the City and the Mercers' Company, in case he should die childless;" and "for the sewer performance of the premysses, the said Sir Thomas, in the presens of the persons afore named, did give his house to Sir William Garrard, and drank a carouse to Thomas Rowe." This mirthful affair was considered of so much importance as to be entered on the books of the Corporation, solemnly commencing with the words, "Be it remembered, that the ixth day of February, in Anno Domini 1565," &c.

Gresham's wealth was made chiefly by trade with Antwerp. "The exports from Antwerp," says Burgon, "at that time consisted of jewels and precious stones, bullion, quicksilver, wrought silks, cloth of gold and silver, gold and silver thread, camblets, grograms, spices, drugs, sugar, cotton, cummin, galls, linen, serges, tapestry, madder, hops in great quantities, glass, salt-fish, small wares (or, as they were then called, merceries), made of metal and other materials, to a considerable amount; arms, ammunition, and household furniture. From England Antwerp imported immense quantities of fine and coarse woollen goods, as canvas, frieze, &c., the finest wool, excellent saffron in small quantities, a great quantity of lead and tin, sheep and rabbit-skins, together with other kinds of peltry and leather; beer, cheese, and other provisions in great quantities, also Malmsey wines, which the English at that time obtained from Candia. Cloth was, however, by far the most important article of traffic between the two countries. The annual importation into Antwerp about the year 1568, including every description of cloth, was estimated at more than 200,000 pieces, amounting in value to upwards of 4,000,000 escus d'or, or about £1,200,000 sterling."

In the reign of Charles II. we find the "Grasshopper" in Lombard Street the sign of another wealthy goldsmith, Sir Charles Duncombe, the founder of the Feversham family, and the purchaser of Helmsley, in Yorkshire, the princely seat of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham:

> "Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
> Yields to a scrivener and a City knight."

Here also resided Sir Robert Viner, the Lord Mayor of London in 1675, and apparently an especial favourite with Charles II.

The Post Office, Lombard Street, formerly the General Post Office, was originally built by "the great banquer," Sir Robert Viner, on the site of a noted tavern destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. Here Sir Robert kept his mayoralty in 1675. Strype describes it as a very large and curious dwelling, with a handsome paved court, and behind it "a yard for stabling and coaches." The St. Martin's-le-Grand General Post Office was not opened till 1829.

"I have," says "Aleph," in the *City Press*, "a vivid recollection of Lombard Street in 1805. More than half a century has rolled away since then, yet there, sharply and clearly defined, before the eye of memory, stand the phantom shadows of the past. I walked through the street a few weeks ago. It is changed in many particulars; yet enough remains to identify it with the tortuous, dark vista of lofty houses which I remember so well. Then there were no pretentious, stucco-faced banks or offices; the whole wall-surface was of smoke-blacked brick; its colour seemed to imitate the mud in the road, and as coach, or wagon, or mail-cart toiled or rattled along, the basement storeys were bespattered freely from the gutters.

The glories of gas were yet to be. After three o'clock p.m. miserable oil lamps tried to enliven the foggy street with their 'ineffectual light,' while through dingy, greenish squares of glass you might observe tall tallow candles dimly disclosing the mysteries of bank or counting-house. Passengers needed to walk with extreme caution; if you lingered on the pavement, woe to your corns; if you sought to cross the road, you had to beware of the flying postmen or the letter-bag express. As six o'clock drew near, every court, alley, and blind thoroughfare in the neighbourhood echoed to the incessant din of letter-bells. Men, women, and children were hurrying to the chief office, while the fiery-red battalion of postmen, as they neared the same point, were apparently well pleased to balk the diligence of the public, anxious to spare their coppers. The mother post-office for the United Kingdom and the Colonies was then in Lombard Street, and folks thought it was a model establishment. Such armies of clerks, such sacks of letters, and countless consignments of newspapers! How could those hard-worked officials ever get through their work? The entrance, barring paint and stucco, remains exactly as it was fifty years ago. What crowds used to besiege it! What a strange confusion of news-boys! The struggling public, with late letters; the bustling red-coats, with their leather bags, a scene of anxious life and interest seldom exceeded. And now the letter-boxes are all closed; you weary your knuckles in vain against the sliding door in the wall. No response. Every hand within is fully occupied in letter-sorting for the mails; they must be freighted in less than half an hour. Yet, on payment of a shilling for each, letters were received till ten minutes to eight, and not unfrequently a post-chaise, with the horses in a positive lather, tore into the street, just in time to forward some important despatch. Hark! The horn! the horn! The mail-guards are the soloists, and very pleasant music they discourse; not a few of them are first-rate performers. A long train of gaily got-up coaches, remarkable for their light weight, horsed by splendid-looking animals, impatient at the curb, and eager to commence their journey of ten miles (at least) an hour; stout 'gents,' in heavy coats, buttoned to the throat, esconce themselves in 'reserved seats.' Commercial men contest the right of a seat with the guard or coachman; some careful mother helps her pale, timid daughter up the steps; while a fat old lady already occupies two-thirds of the seat—what will be done? Bags of epistles innumerable stuff the boots; formidable bales of the daily journals are trampled small by the guard's heels. The clock will strike in less than five minutes; the clamour deepens, the hubbub seems increasing; but ere the last sixty seconds expire, a sharp winding of warning bugles begins. Coachee flourishes his whip, greys and chestnuts prepare for a run, the reins move, but very gently, there is a parting crack from the whipcord, and the brilliant cavalcade is gone—*exeunt omnes!* Lombard Street is a different place now, far more imposing, though still narrow and dark; the clean-swept roadway is paved with wood, cabs pass noiselessly—a capital thing, only take care you are not run over. Most of the banks and assurance offices have been converted into stone."

In Plough Court (No. 1), Lombard Street, Pope's father carried on the business of a linen merchant. "He was an honest merchant, and dealt in Hollands wholesale," as his widow informed Mr. Spence. His son claimed for him the honour of being sprung from gentle blood. When that gallant baron, Lord Hervey, vice-chamberlain in the court of George II., and his ally, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, disgraced themselves by inditing the verses containing this couplet—

> "Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can endure,
> Hard as thy heart, *and as thy birth obscure;*"

Pope indignantly repelled the accusation as to his descent.

"I am sorry (he said) to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my family in the same leaf with your lordship's; but my father had the honour in one instance to resemble you, for he was a younger brother. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his elder brother, though he had one, who wanted some of those good qualities which yours possessed. How sincerely glad should I be to pay to that young nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much wit and honour as he left behind him in any branch of it. But as to my father, I could assure you, my lord, that he was no mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might please your lordship yet better, a cobbler), but, in truth, of a very tolerable family, and my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that lady whom your lordship made use of to educate your own children, whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity) will be a better present than even the noble blood they derive from you. A mother, on whom I was never obliged so far to reflect as to say, she spoiled me; and a father, who never found himself obliged to say of me, that he disapproved my conduct. In a word, my lord, I think it enough,

that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush; and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear."

The house of Pope's father was afterwards occupied by the well-known chemists, Allen, Hanbury, and Barry, a descendant of which firm still occupies it. Mr. William Allen was the son of a Quaker silk manufacturer in Spitalfields. He became chemical lecturer at Guy's Hospital, and an eminent experimentalist—discovering, among other things, the proportion of carbon in carbonic acid, and proving that the diamond was pure carbon. He was mainly instrumental in founding the Pharmaceutical Society, and distinguished himself by his zeal against slavery, and his interest in all benevolent objects. He died in 1843, at Lindfield, in Sussex, where he had founded agricultural schools of a thoroughly practical kind.

The church of St. Edmund King and Martyr (and St. Nicholas Acons), on the north side of Lombard Street, stands on the site of the old Grass Market. The only remarkable monument is that of Dr. Jeremiah Mills, who died in 1784, and had been President of the Society of Antiquaries many years. The local authorities have, with great good sense, written the duplex name of this church in clear letters over the chief entrance.

The date of the first building of St. Mary Woolnoth of the Nativity, in Lombard Street, seems to be very doubtful; nor does Stow help us to the origin of the name. By some antiquaries it has been suggested that the church was so called from being beneath or nigh to the wool staple. Mr. Gwilt suggests that it may have been called "Wool-nough," in order to distinguish it from the other church of St. Mary, where the wool-beam actually stood.

The first rector mentioned by Newcourt was John de Norton, presented previous to 1368. Sir Martin Bowes had the presentation of this church given him by Henry V., it having anciently belonged to the convent of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. From the Bowes's the presentation passed to the Goldsmiths' Company. Sir Martin Bowes was buried here, and so were many of the Houblons, a great mercantile family, on one of whom Pepys wrote an epitaph. Munday particularly mentions that the wills of several benefactors of St. Mary's were carefully preserved and exhibited in the church. Strype also mentions a monument to Sir William Phipps, that lucky speculator who, in 1687, extracted £300,000 from the wreck of a Spanish plate-vessel off the Bahama bank. Simon Eyre, the old founder of Leadenhall Market, was buried in this church in 1540.

Sir Hugh Brice, goldsmith and mayor, governor of the Mint in the reign of Henry VII., built or rebuilt part of the church, and raised a steepie. The church was almost totally destroyed in the Great Fire, and repaired by Wren. Sir Robert Viner, the famous goldsmith, contributed largely towards the rebuilding, "a memorial whereof," says Strype, "are the vines that adorn and spread about that part of the church that fronts his house and the street; insomuch, that the church was used to be called Sir Robert Viner's church." Wren's repairs having proved ineffectual, the church was rebuilt in 1727. The workmen, twenty feet under the ruins of the steeple, discovered bones, tusks, Roman coins, and a vast number of broken Roman pottery. It is generally thought by antiquaries that a temple dedicated to Concord once stood here. Hawksmoor, the architect of St. Mary Woolnoth, was born the year of the Great Fire, and died in 1736. He acted as Wren's deputy during the erection of the Hospitals at Chelsea and Greenwich, and also in the building of most of the City churches. The principal works of his own design are Christ Church, Spitalfields, St. Anne's, Limehouse, and St. George's, Bloomsbury. Mr. J. Godwin, an excellent authority, calls St. Mary Woolnoth "one of the most striking and original, although not the most beautiful, churches in the metropolis."

On the north side of the communion-table is a plain tablet in memory of that excellent man, the Rev. John Newton, who was curate of Olney, Bucks, for sixteen years, and rector of the united parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch twenty-eight years. He died on the 21st of December, 1807, aged eighty-two years, and was buried in a vault in this church.

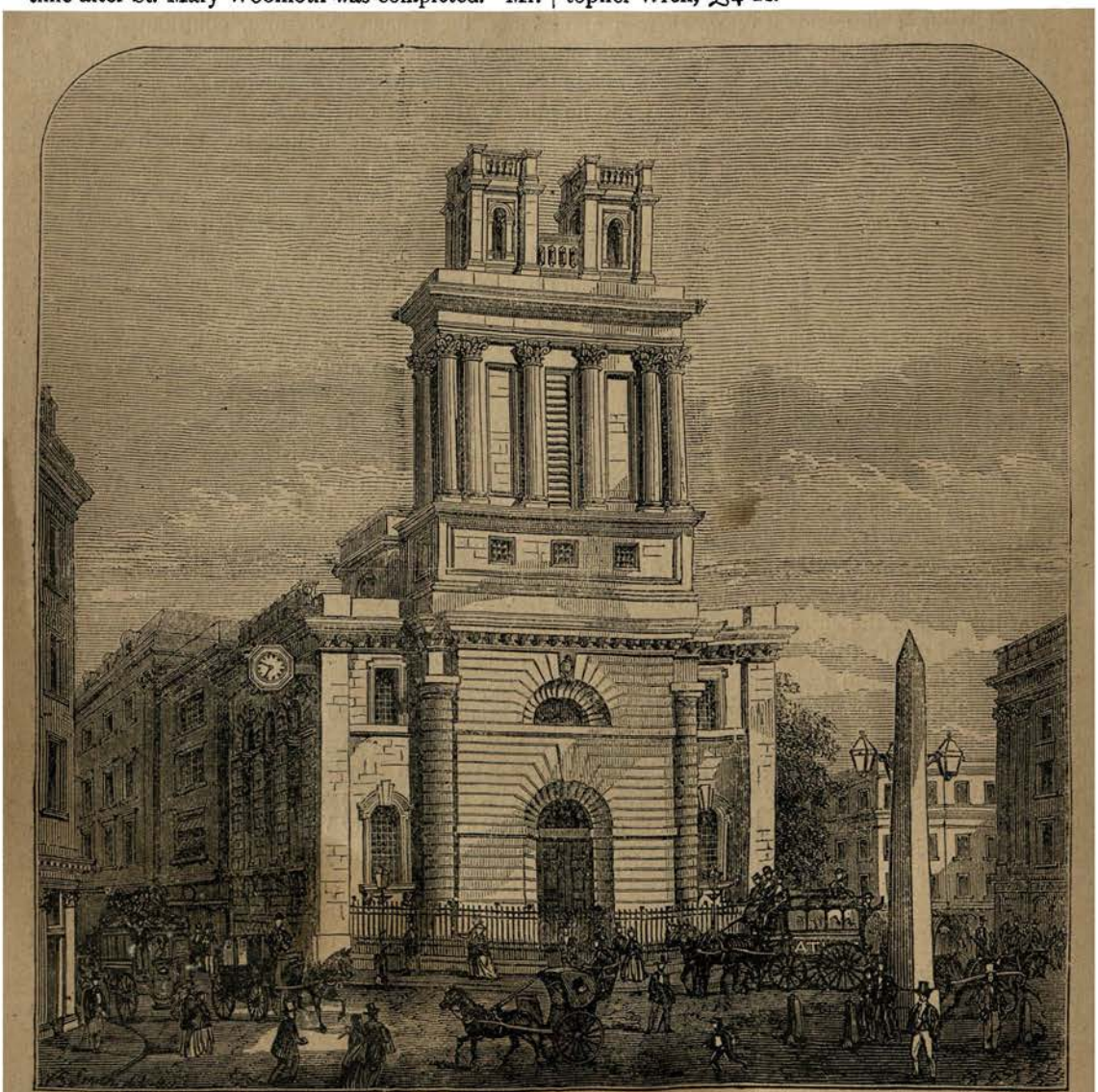
On the stone is the following inscription, full of Christian humility:—

"John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy."

Newton's father was master of a merchant-ship, and Newton's youth was spent in prosecuting the African slave-trade, a career of which he afterwards bitterly repented. He is best known as the writer (in conjunction with the poet Cowper) of the "Olney Hymns."

The exterior of this church is praised by competent authorities for its boldness and originality, though some critic says that the details are ponderous enough for a fortress or a prison. The elongated tower, from the arrangement of the

small chimney-like turrets at the top, has the appearance of being two towers united. Dallaway calls it an imitation of St. Sulpice, at Paris; but unfortunately Servandoni built St. Sulpice some time after St. Mary Woolnoth was completed. Mr. Godwin seems to think Hawksmoor followed Vanbrugh's manner in the heaviness of his design.



ST. MARY WOOLNOTH.

St. Clement's Church, Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, sometimes called St. Clement's, Eastcheap, is noted by Newcourt as existing as early as 1309. The rectory belonged to Westminster Abbey, but was given by Queen Mary to the Bishop of London and his successors for ever. After the Great Fire, when the church was destroyed, the parish of St. Martin Orgar was united to that of St. Clement's.

The parish seem to have been pleased with Wren's exertions in rebuilding, for in their register books for 1685 there is the following item:—"To one-third of a hogshead of wine, given to Sir Christopher Wren, £4 2s."

One of the rectors of St. Clement's, Dr. Benjamin Stone, who had been presented to the living by Bishop Juxon, being deemed too Popish by Cromwell, was imprisoned for some time at Crosby Hall. From thence he was sent to Plymouth, where, after paying a fine of £60, he obtained his liberty. On the restoration of Charles II., Stone recovered his benefice, but died five years after. In this church Bishop Pearson, then rector, delivered his celebrated sermons on the Creed, which

he afterwards turned into his excellent Exposition, a text-book of English divinity, which he dedicated "to the right worshipful and well-beloved, the parishioners of St. Clement's, Eastcheap."

The interior is a parallelogram, with the addition of a south aisle, introduced in order to disguise the intrusion of the tower, which stands at the south-west angle of the building. The ceiling is divided into panels, the centre one being a large oval band of fruit and flowers.

INTERIOR OF MERCHANT TAYLORS' HALL.

The pulpit and desk, as well as the large sounding-board above them, are very elaborately carved; and a marble font standing in the south aisle has an oak cover of curious design. Among many mural tablets are three which have been erected at the cost of the parishioners, commemorative of the Rev. Thomas Green, curate twenty-seven years, who died in 1734; the Rev. John Farrer, rector (1820); and the Rev. W. Valentine Ireson, who was lecturer of the united parishes thirty years, and died in 1822.

In digging a new sewer in Lombard Street a few years ago (says Pennant, writing in 1790), the remains of a Roman road were discovered, with numbers of coins, and several antique curiosities, some of great elegance. The beds through which the workmen sunk were four. The first consisted of factitious earth, about thirteen feet six inches thick, all accumulated since the desertion of the ancient street; the second of brick, two feet

thick, the ruins of the buildings; the third of ashes, only three inches; the fourth of Roman pavement, both common and tessellated, over which the coins and other antiquities were discovered. Beneath that was the original soil. The predominant articles were earthenware, and several were ornamented in the most elegant manner. A vase of red earth had on its surface a representation of a fight of men, some on horseback, others on foot; or perhaps a show of gladiators, as they all fought in pairs, and many of them naked. The combatants were armed with falchions and small round shields, in the manner of the Thracians, the most esteemed of the gladiators. Some had spears, and others a kind of mace. A beautiful running foliage encompassed the bottom of this vessel. On the fragment of another were several figures. Among them appears Pan with his *pedum*, or crook; and near to him one of the *lascivi Satyri*, both in beautiful skipping attitudes. On the same piece are two tripods; round each is a serpent regularly twisted, and bringing its head over a bowl which fills the top. These seem (by the serpent) to have been dedicated to Apollo, who, as well as his son Æsculapius, presided over medicine. On the top of one of the tripods stands a man in full armour. Might not this vessel have been votive, made by order of a soldier restored to health by favour of the god, and to his active powers and enjoyment of rural pleasures, typified under the form of Pan and his nimble attendants? A plant extends along part of another compartment, possibly allusive to their medical virtues; and, to show that Bacchus was not forgotten, beneath lies a *thyrsus* with a double head.

On another bowl was a free pattern of foliage. On others, or fragments, were objects of the chase, such as hares, part of a deer, and a boar, with human figures, dogs, and horses; all these pieces prettily ornamented. There were, besides, some beads, made of earthenware, of the same form as those called the *ovum anguinum*, and, by the Welsh, *glain naidr;* and numbers of coins in gold, silver, and brass, of Claudius, Nero, Galba, and other emperors down to Constantine.

St. Mary Abchurch was destroyed by the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren in 1686. Maitland says, "And as to this additional appellation of *Ab*, or *Up-church*, I am at as great a loss in respect to its meaning, as I am to the time when the church was at first founded; but, as it appears to have anciently stood on an eminence, probably that epithet was conferred upon it in regard to the church of St. Lawrence Pulteney, situate below."

Stow gives one record of St. Mary Abchurch, which we feel a pleasure in chronicling:—"This dame Helen Branch, buried here, widow of Sir John Branch, Knt., Lord Mayor of London, an. 1580, gave £50 to be lent to young men of the Company of Drapers, from four years to four years, for ever, £50. Which lady gave also to poor maids' marriages, £10. To the poor of Abchurch, £10. To the poor prisoners in and about London, £20. Besides, for twenty-six gowns to poor men and women, £26. And many other worthy legacies to the Universities."

The pulpit and sounding-board are of oak, and the font has a cover of the same material, presenting carved figures of the four Evangelists within niches. On the south side of the church is an elaborate monument of marble, part of which is gilt, consisting of twisted columns supporting a circular pediment, drapery, cherubim, &c., to Mr. Edward Sherwood, who died January 5th, 1690; and near it is a second, in memory of Sir Patience Ward, Knt., Alderman, and Lord Mayor of London in 1681. He died on the 10th of July, 1696. The east end of the church is in Abchurch Lane, and the south side faces an open paved space, divided from the lane by posts. This was formerly enclosed as a burial-ground, but was thrown open for the convenience of the neighbourhood.

The present church was completed from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren in 1686. In the interior it is nearly square, being about sixty-five feet long, and sixty feet wide. The walls are plain, having windows in the south side and at the east end to light the church. The area of the church is covered by a large and handsome cupola, supported on a modillion cornice, and adorned with paintings which were executed by Sir James Thornhill; and in the lower part of this also are introduced other lights. "The altar-piece," says Mr. G. Godwin, "presents four Corinthian columns, with entablature and pediment, grained to imitate oak, and has a carved figure of a pelican over the centre compartment. It is further adorned by a number of carved festoons of fruit and flowers, which are so exquisitely executed, that if they were a hundred miles distant, we will venture to say they would have many admiring visitants from London. These carvings, by Grinling Gibbons, were originally painted after nature by Sir James. They were afterwards covered with white paint, and at this time they are, in common with the rest of the screen, of the colour of oak. Fortunately, however, these proceedings, which must have tended to fill up the more delicately carved parts, and to destroy the original sharpness of the lines, have not materially injured their general effect."

CHAPTER XLVI.

THREADNEEDLE STREET.

The Centre of Roman London—St. Benet Fink—The Monks of St. Anthony—The Merchant Taylors—Stow, Antiquary and Tailor—A Magnificent Roll—The Good Deeds of the Merchant Taylors—The Old and the Modern Merchant Taylors' Hall—"Concordia parvæ res crescunt"—Henry VII. enrolled as a Member of the Taylors' Company—A Gavalcade of Archers—The Hall of Commerce in Threadneedle Street—A Painful Reminiscence—The Baltic Coffee-house—St. Anthony's School—The North and South American Coffee-house—The South Sea House—History of the South Sea Bubble—Bubble Companies of the Period—Singular Infatuation of the Public—Bursting of the Bubble—Parliamentary Inquiry into the Company's Affairs—Punishment of the Chief Delinquents—Restoration of Public Credit—The Poets during the Excitement—Charles Lamb's Reverie.

In Threadneedle Street we stand in the centre of Roman London. In 1805 a tesselated pavement, now in the British Museum, was found at Lothbury. The Exchange stands, as we have already mentioned, on a mine of Roman remains. In 1840–41 tesselated pavements were found, about twelve or fourteen feet deep, beneath the old French Protestant Church, with coins of Agrippa, Claudius, Domitian, Marcus Aurelius, and the Constantines, together with fragments of frescoes, and much charcoal and charred barley. These pavements are also preserved in the British Museum. In 1854, in excavating the site of the church of St. Benet Fink, there was found a large deposit of Roman *débris*, consisting of Roman tiles, glass, and fragments of black, pale, and red Samian pottery.

The church of St. Benet Fink, of which a representation is given at page 468, was so called from one Robert Finck, or Finch, who built a previous church on the same site (destroyed by the Fire of 1666). It was completed by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1673, at the expense of £4,130, but was taken down in 1844. The tower was square, surmounted by a cupola of four sides, with a small turret on the top. There was a large recessed doorway on the north side, of very good design.

The arrangement of the body of the church was very peculiar, we may say unique; and although far from beautiful, afforded a striking instance of Wren's wonderful skill. The plan of the church was a decagon, within which six composite columns in the centre supported six semi-circular vaults. Wren's power of arranging a plan to suit the site was shown in numerous buildings, but in none more forcibly than in this small church.

"St. Benedict's," says Maitland, "is vulgarly Bennet Fink. Though this church is at present a donative, it was anciently a rectory, in the gift of the noble family of Nevil, who probably conferred the name upon the neighbouring hospital of St. Anthony."

Newcourt, who lived near St. Benet Fink, says the monks of the Order of St. Anthony hard by were so importunate in their requests for alms that they would threaten those who refused them with "St. Anthony's fire;" and that timid people were in the habit of presenting them with fat pigs, in order to retain their good-will. Their pigs thus became numerous, and, as they were allowed to roam about for food, led to the proverb, "He will follow you like a St. Anthony's pig." Stow accounts for the number of these pigs in another way, by saying that when pigs were seized in the markets by the City officers, as ill-fed or unwholesome, the monks took possession of them, and tying a bell about their neck, allowed them to stroll about on the dunghills, until they became fit for food, when they were claimed for the convent.

The Merchant Taylors, whose hall is very appropriately situated in Threadneedle Street, had their first licence as "Linen Armourers" granted by Edward I. Their first master, Henry de Ryall, was called their "pilgrim," as one that travelled for the whole company, and their wardens "purveyors of dress." Their first charter is dated 1 Edward III. Richard II. confirmed his grandfather's grants. From Henry IV. they obtained a confirmatory charter by the name of the "Master and Wardens of the Fraternity of St. John the Baptist of London." Henry VI. gave them the right of search and correction of abuses. The society was incorporated in the reign of Edward IV., who gave them arms; and Henry VII., being a member of the Company, for their greater honour transformed them from Tailors and Linen Armourers to Merchant Taylors, giving them their present acting charter, which afterwards received the confirmation and *inspeximus* of five sovereigns —Henry VIII., Edward VI., Philip and Mary, Elizabeth, and James I.

There is no doubt (says Herbert) that Merchant Taylors were originally *bonâ fide* cutters-out and makers-up of clothes, or dealers in and importers of cloth, having tenter-grounds in Moorfields. The ancient London tailors made both men's and women's apparel, also soldiers' quilted surcoats, the padded lining of armour, and probably the trappings of war-horses. In the 27th year of Edward III. the Taylors contributed £20 towards the French wars, and in 1377 they sent six members to the Common Council, a number equalling (says Herbert) the largest guilds, and they were reckoned

the seventh company in precedence. In 1483 we find the Merchant Taylors and Skinners disputing for precedence. The Lord Mayor decided they should take precedence alternately; and, further, most wisely and worshipfully decreed that each Company should dine in the other's hall twice a year, on the vigil of Corpus Christi and the feast of St. John Baptist—a laudable custom, which soon restored concord. In 1571 there is a precept from the Mayor ordering that ten men of this Company and ten men of the Vintners' should ward each of the City gates every tenth day. In 1579 the Company was required to provide and train 200 men for arms. In 1586 the master and wardens are threatened by the Mayor for not making the provision of gunpowder required of all the London companies. In 1588 the Company had to furnish thirty-five armed men, as its quota for the Queen's service against the dreaded Spanish Armada.

In 1592 an interesting entry records Stow (a tailor and member of the Company) presenting his famous "Annals" to the house, and receiving in consequence an annuity of £4 per annum, eventually raised to £10. The Company afterwards restored John Stow's monument in the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft. Speed, also a tailor and member of the Company, on the same principle, seems to have presented the society with valuable maps, for which, in 1600, curtains were provided. In 1594 the Company subscribed £50 towards a pest-house, the plague then raging in the City, and the same year contributed £296 10s. towards six ships and a pinnace fitted out for her Majesty's service.

In 1603 the Company contributed £234 towards the £2,500 required from the London companies to welcome James I. and his Danish queen to England. Six triumphal arches were erected between Fenchurch Street and Temple Bar, that in Fleet Street being ninety feet high and fifty broad. Decker and Ben Jonson furnished the speeches and songs for this pageant. June 7, 1607, was one of the grandest days the Company has ever known; for James I. and his son, Prince Henry, dined with the Merchant Taylors. It had been at first proposed to train some boys of Merchant Taylors' School to welcome the king, but Ben Jonson was finally invited to write an entertainment. The king and prince dined separately. The master presented the king with a purse of £100. "Richard Langley shewed him a role, wherein was registered the names of seaven kinges, one queene, seventeene princes and dukes, two dutchesses, one archbishoppe, one and thirtie earles, five countesses, one viscount, fourteene byshoppes, sixtie and sixe barons, two ladies, seaven abbots, seaven priors, and one sub-prior, omitting a great number of knights, esquires, &c., who had been free of that companie." The prince was then made a freeman, and put on the garland. There were twelve lutes (six in one window and six in another).

"In the ayr betweene them" (or swung up above their heads) "was a gallant shippe triumphant, wherein was three menne like saylers, being eminent for voyce and skill, who in their severall songes were assisted and seconded by the cunning lutanists. There was also in the hall the musique of the cittie, and in the upper chamber the children of His Majestie's Chappell sang grace at the King's table; and also whilst the King sate at dinner John Bull, Doctor of Musique, one of the organists of His Majestie's Chapell Royall, being in a cittizen's cap and gowne, cappe and hood (*i.e.*, as a liveryman), played most excellent melodie uppon a small payre of organes, placed there for that purpose onely."

The king seems at this time to have scarcely recovered the alarm of the Gunpowder Plot; for the entries in the Company's books show that there was great searching of rooms and inspection of walls, "to prevent villanie and danger to His Majestie." The cost of this feast was more than £1,000. The king's chamber was made by cutting a hole in the wall of the hall, and building a small room behind it.

In 1607 (James I.), before a Company's dinner, the names of the livery were called, and notice taken of the absent. Then prayer was said, every one kneeling, after which the names of benefactors and their "charitable and godly devices" were read, also the ordinances, and the orders for the grammar-school in St. Laurence Pountney. Then followed the dinner, to which were invited the assistants and the ladies, and old masters' wives and wardens' wives, the preacher, the schoolmaster, the wardens' substitutes, and the humble almsmen of the livery. Sometimes, as in 1645, the whole livery was invited.

The kindness and charity of the Company are strongly shown in an entry of May 23, 1610, when John Churchman, a past master, received a pension of £20 per annum. With true consideration, they allowed him to wear his bedesman's gown without a badge, and did not require him to appear in the hall with the other pensioners. All that was required was that he should attend Divine service and pray for the prosperity of the Company, and share his house with Roger Silverwood, clerk of the Bachellors' Company. Gifts to the Company seem to have been numerous. Thus we have

(1604) Richard Dove's gift of twenty gilt spoons, marked with a dove; (1605) a basin and ewer, value £59 12s., gift of Thomas Medlicott; (1614) a standing cup, value 100 marks, from Murphy Corbett; same year, seven pictures for the parlour, from Mr. John Vernon.

In 1640 the Civil War was brewing, and the Mayor ordered the Company to provide (in their garden) forty barrels of powder and 300 hundredweight of metal and bullets. They had at this time in their armoury forty muskets and rests, forty muskets and headpieces, twelve round muskets, forty corselets with headpieces, seventy pikes, 123 swords, and twenty-three halberts. The same year they lent £5,000 towards the maintenance of the king's northern army. In the procession on the return of Charles I. from Scotland, the Merchant Taylors seem to have taken a very conspicuous part. Thirty-four of the gravest, tallest, and most comely of the Company, apparelled in velvet plush or satin, with chains of gold, each with a footman with two staff-torches, met the Lord Mayor and aldermen outside the City wall, near Moorfields, and accompanied them to Guildhall, and afterwards escorted the king from Guildhall to his palace. The footmen wore ribands of the colour of the Company, and pendants with the Company's coat-of-arms. The Company's standing extended 252 feet. There stood the livery in their best gowns and hoods, with their banners and streamers. "Eight handsome, tall, and able men" attended the king at dinner. This was the last honour shown the faithless king by the citizens of London.

The next entries are about arms, powder, and fire-engines, the defacing superstitious pictures, and the setting up the arms of the Commonwealth. In 1654 the Company was so impoverished by the frequent forced loans, that they had been obliged to sell part of their rental (£180 per annum); yet at the same date the generous Company seem to have given the poet Ogilvy £13 6s. 8d., he having presented them with bound copies of his translations of Virgil and Æsop into English metre. In 1664 the boys of Merchant Taylors' School acted in the Company's hall Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of *Love's Pilgrimage*.

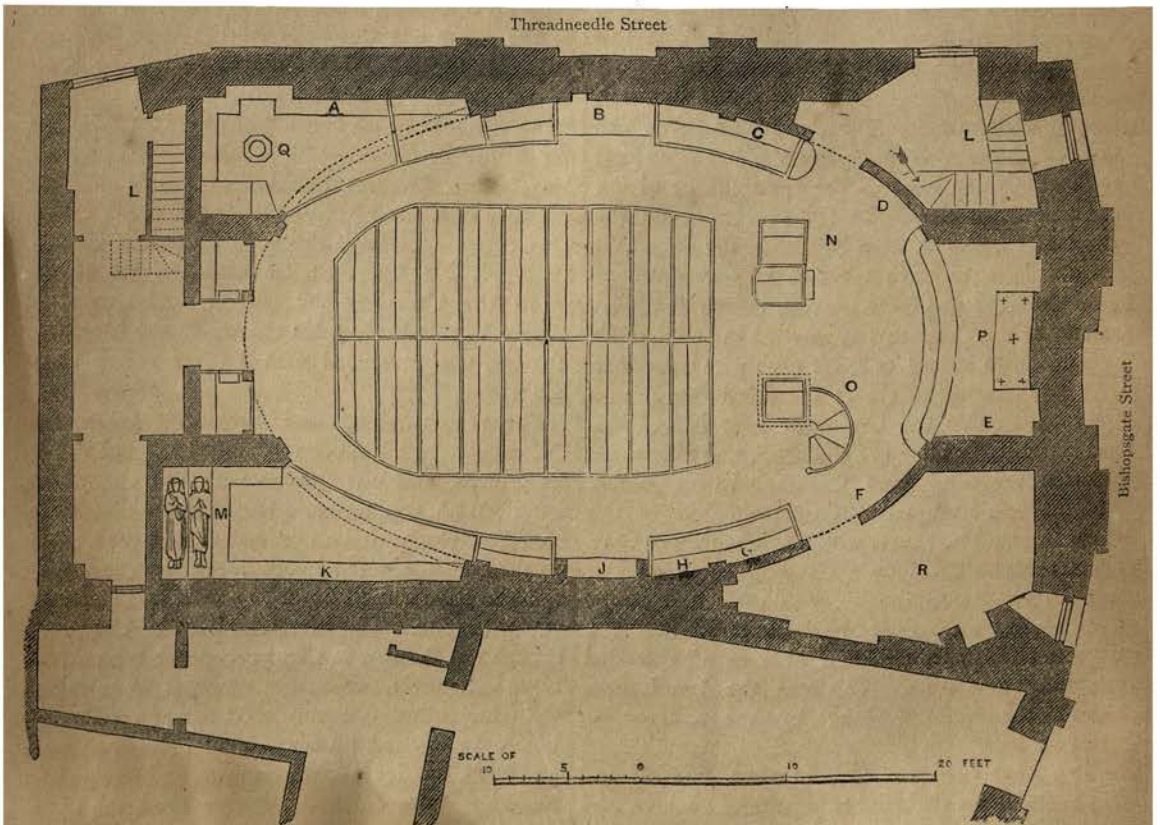
In 1679 the Duke of York, as Captain-general of the Artillery, was entertained by the artillerymen at Merchant Taylors' Hall. It was supposed that the banquet was given to test the duke's popularity and to discomfit the Protestants and exclusionists. After a sermon at Bow Church, the artillerymen (128) mustered at dinner. Many zealous Protestants, rather than dine with a Popish duke, tore up their tickets or gave them to porters and mechanics; and as the duke returned along Cheapside, the people shouted, "No Pope, no Pope! No Papist, no Papist!"

In 1696 the Company ordered a portrait of Mr. Vernon, one of their benefactors, to be hung up in St. Michael's Church, Cornhill. In 1702 they let their hall and rooms to the East India Company for a meeting; and in 1721 they let a room to the South Sea Company for the same purpose. In 1768, when the Lord Mayor visited the King of Denmark, the Company's committee decided, "there should be no breakfast at the hall, *nor pipes nor tobacco in the barge* as usual, on Lord Mayor's Day." Mr. Herbert thinks that this is the last instance of a Lord Mayor sending a precept to a City company, though this is by no means certain. In 1778, Mr. Clarkson, an assistant, for having given the Company the picture, still extant, of Henry VII. delivering his charter to the Merchant Taylors, was presented with a silver waiter, value £25.

For the searching and measuring cloth, the Company kept a "silver yard," that weighed thirty-six ounces, and was graven with the Company's arms. With this measure they attended Bartholomew Fair yearly, and an annual dinner took place on the occasion. The livery hoods seem finally, in 1568, to have settled down to scarlet and puce, the gowns to blue. The Merchant Taylors' Company, though not the first in City precedence, ranks more royal and noble personages amongst its members than any other company. At King James's visit, before mentioned, no fewer than twenty-two earls and lords, besides knights, esquires, and foreign ambassadors, were enrolled. Before 1708, the Company had granted the freedom to ten kings, three princes, twenty-seven bishops, twenty-six dukes, forty-seven earls, and sixteen lord mayors. The Company is specially proud of three illustrious members—Sir John Hawkwood, a great leader of Italian Condottieri, who fought for the Dukes of Milan, and was buried with honour in the Duomo at Florence; Sir Ralph Blackwell, the supposed founder of Blackwell Hall, and one of Hawkwood's companions at arms; and Sir William Fitzwilliam, Lord High Admiral to Henry VIII., and Earl of Southampton. He left to the Merchant Taylors his best standing cup, "in friendly remembrance of him for ever." They also boast of Sir William Craven, ancestor of the Earls of Craven, who came up to London a poor Yorkshire lad, and was bound apprentice to a draper. His eldest son fought for Gustavus Adolphus, and is supposed to have secretly married the unfortu-

nate Queen of Bohemia, whom he had so faithfully served.

The hall in Threadneedle Street originally belonged to a worshipful gentleman named Edmund Crepin. The Company moved there in 1331 (Edward III.) from the old hall, which was behind the "Red Lion," in Basing Lane, Cheapside, an executor of the Outwich family leaving them the advowson of St. Martin Outwich, and seventeen shops. The Company built seven almshouses near the hall in the reign of Henry IV. The original mansion of Crepin probably at this time gave way to a new hall, and to which now, for the first time, were attached the almshouses mentioned. Both these piles of building are shown in the ancient plan of St. Martin Outwich, preserved in the church vestry, and which was taken by William Goodman in 1599. The hall, as there drawn, is a high building, consisting of a ground floor and three upper storeys. It has a central pointed-arched gate of entrance, and is lighted in front by nine large windows, exclusive of three smaller attic windows, and at the east end by seven. The roof is lofty and pointed, and is surmounted by a louvre or lantern, with a vane. The almshouses form a small range of cottage-like buildings, and are situate between the hall and a second large building, which adjoins the church, and bears some resemblance to an additional hall or chapel. It appears to rise alternately from one to two storeys high.



GROUND PLAN OF THE MODERN CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN OUTWICH.
(From a measured Drawing by Mr. W. G. Smith, 1873.)

A, Monument: Edward Edwards, 1810.
B. Ancient Canopied Monument: "Pemberton," no date.
C. Monument: Cruickshank, 1826.
D. Monuments: Simpson, 1849; Ellis, 1838.
E. Monument: Ellis, 1855.
F. Monument: Simpson, 1837.
G. Monument: Rose, 1821.
H. Monuments: Atkinson, 1847; Ellis, 1838.
J. Monument: Richard Stapler.
K. Monument: Teesdale, 1804.
L, L. Stairs to Gallery above.
M. Very Ancient Effigy of Founder, St. Martin de Oteswich.
N. Reading Desk.
O. Pulpit.
P. Altar.
Q. Font.
R. Vestry.

In 1620 the hall was wainscoted instead of whitewashed; and in 1646 it was paved with red tile, rushes or earthen floors having "been found inconvenient, and oftentimes noisome." At the Great Fire the Company's plate was melted into a lump of two hundred pounds' weight.

In the reign of Edward VI., when there was an inquiry into property devoted to superstitious uses, the Company had been maintaining twenty-three chantry priests.

MARCH OF THE ARCHERS (*see page 539*).

The modern Merchant Taylors' Hall (says Herbert) is a spacious but irregular edifice of brick. The front exhibits an arched portal, consisting of anarched pediment, supported on columns of the Composite order, with an ornamental niche above; in the pediment are the Company's arms. The hall itself is a spacious and handsome apartment, having at the lower end a stately screen of the Corinthian order, and in the upper part a very large mahogany table thirty feet long. The sides of the hall have numerous emblazoned shields of masters' arms, and behind the master's seat are inscribed in golden letters the names of the different sovereigns, dukes, earls, lords spiritual and temporal, &c., who have been free of this community. In the drawing-room are full-length portraits of King William and Queen Mary, and other sovereigns; and in the court and other rooms are half-lengths of Henry VIII. and Charles II., of tolerable execution, besides various other portraits, amongst which are those of Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor in 1553, the estimable founder of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Sir Thomas Rowe, Lord Mayor in 1568, and Mr. Clarkson's picture of Henry VII. presenting the Company with their incorporation charter. In this painting the king is represented seated on his throne, and delivering the charter to the Master, Wardens, and Court of Assistants of the Company. His attendants are Archbishop Warham, the Chancellor, and Fox, Bishop of Winchester, Lord Privy Seal, on his right hand; and on his left, Robert Willoughby, Lord Broke, then Lord Steward of the Household. In niches are shown the statues of Edward III. and John of Gaunt, the king's ancestors. In the foreground the clerk of the Company is exhibiting the roll with the names of the kings, &c., who were free of this Company. In the background are represented the banners of the Company and of the City of London. The Yeomen of the Guard, at the entrance of the palace, close the view. On the staircase are likewise pictures of the following Lord Mayors, Merchant Taylors:—Sir William Turner, 1669; Sir P. Ward, 1681; Sir William Pritchard, 1683; and Sir John Salter, 1741.

The interior of the "New Hall, or Taylors' Inne," was adorned with costly tapestry, or arras, representing the history of St. John the Baptist. It had a screen, supporting a silver image of that saint in a tabernacle, or, according to an entry of 1512, "an ymage of St. John gilt, in a tabernacle gilt." The hall windows were painted with armorial bearings; the floor was regularly strewed with clean rushes; from the ceiling hung silk flags and streamers; and the hall itself was furnished, when needful, with tables on tressels, covered on feast days with splendid table linen, and glittering with plate.

The Merchant Taylors have for their armorial ensigns—Argent, a tent royal between two parliament robes; gules, lined ermine, on a chief azure, a lion of England. Crest—a Holy Lamb, in glory proper. Supporters—two camels, or. Motto —"Concordia parvæ res crescunt."

The stained glass windows of the old St. Martin Outwich, as engraven in Wilkinson's history of that church, contain a representation of the original arms, granted by Clarencieux in 1480. They differ from the present (granted in 1586), the latter having a lion instead of the Holy Lamb (which is in the body of the first arms), and which latter is now their crest.

One of the most splendid sights at this hall in the earlier times would have been (says Herbert), of course, when the Company received the high honour of enrolling King Henry VII. amongst their members; and subsequently to which, "he sat openly among them in a gown of crimson velvet on his shoulders," says Strype, "*à la mode de Londres*, upon their solemn feast day, in the hall of the said Company."

From Merchant Taylors' Hall began the famous cavalcade of the archers, under their leader, as Duke of Shoreditch, in 1530, consisting of 3,000 archers, sumptuously apparelled, 942 whereof wore chains of gold about their necks. This splendid company was guarded by whifflers and billmen, to the number of 4,000, besides pages and footmen, who marched through Broad Street (the residence of the duke their captain). They continued their march through Moorfields, by Finsbury, to Smithfield, where, after having performed their several evolutions, they shot at the target for glory.

The Hall of Commerce, existing some years ago in Threadneedle Street, was begun in 1830 by Mr. Edward Moxhay, a speculative biscuit-baker, on the site of the old French church. Mr. Moxhay had been a shoemaker, but he suddenly started as a rival to the celebrated Leman, in Gracechurch Street. He was an amateur architect of talent, and it was said at the time, probably unjustly, that the building originated in Moxhay's vexation at the Gresham committee rejecting his design for a new Royal Exchange. He opened his great commercial news-room two years before the Exchange was finished, and while merchants were fretting at the delay, intending to make the hall a mercantile centre, to the annihilation of Lloyd's, the Baltic, Garraway's, the Jerusalem, and the North and South American Coffee-houses. £70,000 were laid out.

There was a grand bas-relief on the front by Mr. Watson, a young sculptor of promise, and there was an inaugurating banquet. The annual subscription of £5 5s. soon dwindled to £1 10s. 6d. There was a reading-room, and a room where commission agents could exhibit their samples. Wool sales were held there, and there was an auction for railway shares. There were also rooms for meetings of creditors and private arbitrations, and rooms for the deposit of deeds.

A describer of Threadneedle Street in 1845 particularly mentions amongst the few beggars the Creole flower-girls, the decayed ticket-porters, and cripples on go-carts who haunted the neighbourhood, a poor, shrivelled old woman, who sold fruit on a stall at a corner of one of the courts. She was the wife of Daniel Good, the murderer.

The Baltic Coffee House, in Threadneedle Street, used to be the rendezvous of tallow, oil, hemp, and seed merchants; indeed, of all merchants and brokers connected with the Russian trade. There was a time when there was as much gambling in tallow as in Consols, but the breaking down of the Russian monopoly by the increased introduction of South American and Australian tallow has done away with this. Mr. Richard Thornton and Mr. Jeremiah Harman were the two monarchs of the Russian trade forty years ago. The public sale-room was in the upper part of the house. The Baltic was superintended by a committee of management.

That famous free school of the City, St. Anthony's, stood in Threadneedle Street, where the French church afterwards stood, and where the Bank of London now stands. It was originally a Jewish synagogue, granted by Henry V. to the brotherhood of St. Anthony of Vienna. A hospital was afterwards built there for a master, two priests, a schoolmaster, and twelve poor men. The Free School seems to have been built in the reign of Henry VI., who gave five presentations to Eton and five Oxford scholarships, at the rate of ten francs a week each, to the institution. Henry VIII., that arch spoliator, annexed the school to the collegiate church of St. George's, Windsor. The proctors of St. Anthony's used to wander about London collecting "the benevolence of charitable persons towards the building." The school had great credit in Elizabeth's reign, and was a rival of St. Paul's. That inimitable coxcomb, Laneham, in his description of the great visit of Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester, at Kenilworth Castle, 1575, a book which Sir Walter Scott has largely availed himself of, says—"Yee mervail perchance," saith he, "to see me so bookish. Let me tel you in few words. I went to school, forsooth, both at Polle's and also at St. Antonie's; (was) in the fifth forme, past Esop's Fables, readd Terence, *Vos isthæc intro auferte;* and began with my Virgil, *Tityre tu patulæ.* I could say my rules, could construe and pars with the best of them," &c.

In Elizabeth's reign "the Anthony's pigs," as the "Paul's pigeons" used to call the Threadneedle boys, used to have an annual breaking-up day procession, with streamers, flags, and beating drums, from Mile End to Austin Friars. The French or Walloon church established here by Edward VI. seems, in 1652, to have been the scene of constant wrangling among the pastors, as to whether their disputes about celebrating holidays should be settled by "colloquies" of the foreign churches in London, or the French churches of all England. At this school were educated the great Sir Thomas More, and that excellent Archbishop of Canterbury, the zealous Whitgift (the friend of Beza, the Reformer), whose only fault seems to have been his persecutions of the Genevese clergy whom Elizabeth disliked.

Next in importance to Lloyd's for the general information afforded to the public, was certainly the North and South American Coffee House (formerly situated in Threadneedle Street), fronting the thoroughfare leading to the entrance of the Royal Exchange. This establishment was the complete centre for American intelligence. There was in this, as in the whole of the leading City coffee-houses, a subscription room devoted to the use of merchants and others frequenting the house, who, by paying an annual sum, had the right of attendance to read the general news of the day, and make reference to the several files of papers, which were from every quarter of the globe. It was here also that first information could be obtained of the arrival and departure of the fleet of steamers, packets, and masters engaged in the commerce of America, whether in relation to the minor ports of Montreal and Quebec, or the larger ones of Boston, Halifax, and New York. The room the subscribers occupied had a separate entrance to that which was common to the frequenters of the eating and drinking part of the house, and was most comfortably and neatly kept, being well, and in some degree elegantly furnished. The heads of the chief American and Continental firms were on the subscription list; and the representatives of Baring's, Rothschild's, and the other large establishments celebrated for their wealth and extensive mercantile operations, attended the rooms as regularly as 'Change, to see and hear what was going on, and gossip over points of business.

At the north-east extremity of Threadneedle Street is the once famous South Sea House. The back, formerly the Excise Office, afterwards the South Sea Company's office, thence called the Old South Sea House, was consumed by fire in 1826. The building in Threadneedle Street, in which the Company's affairs were formerly transacted, is a magnificent structure of brick and stone, about a quadrangle, supported by stone pillars of the Tuscan order, which form a fine piazza. The front looks into Threadneedle Street, the walls being well built and of great thickness. The several offices were admirably disposed; the great hall for sales, the dining-room, galleries, and chambers were equally beautiful and convenient. Under these were capacious arched vaults, to guard what was valuable from the chances of fire.

The South Sea Company was originated by Swift's friend, Harley, Earl of Oxford, in the year 1711. The new Tory Government was less popular than the Whig one it had displaced, and public credit had fallen. Harley wishing to provide for the discharge of ten millions of the floating debt, guaranteed six per cent. to a company who agreed to take it on themselves. The £600,000 due for the annual interest was raised by duties on wines, silks, tobacco, &c.; and the monopoly of the trade to the South Seas granted to the ambitious new Company, which was incorporated by Act of Parliament.

To the enthusiastic Company the gold of Mexico and the silver of Peru seemed now obtainable by the ship-load. It was reported that Spain was willing to open four ports in Chili and Peru. The negotiations, however, with Philip V. of Spain led to little. The Company obtained only the privilege of supplying the Spanish colonies with negro slaves for thirty years, and sending an annual vessel to trade; but even of this vessel the Spanish king was to have one-fourth of the profits, and a tax of five per cent. on the residue. The first vessel did not sail till 1717, and the year after a rupture with Spain closed the trade.

In 1717, the King alluding to his wish to reduce the National Debt, the South Sea Company at once petitioned Parliament (in rivalry with the Bank) that their capital stock might be increased from ten millions to twelve, and offered to accept five, instead of six per cent. upon the whole amount. Their proposals were accepted.

The success of Law's Mississippi scheme, in 1720, roused the South Sea directory to emulation. They proposed to liquidate the public debt by reducing the various funds into one. January 22, 1720, a committee met on the subject. The South Sea Company offered to melt every kind of stock into a single security. The debt amounted to £30,981,712 at five per cent. for seven years, and afterwards at four per cent, for which they would pay £3,500,000. The Government approved of the scheme, but the Bank of England opposed it, and offered £5,000,000 for the privilege. The South Sea shareholders were not to be outdone, and ultimately increased their terms to £7,500,000. In the end they remained the sole bidders; though some idea prevailed of sharing the advantage between the two companies, till Sir John Blunt exclaimed, "No, sirs, we'll never divide the child!" The preference thus given excited a positive frenzy in town and country. On the 2nd of June their stock rose to 890; it quickly reached 1,000, and several of the principal managers were dubbed baronets for their "great services." Mysterious rumours of vast treasures to be acquired in the South Seas got abroad, and 50 per cent. was boldly promised.

"The scheme," says Smollett, "was first projected by Sir John Blount, who had been bred a scrivener, and was possessed of all the cunning, plausibility, and boldness requisite for such an undertaking. He communicated his plan to Mr. Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Secretary of State. He answered every objection, and the project was adopted."

Sir Robert Walpole alone opposed the bill in the House, and with clear-sighted sense (though the stock had risen from 130 to 300 in one day) denounced "the dangerous practice of stock-jobbing, and the general infatuation, which must," he said, "end in general ruin." Rumours of free trade with Spain pushed the shares up to 400, and the bill passed the Commons by a majority of 172 against 55. In the other House, 17 peers were against it, and 83 for it. Then the madness fairly began. Stars and garters mingled with squabbling Jews, and great ladies pawned their jewels in order to gamble in the Alley. The shares sinking a little, they were revived by lying rumours that Gibraltar and Port Mahon were going to be exchanged for Peruvian sea-ports, so that the Company would be allowed to send out whole fleets of ships.

Government, at last alarmed, began too late to act. On July 18 the King published a proclamation denouncing eighteen petitions for letters patent and eighty-six bubble companies, of which the following are samples:—

For sinking pits and smelting lead ore in Derbyshire.
For making glass bottles and other glass.
For a wheel for perpetual motion. Capital £1,000,000.
For improving of gardens.

For insuring and increasing children's fortunes.

For entering and loading goods at the Custom House; and for negotiating business for merchants.

For carrying on a woollen manufacture in the North of England.

For importing walnut-trees from Virginia. Capital £2,000,000.

For making Manchester stuffs of thread and cotton.

For making Joppa and Castile soap.

For improving the wrought iron and steel manufactures of this kingdom. Capital £4,000,000.

For dealing in lace, Hollands, cambrics, lawns, &c. Capital £2,000,000.

For trading in and improving certain commodities of the produce of this kingdom, &c. Capital £3,000,000.

For supplying the London markets with cattle.

For making looking-glasses, coach-glasses, &c. Capital £2,000,000.

For taking up ballast.

For buying and fitting out ships to suppress pirates.

For the importation of timber from Wales. Capital £2,000,000.

For rock-salt.

For the transmutation of quicksilver into a malleable, fine metal.

One of the most famous bubbles was "Puckle's Machine Company," for discharging round and square cannon-balls and bullets, and making a total revolution in the art of war. "But the most absurd and preposterous of all," says Charles Mackay, in his "History of the Delusion," "and which showed more completely than any other the utter madness of the people, was one started by an unknown adventurer, entitled, '*A Company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is.*' Were not the fact stated by scores of credible witnesses, it would be impossible to believe that any person could have been duped by such a project. The man of genius who essayed this bold and successful inroad upon public credulity merely stated in his prospectus that the required capital was £500,000, in 5,000 shares of £100 each, deposit £2 per share. Each subscriber paying his deposit would be entitled to £100 per annum per share. How this immense profit was to be obtained he did not condescend to inform them at the time, but promised that in a month full particulars should be duly announced, and a call made for the remaining £98 of the subscription. Next morning, at nine o'clock, this great man opened an office in Cornhill. Crowds of people beset his door; and when he shut up at three o'clock he found that no less than 1,000 shares had been subscribed for, and the deposits paid. He was thus in five hours the winner of £2,000. He was philosopher enough to be contented with his venture, and set off the same evening for the Continent. He was never heard of again."

Another fraud that was very successful was that of the "Globe Permits," as they were called. They were nothing more than square pieces of playing cards, on which was the impression of a seal, in wax, bearing the sign of the "Globe Tavern," in the neighbourhood of Exchange Alley, with the inscription of "Sail-cloth Permits." The possessors enjoyed no other advantage from them than permission to subscribe at some future time to a new sail-cloth manufactory, projected by one who was then known to be a man of fortune, but who was afterwards involved in the peculation and punishment of the South Sea directors. These permits sold for as much as sixty guineas in the Alley.

During the infatuation (says Smollett), luxury, vice, and profligacy increased to a shocking degree; the adventurers, intoxicated by their imaginary wealth, pampered themselves with the rarest dainties and the most costly wines. They purchased the most sumptuous furniture, equipage, and apparel, though with no taste or discernment. Their criminal passions were indulged to a scandalous excess, and their discourse evinced the most disgusting pride, insolence, and ostentation. They affected to scoff at religion and morality, and even to set Heaven at defiance.

A journalist of the time writes: "Our South Sea equipages increase daily; the City ladies buy South Sea jewels, hire South Sea maids, take new country South Sea houses; the gentlemen set up South Sea coaches, and buy South Sea estates. They neither examine the situation, the nature or quality of the soil, or price of the purchase, only the annual rent and title; for the rest, they take all by the lump, and pay forty or fifty years' purchase!"

By the end of May, the whole stock had risen to 550. It then, in four days, made a tremendous leap, and rose to 890. It was now thought impossible that it could rise higher, and many prudent persons sold out to make sure of their spoil. Many of these were noblemen about to accompany the king to Hanover. The buyers were so few on June 3rd, that stock fell at once, like a plummet, from 890 to 640. The directors ordering their agents to still buy, confidence was restored, and the stock rose to 750. By August, the stock culminated at 1,000 per cent., or, as Dr. Mackay observes, "the bubble was then full blown."

The reaction soon commenced. Many government annuitants complained of the directors' partiality in making out the subscription lists. It was soon reported that Sir John Blunt, the chairman, and several directors had sold out. The stock fell all through August, and on September 2nd was quoted at 700 only. Things grew alarming. The directors, to restore confidence, summoned a meet-

ing of the corporation at Merchant Taylors' Hall. Cheapside was blocked by the crowd. Mr. Secretary Craggs urged the necessity of union; and Mr. Hungerford said the Company had done more for the nation than Crown, pulpit, and bench. It had enriched the whole nation. The Duke of Portland gravely expressed his wonder that any one could be dissatisfied. But the public were not to be gulled; that same evening the stock fell to 640, and the next day to 540. It soon got so low as 400. The ebb tide was running fast. "Thousands of families," wrote Mr. Broderick to Craggs' face, said "there were other men in high station who were no less guilty than the directors." Mr. Craggs, rising in wrath, declared he was ready to give satisfaction to any one in the House, or out of it, and this unparliamentary language he had afterwards to explain away. Ultimately a second committee was appointed, with power to send for persons, papers, and records. The directors were ordered to lay before the house a full account of all their proceedings, and were forbidden to leave the kingdom for a twelvemonth.

Mr. Walpole laid before a committee of the

THE OLD SOUTH SEA HOUSE (*see page* 538). *From a Print of the Period.*

Lord Chancellor Middleton, "will be reduced to beggary. The consternation is inexpressible, the rage beyond description." The Bank was pressed to circulate the South Sea bonds, but as the panic increased they fought off. Several goldsmiths and bankers fled. The Sword Blade Company, the chief cashiers of the South Sea Company, stopped payment. King George returned in haste from Hanover, and Parliament was summoned to meet in December.

In the first debate the enemies of the South Sea Company were most violent. Lord Molesworth said he should be satisfied to see the contrivers of the scheme tied in sacks and thrown into the Thames. Honest Shippen, whom even Walpole could not bribe, looking fiercely in Mr. Secretary whole house his scheme for the restoration of public credit, which was, in substance, to ingraft nine millions of South Sea stock into the Bank of England, and the same sum into the East India Company, upon certain conditions. The plan was favourably received by the House. After some few objections it was ordered that proposals should be received from the two great corporations. They were both unwilling to lend their aid, and the plan met with a warm but fruitless opposition at the general courts summoned for the purpose of deliberating upon it. They, however, ultimately agreed upon the terms on which they would consent to circulate the South Sea bonds; and their report being presented to the committee, a bill was then brought in, under the superintendence of Mr.

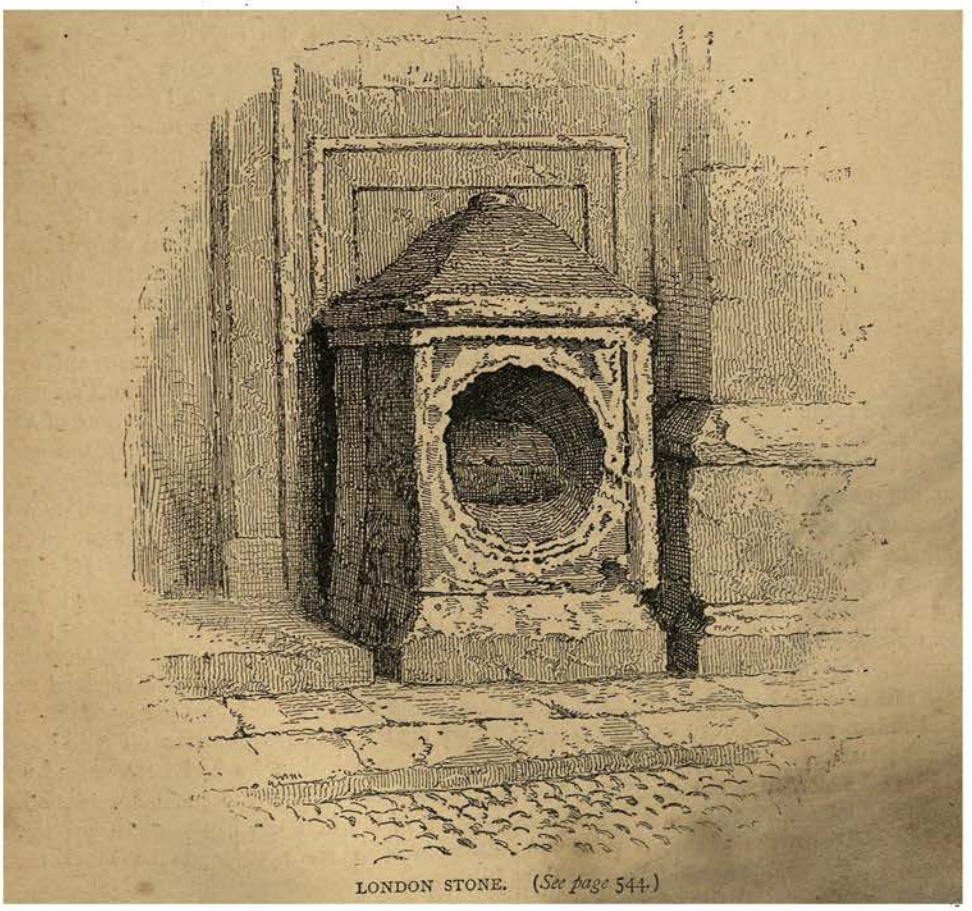
Walpole, and safely carried through both Houses of Parliament.

In the House of Lords, Lord Stanhope said that every farthing possessed by the criminals, whether directors or not, ought to be confiscated, to make good the public losses.

The wrath of the House of Commons soon fell quick and terrible as lightning on two members of the Ministry, Craggs, and Mr. Aislabie, Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was ordered, on the 21st of January, that all South Sea brokers should lay before the House a full account of all stock bought or sold by them to any officers of the Treasury or Exchequer since Michaelmas, 1719. Aislabie instantly resigned his office, and absented himself from Parliament, and five of the South Sea directors (including Mr. Gibbon, the grandfather of the historian) were ordered into the custody of the Black Rod.

The next excitement was the flight of Knight, the treasurer of the Company, with all his books and implicating documents, and a reward of £2,000 was offered for his apprehension. The same night the Commons ordered the doors of the House to be locked, and the keys laid on the table.

General Ross, one of the members of the Select Committee, then informed the House that there had been already discovered a plot of the deepest villany and fraud that Hell had ever contrived to ruin a nation. Four directors, members of the House—*i.e.*, Sir Robert Chaplin, Sir Theodore Janssen, Mr. Sawbridge, and Mr. F. Eyles—were expelled the House, and taken into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. Sir John Blunt, another director, was also taken into custody. This man, mentioned by Pope in his "Epistle to Lord Bathurst," had been a scrivener, famed for his religious observances and his horror of avarice. He was examined at the bar of the House of Lords, but refused to criminate himself. The Duke of Wharton, vexed at this prudent silence of the criminal, accused Earl Stanhope of encouraging this taciturnity of the witness. The Earl became so excited in his return speech, that it brought on an apoplectic fit, of which he died the next day, to the great grief of his royal master, George I. The



LONDON STONE. (*See page* 544.)

Committee of Secrecy stated that in some of the books produced before them, false and fictitious entries had been made; in others there were entries of money, with blanks for the names of the stockholders. There were frequent erasures and alterations, and in some of the books leaves had been torn out. They also found that some books of great importance had been destroyed altogether, and that some had been taken away or secreted. They discovered, moreover, that before the South Sea Act was passed there was an entry in the Company's books of the sum of £1,259,325 upon account of stock stated to have been sold to the amount of £574,500. This stock was all fictitious, and had been disposed of with a view to promote the passing of the bill. It was noted as sold on various days, and at various prices, from 150 to 325 per cent.

Being surprised to see so large an amount disposed of, at a time when the Company were not empowered to increase their capital, the committee determined to investigate most carefully the whole transaction. The governor, sub-governor, and several directors were brought before them and examined rigidly. They found that at the time these entries were made the Company were not in possession of such a quantity of stock, having in their own right only a small quantity, not exceeding £30,000 at the utmost. They further discovered that this amount of stock was to be esteemed as taken or holden by the Company for the benefit of the pretended purchasers, although no mutual agreement was made for its delivery or acceptance at any certain time. No money was paid down, nor any deposit or security whatever given to the Company by the supposed purchasers; so that if the stock had fallen, as might have been expected had the act not passed, they would have sustained no loss. If, on the contrary, the price of stock advanced (as it actually did by the success of the scheme), the difference by the advanced price was to be made good by them. Accordingly, after the passing of the act, the account of stock was made up and adjusted with Mr. Knight, and the pretended purchasers were paid the difference out of the Company's cash. This fictitious stock, which had chiefly been at the disposal of Sir John Blunt, Mr. Gibbon, and Mr. Knight, was distributed among several members of the Government and their connections, by way of bribe, to facilitate the passing of the bill. To the Earl of Sunderland was assigned £50,000 of this stock; to the Duchess of Kendal, £10,000; to the Countess of Platen, £10,000; to her two nieces, £10,000; to Mr. Secretary Craggs, £30,000; to Mr. Charles Stanhope (one of the Secretaries of the Treasury), £10,000; to the Sword Blade Company, £50,000. It also appeared that Mr. Stanhope had received the enormous sum of £250,000, as the difference in the price of some stock, through the hands of Turner, Caswall, and Co., but that his name had been partly erased from their books, and altered to Stangape.

The punishment fell heavy on the chief offenders, who, after all, had only shared in the general lust for gold. Mr. Charles Stanhope, a great gainer, managed to escape by the influence of the Chesterfield family, and the mob threatened vengeance. Aislabie, who had made some £800,000, was expelled the House, sent to the Tower, and compelled to devote his estate to the relief of the sufferers. Sir George Caswall was expelled the House, and ordered to refund £250,000. The day he went to the Tower, the mob lit bonfires and danced round them for joy. When by a general whip of the Whigs the Earl of Sunderland was acquitted, the mob grew menacing again. That same day the elder Craggs died of apoplexy. The report was that he had poisoned himself, but excitement and the death of a son, one of the secretaries of the Treasury, were the real causes. His enormous fortune of a million and a half was scattered among the sufferers. Eventually the directors were fined £2,014,000, each man being allowed a small modicum of his fortune. Sir John Blunt was only allowed £5,000 out of his fortune of £183,000; Sir John Fellows was allowed £10,000 out of £243,000; Sir Theodore Janssen, £50,000 out of £243,000; Sir John Lambert, £5,000 out of £72,000. One director, named Gregsley, was treated with especial severity, because he was reported to have once declared he would feed his carriage-horses off gold; another, because years before he had been mixed up with some harmless but unsuccessful speculation. According to Gibbon the historian, it was the Tory directors who were stripped the most unmercifully.

"The next consideration of the Legislature," says Charles Mackay, "after the punishment of the directors, was to restore public credit. The scheme of Walpole had been found insufficient, and had fallen into disrepute. A computation was made of the whole capital stock of the South Sea Company at the end of the year 1720. It was found to amount to £37,800,000, of which the stock allotted to all the proprietors only reached £24,500,000. The remainder of £13,300,000 belonged to the Company in their corporate capacity, and was the profit they had made by the national delusion. Upwards of £8,000,000 of this was taken from

the Company, and divided among the proprietors and subscribers generally, making a dividend of about £33 6s. 8d. per cent. This was a great relief. It was further ordered that such persons as had borrowed money from the South Sea Company upon stock actually transferred and pledged, at the time of borrowing, to or for the use of the Company, should be free from all demands upon payment of ten per cent. of the sums so borrowed. They had lent about £11,000,000 in this manner, at a time when prices were unnaturally raised; and they now received back £1,100,000, when prices had sunk to their ordinary level."

A volume (says another writer) might be collected of anecdotes connected with this fatal speculation. A tradesman at Bath, who had invested his only remaining fortune in this stock, finding it had fallen from 1,000 to 900, left Bath with an intention to sell out; on his arrival in London it had fallen to 250. He thought the price too low, sanguinely hoped that it would re-ascend, still deferred his purpose, and lost his all.

The Duke of Chandos had embarked £300,000 in this project; the Duke of Newcastle strongly advised his selling the whole, or at least a part, with as little delay as possible; but this salutary advice he delayed to take, confidently anticipating the gain of at least half a million, and through rejecting his friend's counsel, he lost the whole. Some were, however, more fortunate. The guardians of Sir Gregory Page Turner, then a minor, had purchased stock for him very low, and sold it out when it had reached its maximum, to the amount of £200,000. With this large sum Sir Gregory built a fine mansion at Blackheath, and purchased 300 acres of land for a park. Two maiden sisters, whose stock had accumulated to £90,000, sold out when the South Sea stock was at 790. The broker whom they employed advised them to re-invest in navy bills, which were at the time at a discount of twenty-five per cent.; they took his advice, and two years afterwards received their money at par.

Even the poets did not escape. Gay (says Dr. Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets") had a present from young Craggs of some South Sea stock, and once supposed himself to be the master of £20,000. His friends, especially Arbuthnot, persuaded him to sell his share, but he dreamed of dignity and splendour, and could not bear to obstruct his own fortune. He was then importuned to sell as much as would purchase a hundred a year for life, "which," said Fenton, "will make you sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day." This counsel was rejected; the profit and principal were both lost, and Gay sunk so low under the calamity that his life for a time became in danger.

Pope, always eager for money, was also dabbling in the scheme, but it is uncertain whether he made money or lost by it. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was a loser. When Sir Isaac Newton was asked when the bubble would break, he said, with all his calculations he had never learned to calculate the madness of the people.

Prior declared, "I am lost in the South Sea. The roaring of the waves and the madness of the people are justly put together. It is all wilder than St. Anthony's dream, and the bagatelle is more solid than anything that has been endeavoured here this year."

In the full heat of it, the Duchess of Ormond wrote to Swift: "The king adopts the South Sea, and calls it his beloved child; though perhaps, you may say, if he loves it no better than his son, it may not be saying much; but he loves it as much as he loves the Duchess of Kendal, and that is saying a good deal. I wish it may thrive, for some of my friends are deep in it. I wish you were too."

Swift, cold and stern, escaped the madness, and even denounced in the following verses the insanity that had seized the times:—

"There is a gulf where thousands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came;
A narrow sound, though deep as hell—
Change Alley is the dreadful name.

"Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold and drown.

"Now buried in the depths below,
Now mounted up to heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wit's end, like drunken men."

Budgell, Pope's barking enemy, destroyed himself after his losses in this South Sea scheme, and a well-known man of the day called "Tom of Ten Thousand" lost his reason.

Charles Lamb, in his "Elia," has described the South Sea House in his own delightful way. "Reader," says the poet clerk, "in thy passage from the Bank—where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself)—to the 'Flower Pot,' to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other shy surburban retreat northerly—didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome brick and stone edifice, to the left, where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I

dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals, ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.* This was once a house of trade—a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul has long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticoes; imposing staircases; offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-keepers; directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend), at long worm-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands, long since dry; the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Queen Anne, and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty; huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated; dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams; and soundings of the Bay of Panama! The long passages hung with buckets, appended, in idle row to walls, whose substance might defy any, short of the last conflagration; with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces-of-eight once lay, 'an unsunned heap,' for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal—long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous Bubble.

"Peace to the manes of the Bubble! Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial! Situated as thou art in the very heart of stirring and living commerce, amid the fret and fever of speculation—with the Bank, and the 'Change, and the India House about thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their *poor neighbour out of business*—to the idle and merely contemplative—to such as me, Old House! there is a charm in thy quiet, a cessation, a coolness from business, an indolence almost cloistral, which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spake of the past; the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CANNON STREET.

London Stone and Jack Cade—Southwark Bridge—Old City Churches—The Salters' Company's Hall, and the Salters' Company's History—Oxford House—Salters' Banquets—Salters' Hall Chapel—A Mysterious Murder in Cannon Street—St. Martin Orgar—King William's Statue—Cannon Street Station.

CANNON STREET was originally called Candlewick Street, from the candle-makers who lived there. It afterwards became a resort of drapers.

London Stone, the old Roman *milliarium*, or milestone, is now a mere rounded boulder, set in a stone case built into the outer southern wall of the church of St. Swithin, Cannon Street. Camden, in his "Britannia," says—"The stone called London Stone, from its situation in the centre of the longest diameter of the City, I take to have been a miliary, like that in the Forum at Rome, from whence all the distances were measured."

Camden's opinion, that from this stone the Roman roads radiated, and that by it the distances were reckoned, seems now generally received. Stow, who thinks that there was some legend of the early Christians connected with it, says:—"On the south side of this high street (Candlewick or Cannon Street), near unto the channel, is pitched upright a great stone, called London Stone, fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and otherwise so strongly set, that if carts do run against it through negligence, the wheels be broken and the stone itself unshaken. The cause why this stone was set there, the time when, or other memory is none."

Strype describes it in his day as already set in its case. "This stone, before the Fire of London, was much worn away, and, as it were, but a stump remaining. But it is now, for the preservation of it, cased over with a new stone, handsomely wrought, cut hollow underneath, so as the old stone may be seen, the new one being over it, to shelter and defend the old venerable one."

It stood formerly on the south side of Cannon Street, but was removed to the north, December 13th, 1742. In 1798 it was again removed, as an obstruction, and, but for the praiseworthy interposition

* "I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate." (Ossian.)

of a local antiquary, Mr. Thomas Malden, a printer in Sherborne Lane, it would have been destroyed.

This most interesting relic of Roman London is that very stone which the arch-rebel Jack Cade struck with his bloody sword when he had stormed London Bridge, and "Now is Mortimer lord of this city" were the words he uttered too confidently as he gave the blow. Shakespeare, who perhaps wrote from tradition, makes him strike London Stone with his staff:—

"*Cade.* Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me Lord Mortimer."—*Shakespeare, Second Part of Henry VI.*, act iv., sc. 6.

Dryden, too, mentions this stone in a very fine passage of his Fable of the "Cock and the Fox:"—

"The bees in arms
Drive headlong from the waxen cells in swarms.
Jack Straw at London Stone, with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout."

Of the old denizens of this neighbourhood in Henry VIII.'s days, Stow gives a very picturesque sketch in the following passage, where he says:—"The late Earl of Oxford, father to him that now liveth, hath been noted within these forty years to have ridden into this city, and so to his house by London Stone, with eighty gentlemen in a livery of Reading tawny, and chains of gold about their necks, before him, and one hundred tall yeomen in the like livery to follow him, without chains, but all having his cognizance of the blue boar embroidered on their left shoulder."

A turning from Cannon Street leads us to Southwark Bridge. The cost of this bridge was computed at £300,000, and the annual revenue was estimated at £90,000. Blackfriars Bridge tolls amounted to a large annual sum; and it was supposed Southwark might fairly claim about a third of it. Great stress also was laid on the improvements that would ensue in the miserable streets about Bankside and along the road to the King's Bench. We need scarcely remind our readers that the bridge never answered, and was almost disused till the tolls were removed and it was thrown open to general traffic.

"Southwark Bridge," says Mr. Timbs, "designed by John Rennie, F.R.S., was built by a public company, and cost about £800,000. It consists of three cast-iron arches; the centre 240 feet span, and the two side arches 210 feet each, about forty-two feet above the highest spring-tides; the ribs forming, as it were, a series of hollow masses, or *voussoirs*, similar to those of stone, a principle new in the construction of cast-iron bridges, and very successful. The whole of the segmental pieces and the braces are kept in their places by dovetailed sockets and long cast-iron wedges, so that bolts are unnecessary, although they were used during the construction of the bridge to keep the pieces in their places until the wedges had been driven. The spandrels are similarly connected, and upon them rests the roadway, of solid plates of cast iron, joined by iron cement. The piers and abutments are of stone, founded upon timber platforms resting upon piles driven below the bed of the river. The masonry is tied throughout by vertical and horizontal bond-stones, so that the whole rests as one mass in the best position to resist the horizontal thrust. The first stone was laid by Admiral Lord Keith, May 23rd, 1815, the bill for erecting the bridge having been passed May 16th, 1811. The iron-work (weight 5,700 tons) had been so well put together by the Walkers of Rotherham, the founders, and the masonry by the contractors, Jolliffe and Banks, that, when the work was finished, scarcely any sinking was discernible in the arches. From experiments made to ascertain the expansion and contraction between the extreme range of winter and summer temperature, it was found that the arch rose in the summer about one inch to one and a half inch. The works were commenced in 1813, and the bridge was opened by lamp-light, March 24th, 1819, as the clock of St. Paul's Cathedral tolled midnight. Towards the middle of the western side of the bridge used to be a descent from the pavement to a steam-boat pier."

Mr. Charles Dickens, in one of the chapters of his "Uncommercial Traveller," has sketched, in his most exquisite manner, just such old City churches as we have in Cannon Street and its turnings. The dusty oblivion into which they are sinking, their past glory, their mouldy old tombs—everything he paints with the correctness of Teniers and the finish of Gerard Dow.

"There is," he says, "a pale heap of books in the corner of my pew, and while the organ, which is hoarse and sleepy, plays in such fashion that I can hear more of the rusty working of the stops than of any music, I look at the books, which are mostly bound in faded baize and stuff. They belonged, in 1754, to the Dowgate family. And who were they? Jane Comfort must have married young Dowgate, and come into the family that way. Young Dowgate was courting Jane Comfort when he gave her her prayer-book, and recorded the presentation in the fly-leaf. If Jane were fond of young Dowgate, why did she die and leave the book here? Perhaps at the rickety altar, and before the damp Commandments, she, Comfort,

had taken him, Dowgate, in a flush of youthful hope and joy; and perhaps it had not turned out in the long run as great a success as was expected.

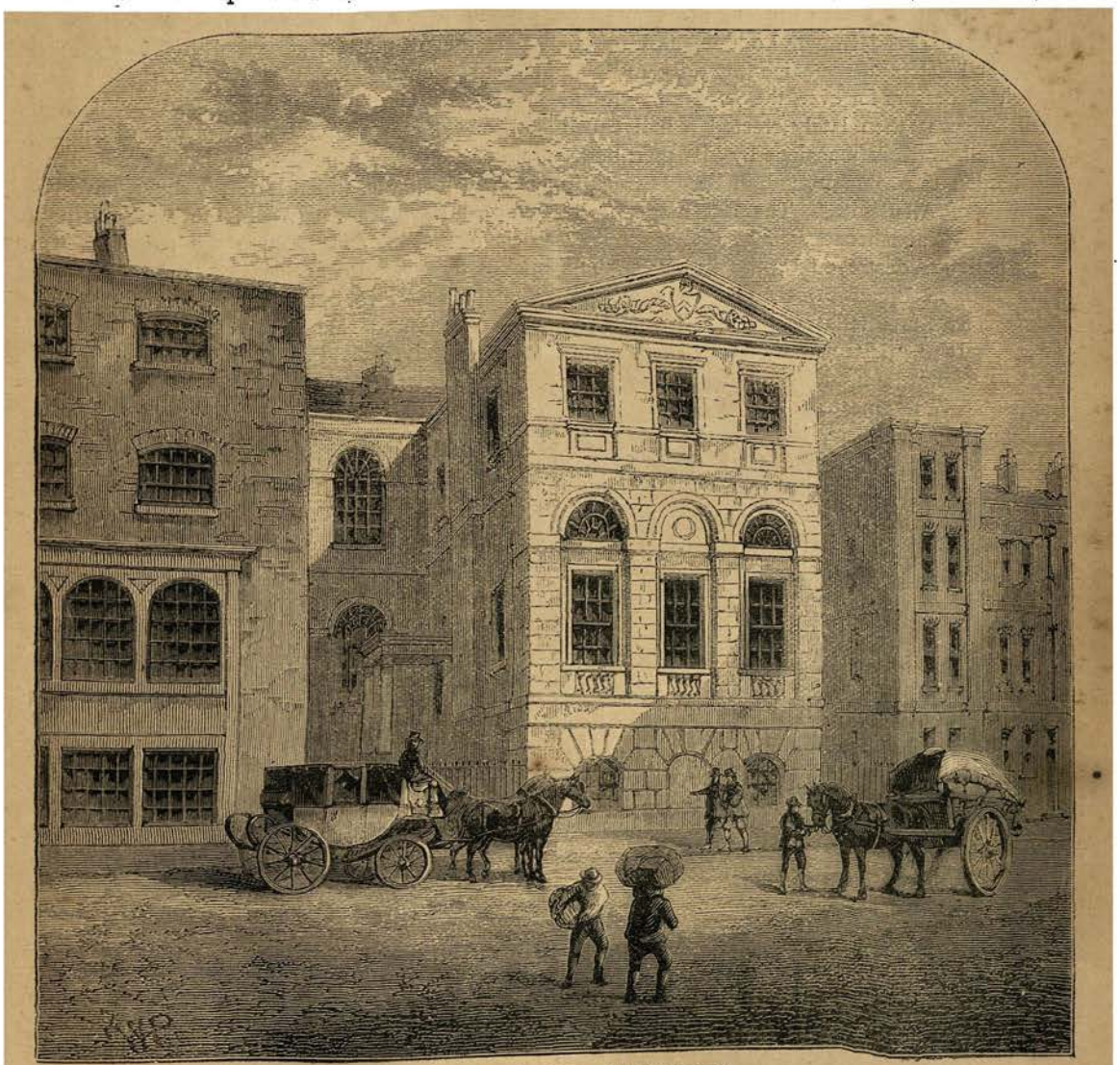
"The opening of the service recalls my wandering thoughts. I then find to my astonishment that I have been, and still am, taking a strong kind of invisible snuff up my nose, into my eyes, and down my throat. I wink, sneeze, and cough. The clerk sneezes: the clergyman winks; the unseen organist sneezes and coughs (and probably winks); all our little party wink, sneeze, and cough. The snuff seems to be made of the decay of matting, wood, cloth, stone, iron, earth, and something else. Is the something else the decay of dead citizens in the vaults below? As sure as death it is! Not only in the cold, damp February day, do we cough and sneeze dead citizens, all through the service, but dead citizens have got into the very bellows of the organ, and half-choked the same. We stamp our feet to warm them, and dead citizens arise in heavy clouds. Dead citizens stick upon the walls, and lie pulverised on the sounding-board over the clergyman's head, and when a gust of air comes, tumble down upon him.

THE FOURTH SALTERS' HALL. (*See page* 548.)

* * * * *

"In the churches about Mark Lane there was a dry whiff of wheat; and I accidentally struck an airy sample of barley out of an aged hassock in one of them. From Rood Lane to Tower Street, and thereabouts, there was sometimes a

subtle flavour of wine; sometimes of tea. One church, near Mincing Lane, smelt like a druggist's drawer. Behind the Monument, the service had a flavour of damaged oranges, which, a little further down the river, tempered into herrings, and gradually toned into a cosmopolitan blast of fish. In one church, the exact counterpart of the church in the 'Rake's Progress,' where the hero is being married to the horrible old lady, there was no speciality of atmosphere, until the organ shook a perfume of hides all over us from some adjacent warehouse.



CORDWAINERS' HALL. (*See page* 550.)

"The dark vestries and registries into which I have peeped, and the little hemmed-in churchyards that have echoed to my feet, have left impressions on my memory as distinct and quaint as any it has that way received. In all those dusty registers that the worms are eating, there is not a line but made some hearts leap, or some tears flow, in their day. Still and dry now, still and dry! And the old tree at the window, with no room for its branches, has seen them all out. So with the tomb of the old master of the old company, on which it drips. His son restored it and died, his daughter restored it and died, and then he had been remembered long enough, and the tree took possession of him, and his name cracked out."

The Salters, who have anchored in Cannon Street, have had at least four halls before the present one. The first was in Bread Street, to be

near their kinsmen, the Fishmongers, in the old fish market of London, Knightrider Street. It is noticed, apparently, as a new building, in the will of Thomas Beamond, Salter, 1451, who devised to "Henry Bell and Robert Bassett, wardens of the fraternity and gild of the Salters, of the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Church of All Saints, of Bread Street, London, and to the brothers and sisters of the same fraternity and gild, and their successors for ever, the land and ground where there was then lately erected a hall called Salters' Hall, and six mansions by him then newly erected upon the same ground, in Bread Street, in the parish of All Saints." The last named were the Company's almshouses.

This hall was destroyed by fire in 1533. The second hall, in Bread Street, had an almshouse adjoining, as Stow tells us, "for poore decayed brethren." It was destroyed by fire in 1598. This hall was afterwards used by Parliamentary committees. There the means of raising new regiments was discussed, and there, in 1654, the judges for a time sat. The third hall (and these records furnish interesting facts to the London topographer) was a mansion of the prior of Tortington (Sussex), near the east end of St. Swithin's Church, London Stone. The Salters purchased it, in 1641, of Captain George Smith, and it was then called Oxford House, or Oxford Place. It had been the residence of Maister Stapylton, a wealthy alderman. The house is a marked one in history, as at the back of it, according to Stow, resided those bad guiding ministers of the miser king Henry VII., Empson and Dudley, who, having cut a door into Oxford House garden, used to meet there, like the two usurers in Quintin Matsys' picture, and suggest war taxes to each other under the leafy limes of the old garden. Sir Ambrose Nicholas and Sir John Hart, both Salters, kept their mayoralties here.

The fourth hall, built after the Great Fire had made clear work of Oxford House, was a small brick building, the entrance opening within an arcade of three arches springing from square fluted pillars. A large garden adjoined it, and next that was the Salters' Hall Meeting House. The parlour was handsome, and there were a few original portraits. This hall, the clerk's house, with another at the gate of St. Swithin's Lane, were pulled down and sold in 1821. The present hall was designed by Mr. Henry Carr, and completed in 1827.

As a chartered company there is no record of the Salters before the 37th year of Edward III., when liberties were granted them. In the 50th of Edward III. they sent members to the common council. Richard II. granted them a livery, but they were first incorporated in 1558 by Elizabeth. Henry VIII. had granted them arms, and Elizabeth a crest and supporters. The arms are:—Chevron azure and gules, three covered salts, or, springing salt proper. On a helmet and torse, issuing out of a cloud argent, a sinister arm proper, holding a salt as the former. Supporters, two otters argent plattée, gorged with ducal coronets, thereto a chain affixed and reflected, or; motto, "Sal sapit Omnia." "A Short Account of the Salters' Company," printed for private distribution, rejects the otters as supporters, in favour of ounces or small leopards, which latter, it states, have been adopted by the assistants, in the arms put up in their new hall; and it gives the following, "furnished by a London antiquary," as the Salters' real supporters:—Two ounces sable besante, gorged with crowns and chased gold. The Salters claim to have received eight charters.

The Romans worked salt-pits in England, and salt-works are frequently mentioned in Domesday Book. Rock or fossil salt, says Herbert, was never worked in England till 1670, when it was discovered in Cheshire. The enormous use of salt fish in the Catholic households of the Middle Ages brought wealth to the Salters.

In a pageant of 1591, written by the poet Peele, one clad like a sea-nymph presented the Salter mayor (Webb) with a rigged and manned pinnace, as he took barge to go to Westminster.

In the Drapers' pageant of 1684, when each of the twelve companies were represented by allegorical figures, the Salters were figured by Salina in a sky-coloured robe and coronation mantle, and crowned with white and yellow roses. Among the citizens nominated by the common council to attend the mayor as chief butler, at the coronation of Richard III., occurs the name of a Salter.

The following bill of fare for fifty people of the Company of Salters, A.D. 1506, is still preserved:—

	s.	d.
36 chickens	4	6
1 swan and 4 geese	7	0
9 rabbits	1	4
2 rumps of beef tails	0	2
6 quails	1	6
2 ounces of pepper	0	2
2 ounces of cloves and mace	0	4
1½ ounces of saffron	0	6
3 lb. sugar	0	8
2 lb. raisins	0	4
1 lb. dates	0	4
1½ lb. comfits	0	2
Half hundred eggs	0	2½
4 gallons of curds	0	4
1 ditto gooseberries	0	2
2 dishes of butter	0	4
4 breasts of veal	1	5
Bacon	0	6
Quarter of a load of coals	0	4
Faggots	0	2
3½ gallons of Gascoyne wine	2	4
1 bottle muscadina	0	8
Cherries and tarts	0	8
Salt	0	1
Verjuice and vinegar	0	2
Paid the cook	3	4
Perfume	0	2
1½ bushels of meal	0	8
Water	0	3
Garnishing the vessels	0	3

In the Company's books (says Herbert) is a receipt "For to make a moost choyce Paaste of Gamys to be eten at y^e^ Feste of Chrystemasse" (17th Richard II., A.D. 1394). A pie so made by the Company's cook in 1836 was found excellent. It consisted of a pheasant, hare, and capon; two partridges, two pigeons, and two rabbits; all boned and put into paste in the shape of a bird, with the livers and hearts, two mutton kidneys, forced meats, and egg balls, seasoning, spice, catsup, and pickled mushrooms, filled up with gravy made from the various bones.

The original congregation of Salters' Hall Chapel assembled at Buckingham House, College Hill. The first minister was Richard Mayo, who died in 1695. He was so eloquent, that it is said even the windows were crowded when he preached. He was one of the seceders of 1662. Nathaniel Taylor, who died in 1702, was latterly so infirm that he used to crawl into the pulpit upon his knees. "He was a man," says Matthew Henry, "of great wit, worth, and courage;" and Doddridge compared his writings to those of South for wit and strength. Tong succeeded Taylor at Salters' Hall in 1702. He wrote the notes on the Hebrews and Revelations for Matthew Henry's Commentary," and left memoirs of Henry, and of Shower, of the Old Jewry. The writer of his funeral sermon called him "the prince of preachers." In 1719 Arianism began to prevail at Salters' Hall, where a synod on the subject was at last held. The meetings ended by the non-subscribers calling out, "You that are against persecution come up stairs:" and Thomas Bradbury, of New Court, the leader of the orthodox, replying, "You that are for declaring your faith in the doctrine of the Trinity stay below." The subscribers proved to be fifty-three; the "scandalous majority," fifty-seven. During this controversy Arianism became the subject of coffee-house talk. John Newman, who died in 1741, was buried at Bunhill Fields, Dr. Doddridge delivering a funeral oration over his grave. Francis Spillsbury, another Salters' Hall minister, worked there for twenty years with John Barker, who resigned in 1762. Hugh Farmer, another of this brotherhood, was Doddridge's first pupil at the Northampton College. He wrote an exposition on demonology and miracles, which aroused controversy. His manuscripts were destroyed at his death, according to the strict directions of his will.

When the Presbyterians forsook Salters' Hall, some people came there who called the hall "the Areopagus," and themselves the Christian Evidence Society. After their bankruptcy in 1827, the Baptists re-opened the hall. The congregation has now removed to a northern suburb, and their chapel bears the old name, "so closely linked with our old City history, and its Nonconformist associations."

In April, 1866, a mysterious murder took place in Cannon Street. The victim, a widow, named Sarah Millson, was housekeeper on the premises of Messrs. Bevington, leather-sellers. About nine o'clock in the evening, when sitting by the fire in company with another servant, the street bell was heard to ring, on which Millson went down to the door, remarking to her neighbour that she knew who it was. She did not return, although for an hour this did not excite any suspicion, as she was in the habit of holding conversations at the street door. A little after ten o'clock, the other woman—Elizabeth Lowes—went down, and found Millson dead at the bottom of the stairs, the blood still flowing profusely from a number of deep wounds in the head. Her shoes had been taken off and were lying on a table in the hall, and as there was no blood on them it was presumed this was done before the murder. The housekeeper's keys were also found on the stairs. Opening the door to procure assistance, Lowes observed a woman on the doorstep, screening herself apparently from the rain, which was falling heavily at the time. She moved off as soon as the door was opened, saying, in answer to the request for assistance, "Oh! dear, no; I can't come in!" The gas over the door had been lighted as usual at eight o'clock, but was now out, although not turned off at the meter. The evidence taken by the coroner showed that the instrument of murder had probably been a small crowbar used to wrench open packing-cases; one was found near the body, unstained with blood, and another was missing from the premises. The murderer has never been discovered.

St. Martin Orgar, a church near Cannon Street, was destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt. It had been used, says Strype, by the French Protestants, who had a French minister, episcopally ordained. There was a monument here to Sir Allen Cotton, Knight, and Alderman of London, some time Lord Mayor, with this epitaph—

"When he left Earth rich bounty dy'd,
Mild courtesie gave place to pride;
Soft Mercie to bright Justice said,
O sister, we are both betray'd.
Whit● Innocence lay on the ground,
By Truth, and wept at either's wound.

"Those sons of Levi did lament,
Their lamps went out, their oyl was spent.

Heaven hath his soul, and only we
Spin out our lives in misery.
So Death thou missest of thy ends,
And kil'st not him, but kil'st his friends."

A Bill in Parliament being engrossed for the erection of a church for the French Protestants in the churchyard of this parish, after the Great Fire, the parishioners offered reasons to the Parliament against it; declaring that they were not against erecting a church, but only against erecting it in the place mentioned in the Bill; since by the Act for rebuilding the city, the site and churchyard of St. Martin Orgar was directed to be enclosed with a wall, and laid open for a burying-place for the parish.

The tame statue of that honest but commonplace monarch, William IV., at the end of King William Street, is of granite, and the work of a Mr. Nixon. It cost upwards of £2,000, of which £1,600 was voted by the Common Council of London. It is fifteen feet three inches in height, weighs twenty tons, and is chiefly memorable as marking the site of the famous "Boar's Head" tavern.

The opening of the Cannon Street Extension Railway, September, 1866, provided a communication with Charing Cross and London Bridge, and through it with the whole of the South-Eastern system. The bridge across the Thames approaching the station has five lines of rails; the curves branching east and west to Charing Cross and London Bridge have three lines, and in the station there are nine lines of rails and five spacious platforms, one of them having a double carriage road for exit and entrance. The signal-box at the entrance to the Cannon Street station extends from one side of the bridge to the other, and has a range of over eighty levers, coloured red for danger-signals, and green for safety and going out. The hotel at Cannon Street Station, a handsome building, is after the design by Mr. Barry. Arrangements were made for the reception of about 20,000,000 passengers yearly.

CHAPTER XLIX.

CANNON STREET TRIBUTARIES AND EASTCHEAP.

Budge Row—Cordwainers' Hall—St. Swithin's Church—Founders' Hall—The Oldest Street in London—Tower Royal and the Wat Tyler Mob—The Queen's Wardrobe—St. Antholin's Church—"St. Antlin's Bell"—The London Fire Brigade—Captain Shaw's Statistics—St. Mary Aldermary—A Quaint Epitaph—Crooked Lane—An Early "Gun Accident"—St. Michael's and Sir William Walworth's Epitaph—Gerard's Hall and its History—The Early Closing Movement—St. Mary Woolchurch—Roman Remains in Nicholas Lane—St. Stephen's, Walbrook—Eastcheap and the Cooks' Shops—The "Boar's Head"—Prince Hal and his Companions—A Giant Plum-pudding—Goldsmith at the "Boar's Head"—The Weigh-house Chapel and its Famous Preachers—Reynolds, Clayton, Binney.

Budge Row derived its name from the sellers of budge (lamb-skin) fur that dwelt there. The word is used by Milton in his "Lycidas," where he sneers at the "budge-skin" doctors.

Cordwainers' Hall, No. 7, Cannon Street, is the third of the same Company's halls on this site, and was built in 1788 by Sylvanus Hall. The stone front, by Adam, has a sculptured medallion of a country girl spinning with a distaff, emblematic of the name of the lane, and of the thread used by cordwainers or shoemakers. In the pediment are their arms. In the hall are portraits of King William and Queen Mary; and here is a sepulchral urn and tablet, by Nollekens, to John Came, a munificent benefactor to the Company.

The Cordwainers were originally incorporated by Henry IV., in 1410, as the "Cordwainers and Cobblers," the latter term signifying dealers in shoes and shoemakers. In the reign of Richard II., "every cordwainer that shod any man or woman on Sunday was to pay thirty shillings." Among the Company's plate is a piece for which Camden, the antiquary, left £16. Their charities include Came's bequest for blind, deaf, and dumb persons, and clergymen's widows, £1,000 yearly; and in 1662 the "Bell Inn," at Edmonton, was bequeathed for poor freemen of the Company.

The church in Cannon Street dedicated to St. Swithin, and in which London Stone is now encased, is of a very early date, as the name of the rector in 1331 is still recorded. Sir John Hind, Lord Mayor in 1391 and 1404, rebuilt both church and steeple. After the Fire of London, the parish of St. Mary Bothaw was united to that of St. Swithin. St. Swithin's was rebuilt by Wren after the Great Fire. The Salters' Company formerly had the right of presentation to this church, but sold it. The form of the interior is irregular and awkward, in consequence of the tower intruding on the north-west corner. The ceiling, an octagonal cupola, is decorated with wreaths and ribbons. In 1839 Mr. Godwin describes an immense sounding-board over the pulpit, and an altar-piece of carved oak, guarded by two wooden figures of Moses and

Aaron. There is a slab to Mr. Stephen Winmill, twenty-four years parish clerk; and a tablet commemorative of Mr. Francis Kemble and his two wives, with the following distich:—

"Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres."

The angles at the top of the mean square tower are bevelled off to allow of a short octagonal spire and an octagonal balustrade.

The following epitaphs are quoted by Strype:—

JOHN ROGERS, DIED 1576.

"Like thee I was sometime,
But now am turned to dust;
As thou at length, O earth and slime,
Returne to ashes must.
Of the Company of Clothworkers
A brother I became;
A long time in the Livery
I lived of the same.
Then Death that deadly stroke did giv
Which now my joys doth frame.
In Christ I dyed, by Christ to live;
John Rogers was my name.
My loving wife and children two
My place behind supply;
God grant them living so to doe,
That they in him may dye."

GEORGE BOLLES, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, DIED 1632.

"He possessed Earth as he might Heaven possesse;
Wise to doe right, but never to oppresse.
His charity was better felt than knowne,
For when he gave there was no trumpet blowne.
What more can be comprized in one man's fame,
To crown a soule, and leave a living name?"

Founders' Hall, now in St. Swithin's Lane, was formerly at Founders' Court, Lothbury. The Founders' Company, incorporated in 1614, had the power of testing all brass weights and brass and copper wares within the City and three miles round. The old Founders' Hall was noted for its political meetings, and was in 1792 nicknamed "The Cauldron of Sedition." Here Waithman made his first political speech, and, with his fellow-orators, was put to flight by constables, sent by the Lord Mayor, Sir James Sanderson, to disperse the meeting.

Watling Street, now laid open by the new street leading to the Mansion House, is probably the oldest street in London. It is part of the old Roman military road that, following an old British forest-track, led from London to Dover, and from Dover to South Wales. The name, according to Leland, is from the Saxon *atheling*—a noble street. At the north-west end of it is the church of St. Augustine, anciently styled *Ecclesia Sancti Augustini ad Portam*, from its vicinity to the south-east gate of St. Paul's Cathedral. This church was described on page 349.

Tower Royal, Watling Street, preserves the memory of one of those strange old palatial forts that were not unfrequent in mediæval London—half fortresses, half dwelling-houses; half courting, half distrusting the City. "It was of old time the king's house," says Stow, solemnly, "but was afterwards called the Queen's Wardrobe. By whom the same was first built, or of what antiquity continued, I have not read, more than that in the reign of Edward I. it was the tenement of Simon Beaumes." In the reign of Edward III. it was called "the Royal, in the parish of St. Michael Paternoster;" and in the 43rd year of his reign he gave the inn, in value £20 a year, to the college of St. Stephen, at Westminster.

In the Wat Tyler rebellion, Richard II.'s mother and her ladies took refuge there, when the rebels had broken into the Tower and terrified the royal lady by piercing her bed with their swords.

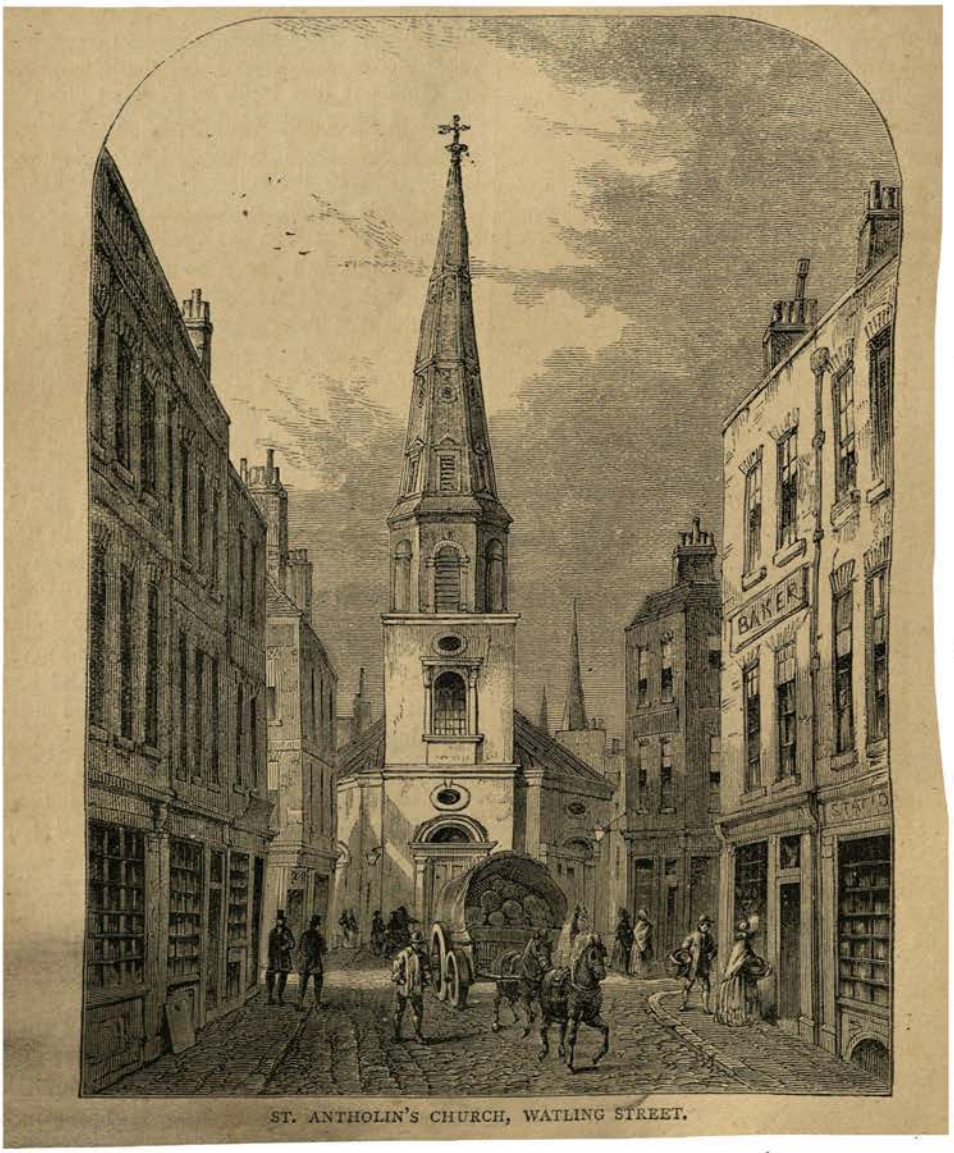
"King Richard," says Stow, "having in Smithfield overcome and dispersed the rebels, he, his lords, and all his company entered the City of London with great joy, and went to the lady princess his mother, who was then lodged in the Tower Royal, called the Queen's Wardrobe, where she had remained three days and two nights, right sore abashed. But when she saw the king her son she was greatly rejoiced, and said, 'Ah! son, what great sorrow have I suffered for you this day!' The king answered and said, 'Certainly, madam, I know it well; but now rejoyce, and thank God, for I have this day recovered mine heritage, and the realm of England, which I had near-hand lost.'"

Richard II. was lodging at the Tower Royal at a later date, when the "King of Armony," as Stow quaintly calls the King of Armenia, had been driven out of his dominions by the "Tartarians;" and the lavish young king bestowed on him £1,000 a year, in pity for a banished monarch, little thinking how soon he, discrowned and dethroned, would be vainly looking round the prison walls for one look of sympathy.

This "great house," belonging anciently to the kings of England, was afterwards inhabited by the first Duke of Norfolk, to whom it had been granted by Richard III., the master he served at Bosworth. Strype finds an entry of the gift in an old ledger-book of King Richard's, wherein the Tower Royal is described as "Le Tower," in the parish of St. Thomas Apostle, not of St. Michael, as Stow has it. The house afterwards sank into poverty, became a stable for "all the king's horses," and in

Stow's time was divided into poor tenements. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The church of St. Antholin, in Watling Street, is the only old church in London dedicated to that monkish saint. The date of its foundation is unknown, but it must be of great antiquity, as it is



ST. ANTHOLIN'S CHURCH, WATLING STREET.

mentioned by Ralph de Diceto, Dean of St. Paul's at the end of the twelfth century. The church was rebuilt, about the year 1399, by Sir Thomas Knowles, Mayor of London, who was buried here, and whose odd epitaph Stow notes down :—

> "Here lyeth graven under this stone
> Thomas Knowles, both flesh and bone,
> Grocer and alderman, years forty,
> Sheriff and twice maior, truly;
> And for he should not lye alone,
> Here lyeth with him his good wife Joan.
> They were together sixty year,
> And nineteen children they had in feere," &c.

The epitaph of Simon Street, grocer, is also badly written enough to be amusing :—

> "Such as I am, such shall you be;
> Grocer of London, sometime was I,
> The king's weigher, more than years twenty
> Simon Street called, in my place,
> And good fellowship fain would trace;
> Therefore in heaven everlasting life,
> Jesu send me, and Agnes my wife," &c.

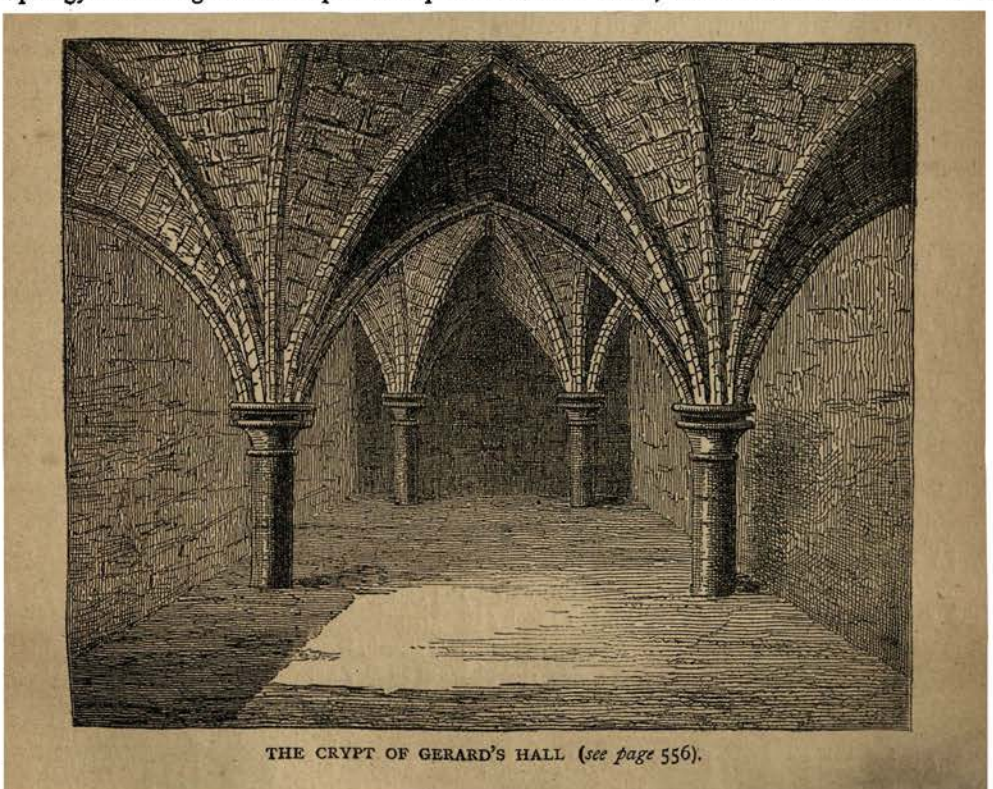
St. Antholin's perished in the Great Fire, and the present church was completed by Wren, in the year 1682, at the expense of about £5,700. After

the fire the parish of St. John Baptist, Watling Street, was annexed to that of St. Antholin, the latter paying five-eighths towards the repairs of the church, the former the remaining three-eighths. The interior of the church is peculiar, being covered with an oval-shaped dome, which is supported on eight columns, which stand on high plinths. The carpentry of the roof, says Mr. Godwin, displays constructive knowledge. The exterior of the building, says the same authority, is of pleasing proportions, and shows great powers of invention. As an apology for adding a Gothic spire to a quasi-Grecian church, Wren has, oddly enough, crowned the spire with a small Composite capital, which looks like the top of a pencil-case. Above this is the vane. The steeple rises to the height of 154 feet.

The church was rebuilt by John Tate, a mercer, in 1513; and Strype mentions the erection in 1623 of a rich and beautiful gallery with fifty-two compartments, filled with the coats-of-arms of kings and nobles, ending with the blazon of the Elector Palatine. A new morning prayer and lecture was established here by clergymen inclined to Puritanical principles in 1599. The bells began to ring at five in the morning, and were considered Pharisaical and intolerable by all High Churchmen in the neighbourhood. The extreme Geneva party made a point of attending these early prayers. Lilly, the astrologer, went to these lectures when a young man; and Scott makes Mike Lambourne, in "Kenilworth," refer to them. Nor have they been overlooked by our early dramatists. Randolph, Davenant, and others make frequent allusions in their plays to the Puritanical fervour of this parish. The tongue of Middleton's "roaring girl" was "heard further in a still morning than St. Antlin's bell."

In the heart of the City, and not far from London Stone, was a house which used to be inhabited by the Lord Mayor or one of the sheriffs, situated so near to the Church of St. Antholin that there was a way out of it into a gallery of the church. The commissioners from the Church of Scotland to King Charles were lodged here in 1640. At St. Antholin's preached the chaplains of the commission, with Alexander Henderson at their head; "and curiosity, faction, and humour brought so great a conflux and resort, that from the first appearance of day in the morning, on every Sunday, to the shutting in of the light, the church was never empty."

Dugdale also mentions the church. "Now for an essay," he says, "of those whom, under colour of preaching the Gospel, in sundry parts of the realm, they set up a morning lecture at St. Antho-



THE CRYPT OF GERARD'S HALL (*see page* 556).

line's Church in London; where (as probationers for that purpose) they first made tryal of their abilities, which place was the grand nursery whence most of the seditious preachers were after sent abroad throughout all England to poyson the people with their anti-monarchical principles."

In Watling Street is the chief station of the London Fire Brigade. The Metropolitan Board of Works has consolidated and reorganised, under Captain Shaw, the whole system of the Fire Brigade into one homogeneous municipal institution. The insurance companies contribute about £10,000 per annum towards its maintenance, the Treasury £10,000, and a Metropolitan rate of one halfpenny in the pound raises an additional sum of £30,000, making about £50,000 in all. Under the old system there were seventeen fire-stations, guarding an area of about ten square miles, out of 110 which comprise the Metropolitan district. At the commencement of 1868 there were forty-three stations in an area of about 110 square miles. From Captain Shaw's report, presented January 1, 1873, it appears that during the year 1872 there had been three deaths in the brigade, 236 cases of ordinary illness, and 100 injuries, making a total of 336 cases. The strength of the brigade was as follows:—50 fire-engine stations, 106 fire-escape stations, 4 floating stations, 52 telegraph lines, 84 miles of telegraph lines, 3 floating steam fire-engines, 8 large land steam fire-engines, 17 small ditto, 72 other fire-engines, 125 fire-escapes, 396 firemen. The number of watches kept up throughout the metropolis is 98 by day, and 175 by night, making a total of 273 in every twenty-four hours. The remaining men, except those sick, injured, or on leave, are available for general work at fires.

If Stow is correct, St. Mary's Aldermary, Watling Street, was originally called Aldermary because it was older than St. Mary's Bow, and, indeed, any other church in London dedicated to the Virgin; but this is improbable. The first known rector of Aldermary was presented before the year 1288. In 1703 two of the turrets were blown down. In 1855 a building, supposed to be the crypt of the old church, fifty feet long and ten feet wide, and with five arches, was discovered under some houses in Watling Street. In the chancel is a beautifully sculptured tablet by Bacon, with this peculiarity, that it bears no inscription. Surely the celebrated "Miserrimus" itself could hardly speak so strongly of humility or despair. Or can it have been, says a cynic, a monument ordered by a widow, who married again before she had time to write the epitaph to the "dear departed?" On one of the walls is a tablet to the memory of that celebrated surgeon of St. Bartholomew's for forty-two years, Percival Pott, Esq., F.R.S., who died in 1788. Pott, according to a memoir written by Sir James Cask, succeeded to a good deal of the business of Sir Cæsar Hawkins. Pott seems to have entertained a righteous horror of amputations.

The following curious epitaph is worth preserving:—

"Heere is fixt the epitaph of Sir Henry Kebyll, Knight,
Who was sometime of London Maior, a famous worthy wight,
Which did this Aldermarie Church erect and set upright.

Thogh death preuaile with mortal wights, and hasten every day,
Yet vertue ouerlies the grave, her fame doth not decay;
As memories doe shew reuiu'd of one that was aliue,
Who, being dead, of vertuous fame none should seek to depriue;
Which so in liue deseru'd renowne, for facts of his to see,
That may encourage other now of like good minde to be.
Sir Henry Keeble, Knight, Lord Maior of London, here he sate,
Of Grocers' worthy Companie the chiefest in his state,
Which in this city grew to wealth, and unto worship came,
When Henry raign'd who was the seventh of that redoubted name.
But he to honor did atchieu the second golden yeere
Of Henry's raigne, so called the 8, and made his fact appeere
When he this Aldermary Church gan build with great expence,
Twice 30 yeeres agon no doubt, counting the time from hence.
Which work begun the yere of Christ, well known of Christian men,
One thousand and fiue hundred, just, if you will add but ten.
But, lo! when man purposeth most, God doth dispose the best;
And so, before this work was done, God cald this knight to rest.
This church, then, not yet fully built, he died about the yeere,
When Ill May day first took his name, which is down fixed here,
Whose works became a sepulchre to shroud him in that case,
God took his soule, but corps of his was laid about this place;
Who, when he dyed, of this his work so mindful still he was,
That he bequeath'd one thousand pounds to haue it brought to passe,
The execution of whose gift, or where the fault should be,
The work, as yet unfinished, shall shew you all for me;
Which church stands there, if any please to finish up the same,
As he hath well begun, no doubt, and to his endless fame,
They shall not onley well bestow their talent in this life,
But after death, when bones be rot, their fame shall be most rife,
With thankful praise and good report of our parochians here,
Which have of right Sir Henries fame afresh renewed this yeere.
God move the minds of wealthy men their works so to bestow
As he hath done, that, though they dye, their vertuous fame may flow."

This quaint appeal seems to have had its effect, for in 1626 a Mr. William Rodoway left £200 for the rebuilding the steeple; and the same year Mr. Richard Pierson bequeathed 200 marks on the

express condition that the new spire should resemble the old one of Keeble's. The old benefactor of St. Mary's was not very well treated, for no monument was erected to him till 1534, when his son-in-law, William Blount, Lord Mountjoy, laid a stone reverently over him. But in the troubles following the Reformation the monument was cast down, and Sir William Laxton (Lord Mayor in 1534) buried in place of Keeble. The church was destroyed in the Great Fire, but soon rebuilt by Henry Rogers, Esq., who gave £5,000 for the purpose. An able paper in the records of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society states that "the tower is evidently of the date of Kebyll's work, as shown by the old four-centre-headed door leading from the tower into the staircase turret, and also by the Caen stone of which this part of the turret is built, which has indications of fire upon its surface. The upper portion of the tower was rebuilt in 1711; the intermediate portion is, I think, the work of 1632; and if that is admitted, it is curious as an example of construction at that period in an older style than that prevalent and in fashion at the time. The semi-Elizabethan character of the detail of the strings and ornamentation seems to confirm this conclusion, as they are just such as might be looked for in a Gothic work in the time of Charles I. In dealing with the restoration of the church, Wren must have not only followed the style of the burned edifice, but in part employed the old material. The church is of ample dimensions, being a hundred feet long and sixty-three feet broad, and consists of a nave and side aisles. The ceiling is very singular, being an imitation of fan tracery executed in plaster. The detail of this is most elaborate, but the design is odd, and, being an imitation of stone construction, the effect is very unsatisfactory. It is probable that the old roof was of wood, and entirely destroyed in the Fire; consequently no record of it remained as a guide in the rebuilding, as was the case with the clustered pillars, which are good and correct in form, and only mongrel in their details. In some of the furniture of the church, such as the pulpit and the carving of the pews, the Gothic style is not followed; and in these, as in the other parts where the great master's genius is left unshackled, we perceive the exquisite taste that guided him, even to the minutest details, in his own peculiar style. The sword-holder in this church is a favourable example of the careful thought which he bestowed upon his decoration. . . . The sword-holder is almost universally found in the City churches. . . . Amongst the gifts to this church is one by Richard Chawcer (supposed by Stowe to be father of the great Geoffrey), who gave his tenement and tavern in the highway, at the corner of Keirion Lane. Richard Chawcer was buried here in 1348. After the Fire, the parishes of St. Mary Aldermary and St. Thomas the Apostle were united; and as the advowson of the latter belonged to the cathedral church of St. Paul's, the presentation is now made alternately by the Archbishop of Canterbury and by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's."

"Crooked Lane," says Cunningham, "was so called of the crooked windings thereof." Part of the lane was taken down to make the approach to new London Bridge. It was long famous for its bird-cages and fishing-tackle shops. We find in an old Elizabethan letter—

"At my last attendance on your lordship at Hansworth, I was so bold to promise your lordship to send you a much more convenient house for your lordship's fine bird to live in than that she was in when I was there, which by this bearer I trust I have performed. It is of the best sort of building in Crooked Lane, strong and well-proportioned, wholesomely provided for her seat and diet, and with good provision, by the wires below, to keep her feet cleanly." (Thomas Markham to Thomas, Earl of Shrewsbury, Feb. 17th, 1589.)

"The most ancient house in this lane," says Stow, "is called the Leaden Porch, and belonged some time to Sir John Merston, Knight, the 1st Edward IV. It is now called the Swan in Crooked Lane, possessed of strangers, and selling of Rhenish wine."

"In the year 1560, July 5th," says Stow, "there came certain men into Crooked Lane to buy a gun or two, and shooting off a piece it burst in pieces, went through the house, and spoiled about five houses more; and of that goodly church adjoining, it threw down a great part on one side, and left never a glass window whole. And by it eight men and one maid were slain, and divers hurt."

In St. Michael's Church, Crooked Lane, now pulled down, Sir William Walworth was buried. In the year in which he killed Wat Tyler (says Stow), "the said Sir William Walworth founded in the said parish church of St. Michael, a college, for a master and nine priests or chaplains, and deceasing 1385, was there buried in the north chapel, by the quire; but this monument being amongst others (by bad people) defaced in the reign of Edward VI., was again since renewed by the Fishmongers. This second monument, after the profane demolishing of the first, was set up in June, 1562, with his effigies in alabaster, in armour richly gilt, by the Fishmongers, at the cost of William Parvis, fishmonger, who dwelt at the 'Castle,' in New Fish Street." The epitaph ran thus:—

"Here under lyth a man of fame,
William Walworth callyd by name.
Fishmonger he was in lyfftime here,
And twise Lord Maior, as in bookes appere;
Who with courage stout and manly myght
Slew Jack Straw in King Richard's syght.
For which act done and trew content,
The kyng made hym knight incontinent.
And gave hym armes, as here you see,
To declare his fact and chivalrie.
He left this lyff the yere of our God,
Thirteen hondred fourscore and three odd."

Gerard's Hall, Basing Lane, Bread Street (removed for improvements in 1852), and latterly an hotel, was rebuilt, after the Great Fire, on the site of the house of Sir John Gisors (Pepperer), Mayor in 1245 (Henry III.). The son of the Mayor was Mayor and Constable of the Tower in 1311 (Edward II.). This second Gisors seems to have got into trouble from boldly and honestly standing up for the liberties of the citizens, and his troubles began after this manner.

In the troublesome reign of Edward II. it was ordained by Parliament that every city and town in England, according to its ability, should raise and maintain a certain number of soldiers against the Scots, who at that time, by their great depredations, had laid waste all the north of England as far as York and Lancaster. The quota of London to that expedition being 200 men, it was five times the number that was sent by any other city or town in the kingdom. To meet this requisition the Mayor in council levied a rate on the city, the raising of which was the occasion of continual broils between the magistrates and freemen, which ended in the Jury of Aldermanbury making a presentation before the Justices Itinerant and the Lord Treasurer sitting in the Tower of London, to this effect:—"That the commonalty of London is, and ought to be, common, and that the citizens are not bound to be taxed without the special command of the king, or without their common consent; that the Mayor of the City, and the custodes in their time, after the common redemption made and paid for the City of London, have come, and by their own authority, without the King's command and Commons' consent, did tax the said City according to their own wills, once and more, and distrained for those taxes, sparing the rich, and oppressing the poor middle sort; not permitting that the arrearages due from the rich be levied, to the disinheriting of the King and the destruction of the City, nor can the Commons know what becomes of the monies levied of such taxes."

They also complained that the said Mayor and aldermen had taken upon them to turn out of the Common Council men at their pleasure; and that the Mayor and superiors of the City had deposed Walter Henry from acting in the Common Council, because he would not permit the rich to levy tollages upon the poor, till they themselves had paid their arrears of former tollages; upon which Sir John Gisors, some time Lord Mayor, and divers of the principal citizens, were summoned to attend the said justices, and personally to answer to the accusations laid against them; but, being conscious of guilt, they fled from justice, screening themselves under the difficulty of the time.

How long Sir John Gisors remained absent from London does not appear; but probably on the dethronement of Edward II. and accession of Edward III., he might join the prevailing party and return to his mansion, without any dread of molestation from the power of ministers and favourites of the late reign, who were at this period held in universal detestation. Sir John Gisors died, and was buried in Our Lady's Chapel, Christ Church, Faringdon Within (Christ's Hospital).

Later in that century the house became the residence of Sir Henry Picard, Vintner and Lord Mayor, who entertained here, with great splendour, no less distinguished personages than his sovereign, Edward III., John King of France, the King of Cyprus, David King of Scotland, Edward the Black Prince, and a large assemblage of the nobility. "And after," says Stow, "the said Henry Picard kept his hall against all comers whosoever that were willing to play at dice and hazard. In like manner, the Lady Margaret his wife did also keep her chamber to the same effect." We are told that on this occasion "the King of Cyprus, playing with Sir Henry Picard in his hall, did win of him fifty marks; but Picard, being very skilled in that art, altering his hand, did after win of the same king the same fifty marks, and fifty marks more; which when the same king began to take in ill part, although he dissembled the same, Sir Henry said unto him, 'My lord and king, be not aggrieved; I court not your gold, but your play; for I have not bid you hither that you might grieve;' and giving him his money again, plentifully bestowed of his own amongst the retinue. Besides, he gave many rich gifts to the king, and other nobles and knights which dined with him, to the great glory of the citizens of London in those days."

Gerard Hall contained one of the finest Norman crypts to be found in all London. It was not an ecclesiastical crypt, but the great vaulted warehouse of a Norman merchant's house, and it is especially mentioned by Stow.

"On the south side of Basing Lane," says Stow, "is one great house of old time, built upon arched vaults, and with arched gates of stone, brought from Caen, in Normandy. The same is now a common hostrey for receipt of travellers, commonly and corruptly called Gerrarde's Hall, of a giant said to have dwelt there. In the high-roofed hall of this house some time stood a large fir-pole, which reached to the roof thereof, and was said to be one of the staves that Gerrarde the giant used in the wars to run withal. There stood also a ladder of the same length, which (as they say) served to ascend to the top of the staff. Of later years this hall is altered in building, and divers rooms are made in it; notwithstanding the pole is removed to one corner of the room, and the ladder hangs broken upon a wall in the yard. The hostelar of that house said to me, 'the pole lacketh half a foot of forty in length.' I measured the compass thereof, and found it fifteen inches. Reasons of the pole could the master of the hostrey give none; but bade me read the great chronicles, for there he had heard of it. I will now note what myself hath observed concerning that house. I read that John Gisors, Mayor of London in 1245, was owner thereof, and that Sir John Gisors, Constable of the Tower 1311, and divers others of that name and family, since that time owned it. So it appeareth that this Gisors Hall of late time, by corruption, hath been called Gerrarde's Hall for Gisors' Hall. The pole in the hall might be used of old times (as then the custom was in every parish) to be set up in the summer as a maypole. The ladder served for the decking of the maypole and roof of the hall." The works of Wilkinson and J. T. Smith contain a careful view of the interior of this crypt. There used to be outside the hotel a quaint gigantic figure of seventeenth century workmanship.

In 1844 Mr. James Smith, the originator of early closing (then living at W. Y. Ball and Co.'s, Wood Street), learning that the warehouses in Manchester were closed at one p.m. on Saturday, determined to ascertain if a similar system could not be introduced into the metropolis. He invited a few friends to meet him at the Gerard's Hall. Mr. F. Bennock, of Wood Street, was appointed chairman, and a canvass was commenced, but it was feared that, as certain steam-packets left London on Saturday afternoon, the proposed arrangement might prevent the proper dispatch of merchandise, so it was suggested that the warehouses should be closed "all the year round" eight months at six o'clock, and four months at eight o'clock. This arrangement was acceded to.

St. Mary Woolchurch was an old parish church in Walbrook Ward, destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt. It occupied part of the site of the Mansion House, and derived its name from a beam for weighing wool that was kept there till the reign of Richard II., when customs began to be taken at the Wool Key, in Lower Thames Street. Some of the bequests to this church, as mentioned by Stow, are very characteristic. Elyn Fuller: "Farthermore, I will that myn executor shal kepe yerely, during the said yeres, about the tyme of my departure, an *Obit*—that is to say, *Dirige* over even, and masse on the morrow, for my sowl, Mr. Kneysworth's sowl, my lady sowl, and al Christen sowls." One George Wyngar, by his will, dated September 13, 1521, ordered to be buried in the church of Woolchurch, "besyde the Stocks, in London, under a stone lying at my Lady Wyngar's pew dore, at the steppe comyng up to the chappel. *Item.* I bequeath to pore maids' mariages £13 6s. 8d; to every pore householder of this my parish, 4d. a pece to the sum of 40s. *Item.* I bequeath to the high altar of S. Nicolas Chapel £10 for an altar-cloth of velvet, with my name brotheryd thereupon, with a Wyng, and G and A and R closyd in a knot. Also, I wold that a subdeacon of whyte damask be made to the hyghe altar, with my name brotheryd, to syng in, on our Lady daies, in the honour of God and our Lady, to the value of seven marks." The following epitaph is also worth preserving:—

"In Sevenoke, into the world my mother brought me;
Hawlden House, in Kent, with armes ever honour'd me;
Westminster Hall (thirty-six yeeres after) knew me.
Then seeking Heaven, Heaven from the world tooke me;
Whilome alive, Thomas Scot men called me;
Now laid in grave oblivion covereth me."

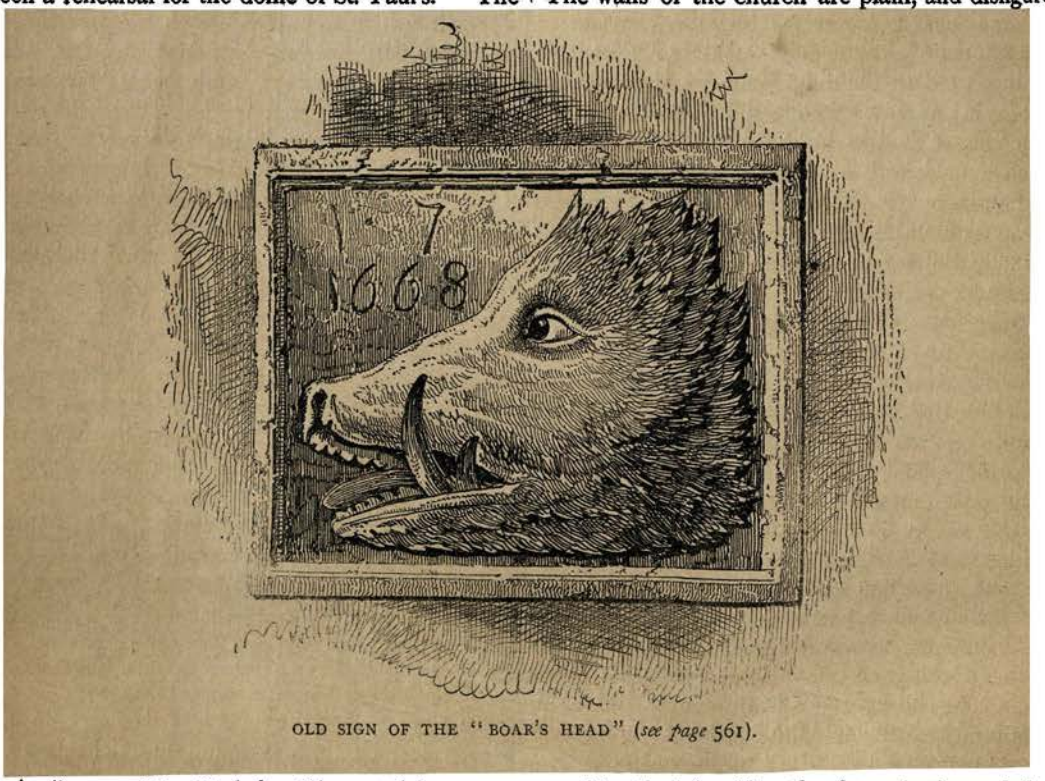
In 1850, among the ruins of a Roman edifice, at eleven feet depth, was found in Nicholas Lane, near Cannon Street, a large slab, inscribed "NUM. CÆS. PROV. BRITA." (*Numini Cæsaris Provincia Britannia*). In 1852 tesselated pavement, Samian ware, earthen urns and lamp, and other Roman vessels were found from twelve to twenty feet deep near Basing Lane, New Cannon Street.

According to Dugdale, Eudo, Steward of the Household to King Henry I. (1100—1135), gave the Church of St. Stephen, which stood on the west side of Walbrook, to the Monastery of St. John at Colchester. In the reign of Henry VI. Robert Chicheley, Mayor of London, gave a piece of ground on the east side of Walbrook, for a new church, 123 feet long and 67 feet broad. It was in this church, in Queen Mary's time, that Dr. Feckenham, her confessor and the fanatical Dean of St. Paul's, used to preach the doctrines of the

old faith. The church was destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren in 1672–9. The following is one of the old epitaphs here:—

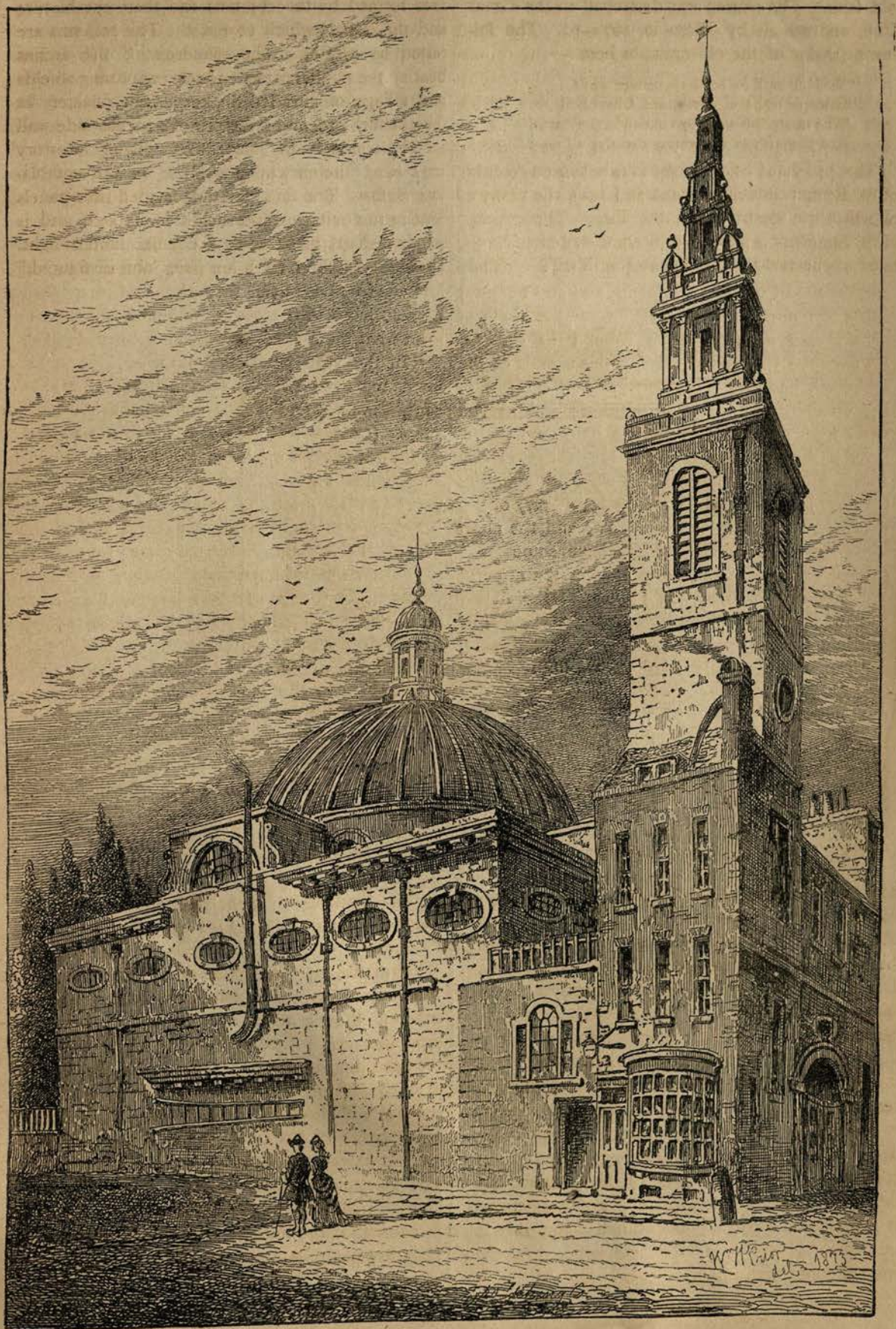
"This life hath on earth no certain while,
Example by John, Mary, and Oliver Stile,
Who under this stone lye buried in the dust,
And putteth you in memory that dye all must."

The parish of St. Stephen is now united to that of St. Bennet Sherehog (Pancras Lane), the church of which was destroyed in the Fire. The cupola of St. Stephen's is supposed by some writers to have been a rehearsal for the dome of St. Paul's. "The interior," says Mr. Godwin, "is certainly more worthy of admiration in respect of its general arrangement, which displays great skill, than of the details, which are in many respects faulty. The body of the church, which is nearly a parallelogram, is divided into five unequal aisles (the centre being the largest) by four rows of Corinthian columns, within one intercolumniation from the east end. Two columns from each of the two centre rows are omitted, and the area thus formed is covered by an enriched cupola, supported on light arches, which rise from the entablature of the columns. By the distribution of the columns and their entablature, an elegant cruciform arrangement is given to this part of the church. But this is marred in some degree," says the writer, "by the want of connection which exists between the square area formed by the columns and their entablature and the cupola which covers it. The columns are raised on plinths. The spandrels of the arches bearing the cupola present panels containing shields and foliage of unmeaning form. The pilasters at the chancel end and the brackets on the side wall are also condemned. The windows in the clerestory are mean; the enrichments of the meagre entablature clumsy. The fine cupola is divided into panels ornamented with palm-branches and roses, and is terminated at the apex by a circular lantern-light. The walls of the church are plain, and disfigured," says Mr. Godwin, "by the introduction of those disagreeable oval openings for light so often used by Wren."



OLD SIGN OF THE "BOAR'S HEAD" (*see page* 561).

The picture, by West, of the death of St. Stephen is considered by some persons a work of high character, though to us West seems always the tamest and most insipid of painters. The exterior of the building is dowdily plain, except the upper part of the steeple, which slightly, says Mr. Godwin, "resembles that of St. James's, Garlick Hythe. The approach to the body of the church is by a flight of sixteen steps, in an enclosed porch in Walbrook quite distinct from the tower and main building." Mr. Gwilt seems to have considered this church a *chef-d'œuvre* of Wren's, and says: "Had its materials and volume been as durable and extensive as those of St. Paul's Cathedral, Sir



EXTERIOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK, IN 1700.

Christopher Wren had consummated a much more efficient monument to his well-earned fame than that fabric affords." Compared with any other church of nearly the same magnitude, Italy cannot exhibit its equal; elsewhere its rival is not to be found. Of those worthy of notice, the Zitelle, at Venice (by Palladio), is the nearest approximation in regard to size; but it ranks far below our church in point of composition, and still lower in point of effect.

"The interior of St. Stephen's," says Mr. Timbs, "is one of Wren's finest works, with its exquisitely proportioned Corinthian columns, and great central dome of timber and lead, resting upon a circle of light arches springing from column to column. Its enriched Composite cornice, the shields of the spandrels, and the palm-branches and rosettes of the dome-coffers are very beautiful; and as you enter from the dark vestibule, a halo of dazzling light flashes upon the eye through the central aperture of the cupola. The elliptical openings for light in the side walls are, however, very objectionable. The fittings are of oak; and the altar-screen, organ-case, and gallery have some good carvings, among which are prominent the arms of the Grocers' Company, the patrons of the living, and who gave the handsome wainscoting. The enriched pulpit, its festoons of fruit and flowers, and canopied sounding-board, with angels bearing wreaths, are much admired. The church was cleaned and repaired in 1850, when West's splendid painting of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, presented in 1779 by the then rector, Dr. Wilson, was removed from over the altar and placed on the north wall of the church; and the window which the picture had blocked up was then reopened." The oldest monument in the church is that of John Lilburne (died 1678). Sir John Vanbrugh, the wit and architect, is buried here in the family vault. During the repairs, in 1850, it is stated that 4,000 coffins were found beneath the church, and were covered with brickwork and concrete to prevent the escape of noxious effluvia. The exterior of the church is plain; the tower and spire, 128 feet high, is at the termination of Charlotte Row. Dr. Croly, the poet, was for many years rector of St. Stephen's.

Eastcheap is mentioned as a street of cooks' shops by Lydgate, a monk, who flourished in the reigns of Henry V. and VI., in his "London Lackpenny:"—

> "Then I hyed me into Estchepe,
> One cryes rybbs of befe, and many a pye;
> Pewter pots they clattered on a heape,
> There was harpe, pype, and mynstrelsye."

Stow especially says that in Henry IV.'s time there were no taverns in Eastcheap. He tells the following story of how Prince Hal's two roystering brothers were here beaten by the watch. This slight hint perhaps led Shakespeare to select this street for the scene of the prince's revels.

"This Eastcheap," says Stow, "is now a flesh-market of butchers, there dwelling on both sides of the street; it had some time also cooks mixed among the butchers, and such other as sold victuals ready dressed of all sorts. For of old time, such as were disposed to be merry, met not to dine and sup in taverns (for they dressed not meats to be sold), but to the cooks, where they called for meat what them liked.

"In the year 1410, the 11th of Henry IV., upon the even of St. John Baptist, the king's sons, Thomas and John, being in Eastcheap at supper (or rather at breakfast, for it was after the watch was broken up, betwixt two and three of the clock after midnight), a great debate happened between their men and other of the court, which lasted one hour, even till the maior and sheriffs, with other citizens, appeased the same; for the which afterwards the said maior, aldermen, and sheriffs were sent for to answer before the king, his sons and divers lords being highly moved against the City. At which time William Gascoigne, chief justice, required the maior and aldermen, for the citizens, to put them in the king's grace. Whereunto they answered they had not offended, but (according to the law) had done their best in stinting debate and maintaining of the peace; upon which answer the king remitted all his ire and dismissed them."

The "Boar's Head," Eastcheap, stood on the north side of Eastcheap, between Small Alley and St. Michael's Lane, the back windows looking out on the churchyard of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, which was removed with the inn, rebuilt after the Great Fire, in 1831, for the improvement of new London Bridge.

In the reign of Richard II. William Warder gave the tenement called the "Boar's Head," in Eastcheap, to a college of priests, founded by Sir William Walworth, for the adjoining church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane. In Maitland's time the inn was labelled, "This is the chief tavern in London."

Upon a house (says Mr. Godwin) on the south side of Eastcheap, previous to recent alterations, there was a representation of a boar's head, to indicate the site of the tavern; but there is reason to believe that this was incorrectly placed, insomuch as by the books of St. Clement's parish it appears to have been situated on the north side.

It seems by a deed of trust which still remains, that the tavern belonged to this parish, and in the books about the year 1710 appears this entry: "Ordered that the churchwardens doe pay to the Rev. Mr. Pulleyn £20 for four years, due to him at Lady Day next, for one moyetee of the ground-rent of a house formerly called the 'Boar's Head,' Eastcheap, near the 'George' alehouse." Again, too, we find: "August 13, 1714. An agreement was entered into with William Usborne, to grant him a lease for forty-six years, from the expiration of the then lease, of a brick messuage or tenement on the north side of Great Eastcheap, commonly known by the name of 'the Lamb and Perriwig,' in the occupation of Joseph Lock, barber, and which was formerly known as the sign of the 'Boar's Head.'"

On the removal of a mound of rubbish at Whitechapel, brought there after a great fire, a carved boxwood bas-relief boar's head was found, set in a circular frame formed by two boars' tusks, mounted and united with silver. An inscription to the following effect was pricked at the back:—"William Brooke, Landlord of the Bore's Hedde, Estchepe, 1566." This object, formerly in the possession of Mr. Stamford, the celebrated publisher, was sold at Christie and Manson's, on January 27, 1855, and was bought by Mr. Halliwell. The ancient sign, carved in stone, with the initials I. T., and the date 1668, is now preserved in the City of London Library, Guildhall.

In 1834 Mr. Kempe exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries a carved oak figure of Sir John Falstaff, in the costume of the sixteenth century. This figure had supported an ornamental bracket over one side of the door of the last "Boar's Head," a figure of Prince Henry sustaining the other. This figure of Falstaff was the property of a brazer whose ancestors had lived in the same shop in Great Eastcheap ever since the Fire. He remembered the last great Shakesperian dinner at the "Boar's Head," about 1784, when Wilberforce and Pitt were both present; and though there were many wits at table, Pitt, he said, was pronounced the most pleasant and amusing of the guests. There is another "Boar's Head" in Southwark, and one in Old Fish Street.

"In the month of May, 1718," says Mr. Hotten, in his "History of Sign-boards," "one James Austin, 'inventor of the Persian ink-powder,' desiring to give his customers a substantial proof of his gratitude, invited them to the 'Boar's Head' to partake of an immense plum pudding—this pudding weighed 1,000 pounds—a baked pudding of one foot square, and the best piece of an ox roasted. The principal dish was put in the copper on Monday, May 12, at the 'Red Lion Inn,' by the Mint, in Southwark, and had to boil fourteen days. From there it was to be brought to the 'Swan Tavern,' in Fish Street Hill, accompanied by a band of music, playing 'What lumps of pudding my mother gave me!' One of the instruments was a drum in proportion to the pudding, being 18 feet 2 inches in length, and 4 feet in diameter, which was drawn by 'a device fixed on six asses.' Finally, the monstrous pudding was to be divided in St. George's Fields; but apparently its smell was too much for the gluttony of the Londoners. The escort was routed, the pudding taken and devoured, and the whole ceremony brought to an end before Mr. Austin had a chance to regale his customers." Puddings seem to have been the *forte* of this Austin. Twelve or thirteen years before this last pudding he had baked one, for a wager, ten feet deep in the Thames, near Rotherhithe, by enclosing it in a great tin pan, and that in a sack of lime. It was taken up after about two hours and a half, and eaten with great relish, its only fault being that it was somewhat overdone. The bet was for more than £100.

In the burial-ground of St. Michael's Church, hard by, rested all that was mortal of one of the waiters of this tavern. His tomb, in Purbeck stone, had the following epitaph:—

"Here lieth the bodye of Robert Preston, late drawer at the 'Boar's Head Tavern,' Great Eastcheap, who departed this life March 16, Anno Domini 1730, aged twenty-seven years.

"Bacchus, to give the toping world surprise,
Produc'd one sober son, and here he lies.
Tho' nurs'd among full hogsheads, he defy'd
The charm of wine, and every vice beside.
O reader, if to justice thou'rt inclined,
Keep honest Preston daily in thy mind.
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had sundry virtues that outweighed his fauts (*sic*).
You that on Bacchus have the like dependence,
Pray copy Bob in measure and attendance."

Goldsmith visited the "Boar's Head," and has left a delightful essay upon his day-dreams there, totally forgetting that the original inn had perished in the Great Fire. "The character of Falstaff," says the poet, "even with all his faults, gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom. I here behold an agreeable old fellow forgetting age, and showing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Surely I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical as he. Is it not in my power to have, though not so much wit, at least as much vivacity? Age, care, wisdom, reflection, be gone! I give you to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle. Here's to the memory of Shakespeare, Falstaff, and all the merry men of Eastcheap!

"Such were the reflections which naturally arose while I sat at the 'Boar's Head Tavern,' still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immortal merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth, wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life whilst it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight, and transported my imagination back to the times when the Prince and he gave life to the revel. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity. The oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece had long withstood the tooth of time. The watchman had gone twelve. My companions had all stolen off, and none now remained with me but the landlord. From him I could have wished to know the history of a tavern that had such a long succession of customers. I could not help thinking that an account of this kind would be a pleasing contrast of the manners of different ages. But my landlord could give me no information. He continued to doze and sot, and tell a tedious story, as most other landlords usually do, and, though he said nothing, yet was never silent. One good joke followed another good joke; and the best joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I found at last, however, his wine and his conversation operate by degrees. He insensibly began to alter his appearance. His cravat seemed quilted into a ruff, and his breeches swelled out into a farthingale. I now fancied him changing sexes; and as my eyes began to close in slumber, I imagined my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady. However, sleep made but few changes in my situation. The tavern, the apartment, and the table continued as before. Nothing suffered mutation but my host, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman, whom I knew to be Dame Quickly, mistress of this tavern in the days of Sir John; and the liquor we were drinking seemed converted into sack and sugar.

"'My dear Mrs. Quickly,' cried I (for I knew her perfectly well at first sight), 'I am heartily glad to see you. How have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and the rest of our friends below stairs?—brave and hearty, I hope?'"

Years after that amiable American writer, Washington Irving, followed in Goldsmith's steps, and came to Eastcheap, in 1818, to search for Falstaff relics; and at the "Masons' Arms," 12, Miles Lane, he was shown a tobacco-box and a sacramental cup from St. Michael's Church, which the poetical enthusiast mistook for a tavern goblet.

"I was presented," he says, "with a japanned iron tobacco-box, of gigantic size, out of which, I was told, the vestry smoked at their stated meetings from time immemorial, and which was never suffered to be profaned by vulgar hands, or used on common occasions. I received it with becoming reverence; but what was my delight on beholding on its cover the identical painting of which I was in quest! There was displayed the outside of the 'Boar's Head Tavern;' and before the door was to be seen the whole convivial group at table, in full revel, pictured with that wonderful fidelity and force with which the portraits of renowned generals and commodores are illustrated on tobacco-boxes, for the benefit of posterity. Lest, however, there should be any mistake, the cunning limner had warily inscribed the names of Prince Hal and Falstaff on the bottom of their chairs.

"On the inside of the cover was an inscription, nearly obliterated, recording that the box was the gift of Sir Richard Gore, for the use of the vestry meetings at the Boar's Head Tavern, and that it was 'repaired and beautified by his successor, Mr. John Packard, 1767.' Such is a faithful description of this august and venerable relic; and I question whether the learned Scriblerius contemplated his Roman shield, or the Knights of the Round Table the long-sought Saint-greal, with more exultation.

"The great importance attached to this memento of ancient revelry (the cup) by modern churchwardens at first puzzled me; but there is nothing sharpens the apprehension so much as antiquarian research; for I immediately perceived that this could be no other than the identical 'parcel-gilt goblet' on which Falstaff made his loving but faithless vow to Dame Quickly; and which would, of course, be treasured up with care among the regalia of her domains, as a testimony of that solemn contract.

"'Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny it?' (*Henry IV.*, part ii.)

". . . For my part, I love to give myself up to the illusions of poetry. A hero of fiction, that never existed, is just as valuable to me as a hero of history that existed a thousand years since; and, if I may be excused such an insensibility to the common ties of human nature, I would not give up fat Jack for half the great men of ancient chronicles.

What have the heroes of yore done for me or men like me? They have conquered countries of which I do not enjoy an acre; or they have gained laurels of which I do not inherit a leaf; or they have furnished examples of hare-brained prowess, which I have neither the opportunity nor the inclination to follow. But old Jack Falstaff!—kind Jack Falstaff!—sweet Jack Falstaff!—has enlarged the boundaries of human enjoyment; he has added vast regions of wit and good humour, in which the poorest man may revel; and has bequeathed a never-failing inheritance of jolly laughter, to make mankind merrier and better to the latest posterity."

The very name of the "Boar's Head," Eastcheap, recalls a thousand Shakespearian recollections; for here Falstaff came panting from Gadshill; here he snored behind the arras while Prince Harry laughed over his unconscionable tavern bill; and here, too, took place that wonderful scene where Falstaff and the prince alternately passed judgment on each other's follies, Falstaff acting the prince's father, and Prince Henry retorts by taking up the same part. As this is one of the finest efforts of Shakespeare's comic genius, a short quotation from it, on the spot where the same was supposed to take place, will not be out of place.

"*Fal.* Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the more it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall a son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also;—and yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

"*P. Hen.* What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

"*Fal.* A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r Lady, inclining to three score. And, now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Henry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff. Him keep with; the rest banish.

* * * * * *

"*P. Hen.* Swearest thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace. There is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in his craft? Wherein crafty, but in villany? Wherein villanous, but in all things? Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

* * * * * *

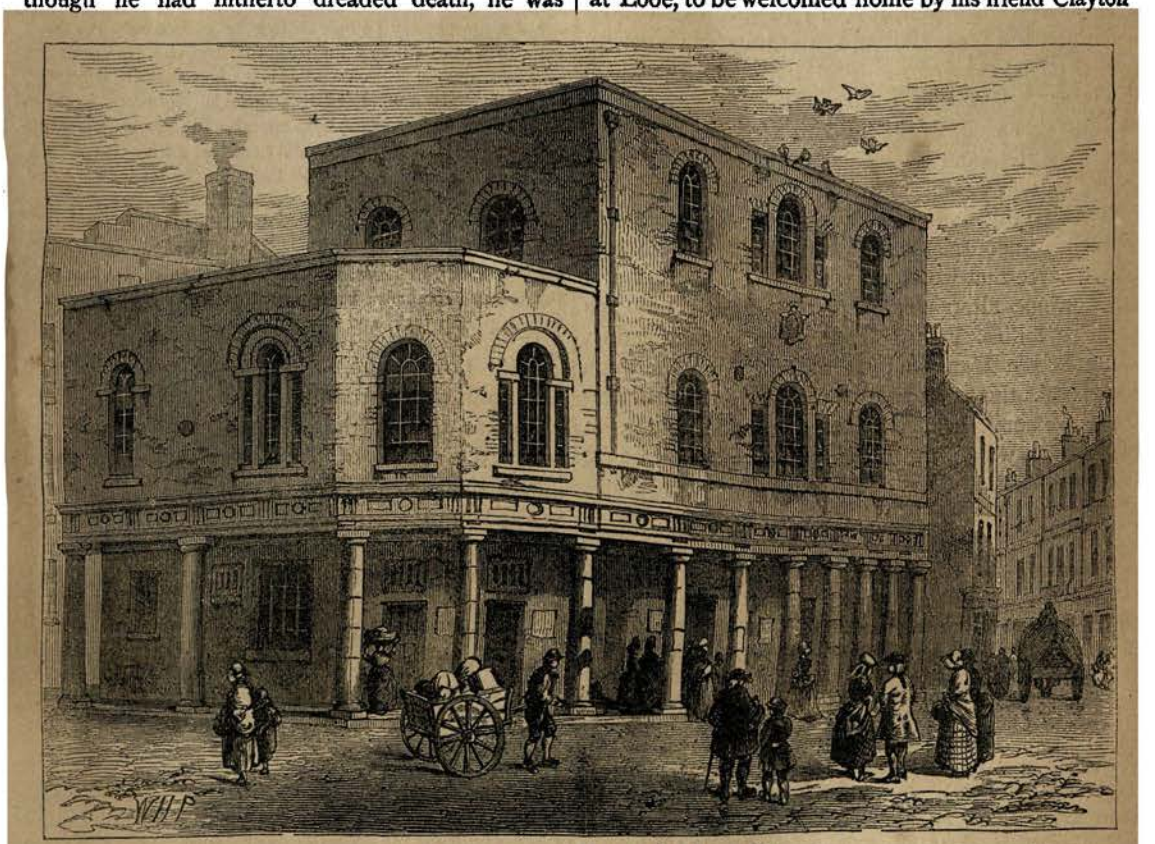
"*Fal.* But to say I know more harm in him than in myself were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity!), his white hairs do witness it; but that he is (saving your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord! Banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff—banish not him thy Harry's company; banish not him thy Harry's company! Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world!"

"In Love Lane," says worthy Strype, "on the north-west corner, entering into Little Eastcheap, is the Weigh-house, built on the ground where the church of St. Andrew Hubbard stood before the fire of 1666. Which said Weigh-house was before in Cornhill. In this house are weighed merchandizes brought from beyond seas to the king's beam, to which doth belong a master, and under him four master porters, with labouring porters under them. They have carts and horses to fetch the goods from the merchants' warehouses to the beam, and to carry them back. The house belongeth to the Company of Grocers, in whose gift the several porters', &c., places are. But of late years little is done in this office, as wanting a compulsive power to constrain the merchants to have their goods weighed, they alleging it to be an unnecessary trouble and charge."

In former times it was the usual practice for merchandise brought to London by foreign merchants to be weighed at the king's beam in the presence of sworn officials. The fees varied from 2d. to 3s. a draught; while for a bag of hops the uniform charge was 6d.

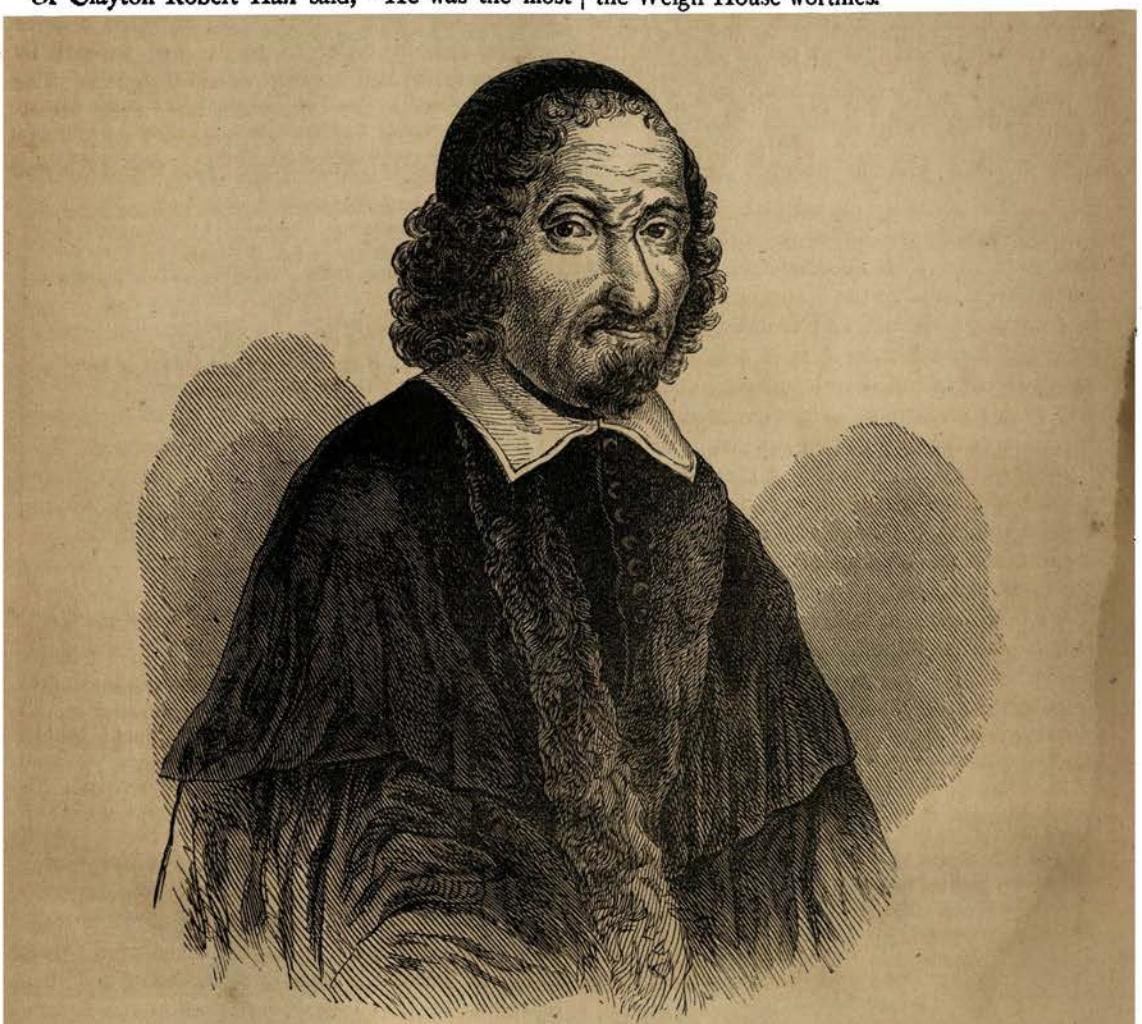
The Presbyterian Chapel in the Weigh-house was founded by Samuel Slater and Thomas Kentish, two divines driven by the Act of Uniformity from St. Katherine's in the Tower. The first-named minister, Slater, has distinguished himself by his devotion during the dreadful plague which visited London in 1625 (Charles I.). Kentish, of whom Calamy entertained a high opinion, had been persecuted by the Government. Knowle, another

minister of this chapel, had fled to New England to escape Laud's cat-like gripe. In Cromwell's time he had been lecturer at Bristol Cathedral, and had there greatly exasperated the Quakers. Knowles and Kentish are said to have been so zealous as sometimes to preach till they fainted. In Thomas Reynolds's time a new chapel was built at the King's Weigh-house. Reynolds, a friend of the celebrated Howe, had studied at Geneva and at Utrecht. He died in 1727, declaring that, though he had hitherto dreaded death, he was rising to heaven on a bed of roses. After the celebrated quarrel between the subscribers and non-subscribers, a controversy took place about psalmody, which the Weigh-house ministers stoutly defended. Samuel Wilton, another minister of Weigh-house Chapel, was a pupil of Dr. Kippis, and an apologist for the War of Independence. John Clayton, chosen for this chapel in 1779, was the son of a Lancashire cotton-bleacher, and was converted by Romaine, and patronised by the excellent Countess of Huntingdon; he used to relate how he had been pelted with rotten eggs when preaching in the open air near Christchurch. While itinerating for Lady Huntingdon, Clayton became acquainted with Sir H. Trelawney, a young Cornish haronet, who became a Dissenting minister, and eventually joined the "Rational party." An interesting anecdote is told of Trelawney's marriage in 1778. For his bride he took a beautiful girl, who, apparently without her lover's knowledge, annulled a prior engagement, in order to please her parents by securing for herself a more splendid station. The spectacle was a gay one when, after their honeymoon, Sir Harry and his wife returned to his seat at Looe, to be welcomed home by his friend Clayton and the servants of the establishment. The young baronet proceeded to open a number of letters, and during the perusal of one in particular his countenance changed, betokening some shock sustained by his nervous system. Evening wore into night, but he would neither eat nor converse. At length he confessed to Clayton that he had received an affecting expostulation from his wife's former lover, who had written, while ignorant of the marriage, calling on Trelawney as a gentleman to withdraw his claims on the lady's affections. This affair is supposed to have influenced Sir Harry more or less till the end of his days, although his married life continued to flow on happily.



THE WEIGH-HOUSE CHAPEL (*see page* 563).

Clayton was ordained at the Weigh House Chapel in 1778; the church, with one exception, unanimously voted for him—the one exception, a lady, afterwards became the new minister's wife. Of Clayton Robert Hall said, "He was the most favoured man I ever saw or ever heard of." He died in 1843. Clayton's successor, the eloquent Thomas Binney, was pastor of Weigh House Chapel for more than forty years. So ends the chronicle of the Weigh House worthies.



MILES COVERDALE (*see page* 574).

CHAPTER L.

THE MONUMENT AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The Monument—How shall it be fashioned?—Commemorative Inscriptions—The Monument's Place in History—Suicides and the Monument—The Great Fire of London—On the Top of the Monument by Night—The Source of the Fire—A Terrible Description—Miles Coverdale—St. Magnus, London Bridge.

THE Monument, a fluted Doric column, raised to commemorate the Great Fire of London, was designed by Wren, who, as usual, was thwarted in his original intentions. It stands 202 feet from the site of the baker's house in Pudding Lane where the fire first broke out. Wren's son, in his "Parentalia," thus describes the difficulties which his father met with in carrying out his design. Says Wren, Junior: "In the place of the brass urn on the top (which is not artfully performed, and was se up contrary to his opinion) was originally intende a colossal statue in brass gilt of King Charles II as founder of the new City, in the manner of th Roman pillars, which terminated with the statue of their Cæsars; or else a figure erect of a woma crown'd with turrets, holding a sword and cap c

maintenance, with other ensigns of the City's grandeur and re-erection. The altitude from the pavement is 202 feet; the diameter of the shaft (or body) of the column is 15 feet; the ground bounded by the plinth or lowest part of the pedestal is 28 feet square, and the pedestal in height is 40 feet. Within is a large staircase of black marble, containing 345 steps 10½ inches broad and 6 inches risers. Over the capital is an iron balcony encompassing a cippus, or meta, 32 feet high, supporting a blazing urn of brass gilt. Prior to this the surveyor (as it appears by an original drawing) had made a design of a pillar of somewhat less proportion—viz., 14 feet in diameter, and after a peculiar device; for as the Romans expressed by *relievo* on the pedestals and round the shafts of their columns the history of such actions and incidents as were intended to be thereby commemorated, so this monument of the conflagration and resurrection of the City of London was represented by a pillar in flames. The flames, blazing from the loopholes of the shaft (which were to give light to the stairs within), were figured in brass-work gilt; and on the top was a phœnix rising from her ashes, of brass gilt likewise."

The following are, or rather were, the inscriptions on the four sides of the Monument:—

SOUTH SIDE.

"Charles the Second, son of Charles the Martyr, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, a most generous prince, commiserating the deplorable state of things, whilst the ruins were yet smoking, provided for the comfort of his citizens and the ornament of his city, remitted their taxes, and referred the petitions of the magistrates and inhabitants to the Parliament, who immediately passed an Act that public works should be restored to greater beauty with public money, to be raised by an imposition on coals; that churches, and the Cathedral of Saint Paul, should be rebuilt from their foundations, with all magnificence; that bridges, gates, and prisons should be new made, the sewers cleansed, the streets made straight and regular, such as were steep levelled, and those too narrow made wider; markets and shambles removed to separate places. They also enacted that every house should be built with party-walls, and all in front raised of equal height, and those walls all of square stone or brick, and that no man should delay building beyond the space of seven years. Moreover, care was taken by law to prevent all suits about their bounds. Also anniversary prayers were enjoined; and to perpetuate the memory hereof to posterity, they caused this column to be erected. The work was carried on with diligence, and London is restored, but whether with greater speed or beauty may be made a question. At three years' time the world saw that finished which was supposed to be the business of an age."

NORTH SIDE.

"In the year of Christ 1666, the second day of September, eastward from hence, at the distance of two hundred and two feet (the height of this column), about midnight, a most terrible fire broke out, which, driven on by a high wind, not only wasted the adjacent parts, but also places very remote, with incredible noise and fury. It consumed eighty-nine churches, the City gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a vast number of stately edifices, thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses, four hundred streets. Of the six-and-twenty wards it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt. The ruins of the City were four hundred and thirty-six acres, from the Tower by the Thames side to the Temple Church, and from the north-east along the City wall to Holborn Bridge. To the estates and fortunes of the citizens it was merciless, but to their lives very favourable, that it might in all things resemble the last conflagration of the world. The destruction was sudden, for in a small space of time the City was seen most flourishing, and reduced to nothing. Three days after, when this fatal fire had baffled all human counsels and endeavours in the opinion of all, it stopped as it were by a command from Heaven, and was on every side extinguished."

EAST SIDE.

"This pillar was begun,
Sir Richard Ford, Knight, being Lord Mayor of London,
In the year 1671,
Carried on
In the Mayoralties of
Sir George Waterman, Kt.
Sir Robert Hanson, Kt.
Sir William Hooker, Kt.
Sir Robert Viner, Kt.
Sir Joseph Sheldon, Kt.
} Lord Mayors,
And finished,
Sir Thomas Davies being Lord Mayor, in the year 1677."

WEST SIDE.

"This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of the most dreadful burning of this Protestant city, begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction, in the beginning of *September*, in the year of our Lord MDCLXVI., in order to the effecting their horrid plot for the extirpating the Protestant religion and English liberties, and to introduce Popery and slavery."

"The basis of the monument," says Strype, "on that side toward the street, hath a representation of the destruction of the City by the Fire, and the restitution of it, by several curiously engraven figures in full proportion. First is the figure of a woman representing London, sitting on ruins, in a most disconsolate posture, her head hanging down, and her hair all loose about her; the sword lying by her, and her left hand carefully laid upon it. A second figure is Time, with his wings and bald head, coming behind her and gently lifting her up. Another female figure on the side of her, laying her hand upon her, and with a sceptre winged in her other hand, directing her to look upwards, for it points up to two beautiful goddesses sitting in the clouds, one leaning upon a cornucopia, denoting Plenty, the other having a palm-branch in her left hand, signifying Victory, or Triumph. Underneath this figure of London in the midst of the ruins is a dragon with his paw upon the shield of a red cross, London's arms. Over her head is the description of houses burning, and flames breaking

out through the windows. Behind her are citizens looking on, and some lifting up their hands.

"Opposite against these figures is a pavement of stone raised, with three or four steps, on which appears King Charles II., in Roman habit, with a truncheon in his right hand and a laurel about his head, coming towards the woman in the foresaid despairing posture, and giving orders to three others to descend the steps towards her. The first hath wings on her head, and in her hand something resembling a harp. Then another figure of one going down the steps following her, resembling Architecture, showing a scheme or model for building of the City, held in the right hand, and the left holding a square and compasses. Behind these two stands another figure, more obscure, holding up an hat, denoting Liberty. Next behind the king is the Duke of York, holding a garland, ready to crown the rising City, and a sword lifted up in the other hand to defend her. Behind this a third figure, with an earl's coronet on his head. A fourth figure behind all, holding a lion with a bridle in his mouth. Over these figures is represented an house in building, and a labourer going up a ladder with an hodd upon his back. Lastly, underneath the stone pavement whereon the king stands is a good figure of Envy peeping forth, gnawing a heart."

The bas-relief on the pediment of the Monument was carved by a Danish sculptor, Caius Gabriel Cibber, the father of the celebrated comedian and comedy writer Colley Cibber; the four dragons at the four angles are by Edward Pierce. The Latin inscriptions were written by Dr. Gale, Dean of York, and the whole structure was erected in six years, for the sum of £13,700. The paragraphs denouncing Popish incendiaries were not written by Gale, but were added in 1681, during the madness of the Popish plot. They were obliterated by James II., but cut again deeper than before in the reign of William III., and finally erased in 1831, to the great credit of the Common Council.

Wren at first intended to have had flames of gilt brass coming out of every loop-hole of the Monument, and on the top a phœnix rising from the flames, also in brass gilt. He eventually abandoned this idea, partly on account of the expense, and also because the spread wings of the phœnix would present too much resistance to the wind. Moreover, the fabulous bird at that height would not have been understood. Charles II. preferred a gilt ball, and the present vase of flames was then decided on. Defoe compares the Monument to a lighted candle.

The Monument is loftier than the pillars of Trajan and Antoninus, at Rome, or that of Theodosius at Constantinople; and it is not only the loftiest, but also the finest isolated column in the world.

It was at first used by the members of the Royal Society for astronomical purposes, but was abandoned on account of its vibration being too great for the nicety required in their observations. Hence the report that the Monument is unsafe, which has been revived in our time; "but," says Elwes, "its scientific construction may bid defiance to the attacks of all but earthquakes for centuries to come."

A large print of the Monument represents the statue of Charles placed, for comparative effect, beside a sectional view of the apex, as constructed. Wren's autograph report on the designs for the summit were added to the MSS. in the British Museum in 1852. A model, scale one-eighth of an inch to the foot, of the scaffolding used in building the Monument is preserved. It formerly belonged to Sir William Chambers, and was presented by Heathcote Russell, C.E., to the late Sir Isambard Brunel, who left it to his son, Mr. I. K. Brunel. The ladders were of the rude construction of Wren's time—two uprights, with treads or rounds nailed on the face.

On June 15, 1825, the Monument was illuminated with portable gas, in commemoration of laying the first stone of New London Bridge. A lamp was placed at each of the loop-holes of the column, to give the idea of its being wreathed with flame; whilst two other series were placed on the edges of the gallery, to which the public were admitted during the evening.

Certain spots in London have become popular with suicides, yet apparently without any special reason, except that even suicides are vain and like to die with *éclat*. Waterloo Bridge is chosen for its privacy; the Monument used to be chosen, we presume, for its height and quietude. Five persons have destroyed themselves by leaps from the Monument. The first of these unhappy creatures was William Green, a weaver, in 1750. On June 25 this man, wearing a green apron, the sign of his craft, came to the Monument door, and left his watch with the doorkeeper. A few minutes after he was heard to fall. Eighteen guineas were found in his pocket. The next man who fell from the Monument was Thomas Craddock, a baker. He was not a suicide; but, in reaching over to see an eagle which was hung in a cage from the bars, he overbalanced himself, and was killed. The next victim was Lyon Levi, a Jew diamond merchant in embarrassed circumstances, who destroyed himself on the 18th of January, 1810. The third suicide

(September 11, 1839) was a young woman named Margaret Meyer. This poor girl was the daughter of a baker in Hemming's Row, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Her mother was dead, her father bed-ridden, and there being a large family, it had become necessary for her to go out to service, which preyed upon her mind. The October following, a boy named Hawes, who had been that morning discharged by his master, a surgeon, threw himself from the same place. He was of unsound mind, and his father had killed himself. The last suicide was in August, 1842, when a servant-girl from Hoxton, named Jane Cooper, while the watchman had his head turned, nimbly climbed over the iron railing, tucked her clothes tight between her knees, and dived head-foremost downwards. In her fall she struck the griffin on the right side of the base of the Monument, and, rebounding into the road, cleared a cart in the fall. The cause of this act was not discovered. Suicides being now fashionable here, the City of London (not a moment too soon) caged in the top of the Monument in the present ugly way.

The Rev. Samuel Rolle, writing of the Great Fire in 1667, says—"If London its self be not the doleful monument of its own destruction, by always lying in ashes (which God forbid it should), it is provided for by Act of Parliament, that after its restauration, a pillar, either of brass or stone, should be erected, in perpetual memory of its late most dismall conflagration."

"Where the fire began, there, or as near as may be to that place, must the pillar be erected (if ever there be any such). If we commemorate the places where our miseries began, surely the causes whence they sprang (the meritorious causes, or sins, are those I now intend) should be thought of much more. If such a Lane burnt London, sin first burnt that Lane; *causa, causa est causa causatio; affliction springs not out of the dust;* not but that it may spring thence immediately (as if the dust of the earth should be turned into lice), but primarily and originally it springs up elsewhere.

"As for the inscription that ought to be upon that pillar (whether of brass or stone), I must leave it to their piety and prudence, to whom the wisdom of the Parliament hath left it; only three things I both wish and hope concerning it. The first is, that it may be very humble, giving God the glory of his righteous judgments, and taking to ourselves the shame of our great demerits. Secondly, that the confession which shall be there engraven may be as impartial as the judgement itself was; not charging the guilt for which that fire came upon a few only, but acknowledging that all have sinned, as all have been punished. Far be it from any man to say that his sins did not help to burn London, that cannot say also (and who that is I know not) that neither he nor any of his either is, or are ever like to be, anything the worse for that dreadful fire. Lastly, whereas some of the same religion with those that did hatch the Powder-Plot are, and have been, vehemently suspected to have been the incendiaries, by whose means London was burned, I earnestly desire that if time and further discovery be able to acquit them from any such guilt, that pillar may record their innocency, and may make themselves as *an iron pillar or brazen wall* (as I may allude to Jer. i. 18) against all the accusations of those that suspect them; but if, in deed and in truth, that fire either came or was carried on and continued by their treachery, that the inscription of the pillar may consigne over their names to perpetual hatred and infamy."

"Then was God to his people as a shadow from the heat of the rage of their enemies, as a wall of fire for their protection; but this pillar calls that time to remembrance, in which God covered himself, as with a cloud, that the prayers of Londoners should not passe unto him, and came forth, not as a conserving, but as a consuming fire, not for, but against, poor London."

Roger North, in his Life of Sir Dudley, mentions the Monument when still in its first bloom. "He (Sir Dudley North)," he says, "took pleasure in surveying the Monument, and comparing it with mosque-towers, and what of that kind he had seen abroad. We mounted up to the top, and one after another crept up the hollow iron frame that carries the copper head and flames above. We went out at a rising plate of iron that hinged, and there found convenient irons to hold by. We made use of them, and raised our bodies entirely above the flames, having only our legs to the knees within; and there we stood till we were satisfied with the prospect from thence. I cannot describe how hard it was to persuade ourselves we stood safe, so likely did our weight seem to throw down the whole fabric."

Addison takes care to show his Tory fox-hunter the famed Monument. "We repaired," says the amiable essayist, "to the Monument, where my fellow-traveller (the Tory fox-hunter), being a well-breathed man, mounted the ascent with much speed and activity. I was forced to halt so often in this particular march, that, upon my joining him on the top of the pillar, I found he had counted all the steeples and towers which were discernible from this advantageous situation,

and was endeavouring to compute the number of acres they stood on. We were both of us very well pleased with this part of the prospect; but I found he cast an evil eye upon several warehouses and other buildings, which looked like barns, and seemed capable of receiving great multitudes of people. His heart misgave him that these were so many meeting-houses; but, upon communicating his suspicions to me, I soon made him easy in that particular. We then turned our eyes upon the river, which gave me an occasion to inspire him with some favourable thoughts of trade and merchandise, that had filled the Thames with such crowds of ships, and covered the shore with such swarms of people. We descended very leisurely, my friend being careful to count the steps, which he registered in a blank leaf of his new almanack. Upon our coming to the bottom, observing an English inscription upon the basis, he read it over several times, and told me he could scarce believe his own eyes, for he had often heard from an old attorney who lived near him in the country that it was the Presbyterians who burnt down the City, 'whereas,' says he, 'the pillar positively affirms, in so many words, that the burning of this antient city was begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion and old English liberty, and introducing Popery and slavery.' This account, which he looked upon to be more authentic than if it had been in print, I found, made a very great impression upon him."

Ned Ward is very severe on the Monument. 'As you say, this edifice," he says, "as well as some others, was projected as a memorandum of the Fire, or an ornament to the City, but gave those corrupted magistrates that had the power in their hands the opportunity of putting two thousand pounds into their own pockets, whilst they paid one towards the building. I must confess, all I think can be spoke in praise of it is, *'tis a monument to the City's shame, the orphan's grief, the Protestant's bride, and the Papist's scandal; and only serves as a high-crowned hat, to cover the head of the old fellow that shows it.*"

Pope, as a Catholic, looked with horror on the Monument, and wrote bitterly of it—

> "Where London's Column, pointing at the skies,
> Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies,
> There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
> A plain good man, and Balaam was his name."

"At the end of Littleton's Dictionary," says Southey, "is an inscription for the Monument, wherein this very learned scholar proposes a name for it worthy, for its length, of a Sanscrit legend. It is a word which extends through seven degrees of longitude, being designed to commemorate the names of the seven Lord Mayors of London under whose respective mayoralties the Monument was begun, continued, and completed:—

> "'Quam non una aliqua ac simplici voce, uti istam quondam Duilianam;
> Sed, ut vero eam nomine indigites, vocabulo construc-tiliter Heptastico,
> FORDO—WATERMANNO—HANSONO—HOOKERO—VINERO—SHELDONO—DAVISIANAM
> Appellare oportebit.'

"Well might Adam Littleton call this an *hep tastic vocable*, rather than a word." (Southey "Omniana.")

Mr. John Hollingshead, an admirable modern essayist, in a chapter in "Under Bow Bells," entitled "A Night on the Monument," has given a most powerful sketch of night, moonlight, and day break from the top of the Monument. "The puppet men," he says, "now hurry to and fro, lighting up the puppet shops, which cast a warm rich glow upon the pavement. A cross of dotted lamps springs into light, the four arms of which are the four great thoroughfares from the City. Red lines of fire come out behind black, solid, sullen masses of building; and spires of churches stand out in strong, dark relief at the side of busy streets. Up in the housetops, under green-shaded lamps, you may see the puppet clerks turning quickly over the clean, white, fluttering pages of puppet day-books and ledgers; and from east to west you see the long, silent river, glistening here and there with patches of reddish light, even through the looped steeple of the Church of St. Magnus the Martyr. Then, in a white circle of light round the City, dart out little nebulous clusters of houses, some of them high up in the air, mingling, in appearance, with the stars of heaven; some with one lamp, some with two or more; some yellow, and some red; and some looking like bunches of fiery grapes in the congress of twinkling suburbs. Then the bridges throw up their arched lines of lamps, like the illuminated garden-walks at Cremorne. . . .

"The moon has now increased in power, and, acting on the mist, brings out the surrounding churches one by one. There they stand in the soft light, a noble army of temples thickly sprinkled amongst the money-changers. Any taste may be suited in structural design. There are high churches, low churches; flat churches; broad churches, narrow churches; square, round, and pointed churches; churches with towers like

cubical slabs sunk deeply in between the roofs of houses; towers like toothpicks, like three-pronged forks, like pepper-casters, like factory chimneys, like limekilns, like a sailor's trousers hung up to dry, like bottles of fish-sauce, and like St. Paul's—a balloon turned topsy-turvy. There they stand, like gian[illegible]ectral watchmen guarding the silent city, whose be[illegible]ing heart still murmurs in its sleep. At the hour of midnight they proclaim, with iron tongue, the advent of a New Year, mingling a song of joy with a wail for the departed. . . .

"The dark grey churches and houses spring into existence one by one. The streets come up out of the land, and the bridges come up out of the water. The bustle of commerce, and the roar of the great human ocean—which has never been altogether silent—revive. The distant turrets of the Tower, and the long line of shipping on the river, become visible. Clear smoke still flows over the housetops, softening their outlines, and turning them into a forest of frosted trees.

"Above all this is a long black mountain-ridge of cloud, tipped with glittering gold; beyond float deep orange and light yellow ridges, bathed in a faint purple sea. Through the black ridge struggles a full, rich, purple sun, the lower half of his disc

WREN'S ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE SUMMIT OF THE MONUMENT (*see page* 565).

THE MONUMENT AND THE CHURCH OF ST. MAGNUS, ABOUT 1800. *(From an Old View.)*

inted with grey. Gradually, like blood-red wine unning into a round bottle, the purple overcomes the grey; and at the same time the black cloud livides the face of the sun into two sections, like he visor of a harlequin."

In 1732 a sailor is recorded to have slid down a rope from the gallery to the "Three Tuns" tavern, Gracechurch Street; as did also, next day, a waterman's boy. In the *Times* newspaper of August 22, 1827, there appeared the following hoaxing advertisement: "Incredible as it may appear, a person will attend at the Monument, and will, for the sum of £2,500, undertake to jump clear off the said Monument; and in coming down will drink some beer and eat a cake, act some trades, shorten and make sail, and bring ship safe to anchor. As soon as the sum stated is collected, the performance will take place; and if not performed, the money subscribed to be returned to the subscribers."

The Great Fire of 1666 broke out at the shop of one Farryner, the king's baker, 25, Pudding Lane. The following inscription was placed by some zealous Protestants over the house, when rebuilt:—"Here, by the permission of Heaven, Hell broke loose upon this Protestant city, from the malicious hearts of barbarous priests, by the hand of their agent, Hubert, who confessed and on the ruins of this place declared the fact for which he was hanged—viz., that here begun that dreadful fire which is described on and perpetuated by the neighbouring pillar, erected anno 1681, in the mayoralty of Sir Patience Ward, Kt."

This celebrated inscription (says Cunningham), set up pursuant to an order of the Court of Common Council, June 17th, 1681, was removed in the reign of James II.; replaced in the reign of William III., and finally taken down, "on account of the stoppage of passengers to read it." Entick, who made additions to Maitland in 1756, speaks of it as "lately taken away."

The Fire was for a long time attributed to Hubert, a crazed French Papist of five or six and twenty years of age, the son of a watchmaker at Rouen, in Normandy. He was seized in Essex, confessed he had begun the fire, and persisting in his confession to his death, was hanged, upon no other evidence than that of his own confession. He stated in his examination that he had been "suborned at Paris to this action," and that there were three more combined to do the same thing. They asked him if he knew the place where he had first put fire. He answered that he "knew it very well, and would show it to anybody." He was then ordered to be blindfolded and carried to several places of the City, that he might point out the house. They first led him to a place at some distance from it, opened his eyes, and asked him if that was it, to which he answered, "No, it was lower, nearer to the Thames." "The house and all which were near it," says Clarendon, "were so covered and buried in ruins, that the owners themselves, without some infallible mark, could very hardly have said where their own houses had stood; but this man led them directly to the place, described how it stood, the shape of the little yard, the fashion of the doors and windows, and where he first put the fire, and all this with such exactness, that they who had dwelt long near it could not so perfectly have described all particulars." Tillotson told Burnet that Howell, the then recorder of London, accompanied Hubert on this occasion, "was with him, and had much discourse with him; and that he concluded it was impossible it could be a melancholy dream." This, however, was not the opinion of the judges who tried him. "Neither the judges," says Clarendon, "nor any present at the trial, did believe him guilty, but that he was a poor distracted wretch, weary of his life, and chose to part with it this way."

A few notes about the Great Fire will here be interesting. Pepys gives a graphic account of its horrors. In one place he writes—"Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the window and balconys till they burned their wings and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods and leave all to the fire."

But by far the most vivid conception of the Fire is to be found in a religious book written by the Rev. Samuel Vincent, who expresses the feelings of the moment with a singular force. Says the writer: "It was the 2nd of September, 1666, that the anger of the Lord was kindled against London, and the fire began. It began in a baker's house in Pudding Lane, by Fish Street Hill; and now the Lord is making London like a fiery oven in the time of his anger (Psalm xxi. 9), and in his wrath doth devour and swallow up our habitations. It was in the depth and dead of the night, when most doors and senses were lockt up in the City, that the fire doth break forth and appear abroad, and like a mighty giant refresht with wine doth

awake and arm itself, quickly gathers strength, when it had made havoc of some houses, rusheth down the hill towards the bridge, crosseth Thames Street, invadeth Magnus Church at the bridge foot, and, though that church were so great, yet it was not a sufficient barricade against this conqueror; but having scaled and taken this fort, it shooteth flames with so much the greater advantage into all places round about, and a great building of houses upon the bridge is quickly thrown to the ground. Then the conqueror, being stayed in his course at the bridge, marcheth back towards the City again, and runs along with great noise and violence through Thames Street westward, where, having such combustible matter in its teeth, and such a fierce wind upon its back, it prevails with little resistance, unto the astonishment of the beholders.

"My business is not to speak of the hand of man, which was made use of in the beginning and carrying on of this fire. The beginning of the fire at such a time, when there had been so much hot weather, which had dried the houses and made them more fit for fuel; the beginning of it in such a place, where there were so many timber houses, and the shops filled with so much combustible matter; and the beginning of it just when the wind did blow so fiercely upon that corner towards the rest of the City, which then was like tinder to the spark; this doth smell of a Popish design, hatcht in the same place where the Gunpowder Plot was contrived, only that this was more successful.

"Then, then the City did shake indeed, and the inhabitants flew away in great amazement from their houses, lest the flame should devour them. Rattle, rattle, rattle, was the noise which the fire struck upon the ear round about, as if there had been a thousand iron chariots beating upon the stones; and if you opened your eye to the opening of the streets where the fire was come, you might see in some places whole streets at once in flames, that issued forth as if they had been so many great forges from the opposite windows, which, folding together, were united into one great flame throughout the whole street; and then you might see the houses tumble, tumble, tumble, from one end of the street to the other, with a great crash, leaving the foundations open to the view of the heavens."

The original Church of St. Magnus, London Bridge, was of great antiquity; for we learn that in 1302 Hugh Pourt, sheriff of London, and his wife Margaret, founded a charity here; and the first rector mentioned by Newcourt is Robert de St. Albano, who resigned his living in 1323. It stood almost at the foot of Old London Bridge; and the incumbent of the chapel on the bridge paid an annual sum to the rector of St. Magnus for the diminution of the fees which the chapel might draw away. Three Lord Mayors are known to have been buried in St. Magnus'; and here, in the chapel of St. Mary, was interred Henry Yevele, a freemason to Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV. This Yevele had assisted to erect the bust of Richard II. at Westminster Abbey between the years 1395–97, and also assisted in restoring Westminster Hall. He founded a charity in this church, and died in 1401. In old times the patronage of St. Magnus' was exercised alternately by the Abbots of Westminster and Bermondsey; but after the dissolution it fell to the Crown, and Queen Mary, in 1553, bestowed it on the Bishop of London. In Arnold's "Chronicles" (end of the fifteenth century) the church is noted as much neglected, and the services insufficiently performed. The ordinary remarks that divers of the priests and clerks spent the time of Divine service in taverns and ale-houses, and in fishing and "other trifles."

The church was destroyed at an early period of the Great Fire. It was rebuilt by Wren in 1676. The parish was then united with that of St. Margaret, New Fish Street Hill; and at a later period St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, has also been annexed. On the top of the square tower, which is terminated with an open parapet, Wren has introduced an octagon lantern of very simple and pleasing design, crowned by a cupola and short spire. We must here, once for all, remark on the fertility of invention displayed by Wren in varying constantly the form of his steeples.

The interior of the church is divided into a nave and side aisles by Doric columns, that support an entablature from which rises the camerated ceiling. "The general proportions of the church," says Mr. Godwin, "are pleasing; but the columns are too slight, the space between them too wide, and the result is a disagreeable feeling of insecurity." The altar-piece, adorned with the figure of a pelican feeding her young, is richly carved and gilded. The large organ, built by Jordan in 1712, was presented by Sir Charles Duncomb, who gave the clock in remembrance of having himself, when a boy, been detained on this spot, ignorant of the time.

Stow gives a curious account of a religious service attached to this church. The following deed is still extant:—

"That Rauf Capelyn du Bailiff, Will. Double, fishmonger, Roger Lowher, chancellor, Henry Boseworth, vintner, Steven Lucas, stock fishmonger, and other of the better of the parish of St. Magnus', near the Bridge of London, of their great devotion, and to the honour of God

and the glorious Mother our Lady Mary the Virgin, began and caused to be made a chauntry, to sing an anthem of our Lady, called *Salve Regina*, every evening; and thereupon ordained five burning wax lights at the time of the said anthem, in the honour and reverence of the five principal joys of our Lady aforesaid, and for exciting the people to devotion at such an hour, the more to merit to their souls. And thereupon many other good people of the same parish, seeing the great honesty of the said service and devotion, proffered to be aiders and partners to support the said lights and the said anthem to be continually sung, paying to every person every week an halfpenny; and so that hereafter, with the gift that the people shall give to the sustentation of the said light and anthem, there shall be to find a chaplain singing in the said church for all the benefactors of the said light and anthem."

Miles Coverdale, the great reformer, was a rector of St. Magnus'. Coverdale was in early life an Augustinian monk, but being converted to Protestantism, he exerted his best faculties and influence in defending the cause. In August, 1551, he was advanced to the see of Exeter, and availed himself of that station to preach frequently in the cathedral and in other churches of Exeter. Thomas Lord Cromwell patronised him; and Queen Catherine Parr appointed him her almoner. At the funeral of that ill-fated lady he preached a sermon at Sudeley Castle. When Mary came to the throne, she soon exerted her authority in tyrannically ejecting and persecuting this amiable and learned prelate. By an Act of Council (1554–55) he was allowed to "passe towards Denmarche with two servants, his bagges and baggage," where he remained till the death of the queen. On returning home, he declined to be reinstated in his see, but repeatedly preached at Paul's Cross, and, from conscientious scruples, continued to live in obscurity and indigence till 1563, when he was presented to the rectory of St. Magnus', London Bridge, which he resigned in two years. Dying in the year 1568, at the age of eighty-one, he was interred in this church.

Coverdale's labours in Bible translation are worth notice. In 1532 Coverdale appears to have been abroad assisting Tyndale in his translation of the Bible; and in 1535 his own folio translation of the Bible (printed, it is supposed, at Zurich), with a dedication to Henry VIII., was published. This was the first English Bible allowed by royal authority, and the first translation of the whole Bible printed in our language. The Psalms in it are those we now use in the Book of Common Prayer. About 1538 Coverdale went to Paris to superintend a new edition of the Bible printing in Paris by permission of Francis I. The Inquisition, however, seized nearly all the 2,500 copies (only a few books escaping), and committed them to the flames. The rescued copies enabled Grafton and Whitchurch, in 1539, to print what is called Cranmer's, or the Great Bible, which Coverdale collated with the Hebrew. This great Bible scholar was thrown into prison by Queen Mary, and on his release went to Geneva, where he assisted in producing the Geneva translation of the Bible, which was completed in 1560. Coverdale, like Wickliffe, was a Yorkshireman.

Against the east wall, on the south side of the communion-table, is a handsome Gothic panel of statuary marble, on a black slab, with a representation of an open Bible above it, and thus inscribed:—

"To the memory of Miles Coverdale, who, convinced that the pure Word of God ought to be the sole rule of our faith and guide of our practice, laboured earnestly for its diffusion; and with the view of affording the means of reading and hearing in their own tongue the wonderful works of God not only to his own country, but to the nations that sit in darkness, and to every creature wheresoever the English language might be spoken, he spent many years of his life in preparing a translation of the Scriptures. On the 4th of October, 1535, the first complete printed English version of *The Bible* was published under his direction. The parishioners of St. Magnus the Martyr, desirous of acknowledging the mercy of God, and calling to mind that Miles Coverdale was once rector of their parish, erected this monument to his memory, A.D. 1837.

"'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.'—Isaiah lii. 7."

In the vestry-room, which is now at the south-west corner of the church, there is a curious drawing of the interior of Old Fishmongers' Hall on the occasion of the presentation of a pair of colours to the Military Association of Bridge Ward by Mrs. Hibbert. Many of the figures are portraits. There is also a painting of Old London Bridge, and a clever portrait of the late Mr. R. Hazard, who was attached to the church as sexton, clerk, and ward beadle for nearly fifty years.

The church was much injured in 1760 by a fire which broke out in an adjoining oil-shop. The roof was destroyed, and the vestry-room entirely consumed. The repairs cost £1,200. The vestry-room was scarcely completed before it had to be taken down, with part of the church, in order to make a passage-way under the steeple to the old bridge, the road having been found dangerously narrow. It was proposed to cut an archway out of the two side walls of the tower to form a thoroughfare; and when the buildings were removed, it was discovered that Wren, foreseeing the probability of such a want arising, had arranged everything to their hands, and that the alteration was effected with the utmost ease.

CHAPTER LI.

CHAUCER'S LONDON.

London Denizens in the Reigns of Edward III. and Richard II.—The Knight—The Young Bachelor—The Yeoman—The Prioress—The Monk who goes a Hunting—The Merchant—The Poor Clerk—The Franklin—The Shipman—The Poor Parson.

THE London of Chaucer's time (the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II.) was a scattered town, spotted as thick with gardens as a common meadow is with daisies. Hovels stood cheek by jowl with stately monasteries, and the fortified mansions in the narrow City lanes were surrounded by citizens' stalls and shops. Westminster Palace, out in the suburbs among fields and marshes, was joined to the City walls by that long straggling street of bishops' and nobles' palaces, called the Strand. The Tower and the Savoy were still royal residences. In all the West-end beyond Charing Cross, and in all the north of London beyond Clerkenwell and Holborn, cows and horses grazed, milkmaids sang, and ploughmen whistled. There was danger in St. John's Wood and Tyburn Fields, and robbers on Hampstead Heath. The heron could be found in Marylebone pastures, and moor-hens in the brooks round Paddington. Priestly processions were to be seen in Cheapside, where the great cumbrous signs, blazoned with all known and many unknown animals, hung above the open stalls, where the staid merchants and saucy 'prentices shouted the praises of their goods. The countless church-bells rang ceaselessly, to summon the pious to prayers. Among the street crowds the monks and men-at-arms were numerous, and were conspicuous by their robes and by their armour.

With the manners and customs of those simple times our readers will now be pretty well familiar, for we have already written of the knights and priests of that age, and have described their good and evil doings. We have set down their epitaphs, detailed the history of their City companies, their mayors, aldermen, and turbulent citizens. We have shown their buildings, and spoken of their revolts against injustice. Yet, after all, Time has destroyed many pieces of that old puzzle, and who can dive into oblivion and recover them? The long rows of gable ends, the abbey archways, the old guild rooms, the knightly chambers, no magic can restore to us in perfect combination. While certain spots can be etched with exactitude by the pen, on vast tracts no image rises. A dimmed and imperfect picture it remains, we must confess, even to the most vivid imagination. How the small details of City life worked in those days we shall never know. We may reproduce Edward III.'s London on the stage, or in poems; but, after all, and at the best, it will be conjecture.

But of many of those people who paced in Watling Street, or who rode up Cornhill, we have imperishable pictures, true to the life, and rich-coloured as Titian's, by Chaucer, in those "Canterbury Tales" he is supposed to have written about 1385 (Richard II.), in advanced life, and in his peaceful retirement at Woodstock. The pilgrims he paints in his immortal bundle of tales are no ideal creatures, but such real flesh and blood as Shakespeare drew and Hogarth engraved. He drew the people of his age as genius most delights to do; and the fame he gained arose chiefly from the fidelity of the figures with which he filled his wonderful portrait-gallery.

We, therefore, in Chaucer's knight, are introduced to just such old warriors as might any day, in the reign of Edward III., be met in Bow Lane or Friday Street, riding to pay his devoirs to some noble of Thames Street, to solicit a regiment, or to claim redress for a wrong by force of arms. The great bell of Bow may have struck the hour of noon as the man who rode into Pagan Alexandria, under the banner of the Christian King of Cyprus, and who had broken a spear against the Moors at the siege of Granada, rides by on his strong but not showy charger. He wears, you see, a fustian gipon, which is stained with the rust of his armour. There is no plume in his helmet, no gold upon his belt, for he is just come from Anatolia, where he has smitten off many a turbaned head, and to-morrow will start to thank God for his safe return at the shrine of St. Thomas in Kent. In sooth it needs only a glance at him to see that he is "a very perfect gentle knight," meek as a maid, and trusty as his own sword.

That trusty young bachelor who rides so gaily by the old knight's side, and who regards him with love and reverence, is his son, a brave young knight of twenty years of age, as we guess. He has borne him well in Flanders, Artois, and Picardy, and has watered many a French vineyard with French blood. See how smart he is in his short gown and long wide sleeves. He can joust, and dance, and sing, and write love verses, with any one between here and Paris. The citizens' daughters devour him with their eyes as he rides under their casements.

There rides behind this worthy pair a stout yeoman, such as you can see a dozen of every morning, in this reign, in ten minutes' walk down Cheapside, for the nobles' houses in the City swarm with such retainers—sturdy, brown-faced country fellows, quick of quarrel, and not disposed to bear gibes. He wears a coat and hood of Lincoln green, and has a sword, dagger, horn, and buckler by his side. The sheaf of arrows at his girdle have peacock-feathers. Ten to one but that fellow let fly many a shaft at Cressy and Poictiers, for he is fond of saying, over his ale-bowl, that he carries "ten Frenchmen's lives under his belt."

The prioress Chaucer sketches so daintily might have been seen any day ambling through Bishopsgate from her country nunnery, on her way to shrine or altar, or on a visit to some noble patroness to whom she is akin. "By St. Eloy!" she cries to her mule, "if thou stumble again I will chide thee!" and she says it in the French of Stratford at Bow. Her wimple is trimly plaited, and how fashionable is her cloak! She wears twisted round her arm a pair of coral beads, and from them hangs a gold ornament with the unecclesiastical motto of "Amor vincit omnia." Behind her rides a nun and three priests, and by the side of her mule run the little greyhounds whom she feeds, and on whom she doats.

The rich monk that loved hunting was a character that any monastery of Chaucer's London could furnish. Go early in the morning to Aldersgate or Cripplegate, and you will be sure to find such a one riding out with his greyhounds and falcon. His dress is rich, for he does not sneer at worldly pleasures. His sleeves are trimmed with fur, and the pin that fastens his hood is a gold love-knot. His brown palfrey is fat, like its master, who does not despise a roast Thames swan for dinner, and whose face shines with good humour and good living. It is such men as these that Wycliffe's followers deride, and point the finger at; but they forget that the Church uses strong arguments with perverse adversaries.

To find Chaucer's merchant you need not go further than a few yards from Milk Street. There you will see him at any stall, grave, and with forked beard; on his head a Flemish beaver hat, and his boots "full fetishly" clasped. He talks much of profits and exchanges, and the necessity of guarding the sea from the French between Middleburgh and the Essex ports.

Chaucer's poor lean Oxford clerk you will find in Paul's, peering about the tombs, as if looking for a benefice. All his riches, worthy man! are some twenty books at his bed's head, and he is talking philosophy to a fellow-student lean and thin as himself, to the profound contempt of that stiff serjeant-at-law who is waiting for clients near the font, on which his fees are paid.

Any procession day in the age of Edward you can meet, in Westminster Abbey, near the royal shrines and tombs, Chaucer's franklin, or country gentleman, with his red face and white beard. His dagger hangs by his silk purse, and his girdle is as white as milk, for our friend has been a sheriff and knight of the shire, and is known all [illegible] hamshire over for his open house and well-covered board. Aye, and many a fat partridge he has in his pen, and many a fat pike in his fish-pond.

Chaucer's shipman we shall be certain to discover near Billingsgate. He is from Dartmouth, and wears a short coat, and a knife hanging from his neck. A hardy good fellow he is, and shrewd, and his beard has shaken in many a tempest. Bless you! the captain of the *Magdalen* knows all the havens from Gothland to Cape Finisterre, aye, and every creek in Brittany and Spain; and many a draught of Bordeaux wine he has tapped at night from his cargo.

Nor must we forget that favourite pilgrim of Chaucer—the poor parson of a town, who is also a learned clerk, and who is by many supposed to strongly resemble Wycliffe himself, whom Chaucer's patron, John of Gaunt, protects at the hazard of his life. He is no proud Pharisee, like the fat abbot who has just gone past the church door; but benign and wondrous diligent, and in adversity full patient. Rather than be cursed for the tithe he takes, he gives to the poor of his very subsistence. Come rain, come thunder, staff in hand, he visits the farthest end of his parish; he has no spiced conscience—

> "For Christe's love, and his apostles twelve,
> He taught, *but first he followed it himselve.*"

You will find him, be sure, on his knees on the cold floor, before some humble City altar, heedless of all but prayer, or at the lazar-house on his knees, beside some poor leper, and pointing through the shadow of death to the shining gables of the New Jerusalem.

Such were the tenants of Chaucer's London. On these types at least we may dwell with certainty. As for the proud nobles and the tough-skulled knights, we must look for them in the pages of Froissart. Of the age of Edward III. at least our patriarchal poet has shown us some vivid glimpses, and imagination finds pleasure in tracing home his pilgrims to their houses in St. Bartholomew's and Budge Row, the Blackfriars monastery, and the palace on the Thames shore.

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on 15 October, 2018